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IT WAS THAT SHELDON STRUCK OUT.

"Ha. You're a good shot with the revolver and rifle. So am I. That's the way we'll settle it."

"But men don't act this way in real life," Sheldon remarked.

"I will find I'm pretty real before we're done with me. I'm going to kill you today. Speaking of Joan?"—

"Please keep her name out of it," Sheldon warned him.

"Oh, go ahead, knock me down. But you won't close my mouth. You can't get me down all day, but as fast as you get to my feet I'll speak of Joan's name. Now, will you fight? I'll give you a fair chance to kill me, but I'll kill you before the day's out. This is civilization. It's the Solomon Islands, and a pretty primitive proposition for all that. And two men and one woman is an equally primitive proposition. We'll settle it in the good old primitive way. I can't insult you directly, I know. You are too easy going or cowardly, or both, for that. But I can sarrate for you the talk of the beach—ah, that grinds you, doesn't it? I can tell you what the beach has to say about you and this young girl running a plantation under a business partnership."

"Stop!" Sheldon cried, for the other was beginning again to vibrate and oscillate before his eyes. "You want a duel. I'll give it to you. But it is absurd. What kind of a duel shall it be? There are no seconds. What happens shall we use?"

"I've often thought that the Islanders should be somewhat different from the modern conventional one. No seconds, of course, and no onlookers. The two principals alone are necessary. They may use any weapon they please, from revolvers and knives to machine guns and pompoms. They start a mile apart and advance on each other, taking advantage of cover, retreating, circling, feinting—everything and everything permissible so long as the principals shall hunt each other."

"Like a couple of wild indians?"

far simpler and easier than this protracted hide and seek affair. He, too, tried circling, in the hope of cutting the other's circle; but, without catching a glimpse of him, he finally emerged upon a fresh clearing where the young trees, waist high, afforded little shelter and less hiding. Just as he emerged, stepping out a pace, a rifle cracked to his right, and, though he did not hear the bullet in passing, the thud of it came to his ears when it struck a palm trunk farther on.

He sprang back into the protection of the larger trees. Twice he had exposed himself and been fired at, while he had failed to catch a single glimpse of his antagonist. A slow anger began to burn in him. It was decidedly unpleasant, he decided, this being perpetrated at, and, nonsensical as it really was, it was none the less deadly serious. There was no avoiding the

"Rather funny, isn't it, these modern duels?" Sheldon grinned down at him as he removed his weight. "Not a bit dignified. If you'd struggled a moment longer I'd have rubbed your face in the earth. I've a good mind to do it anyway. Just to teach you that don-

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