

would gather to witness the execution, but such was not the case. A crowd of men assembled early upon the street corners and discussed the solemn event. The gallows was not an elaborate affair. It stood within a forty foot enclosure to the rear of the building selected for the jury last night. The little crowd of witnesses who entered the inclosure waited with solemn whispered conversation.

At five minutes before 10 o'clock the prisoner came from his cell. The procession to the gallows was headed by Sheriff Hornbeck and Sheriff Smith, of Sedalia. Then came the prisoner between guards, followed by his spiritual adviser. The prisoner wore a long black Prince Albert coat and looked quite like a clergyman. He wore his hair rather long and it was slightly disarranged and his face was covered with a full yellow beard. His forehead was drawn in wrinkles, indicating he was undergoing deep mental anguish; but his bright blue eyes greeted the crowd without a sign of fear. He ascended the scaffold with a firm step, and, looking one side, said: "My men, I have nothing to say. I wish you all well. May God bless you." He then stepped upon the fatal drop.

During the binding of his hands he never flinched. He looked straight ahead. After the black hood had been drawn over his head, the minister said to the sheriff: "Do you believe in the Father and the Son?" From beneath the hood came the firm answer, "I do." Then may God bless you, said the minister, "and have mercy upon you." Then the two repeated the Lord's prayer and every word came as distinctly from beneath the hood as from the minister's mouth. At the word "Amen" the drop fell. The body swung around several times, and then remained perfectly still. There was not a stir or a move. In eight or nine minutes the heart ceased to beat. He has no friends to claim his body, and it will be interred in the potter's field.

TURLINGTON'S CAREER.

John Oscar Turlington was a desperado of the worst kind. He was a farmer, but more like a farmer than a criminal. He was born in the backwoods of Kentucky, and, although only 25 years of age, he had a record that few criminals have equaled. About a year ago, while going through Missouri, he was ordered from a freight train, and, while jumping off, he fired at the brakeman, and was captured. He was confined in the Booneville jail. Owing to his quiet behavior, which was assumed, he was allowed considerable liberty. On the night of the 11th Sheriff Cranmer was in the jail. As Cranmer was in the act of locking the prisoners in their cells, Turlington drew a revolver just as the sheriff inserted the key in the lock. The sheriff quickly drew his revolver, and shots were exchanged. Cranmer received a wound from which he died the next day.

Turlington escaped, but was captured in a short time. At the trial it was shown that a released prisoner had secretly passed the revolver to Turlington through the window of his cell. Turlington was convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged September 17. The case was taken on appeal to the supreme court. The citizens of Cooper county, who were impatient at the delay, threatened lynching. Turlington learned of the threat and determined to escape. On the night of November 1 he made good his escape from the jail. For over a week the search for the fugitive was kept up, but Turlington could not be found. On November 12, however, he was captured in Kansas. A little later came the following telegram:

A. Hornbeck, sheriff, Booneville, Mo.

"I am captured. Please have your deputies to have me protected from the mob."

John Oscar Turlington was a desperado of the worst kind. He was a farmer, but more like a farmer than a criminal. He was born in the backwoods of Kentucky, and, although only 25 years of age, he had a record that few criminals have equaled.

A deputy was sent to Kentucky with the proper requisition papers and the prisoner was returned to the Booneville jail. After being returned to the jail he once more escaped, but was captured in a short time. On January 27 the supreme court refused a new trial and fixed the date of execution for today.

A RAPIST STRETCHED.

New Castle, Del., March 6.—Shakespeare Reeves was hanged in the jail yard here at 10:50 o'clock this morning. Reeves mounted the gallows without hesitation, and called for Dr. J. B. Clark, who had been his medical attendant, and, after bidding him goodbye, sent several farewell messages to Mr. and Mrs. Clark, whose daughter he had married, and to several other persons. Death ensued in eleven minutes, the victim's neck being dislocated. Thirty people witnessed the execution, which was conducted without a hitch by Sheriff Simmons. Rev. S. R. Edmunds and J. R. Brinkley, of New Castle, and Charles Ackworth, of Wilmington, all colored, remained with Reeves to the last.

The crime for which Shakespeare Reeves, alias Jacob Sharkey (colored), was hanged today was a felony committed upon little Grace Clark, a white girl of 11 years, near New Castle, on Sunday, Sept. 28, 1880. Reeves, who was employed by the girl's father, carried her into the barn and outraged her. He was arrested and tried for the crime in November last and was sentenced to be hanged today.

HANGED.

Gonzales, Texas, March 6.—William Blackwell, a colored youth, aged 31, was hanged here today for the unprovoked murder of a white man named Lumpkin in July last. After murdering the victim, he burned up the house in which he lived.

TESTED HIS KNIFE.

San Diego, Cal., March 6.—A story of a horrible crime comes from San Quentin, Lower California, which rates among the horrors of Nero's time. On Sunday last Jose Muir, a half-breed, made an attempt on the life of Felipe Sanchez, who was lying asleep on the sidewalk in front of a saloon. Muir came along about half drunk, and tried to awaken the sleeping man. Failing, he opened the shirt of Sanchez, and, drawing a knife, made a motion to disembowel him. He feared the job could not be done with a dull knife, and, after feeling the edge of the blade, he stepped inside and sharpened it quite deliberately on a stone, trying it occasionally on his damson coat. The starling of the bystanders, who thought he was jesting. He finally secured the proper edge, and, kneeling by the side of Sanchez, plunged the blade into the man's abdomen, partially withdrew it, ran it over against the hip bone, turned the knife and forced it upward as far as the ribs would allow. Muir then pulled the shirt back over the terrible gape, straightened up, smilingly nodded to persons around him, licked the blood from the blade on one side, and placed it in his sheath. He was seized by the bystanders and placed in jail. He said that Sanchez was his friend, and that he only wanted to try his new knife. Sanchez is still living.

TOUGH ON THE BALD-HEADS.

St. Paul, Minn., March 6.—The senate, in committee of the whole, has recommended the passage of a bill which provides that any female who wears a stage or platform of any theater or opera house, or any public place whatever where other persons are present, expose her nether limb or limbs, dressed in tight, so called, or in any manner whatsoever, so that the shape and form of her nether limbs are perceptible to other persons present, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction thereof, shall be punished with a fine of not less than \$5 nor more than \$10, or imprisonment not less than five nor more than thirty days.

OLEOMARGARINE.

Chicago, March 6.—The receipts of the internal revenue department show that the manufacture of oleomargarine is rapidly on the increase. For the month of February there was received from many factories of this product over \$600,000, the largest amount ever received in one month.

THE WOOL CLIP.

Boston, March 6.—The Commercial Bulletin will publish tomorrow statistical articles based upon agricultural department reports, in which it is estimated that the wool clip will be \$5,000,000 pounds less than last year, when it was \$26,000,000 pounds.

BREKID'S PILLS CURE BILIOUS and nervous ailments.

GROWING WEARY.

Elder's motion was agreed to. The printing bill came up this afternoon, in connection with a bill to appropriate \$100,000 to pay for public printing during the next two years. The house amended the bill, so that any state officer who desires printing done must secure the consent of the attorney general and his assistant.

This morning a resolution was presented by Senator Wright recommending Col. Forsyth of the Seventh cavalry for appointment as brigadier general, which was adopted by a unanimous vote.

Senator Osborn offered a resolution as to final adjournment as soon as the appropriation bills and the bill for the raising of revenue have been passed. The resolution was adopted.

Senator Mohler is seriously ill, and was granted indefinite leave of absence. Senator Harkness moved the adoption of the remainder of the bill for the impeachment of the motion carried.

The alien land bill has been enrolled and signed by the governor. An attempt was made to advance the "age of consent" bill, but it could not be done.

At precisely 12 o'clock, while the clock was striking, the senate organized at 12 o'clock, and the court then adjourned until Saturday at 10 o'clock noon. Governor Humphrey sent in his first veto today, refusing to sign the bill relating to the management of the dead and dumb asylum at Olathe out of the control of the board of charities and giving it into the hands of the trustees.

CURE FOR HICCUGHS.

LANSING, Mich., March 6.—Governor Winans has been seriously ill for the past few days with a violent and prolonged attack of hiccoughs. All sorts of treatment have been resorted to, with no permanent beneficial effect. Tonight a consultation of physicians was held, at which it was decided to administer nitrate of amyli. The first administration, however, was made at 9 o'clock and conferred considerable relief. The treatment was repeated later, with gratifying results. The patient sank away in a quiet sleep and his symptoms are now much more favorable.

A MASTERY.

How the human system ever recovers from the bad effects of the nauseous medicine often literally poured into it for the supposed relief of dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, rheumatism and other ailments, is a mystery. The medicine which is resorted to is scarcely less than that caused by disease. If they who are weak, bilious, dyspeptic, constipated, or rheumatic, would often be guided by the experience of invalids who have thoroughly tested Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would in every instance obtain the speediest aid derivable from rational medicine. This medicine is a searching and at the same time a thoroughly safe remedy, derived from vegetable sources, and possessing, in consequence of its basis of pure spirits, properties as a medicinal stimulant hot to be found in the fiery local bitters and stimulants often resorted to by the debilitated, dyspeptic and languid.

DILKE'S DEFENSE.

LONDON, March 6.—The defense of Sir Charles Dilke, contained in the pamphlet issued yesterday for secret distribution among the electors of the Forest of Dean constituency, is generally considered a very lame one. Mr. Dilke's opponent, tomorrow a pamphlet vehemently denouncing Sir Charles Dilke, recalling his promise not to return to public life till his character was cleared, and characterizing the Dilke pamphlet as an addition to his offense, by piling up falsehoods. Sir Charles Dilke's Liberal opponents now charge him with having offered to resign for legal vindication—to prosecute the persons charged in the pamphlet with conspiracy and perjury.

THE TAKAMINE FERMENT.

CHICAGO, March 6.—The Takamine Ferment company, organized by the respectable name of Dr. J. Takamine, who has been making in the Japanese chemist Jakkeli Takamine, has increased its capital stock to \$100,000. The sale of the Takamine Ferment, which has been discovered is the detection of a microbe or ferment cell of superior power. This microbe of single cell organism, is produced from a fungus growth of eye. A calculation, based on the output of maltsters, brewers, distillers, manufacturers of vinegar, and other users of ferments, makes the yearly value of Takamine's discovery equivalent to \$23,000,000.

A THROAT AND LUNG PHYSICIAN ALWAYS CONVENIENT.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in the house. Salvation Oil for twenty-five cents does its work better than any other liniment.

CHEATED THE GALLOWES.

KABOKA, Mo., March 6.—Dan Porter, a negro sentenced to be hanged at Quincy, Ill., March 20, but who escaped from jail here Saturday night, was captured near Kaboka today, but not alive. Farmers named Kerfoot, Montgomery and Lucien Tobin tracked a suspicious negro through the woods near Kaboka, and arrested the man named Charles Myers, near Fairmont. The man who came out of the house proved to be Porter.

THE PARNELLITES.

DUBLIN, March 6.—In the appeal for money to form a Parnell campaign fund, the lord mayor of Dublin, the late Hon. Joseph M. Meade, M. P., and the high sheriff of Dublin, James Shanks, Esq., are appointed trustees of the fund. The appeal is in the name of the industrial development of Ireland, civil and religious liberty, and should be an essential part of Irish self government. The appeal also says that there must be no religious domination.

ARGENTINE FINANCES.

Buenos Ayres, March 6.—The Argentine Republic government issued a note yesterday which suspends business on the bourse, in the custom house and in the banks for two days (today and tomorrow) in view of the state of the market and the disturbed state of trade, the financial anxiety prevailing, and the general feeling of panic which exists in all circles. The decree announces that the dates mentioned are observed as holy days, but the real reason for the suspension of business is to try to save the Provincial bank from financial disaster. The public debt of the government is offered to loan the government \$3,000,000.

WHOLESALE MURDER.

ROME, March 6.—Lieut. Livrachi, chief of police of Massowah, who is accused of murdering two men who were killed and plundered, in a communication to the secollo, asserts that excited persons incited the Massowah police to assassinate 800 natives. The public are much excited over the affair, and demand that a stringent inquiry be made.

BERLIN, March 6.—The Tagblatt publishes a dispatch from Tazauhar, stating that Baron Wissman has punished the Kibosh tribe, and that in so doing he killed twenty, wounded sixty, and captured fifty of the tribe's men. The German's loss was two killed and fifteen wounded. The German's captured 60,000 head of cattle and a quantity of ammunition.

BUFFALO BILL.

WASHINGTON, March 6.—The secretary of the Interior today granted permission for Buffalo Bill to engage 100 Indians for his Wild West show from the Sioux reservation; the privilege under this permission, to terminate in one year.

WEATHER BULLETIN.

UNITED STATES SIGNAL OFFICE, WICHITA, KAN., March 6, 1891. The highest temperature was 37°, and the lowest 29°, and the mean 31°. Local forecast for Wichita and vicinity—Cloudy weather and a little cooler. Last year on March 6 the maximum temperature was 58°, minimum 15, mean 39°. Two years ago the corresponding temperatures were 70°, 42°, 51°.

MAYBE LAND.

Beyond where the marshes are dank and wild is a ladder of red sand gold. When the sun is high in the shifting tide of the clouds that the night eyes mold. It leads to the portals of Maybe Land. Whose coastlines and groves we find. On a vapor beach, or the misty strand, To darken the wild sweet sea.

LOVE AND RAPIERS.

The village of Bay St. Louis was a favorite dueling ground in the days when an appeal to swords or to pistols was thought by southern gentlemen to be the only honorable way of settling personal grievances. Those days are past, and now there is not a more peaceful and certainly not a more beautiful town in all the picturesque coast country.

If ever you shall be going to New Orleans by way of the railroad from Mobile you will find it well worth while to stop and spend a few days at this lovely summer resort.

If you will take a carriage and a driver who knows the place you may spend a day or two delightfully in exploring the inns and out, by highway and byway, of a settlement that dates back to the time when the Spaniards and the French were playing battledore and shuttlecock with all our rich and salubrious golf-coast country. Even now in the streets and picture galleries of Bay St. Louis you hear the soft accents of Spain and the polite intonations of France.

The people have soft voices and gentle manners, and it is hard to imagine, much harder to believe, that it was ever true of them that they stood ready, on the strength of the slightest insult, to fight to the death as a matter of honor; but so it was. There are men living now who saw many duels in the days of the "code." One charming old gentleman informed the present writer that he had witnessed twenty hostile meetings with sword or pistol.

Before the days of the railroad which now makes Bay St. Louis but one hour and thirty minutes from New Orleans, the only approach was by water, save from the interior of Mississippi. This rendered the place one of the most secluded nooks in America, and, as a matter of course, a considerable number of refugees from justice or from misfortune or tyranny fled thither; but the larger part of the population was highly respectable, some of it was made up, especially in summer, of the wealthiest and best French families of New Orleans, who came by steamboat to spend the hot season in elegant cottages on the breezy bluffs.

Nearly all the duels ever fought at Bay St. Louis took place in one or another secluded spot in the lonely woods behind the town. These woods are now dotted with creole and negro cottages, the homes of poor people, who find an easy if not luxurious life where the fish are to be had with but the smallest outlay of labor. Ever since the place was first settled, and even before, these woods have been a maze of crossed and tangled roads, paths and trails rifled and by the Indians. You can ride or drive everywhere and in every direction, and yet the growth is thick, often obstructing the sight on all sides. Now and again you come upon little natural glades or openings set in wild grass and surrounded with a wall of trees. These are the spots that were fought in the dreadful work of the duelists.

About the year 1824 two young men of New Orleans were lovers of a beautiful girl by the name of Marie de Noyant, whose father had a summer place at Bay St. Louis. Of course, Marie could not accept the attentions of both if she loved either, and as Honore Chauvin had captured her heart, there was nothing for Pierre Maton to do but to challenge his successful rival to mortal combat.

The three families—Noyants, Chauvins and Matons—were of the best in New Orleans, and had always been on the most intimate terms socially. Honore and Pierre had known Marie from her childhood up; they had been her playmates, her friends, and now they were her lovers. Both were handsome, rich and honorable, as honor was understood at the time and place. If Marie hesitated to choose between them it was not because of any doubt in her heart. She knew that she loved Honore, and quite as well she was aware that under no circumstances could she ever love Pierre. Still it was very hard for her, when Pierre came to her home on the bay and asked her to be his wife—it was hard to break in on his passionate appeal with the truth that must crush him. She begged for time to consider, and thus put off the unpleasant, nay, the torturing, duty that she owed to herself and to her lovers. But the moment came when she could no longer procrastinate. Honore, doubtless aware that his rival was besieging the citadel of his lady's heart, came also to Bay St. Louis and urged his suit.

Gently, kindly, sweetly as she could, Marie put an end to Pierre's hopes; but it was not in her power to blunt in the least the terrible point of her refusal. Love is not to be set aside with politeness, nor can it be assuaged by generous friendship and tender kindness. Anything short of love is a stab to love.

"Then it is Honore Chauvin that you care for," Marie said, rising to go. Marie arose also, and they stood looking at each other. They had been sitting on a vine covered veranda, with the waves of the bay tumbling in against the beach in full view.

"Yes, Pierre," she said presently, "I will not deceive you or evade your question. I do love Honore, and I promised him today that I would be his wife."

Pierre stood dumb for a while. There was nothing for him to say; words were not made that could in any way serve his turn in this moment of utter defeat. "Oh, I am so sorry, so grieved, Marie, to see you feel like this," cried Pierre, "you know I love you as a brother is loved, very, very much, and—"

"As a brother?" muttered Pierre, with bitter, desperate emphasis—"as a brother!" And he turned and left the girl's presence without another word. She made a movement as if to follow him, but he had passed down the steps and out of the gate with long strides, like some actor in a melodrama.

Her first thought was of danger to Honore Chauvin; for in those days the hot French blood rarely cooled without first having boiled over in deadly fight. What Pierre Maton did was to go straight to his friend Honore Chauvin and slap him in the face.

"That for Marie de Noyant!" he exclaimed, still choking with the desperate choler excited by his sense of defeat. "That for you!" he went on, repeating the insulting blow. Then he turned and left Honore, well knowing what would follow.

The challenge was promptly sent and as promptly accepted. The following morning at a little past sunrise the combatants, with their seconds and surgeons, met in a small open space where two or three little willow woods, dim and straggling, crossed each other in the forest part of what was then known as the Touline plantation. They were to fight with swords.

The weapons were measured, positions chosen, the word given, and the fight to the death was begun by a thin, keen, far-reaching clink of steel crossing steel. Many a time had these young men, now eager for each other's blood, fenced in many a play, and well did both know how equally were they matched, and how doubtful was the outcome of the struggle they were beginning. Both were pale, but cool and wary; in their eyes burned the hateful fire of unforfeited anger. The seconds stood aside, silently but intently gazing on; the surgeons, a little farther away, held their bandages and instruments ready.

Honore Chauvin, to do him justice, did not wish to kill Pierre Maton, but meant, if he could, to disable him. This, however, was not so easy, for Pierre, eager to slay, and burning with rage of disappointed passion, was fighting like a mad tiger, and yet with supreme vigilance and art.

Their swords cut the air with hissing swiftness and filled the space with a clangor and shower of spiteful sparks that might well have stilled all the wild songs of the birds in the woods roundabout. Once the keen point of Pierre's rapier barely touched Honore's throat, letting the least show of blood. In turn Pierre felt a tingling scratch on his own breast, but this exchange of touches only shot into the fight a new access of energy. As the exercise began to steady their excited nerves and loins supplanted by their heaving muscles they redoubled their efforts, and Honore forgot his resolve to only wound Pierre, while Pierre felt his desire to kill swell into a steady, deadly tempest of passion.

Again and again each of the combatants received slight wounds, mere scratches; but neither appeared able to break the other's guard or to find an undefended point, such touches as they had given and received being more the result of close fighting than of advantage either way. But no matter how young and strong they were, or how expert, this could not last very long. The tremendous strain was sure to tell. Who would fall first and permit the other to make the fatal pass?

They were parting now, and the white foam was gathering on their purple lips. Their eyes, starting and glaring with concentrated fury, were fixed and terrible in their animal expression. It was as if these two men, so lately friends and almost brothers, were ready to mangle and devour each other like savage wild beasts.

Happily the time when such things could be gone by, but it is by keeping record of those strange acts that we are able to understand the growth of our present civilization. The duel lingered longer in the south than in the north, and especially in the low country did it last without much sign of passing away till some time after the close of our great war. Looking back now we can scarcely realize that only half a century ago it was a common occurrence for two men to do what we are witnessing between Honore Chauvin and Pierre Maton.

So much was dueling a part of the life of the people in the early years of the present century that in some parts of our country to refuse a challenge was to invite social ostracism, and not to give and not to give one on its occasion was sure to attract contempt.

The seconds and the surgeons stood by so wrapped in contemplation of the even handed fight, so engrossed in watching the leaping blades, and so forgetful of everything save this play of death, that they did not hear the sound of wheels and the rapid beating of a flying horse's feet. As for the principals, they would not have heard if a thunderbolt had fallen at their feet. They were now fighting in the last spurt of strength before one or the other must fall. Each felt that if his antagonist held up a few minutes longer all would be over. The reflection of this thought set a terrible light in their drawn and haggard faces.

The muffled sound of wheels in the sand and the furious flight of a horse came nearer and nearer. The seconds leaned forward as the intensity of their sympathy with their principals seemed to shrivel them, as if with heat; the surgeons unconsciously drew closer to the panting, laboring duelists.

Honore Chauvin at this moment made a lunge; Pierre avoided it by a supreme effort; the movement caused them to exchange positions, and as they did so Pierre shot out a quick thrust that pierced Honore's sleeve without touching the flesh; his point hung a half second, and Honore was just in the act of running him through when he tripped on a small root and staggered back. Now they both rallied and renewed the contest with a momentary show of returning strength; but Honore was failing. Pierre saw this and rushed upon him with feeble but furious energy, striving to beat down his guard. He had mercy, and Honore was at his mercy. The next breath there was a sharp cry of terror, the voice of a woman in utter distress, and a strange, dull rushing sound followed by a crash.

The duelists were swept from their feet and dashed headlong, a horse tumbled over them and the fragments of

SYRUP OF FIGS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

a small vehicle were scattered around. In the midst of this wreck thus hurled upon the contestants a young woman rose to her feet and stood, beautiful, disheveled, frightened almost to madness, but unhurt. It was Marie de Noyant.

The horse, after falling and rolling over, struggled to its feet, and, with parts of its harness still clinging to it, and trailing and whirling about, ran frantically away through the woods in the direction of the town.

Overcome for a moment, the seconds and surgeons stood staring aghast motionless, but they were men of nerve, and needed but time to take a breath and pull themselves together before springing forward to the assistance of Honore and Pierre, who lay as if dead on the ground where the shock of the collision had flung them.

Marie de Noyant had arisen early that morning to keep a promise she had made to visit a sick and extremely aged creole woman who lived in a small house back in the woods on the road to Jordan river. Feeling oppressed with what had occurred between her and Pierre, she ordered her servant to fetch her pony and cart and drove away alone before the rest of the household were up. She left the servant behind, wishing to be entirely free to commune with her heart and to devise if possible some means of softening Pierre's disappointment. While she feared that something dreadful might come of the terrible passion of the young man, she did not dream that, even while she drove slowly along the dim road under the trees, a duel was in progress between him and Honore Chauvin. Her pony, a stout, gentle animal, jogged quietly forward in the sand between the tufts of Spanish bayonet and thickets of bay bushes; overhead the pine trees moaned and the grand magnolias rustled their stiff, glossy foliage.

Suddenly three or four goats, part of a herd that had been turned out to graze and browse in the woods, leaped out of a little tangle of tall wild grass hard by and dashed across the road close in front of the pony. Marie at the time was absorbed in thought and held the lines with a slack hand. The pony took fright, as the gentlest horse sometimes will, and whirled about, and almost upsetting the cart, ran away through the forest as fast as his legs could carry him. The movement whisked the lines out of Marie's grasp, and so she lost control. Discovering his freedom, and crazed with fright, the hitherto gentle little animal now became a savage and terrible beast, reckless of everything, giving no attention to road or direction.

The reader will understand at once how the catastrophe came about at the dueling ground; for the pony, accidentally heading itself that way, ran madly and blindly upon the combatants. It was found dead a half mile from the spot, with Pierre's rapier sheathed to the hilt in its breast. It had struck the weapon's point just as it was about to dart into the heart of Honore Chauvin.

The strangest part of the whole adventure was that Marie escaped without ever the slightest hurt. The young men were borne to the nearest house, where for many hours they lay side by side insensible. Honore's hurts were nearly fatal, and Pierre was crippled for life. In the course of their convalescence they both received the gentle and untiring care of Marie, and before they were able to leave the house their friendship had been restored.

Aunt Clothilde, a very old colored woman, who speaks nothing but the French patois of the creole country, is the only survivor of the slaves owned by Marie de Noyant's father at the time of the duel. You may, if you will visit her in her little house on Hospital street in New Orleans, have the story that I have here sketched, told to you in the most picturesque way, and it always ends with a minute description of how beautiful Marie looked in her white wedding gown when she and Honore Chauvin were married.

In the course of frequent and long sojourns in the old French region of the south I have made note of many romantic, odd or otherwise interesting stories of dueling, but none of them seems to me more strange than this told me by Aunt Clothilde.

Last winter I visited the spot where the duel was fought, and while I tried to imagine the scene as it was sixty years ago a mocking bird traversed its incomparable flute score from a wax myrtle bush on the edge of a flowery thicket hard by. What a peaceful spot it was!—Marion Thompson in New York Ledger.

A great many people are gloomy because they believe all their days are behind them.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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Overcome for a moment, the seconds and surgeons stood staring aghast motionless, but they were men of nerve, and needed but time to take a breath and pull themselves together before springing forward to the assistance of Honore and Pierre, who lay as if dead on the ground where the shock of the collision had flung them.

Marie de Noyant had arisen early that morning to keep a promise she had made to visit a sick and extremely aged creole woman who lived in a small house back in the woods on the road to Jordan river. Feeling oppressed with what had occurred between her and Pierre, she ordered her servant to fetch her pony and cart and drove away alone before the rest of the household were up. She left the servant behind, wishing to be entirely free to commune with her heart and to devise if possible some means of softening Pierre's disappointment. While she feared that something dreadful might come of the terrible passion of the young man, she did not dream that, even while she drove slowly along the dim road under the trees, a duel was in progress between him and Honore Chauvin. Her pony, a stout, gentle animal, jogged quietly forward in the sand between the tufts of Spanish bayonet and thickets of bay bushes; overhead the pine trees moaned and the grand magnolias rustled their stiff, glossy foliage.

Suddenly three or four goats, part of a herd that had been turned out to graze and browse in the woods, leaped out of a little tangle of tall wild grass hard by and dashed across the road close in front of the pony. Marie at the time was absorbed in thought and held the lines with a slack hand. The pony took fright, as the gentlest horse sometimes will, and whirled about, and almost upsetting the cart, ran away through the forest as fast as his legs could carry him. The movement whisked the lines out of Marie's grasp, and so she lost control. Discovering his freedom, and crazed with fright, the hitherto gentle little animal now became a savage and terrible beast, reckless of everything, giving no attention to road or direction.

The reader will understand at once how the catastrophe came about at the dueling ground; for the pony, accidentally heading itself that way, ran madly and blindly upon the combatants. It was found dead a half mile from the spot, with Pierre's rapier sheathed to the hilt in its breast. It had struck the weapon's point just as it was about to dart into the heart of Honore Chauvin.

The strangest part of the whole adventure was that Marie escaped without ever the slightest hurt. The young men were borne to the nearest house, where for many hours they lay side by side insensible. Honore's hurts were nearly fatal, and Pierre was crippled for life. In the course of their convalescence they both received the gentle and untiring care of Marie, and before they were able to leave the house their friendship had been restored.

Aunt Clothilde, a very old colored woman, who speaks nothing but the French patois of the creole country, is the only survivor of the slaves owned by Marie de Noyant's father at the time of the duel. You may, if you will visit her in her little house on Hospital street in New Orleans, have the story that I have here sketched, told to you in the most picturesque way, and it always ends with a minute description of how beautiful Marie looked in her white wedding gown when she and Honore Chauvin were married.

In the course of frequent and long sojourns in the old French region of the south I have made note of many romantic, odd or otherwise interesting stories of dueling, but none of them seems to me more strange than this told me by Aunt Clothilde.

Last winter I visited the spot where the duel was fought, and while I tried to imagine the scene as it was sixty years ago a mocking bird traversed its incomparable flute score from a wax myrtle bush on the edge of a flowery thicket hard by. What a peaceful spot it was!—Marion Thompson in New York Ledger.

A great many people are gloomy because they believe all their days are behind them.