

SLINGS AND ARROWS

By HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back," "Dark Days," "A Family Affair," Etc.

CHAPTER VII. FACE TO FACE.

The journey to St. Seurin occupied more time than I anticipated. I reached Paris the next morning, and, without halting for rest, took the first train to Rennes. From Rennes I had to go to L'Orient, which I found was as far as the railway could carry me toward my destination.

Rennes I reached in the evening. Here I was compelled to spend the night, there being no train to L'Orient until the next morning. The morning train was a painfully slow one; it was not until late in the afternoon of the second day that I reached the fortified port on the Bay of Biscay.

There I inquired as to the best way of getting to St. Seurin. I found the place was nearly twenty miles away. A diligence which passed it left L'Orient every other morning at 10 o'clock. I must wait and go by that.

I chafed at the time which must elapse before I met my enemy, and was on the point of ordering a carriage and horses to take me to St. Seurin at once. But reflection told me that the arrival of a traveler in such a way, at a village so small as I ascertained St. Seurin to be, must excite curiosity. People would gossip, and the man whom I longed to meet might hear of my arrival, and once more fly and leave no trace. So I curbed my impatience, staid the night at L'Orient, and started in the morning by the lumbering old diligence.

Why is it, that when one is burning to reach a certain place, the sole available mode of progression seems not only the slowest, but in many cases actually is the slowest that can well be hit upon. Those twenty miles, or their equivalent in kilometres, seemed longer than all the rest of the journey. True, the road was in many places steep, and the heavy vehicle not adequately horsed; and very likely no one save myself was in a hurry.

But the most wearisome journey ends at last. A snail, if allowed time, will arrive at his goal. The diligence reached St. Seurin, and as I dismounted in front of a miserable-looking little inn I could scarcely repress a cry of exultation. Eustace Grant was all but within my grasp.

I entered the inn, where I was received with joyful faces. Guests were, no doubt, few, and their visits far between. I asked if I could have accommodation, and was assured I could count upon the best out of Paris. At another time this grandiloquent assertion would have amused me. Now nothing amused me, and I cared for nothing so long as I could have food and drink and a place to lay my head until I had accomplished my mission.

I dined, for I was beginning to feel the effects of the exhausting journey. Then I walked out and took stock of my surroundings.

St. Seurin was, as I had been informed, a small decaying village. Some of the houses were picturesque in their way, but many were half in ruins. There was a church, whose size was, of course, utterly disproportionate to the village. There were the shops necessary to supply the needs of the scanty population. So far as I could see, there was nothing else.

I struck my heel on the dusty, sandy path. Was it for a life in such a place as this that Viola had left me? Had she given up all the comforts and luxuries with which I would have surrounded her to hide with me?

With grim deliberation I threw open the barrels of my pistols and loaded them afresh. No lack of precaution on my part should aid the escape of my enemy. Then I sat down and waited. I wanted him to have a fair start, so that our meeting might take place as far up that deserted coast as possible.

When I thought I had given him sufficient grace, I sallied forth in pursuit. I turned down to the sea as he had turned. I rounded the foot of the hill which sheltered St. Seurin from the north-west winds, and then stood with the unbroken cliff on my right hand and the sand stretching away in front of me for miles and miles. In the distance I could see him—a white spot on the yellow sand. The heat was great, so he had clothed himself in dazzling white garments. He was, perhaps, half a mile in front of me, walking near to the edge of the sea. I quickened my steps, and rapidly diminished the distance between us.

I did not want to get so near that, if he turned, he might recognize me. I did not mean to overtake him. I meant to follow him until he turned to retrace his steps; then, as soon as he liked, he might discover me. My only fear was that some path up the cliff might, unknown to me, exist—a path which he might take, and so go home across the table land.

Grant walked leisurely; so I was soon within 300 yards of him. I noticed that his head was bent forward, as is natural to those who think as they walk. His hands were behind him, and he paced the coast with a slow but lengthy stride. Little he guessed who was upon his track!

Suddenly he turned aside, and struck up the beach toward the cliff. I stood still and watched him. I saw him reach the top of the beach; then, as it were, disappear into the face of the cliff. I doubled my pace and hurried on, laughing in venal glee. I had him now! For by this time I knew every foot of that coast line. I knew that at the spot where Grant had vanished some convulsion of nature had torn the rocks apart; that, entering through what looked like a narrow fissure, you came upon a straight, smooth space, bounded by unscalable crags, and carpeted by soft white sand. Not a cave, because it was open to the heavens, but all the same a natural cul de sac.

I had found this place. I had explored it. I had even longed that Eustace Grant might be in there, while I stood at the entrance, and I held him like a rat in a trap. And now the thing I longed for had come to pass. Perhaps to escape from the heat of the sun my enemy had chosen the one place in which I wished to meet him. I was right in saying that fate was shaping everything to my hand. Here I should face him, force him to fight, and slay him! I had him now!

Strange to say, no thought of an issue adverse to myself entered my head. So confident, so certain I felt, that I paused for a while at the entrance to the trap and stole my heart by recalling all the wrongs which I had suffered. I stood there until the sun made the barrel of the pistol, which I had drawn from my breast, as hot as fire. Then I crept between the two rocks, and went to reckon up with Eustace Grant!

The change from the brilliant sunshine to the cool gloom of the grot, or whatever it should be called, was so sudden that for a moment I could not distinguish objects. When my eyes grew accustomed to the shade, I saw that Grant was lying on a heap of sand at the furthest end of the ravine. His broad-brimmed hat was by his side, and he seemed fast asleep. I crept toward him. My foot made no sound as they tread on the soft dry sand. I stood over him and looked down on his powerful face, strong, sunburned neck, and large, muscular limbs. He looked the type of manhood. Ah! no

I dared not go near to it. I turned and regained the sea coast, and walked along under the cliff, picturing with savage rapture the moment when, utterly unsuspecting of our contiguity, Eustace Grant would find himself confronted by me, and called upon to reckon up the cost of his foul treachery.

But that day, and other days, passed without my seeing a sign of him. I spent nearly all the hours of daylight on the coast. Again and again I went through the scene which I had pictured. I stood a few paces from him on a stretch of sand. I approached him and exulted in the vengeance which I was about to take. I could see myself raise my right hand and fire. I could see the man fall lifeless. Over and over again during those weary hours of waiting I acted my part in this drama.

I gloried in the thought that he was now famous; that life held great prizes which his hands could grasp. He had cut short my dream of joy. I could do even more to him. I could kill him when the ball of success and ambition was at his feet. In the first flush of his triumph he would find me waiting for him. Oh, it was well I had been tardy in my act! I could now take far more than life from my foe!

So day after day I sat or lay on the coast, full of such thoughts as these. Except when looking for my foe, I spent all my time in my own room. Day after day went by, but I met not. I supposed him to be away from home. No matter. I could wait a month, a year, two years. Had I not sweat thoughts "wherewith to while away the time? I made no more inquiries about him. I was afraid he might hear of them, and guess who wanted him. I waited calmly and patiently.

One morning I staid later than usual in my room. As I glanced through my window, which looked upon the broadest part of the dusty road running through the village I saw that St. Seurin was in such festive guise as it could assume. Men, women and children were standing about, dressed in holiday clothes. Then I remembered that the girl who waited upon me had said something about to-day being a great festival of the church. I had given little heed to her words. I watched the crowd for a few minutes, and presently saw a sight which, had my mood been happier, would have delighted me. Girls and boys came, bearing tall wicker baskets full of leaves, pulled from various flowers and green shrubs. The sandy space in front of me was cleared. A young man ran nimbly from point to point, tracing as he went lines in the dust. Then, seizing the baskets one after another, he distributed their glowing contents in such a way that in less than twenty minutes what looked like a carpet of a variegated pattern, formed of flowers, covered the dusty space.

He looked the type of manhood, wonder he could win a woman's love if he strove for it.

A notebook lay near his left hand. Most likely he had been jotting down something which struck his fancy, when the grateful shade and the murmur of the distant sea had lulled him to sleep—a sleep from which he would awake only to sleep again forever! Nay, I might have placed the muzzle of the pistol next his heart, and have sent him, without awakening, from one sleep to the other. But I had no intention of murdering the man in cold blood; nor would it have suited me for him to die without knowing to whom his death was due. Besides, I meant it to be a fair duel—a duel to the death—between us. So I stooped, and laid one of my pistols near his right hand; then I walked back toward the mouth of the grot, leaned against a rock, and waited for him to awake.

Not for one moment do I attempt to disguise the devilish, vengeful feelings which could urge me in this calm manner to plan and compass this man's death. Now that years have passed since that day, I do not even ask you to bear in mind the wrong that had been done me. I simply relate what I did, and shall not murmur at the blame which I know will be meted out to me.

The man slept soundly. I waited; but no thought of foregoing my purpose entered into my brain. I waited until the dread that we might be disturbed struck me. I had gloated over my promised victim long enough. Now let me act the crowning act. I detached a loose morsel of rock and tossed it toward the sleeping man. It fell on his outstretched hand. He started, rose to a sitting posture, rubbed his eyes; then, looking round, saw me, and knew why I was there. He saw the look of triumph and fell purpose on my face; he saw the pistol in my right hand; he sprang to his feet and took a step toward me.

I raised my hand and covered him with the pistol. He must have looked almost down the muzzle. "Stand still," I said, "or I fire!"

"The bravest man may well hesitate ere he rushes on certain death. Eustace Grant stopped short. My voice, my look, must have told him that my threat was no idle one. The steadiness of my hand told him that I should not miss my mark.

"You have come to murder me!" he said, in a deep voice.

"No; to kill you, not murder you. Look on the ground behind you; take the pistol which lies there; then we are equal. Take it, I say, and face me like a man. Fire when and how you choose; I can wait my turn."

He turned and saw the pistol, but did not possess himself of it. He faced me steadily, although my weapon was still aimed at his broad breast. Deadly as my hate was, I was fain to admire his courage.

"I think you are mad," he said; "but listen, I have something to say."

I stamped my foot. "Coward! villain! take that pistol, or I swear I will shoot you as you stand!"

He stooped and picked up the weapon. A wave of fierce delight ran through me. The moment of reckoning was at hand.

Yet he balked me. He held up his hand and fired both barrels in the air. I uttered a cry of rage.

"You are a man of honor, I suppose?" he said. "You cannot slay a defenseless man."

I thrust my left hand into my pocket and threw a handful of cartridges toward him. He should not escape me.

He hurled the pistol from him far over the top of the rock. My hope of killing him in fair fight was gone. I gritted my teeth, and swore that nevertheless he should not escape. "Coward!" I shouted, with my finger trembling on the trigger.

He was bold, for he still stood erect and faced me. His face grew pale. No wonder, for death was close at hand. He spoke; his voice was clear and distinct.

"Listen," he said, "one moment before you stain your soul with this crime. Viola, your wife—"

He said no more. The sound of her name roused in me a burst of mad fury; all my enforced calm left me. "Silence, you hound!" I shouted.

Grant must have seen the change in my face, and guessed what it presaged. Doubtless life was dear, very dear to him. He sprang toward me. My finger pressed the trigger, and the report rang out. My hand as I fired was steady as a rock, and before I saw the effect of my bullet I knew that it had done its work.

The smoke cleared off. Grant was staggering to and fro. His hand was pressed to his right breast, and the red blood was creeping through his closed fingers and dyeing his pure white coat. Suddenly he fell, and lay like a log at my feet. The thing which I had for nights and days sighed for had come to pass.

But not with the effect I had pictured. Instead of the exultation which I had promised myself, a tide of utter horror swept through me. One, only one, thought filled my brain—I had taken this man's life, and was a murderer.



He looked the type of manhood, wonder he could win a woman's love if he strove for it.

A notebook lay near his left hand. Most likely he had been jotting down something which struck his fancy, when the grateful shade and the murmur of the distant sea had lulled him to sleep—a sleep from which he would awake only to sleep again forever! Nay, I might have placed the muzzle of the pistol next his heart, and have sent him, without awakening, from one sleep to the other. But I had no intention of murdering the man in cold blood; nor would it have suited me for him to die without knowing to whom his death was due. Besides, I meant it to be a fair duel—a duel to the death—between us. So I stooped, and laid one of my pistols near his right hand; then I walked back toward the mouth of the grot, leaned against a rock, and waited for him to awake.

Not for one moment do I attempt to disguise the devilish, vengeful feelings which could urge me in this calm manner to plan and compass this man's death. Now that years have passed since that day, I do not even ask you to bear in mind the wrong that had been done me. I simply relate what I did, and shall not murmur at the blame which I know will be meted out to me.

The man slept soundly. I waited; but no thought of foregoing my purpose entered into my brain. I waited until the dread that we might be disturbed struck me. I had gloated over my promised victim long enough. Now let me act the crowning act. I detached a loose morsel of rock and tossed it toward the sleeping man. It fell on his outstretched hand. He started, rose to a sitting posture, rubbed his eyes; then, looking round, saw me, and knew why I was there. He saw the look of triumph and fell purpose on my face; he saw the pistol in my right hand; he sprang to his feet and took a step toward me.

I raised my hand and covered him with the pistol. He must have looked almost down the muzzle. "Stand still," I said, "or I fire!"

"The bravest man may well hesitate ere he rushes on certain death. Eustace Grant stopped short. My voice, my look, must have told him that my threat was no idle one. The steadiness of my hand told him that I should not miss my mark.

"You have come to murder me!" he said, in a deep voice.

"No; to kill you, not murder you. Look on the ground behind you; take the pistol which lies there; then we are equal. Take it, I say, and face me like a man. Fire when and how you choose; I can wait my turn."

He turned and saw the pistol, but did not possess himself of it. He faced me steadily, although my weapon was still aimed at his broad breast. Deadly as my hate was, I was fain to admire his courage.

"I think you are mad," he said; "but listen, I have something to say."

I stamped my foot. "Coward! villain! take that pistol, or I swear I will shoot you as you stand!"

He stooped and picked up the weapon. A wave of fierce delight ran through me. The moment of reckoning was at hand.

Yet he balked me. He held up his hand and fired both barrels in the air. I uttered a cry of rage.

"You are a man of honor, I suppose?" he said. "You cannot slay a defenseless man."

I thrust my left hand into my pocket and threw a handful of cartridges toward him. He should not escape me.

He hurled the pistol from him far over the top of the rock. My hope of killing him in fair fight was gone. I gritted my teeth, and swore that nevertheless he should not escape. "Coward!" I shouted, with my finger trembling on the trigger.

He was bold, for he still stood erect and faced me. His face grew pale. No wonder, for death was close at hand. He spoke; his voice was clear and distinct.

"Listen," he said, "one moment before you stain your soul with this crime. Viola, your wife—"

He said no more. The sound of her name roused in me a burst of mad fury; all my enforced calm left me. "Silence, you hound!" I shouted.

Grant must have seen the change in my face, and guessed what it presaged. Doubtless life was dear, very dear to him. He sprang toward me. My finger pressed the trigger, and the report rang out. My hand as I fired was steady as a rock, and before I saw the effect of my bullet I knew that it had done its work.

The smoke cleared off. Grant was staggering to and fro. His hand was pressed to his right breast, and the red blood was creeping through his closed fingers and dyeing his pure white coat. Suddenly he fell, and lay like a log at my feet. The thing which I had for nights and days sighed for had come to pass.

But not with the effect I had pictured. Instead of the exultation which I had promised myself, a tide of utter horror swept through me. One, only one, thought filled my brain—I had taken this man's life, and was a murderer.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ORANGEBURG

Ice Cream Saloon

WHERE CAN BE FOUND, ICE CREAM, CAKE, PIES, FRUIT AND NUTS of every description.

ABIAL LATHROP, F. M. WANNAMAKER, Orangeburg, S. C. St. Matthews, S. C.

LATHROP & WANNAMAKER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, ORANGEBURG, S. C.

Office Up Stairs Over the Postoffice.

TALBOTT & SONS,

Richmond, Va., and Columbia, S. C.

MANUFACTURERS OF

ENGINES, BOILERS,

SAW, CORN, AND WHEAT MILLS.

AGENTS FOR

WINSHIP GIN,

ACME COTTON PRESS,

LUMMUS COMBINATION GIN,

With adjustable seed board, Beater and stationary brush improvements, that make it the best on the market.

We offer to the public the very highest grade of Machinery.

PRICES MODERATE,

TERMS REASONABLE.

ADDRESS,

V. C. BADHAM, MANAGER.

BRANCH HOUSE, COLUMBIA, S. C. April 22-4mo.

1886 Spring and Summer 1886

We are now prepared to show our Stock of

Spring and Summer

DRESS GOODS.

CONSISTING OF

NUNS VEILING,

CASHMERE, BUNTINGS,

WHITE AND FIGURED LAWSNS,

CRINKLED, SEERSUCKERS,

PIQUES, LINENS,

GINGHAMS, &c.

ALSO LACES, EMBROIDERIES AND RIBBONS.

We are offering a Bargain in Ladies Genuine Canton Cape May Hats at 23 cents.

LADES LINEN COLLARS.

Our STOCK OF SHOES is as complete as ever, comprising full lines in best makes.

Our stock of Clothing we are selling off at very low figures to close out.

Prices in all departments low down. A call solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Brunson & Dibble.

ORANGEBURG, S. C. Corner Russell and Market Streets.

MORE LIGHT

ON THE

Subject.

I will now devote my entire attention to

LAMPS! LAMPS!

With an experience of ten years I am in a position to know what variety of Lamps to keep on hand that will suit any purpose and give entire satisfaction. When in need of a Burner that will give you a large brilliant light call for "SORENTRUE'S GUARANTEE". I give full directions how to use it and a guarantee for a year with each Burner.

Remember that "FAIR DEALINGS, LOW PRICES and BEST QUALITY" is my Motto, and don't forget that whatever you may need in the way of or for a Lamp you will be sure to get it at

SORENTRUE'S BARGAIN STORE, Headquarters for Lamps. Jan 21-1yr

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

I WANT EVERYBODY TO KNOW

that I represent seven leading PIANO AND ORGAN FACTORIES and will sell at Manufacturer's LOWEST CASH OR

INSTALLMENT FIGURES.

I am prepared to give special inducements to long time purchasers.

Any Instrument sent on fifteen days trial.

I will positively save every purchaser from \$10 to \$50.

D. N. MARCHANT, ORANGEBURG, S. C.

At G. H. Cornelison's store. April 22-1yr.

I. W. BOWMAN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW ORANGEBURG, S. C.

South Carolina Railway.

Commencing on Jan. 3d, 1886, Passenger Trains will run as follows until further notice:

Table with columns for train names (GREENVILLE EXPRESS, CAMDEN TRAIN, BARNWELL R. R.), destinations (Charleston, Branchville, Kingville, etc.), and departure/arrival times.

CLEARING OUT

AS THE SEASON IS NEAR AT

HAND FOR PUTTING IN

SPRING GOODS

And wishing to make room, we will make

it to the interests of all to call and get

Great Bargains

As we are determined not to carry over

any Fall Stock. We still lead in low

prices and are Headquarters for

GENTS', YOUTH'S AND BOY'S

CLOTHING.

Our trade in

Zeigler's Fine Shoes

For Ladies was never better. Every pair

guaranteed.

We carry the largest and best Stock of

Gent's

HAND-SEWED SHOES

In the market. All warranted.

At

CHARLESTON QUOTATIONS.

Land for Sale.

THE WHOLE OR A PART OF my Farm, two miles below the town of Orangeburg, on the South Carolina Railway and the public roads leading to Charleston, containing about 800 acres, a part cleared, balance finely timbered. Some splendid swamp land, 235 acres heavily pine timbered, adjoining and lying East and West of roads to Charleston. To be subdivided in lots of 30 to 80 acres and sold, unless sold in entire. These lots will be fine lots for residences. Jan 28-77

A. D. FREDERICK,

MRS. J. M. HARTZOG

WILL ON THE 15TH OF MARCH resume business, and invites the attention of the Ladies to her Stock of new and attractive Millinery and Fancy Goods, embracing all the Novelties of the season. Next door to Dr. S. A. Reeves' Drug Store, Orangeburg, S. C. Feb. 25-3mo-

GEO. H. CORNELISON.