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THE

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FANCY ARTICLES, etc.

[Re]spectfully solicit the patronage of the public. Physician's orders promptly filled and [pre]scriptions carefully compounded.
May 1, 1879—6m.

NOTICE.

MY health now being such as to enable me to attend to my own business, I now give [no]tice that any power of Attorney or agency to [tr]ansact my business entered into by me with [an]y one is hereby revoked.
HENRY SOTHORON.
[M]ay 1, 1879—2t.

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A. W. GARDINER.
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[M]EAT MARKET.

[Re]spectfully inform my friends, and the publi[c in] general, that I will sell

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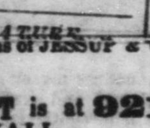

[a]t the times at my place of business, under [..]'s Hotel, or residence. Orders promptly [atten]ded to.
I. GROSS.
[..] 9, 1879—tf.

FOR THE LEGISLATURE.
the very latest productions of JESSUP & CO.

MR. WM. DeMOTT is at 921, the old stand of W. WALL.
May 8, 1879—3m.

CHAPULTEPEC.

A letter from the Castle of Chapultepec, City of Mexico, to the Chicago Times, of recent date, says:

This forenoon my good friend, Dr. Julius S. Skilton, ex-chief consul for the United States, came to my hotel and said, "Shall we go and see our battle-fields?" I was only too happy, and we started without loss of time.

Our course lay westward along the pasea, or drive, which was extended by Maximilian, far beyond its old limits towards the commanding edifice, which stands on the site where the court of Montezuma is reputed to have stood before the sword of Cortez struck the crown from the brow of the royal Aztec. The unclouded sun shone down fiercely warm, and the dust rose in dense columns—such dust as only Mexico can produce.

The road lay between the two long aqueducts, which the veterans will remember well, San Corme on our right and Belen on our left. These draw from the mountains the water which supplies the capital, and come together near the rock of Chapultepec, their ponderous walls forming a portion of the formidable barrier which Gen. Scott had to surmount before he completed his conquest. On reaching the foot of the rock, the road became rough, and we left the carriage, continuing our course on foot.

We followed the route on the north side of the San Corme equeduct, the arches of which were built up by Santa Anna to prevent our troops from availing themselves of the openings. I looked with interest at the big wall, and saw there, so thick that a finger could not be placed between them, the pockmarks in the mortar produced by showers of musket balls. Suddenly we turned a sharp angle, the wall running directly south. In front of it, the ordinary width of the street, stood a row of dingy adobe houses now devoted to the sale of groceries and pulque. To the southward of those houses, on a gentle slope, which commanded the road, we sighted a monument.

Directly east of that landmark a huge gate broke the continuity of the long wall already mentioned. That wall, too, was honeycombed with bullet dints. Toward the centre there rose a long, red-walled, steep-roofed building, presenting a gable east and west. Beyond that again was another building, somewhat longer and taller, red-walled also, representing a gable north and south. My companion pointed to the latter building and said, "El Molino del Rey?"

The words were, in themselves, a history. "There, however," said he, "is where the battle began," and he indicated some low, white-walled buildings, surrounded by dun ramparts of adobe, situated about a quarter of a mile westward from where we stood. Beyond these again lay a couple of haciendos. A few bayonets glittered on the brown ramparts. "That," said the doctor, "is the Casa Mata. Shall we go there?"

I assented, and a few minutes' walk over the hard slope brought us to a gate, where a Mexican soldier, in sandals, challenged us. Children screamed, dogs barked and a man in uniform, destitute of a hat, advanced to meet us.—A boy ran after him with his kepi and an umbrella. The man without a hat was the commandante of the fort.

Happily Dr. Skilton speaks Spanish like a native, and the Mexican officer admitted us at once. The guard presented arms as we entered, being evidently struck by our martial appearance, for the doctor wore a stovepipe hat. Inside the casa the ramparts rose only a couple of feet above the courtyard. We looked over the edge and saw a moat 16 feet wide by 12 feet deep, presenting a strong obstruction to any force that might attack the place. The line of rampart was quite extensive and capable of accommodating a large force. Beyond lay a country sloping from the mountains so gently that it appeared to be a plain. I looked with particular interest toward the south, because I knew there, only a few hundred yards distant, Duncan's battery, of Gen. Worth's division, opened fire against the Casa on the morning of September 8, 1847; an hour before daylight.

Col. Kelly, of New Orleans, who participated in the engagement, told me all about it three weeks ago in St. Charles hotel. His description was so vivid that I had no difficulty in recognizing the different positions. Gen. Scott, as history tells, did not expect much more than "an affair" at the Casa Mata and Molino del Rey. He did not, it would appear, sufficiently estimate the importance of the position, the Molino being, in reality, an outwork of Chapultepec, which, is the key of the capital to an army advancing from the west. During the night Gen. Worth received information that Santa Anna, taking advantage of the over-confidence of Gen. Scott, was pouring troops from the city into the defences of Molino del Rey and its surroundings. This fact the soldiers of the devoted division were not aware of. They, too, expected only a sharp skirmish. Gen. Scott wished to capture the Molino in order that the moulds used for casting cannon by the Mexicans might be captured and destroyed. Worth was of opinion that it would be better to make one meal of the whole thing and assault Chapultepec at the same time. This the commander-in-chief would not listen to and the attack was ordered with Worth's division alone.

It might be tiresome, at this day, to enter into all the details of that memorable battle, in which the small American division suffered proportionately greater loss than did the French at Waterloo. Infuriated by the murder of their wounded comrades in front of the Casa, General Garland's brigade, headed by Buchanan, McKensie, Ayres and Armstrong, with frantic cheers and blighting volleys, while the artillery played from the slopes above them, swept the Mexican riflemen from the parapets, burst in the main gate, leaping over the bodies of friends and foes and literally ankle deep in blood; stormed the Molino, captured and destroyed the moulds, spiked the hostile guns; reattacked the Casa Mata, which contained a magazine, routed the garrison and blew up the fort. Appalled by such unequaled valor, the cavalry of General Alvarez, twenty-five hundred strong, drawn up in the maguary fields on the flank, did not dare to charge that small American force. Their object accomplished. Worth's division, obedient to the orders of General Scott, withdrew out of range of Chapultepec, counted their loss and buried their dead, all of whom they carried from the field.

As a feat at arms this battle has rarely been equaled. Less than thirty-five hundred American soldiers participating in the attack. Of these nearly one thousand were killed or wounded, including the extraordinary proportion of fifty-nine officers. They defeated, notwithstanding their strong situation, ten thousand Mexicans, led by their boldest chiefs; and made the field of their victory the American Balaklava. Gen. Scott permitted five days to elapse, reorganizing his army, collecting reinforcements and erecting batteries, before he made his grand attack on this stronghold of Chapultepec. History has traced in letters of fire and blood the brilliant action of September 13th, 1847, when Chapultepec was carried by storm, notwithstanding the most determined efforts of its defenders. It is not for me to describe it anew.

This castle and its surroundings bear still upon them the scars of that conflict. I have clambered over the rocks and through the chapparal which on that September day, so long ago, were red with the life current of many a hero, from New England and from Carolina, from Illinois and from Louisiana. Above me gloomed the tremendous brow of castle-crowned Chapultepec. Around and below me were the venerable cypress groves that had shaded the tribes of the Montezumas, and that had rung with the cheers of the musketry of Scott's unconquerable stormers. Amid these scenes Robert Lee and Ulysses Grant fought under a common flag.

Having viewed all the relics of the battle, I made my way to this tower, which overlooked the broad valley of Mexico, enchaliced by her mountains. Looking southward, the lava hills of Contreras and the field of Cherubusco, both well remembered in martial story, were in plain view. Northeast and eastward ran the aqueduct of San Cosme and Belen, along which, or rather the causeways that skirt them, Scott's soldiers pursued the flying legions of Santa Anna.

The palace of Chapultepec is now being put in repair for the accommodations of Senor Diaz and his successors. Maximilian began to beautify it, assisted by Charlotta, and some of the frescoing bears evidence of a highly cultivated taste. There are gardens, filled with rarest flowers and plants, on every story of the structure. Fountains, baths, Aztec caves, luxurious apartments, some of them now sadly decayed, delight the senses. No ruler could wish for fairer lodgings than that lofty hall, two hundred and fifty feet above the plain, and set by the hand of nature in a framework of imperishable beauty.

"The Halls of Montezuma," which are reputed to have stood on the site of this palace, may be a myth, but the cypress trees, planted in regular rows, and too gigantic to be of modern growth, are a magnificent reality. They no doubt shaded the tents of the Aztecs from the summer heat, as their branches interlace, forming imposing arbors.—Chief of all the forest patriarchs is "the tree of Montezuma," which has a mean circumference of 45 feet, and towers far above the groves of which it is the acknowledged monarch.

HOW THE ROBIN HIBERNATES.—The Springfield *Republican* says: Our robin does not go to Virginia and Florida in winter, as our bobolinks and invalids do. He stays snugly and sociably packed with his fellows in such convenient trees and rock-clefts and ground, hugging hemlocks or spruces as they know of. A Longmeadow farmer once cut an old birch in the dead of winter, and took out of a great hollow of the trunk three pecks of robins, apparently dead. He carried them home from curiosity and lodged them in a warm room, when they all came to life.

HE DID THE SUBJECT JUSTICE.—An art critic who has an unfortunate habit of occasionally indulging in more wine than health demands, recently determined, one day after luncheon, to pay a professional visit to a private art collection. Arrived in the first room, he found himself opposite a large mirror. Mechanically he drew out his pocket-book and therein wrote, "No. 1.—Study of a head; unnamed; an old toper.—Fuddled condition excellently rendered; most likely a portrait. Seem to be acquainted with the original."

OLD MAIDS AND OLD BACHELORS.—Old maids are useful. They can cook, sew and take care of children, nurse sick people and generally play the piano. Old bachelors are useless. They do not even know how to drive nails or split wood.

Old maids are amiable. If one wants anything done that requires patience and kindness of heart, a single lady is sure to be the one to do it.

Old bachelors are ill-natured. They snub children, despise babies and hate young mothers, and are always so busily employed in seeing that other people take good care of them that they have not a moment to give to any one else.

Old maids are nice looking and "[illegible] for their years." Old bachelors gener-ally have red noses, rheumatism in their knees, bald heads, and mouths that turn down at the corners.

Old maids can make a home of one little room, and cook delicious meals for one over the gas jet in cunning little tin kettles, besides making all their own wardrobes. Old bachelors need an army of tailors, waiters, cooks, distant relatives and hotel landlords to keep them comfortable. When old maids are ill they tie up their heads in pockethandkerchiefs, take homœopathic pellets out of two bottles, alternately, and get well again. When old bachelors are ill they go to bed and send for four doctors, have a consultation, a mantle-piece full of black bottles, all the amiable married men who belong to the club to sit up with them at night, besides a hired nurse; they telegraph to their relations, and do their best to impress the world with the idea that they are dying.

When an old maid travels she takes a sandwich, a piece of poundcake, a bottle of lemonade in a hand-basket, and lunches comfortably in the carriage. When an old bachelor travels he orders a dinner in courses at the station, and raves because he has not time to eat it before the "fifteen minutes for refreshments" are over.

Old maids drink weak tea, and it cures their headaches. Old [illegible] drink strong liquor, which gi[illegible] headaches.

Old maids are modest; they think their youth is over and their beauty gone. If, after awhile, some autumnal love is given them, they take it as a sort of miracle, and hope people will not laugh at them for "marrying so late in life."

Old bachelors believe that all women are in love with them, and that they must carefully guard themselves from traps laid to inveigle them into matrimony. They also fondly cherish the belief that, should they eventually become married men, the world expects them to exhibit great taste in women by their choice, and that the "other fellows" will laugh if their portion be not tender youth and beauty; also that when they marry, many women will expire of jealousy.—*Rural New Yorker.*

TOO MUCH SLEEP.—"God bless the man who first invented sleep." So said Sancho Panza, and so say we.—But there are those who will not feel like blessing the man who has discovered that there is danger as well as health and happiness in slumber. The Golden Rule rises up to warn us that there is such a thing as too much sleep. It says: "The effects of too much sleep are not less signal than those arising from its privation. The whole nervous system becomes blunted, so that the muscular energy is enfeebled and the situations and moral and intellectual manifestations are obtunded. All the bad effects of inaction become developed. The memory is impaired, the powers of imagination are dormant, and the mind falls into a kind of hebetude, chiefly because the functions of the intellect are not sufficiently exerted when sleep is too prolonged or too often repeated. To sleep much is not necessarily to be a good sleeper. Generally they are the poorest sleepers who remain longest in bed; i. e., they awaken less refreshed than if the time of rising were earlier by an hour or two. We commend this to those who cry 'a little more sleep and a little more slumber." It does not affect newspaper men, who go to bed late and get up early."—*Troy Times.*

CATCHING TERRAPINS.—That choice dainty, the terrapin, is caught in great numbers along the shores of the coast counties of Maryland and Virginia, and are generally taken in the autumn, when they commence digging down into the mud, where they lie torpid during the winter. The hunter, walking slowly along the bank, looking closely with practiced eye presently sees a round spot of mud softer than the surrounding marsh. Into this he thrusts a long pointed stick until he strikes the back of Master Terrapin, when nothing remains but to dig him up from where he lies, as he thought, so securely. In the spring and early fall they are caught with nets in the deeper pools where they abound.

"Do hogs pay?" asks an agricultural correspondent. We know of some that don't. They subscribe for a paper, read it a few weeks for nothing, and then send it back to the publisher inscribed "refused." Such hogs as that pay nobody if they can help it.

The man who got into a barber's chair, pinned the newspaper round his neck and began to read the towel, may be called absentminded.

BEYOND THE MILKY WAY.

The countless millions of stars composing the Milky Way appear to be arranged in the form of a flat zone, or ring, or rather stratum, of irregular shape. Its extent is so great as properly to form a universe of itself. If it were possible to-night to wing our flight to any one of the bright stars which blaze around us, sweeping away from our own system until planet after planent fades in the distance, and finally the sun itself shrinks into a mere star—alighting on a strange world that circles around a new and magnificent sun, which has grown and expanded in our sight until it blazes with a magnificence equal to that of our own—here let us pause and look out upon the starry heavens which now surround us.

We have passed over sixty millions of millions of miles. We have reached a new system of worlds, revolving about another sun, and from this remote point we have a right to expect a new heavens, as well as a new earth on which we stand. But no. Lift up your eyes, and lo! the old familiar constellations are all there. Yonder blazes Orion, with its rich and gorgeous belt; there comes Arcturus, and yonder the Northern Bear circles his ceaseless journey around the pole. All is unchanged, and the mighty distance over which we have passed is but the thousandth part of the entire diameter of this grand cluster of suns and systems; and although we have swept from our sun to the nearest fixed star, and have traveled a distance which light itself cannot traverse in less than ten years, yet the change wrought by this mighty journey, in the appearance of the heavens, is no greater than would be produced in the relative positions of the persons composing this audience to a person near its centre, who should change his seat with his immediate neighbor.

Such, then, is the scale on which the starry heavens are built. If, in examining the magnificent orbits of the remoter planets, and in tracing the interminable career of some of the far-sweeping comets, we feared there might not be room for the accomplishment of their vast orbits, our fears are now at an end. There is no jostling here: there is no interference, no perturbation of the planets of one system by the suns of another. Each is isolated and independent, filling the region of space assigned, and, within its own limits, holding on its appointed movements.

Thus far we have spoken only of the Milky Way. In case it be possible to pierce its boundaries, and pass through into the regions of space which lie beyond, the inquiry arises, what meets the vision there? What lies beyond these mighty limits? Does creation cease with the one great cluster, and is all blank beyond its boundary?

Here again the telescope has given us an answer. When we shall have traveled outward from our own sun, and passed in a straight line from star to star, until we shall have left behind us, in grand perspective a series of five hundred suns, we then stand on the confines of our own great cluster of stars. All behind blazes with the light of countless orbs, scattered in wild magnificence, while all before us is deep, impenetrable, unbroken darkness. No glance of human vision can pierce the dark profound.

But summoning the telescope to our aid, let us pursue our mighty journey through space. Far in the distance we are just able to discover a faint haze of light—a minute luminous cloud which comes up to meet us—and towards this object we will urge our flight. We leave the shining millions of our own great cluster far behind. Its stars are shrinking and fading; its dimensions are contracting. It once filled the whole heavens, and now its myriads of blazing orbs could almost be grasped with a single hand. But now look forward! A new universe, of astonishing grandeur, bursts on the sight. The cloud of light has swelled and expanded, and its millions of suns now fill the whole heavens.

We have reached the clustering of ten millions of stars. Look to the right: there is no limit. Look to the left: there is no end. Above, below, sun rises upon sun, and system upon system, in endless and immeasurable perspective. Here is a new universe, as magnificent, as glorious as our own—a new Milky Way, whose vast diameter the flashing light would not cross in a thousand years. Nor is this a solitary object. Go out on a clear, cold winter night, and reckon the stars which strew the heavens, and count their number—and for every single orb thus visible to the naked eye, the telescope reveals a universe, far sunk in the depths of space, and scattered with vast profusion over the entire surface of the heavens.

Some of these blaze with countless stars, while others occupying the confines of visible space, but dimly stain the blue of the sky, just perceptible with the most powerful means that man can summon to the aid of his vision. These objects are called clusters and nebulæ—clusters when near enough to permit their individual stars to be shown by the telescope, nebulæ when the mingled light of all their suns and systems can only be seen as the hazy cloud.

Thus have we risen in the orders of creation. We commenced with a planet and its satellite; we rose to the sun and its revolving planets, a magnificent system of orbs, all united into one great family, and governed by the same great law; and we now find millions of these suns clustered and associated together in the formation of distinct universes, whose numbers, already revealed to the eye of man, is not to be counted by the scores or hundreds, but has risen to thousands, while every increase of telescopic power is adding by hundreds to their catalogue.

Let us now explain these "island universes," as the Germans have aptly termed them, and attempt approximately to circumscribe their limits, and measure their distances from us and from each other. Sir William Herschel, to whom we are indebted for this department of astronomy, conceived a plan by which it was possible approximately to sound the depths of space, and determine, within certain limits, the distance and magnitude of the clusters and nebulæ within the reach of his telescopes. To convey some idea of his method of conducting these most wonderful researches, imagine a level plain, of indefinite extent, and along a straight line, separated by intervals of one mile each, let posts be placed, bearing boards on which certain words are printed in letters of the same size. The words printed on the nearest board, we will suppose, can just be read with the naked eye. To read those on the second, telescopic aid is required, and that power which suffices to enable the letters to be distinctly seen is exactly double that of the unaided eye. The telescope revealing the letters at the distance of three miles is threefold more powerful than the eye, and so of all the others. In this way we can provide ourselves with instruments whose space penetrating power, compared with that of the eye, can be readily obtained.

Now to apply these principles to the sounding of the heavens. The eye, without assistance, would follow and perceive the bright star Sirius, if removed back to twelve times its present distance. After this, as it recedes, it must be followed by the telescope. Suppose, then, a nebula is discovered with a telescope of low power, and it is required to determine its character and distance. The astronomer applies one power after another, until he finally employs a telescope of sufficient reach to reveal the separate stars of which the object is composed—which shows it to be a cluster; and since the space-penetrating power of this instrument is known, relative to that of the human eye, in case the power is 100 times greater than that of the eye, then would the cluster be located in space 100 times farther than the eye can reach, or 1,200 times more remote than Sirius, or at such a distance that its light would only reach our Earth after a journey of 120,000 years!

Such was Herschel's method of locating these objects in space. Some are so remote as to be far beyond the reach of the most powerful instruments, and no telescopic aid can show them other than nebulous clouds. It was while pursuing these grand investigations that Herschel was led to the conclusion that among the nebulæ which were visible in the heavens there were some composed of chaotic matter—a hazy, luminous fluid, like that occasionally thrown out from comets on their approach to the sun.

Among these chaotic masses he discovered some in which the evidences of condensation appeared manifest, while in others he found a circular disc of light, with a bright nucleus in the centre. Proceeding yet farther, he found well-formed stars surrounded by a misty halo, which presented all the characteristics of what he now conceived to be nebulous fluid. Some of the unformed nebulæ were of enormous extent; and among those partially condensed, such as the nebulæ with planetary discs, many were found so vast that their magnitude would fill the space occupied by the sun and all its planets, forming a sphere with a diameter more than 6,000 millions of miles. Uniting these and many other facts, the great astronomer was finally brought to believe that worlds and systems of worlds might yet be in the process of formation by the gradual condensation of this nebulous fluid, and that from this chaotic matter originally came the sun and all the fixed stars which crowd the heavens. This theory, extended, but not modified, in the hands of Laplace, is made to account for nearly all the phenomena of the solar system.

For a long time this bold and sublime speculation was looked upon, even by the wisest philosophers with remarkable favor. The resolution of one or two nebulæ (so classed by Herschel), with the fifty-two feet reflector of Lord Rosse, has induced some persons to abandon the theory, and to attempt to prove its impossibility. All that I have to say is that Herschel only adopted the theory after he had resolved many hundreds of nebulæ into stars; and if there ever existed a reason for accepting the truth of this remarkable speculation, that reason has been scarcely in any degree affected by recent discoveries.

I have examined a large number of these mysterious objects, floating on the deep ocean of space like the faintest filmy cloud of light. No power, however great, of the telescope can accomplish the slightest change in their appearance. So distant are they that their light employs (in case they be clusters) hundreds of thousands of years in reaching the eye that gazes upon them; and so extensive, even when viewed from such a distance as to fill the entire field of view of the telescope many times!—*O. M. Mitchel.*

The lady who wears the costliest stockings crosses the street most.

A Famous Duel.

The *Capital*, Don Piatt's trenchant metropolitan weekly, referring to the duel, many years since, between Daniel Jenifer, of Maryland, and Jesse A. Bynum, of North Carolina, says that the parties, after six or seven ineffective shots, made friends over a bottle of wine.

This is an error. They never recognized each other afterward. At the time party spirit ran high in Congress, and each party had its reputed Hotspurs, game-cocks, bullies or fire eaters. Mr. Wise, Mr. Peyton, Mr. Jenifer, Mr. Bynum, Dr. Duncan, of Ohio, and Mr. Hannegan, of Illinois, were the representative men of this class. They adopted a sneering, scathing, denunciatory style of debate; were frequently in a snarl, and had more or less to do with every altercation that occurred.

Bynum was a small, sallow, shabbily-dressed, insignificant looking man, a trained cross-road politician, who would speak for hours in a loud voice, indulging in slang phrases and indiscriminate abuse. He came into Congress immediately after a desperate affray in Halifax, N. C., in which he shot down two or more of his assailants, and took his place immediately as one of the fire-eaters of the Jackson party.

Jenifer was the reverse of Bynum. He was a delicately formed, but handsome, intellectual looking man, with a polished air and courtly manner, of an old Maryland colonial family, always elegantly dressed. He was, in fact, a beau and a ladies' man; was an ultra politician of the Clay school; often made severe but not rude remarks, and was reputed to be always ready with his hair-triggers. The famous pistol used in the fatal duel between Commodore Decatur and Barron was in his keeping.

These two gentlemen had several "spats" in debate, and it had come to be a settled opinion that sooner or later they must have a meeting, and that one or both would fall.

One day they had a sharp altercation, and when the House met next morning both their chairs were vacant. Messrs. Wise, Peyton, Duncan and Hannegan were likewise absent, and the whisper circulated that they had all gone to Bladensburg. The excitement was tremendous. They were both said to be dead-shots; were backed by men not partial to compromises; would never quit the ground as long as the parties could stand up; and there was a probability of perhaps a general melee, and three or four probably be killed. Our sergeant-at-arms, Col. Dorsey, a brave old soldier, with very tender sympathies, got on a "bender" on the strength of it, sent his deputy down town and bought up all the crape in the city. The House was completely demoralized. Mr. Cambreleng had resolved it into committee of the whole on some bill of details, and the members were gathered everywhere into excited groups. Fifteen or twenty had posted for Bladensburg. At length about three p. m., one of the little side doors opened and Mr. Bynum, looking even much smaller than usual, slipped in and took his seat, which was near by. *Jenifer is dead*, was the feeling that ran through the House. No one ventured to approach Bynum at that awful moment. The man who had just killed a fellow member was too much a subject of awe, of pity and sympathy for conference. The Maryland delegation formed a separate knot, and were seen whispering together, hats in hand. Howard and Thomas and Cost Johnston were in the act of leaving the hall when, lo! another side door opened and in glided Jenifer! He took his seat in silence. There was an instantaneous stillness—the various groups ceased whispering—every eye was fixed upon the two dead shots. Were they phantoms or were they men? It could hardly be realized that there they were in their accustomed seats, not injured, not even singed by powder. And then, there was an overpowering sense of ridicule, and a universal laugh, and the two champions sneaked away.

Wise and Peyton were the advisers of Jenifer, Hannegan and Duncan of Bynum.

Some days after I said to Bynum: "My dear fellow, you have often told me that if you were forced by the opposition into a fight you would kill your man. How did Jenifer escape?"

"Simply," said Bynum, "because I did not fire at him."

"Did not fire at him! Why, you exchanged three shots!"

"The d—d fellow shot at me three times, but I never fired at him."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, Hannegan came on the ground drunk ten minutes behind time and the instruments he brought were mere side-arms, not dueling pistols. Duncan and Hannegan had a good right to object to further proceedings, but they did not, and the other side were spoiling for a fight, I took my position. We held our weapons perpendicularly and were to raise and fire at the word. Jenifer was an expert, and I knew my only chance was to draw his fire. I never raised my pistol, but each time discharged it right into the ground and thus *drew his fire!* His ball struck the ground each time about five feet from me, in a direct line with my body. My strategy saved me."

After this affair the professed duelists and fire-eaters lost prestige at Washington, which they have never recovered.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Doctrines of European Socialists.

The doctrines held by the Russian Socialist Propaganda are enunciated with frankness in some extracts published by the *Krymski Listok.* The following are the passages from the *Vpered* (Forward): "Republican ideas are a chimera. Garabaldi and Felix Pyat are behind the age." The burning of Paris by the Commune in 1871 "threw a ray of light on the future;" but the Commune "took no decisive step; it only imposed a task on the social revolution which it had not the courage to achieve itself." The new Socialist school will not restrict itself to the "half measures of the Commune;" it "will not shrink from any amount of severity," and will wage "a merciless war against society—a war of plunder, incendiarism and assassination." The *Nabat* (Alarm Bell) preaches "the annihilation of middle-class society, and the burial of the world beneath its ruins." The institution of the "family is to be destroyed, the right of property abolished, religion ignored, and even liberty disregarded as an empty question." According to the *Narodnaya Rasprava* (National Execution), the Socialists "will come forward with arms in their hands to execute all hangmen, traders and landed proprietors;" will "spread terror among all of different opinions from themselves, and will destroy everything—persons, things or circumstances—that disturb the work. Those who are not with us are against us, and must fall under the bullets of our revolvers."

A Hint to Teachers.

A Massachusetts teacher writes to the *National Journal of Education* describing an experiment in the school-room which seems to be successful. Instead of facing his pupils he has his desk behind them, and thus overlooks them to great advantage. The naughty little ones, not knowing when his eye is on them, dare not whisper and play. "They have," he says, "so frequently come to grief in attempting to calculate chances, that they have concluded to make a virtue of necessity, and give up play in the school-room as unprofitable, costing more than it comes to." Another decided advantage of this system is that it completely isolates classes reciting from the rest of the school; the recitation benches being in front of the teacher's desk, between him and the school, and the backs of the pupils toward each other, communication by look or sign is out of the question. The only special rule made is that pupils shall not look around.

In struggling to make a dull-brained boy understand what conscience is, a teacher finally asked, "What makes you feel uncomfortable after you have done wrong?" "Father's leather strap," replied the boy.