FIGHTING IN THE KHYBER.

THRILLING DETAILS OF WAR AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Pathan Warriors, the Best Sharpshooters in the World, High Up on the Rocks, Peppering Away at Every Man in Sight—Stirring Scenes The Sun Correspondent Witnessed While Under Fire—The Unconquered Enemy Who Must Be Reckoned With Next Spring.

LANDI KOTAL, Khyber Pass, Jan. 2, 1898.—The campaign in Tirah has now reached a stage at which it will probably remain until the spring crops are destroyed. On Dec. 23 Gen. Hammond's brigade marched up the Khyber as far as Fort Ali Masjid without opposition. Indeed, it would have been difficult for the enemy to do much harm on account of Gen. Hammond's admirable precautions in the distribution of his pickets. A couple of days afterward Gen. Lockhart's division, which had followed close on Gen. Hammond's heels as far as Ali Masjid, branched off southward into the Bazar Valley. It was uncertain whether the enemy would show more resistance in the Bazar or in the Khyber, so I remained with Gen. Hammond's brigade, which was to march eleven miles further up the Khyber to Landi Kotal the day after Christmas. Results have shown that this was the best course I could have taken, since there was little fighting in the Bazar Valley; and I have seen quite enough of the wonderful agility and excellent marksmanship of the Afridis in the Khyber and of the tactics adopted by the English to give me a good knowledge of the conduct of campaigns in these border lands of Afghanistan and India.

It was an interesting march up the narrow, rocky Khyber, with its many towered villages and its splendid natural defences. A well-constructed road, that reminds one of the Via Mala in places, winds higher and higher through a series of U-shaped valleys which have been formed by glacial action. Precipitous mountain walls, rising 2,000 to 3,000 feet above the valleys, surround the latter on all sides and, gradually closing together, form passes narrow and dangerous to an invading army. Lower hills and masses of loose stones and rocks again cut up the valleys into a hundred smaller defiles, and it is on one of these conically-shaped projections, towering up to the height of 700 feet, that the fort of Ali Masjid is situated, nine miles from Jamrud.

Nothing could be more dreary than the general aspect of the country, but if one goes to the side of a cliff he may be astonished occasionally at seeing below him a lovely green ravine, sprinkled over with villages and shaded by many a fruit tree. One of these settlements, called Lala China, situated near Ali Masjid, was destroyed by the brigade before we left the fort. The natives did not attack us while engaged in this work, but when Gen. Lockhart's division started up the pass into the Bazar Valley there was considerable sniping, and a picket of the Forty-fifth Sikhs was attacked, with the result that two were wounded and one killed.

On Dec. 26 we marched to Landi Kotal without a shot being fired. The large fort at this place had been completely wrecked excepting the outer walls, which were left standing by the enemy. There were sixty villages, each with its tall, well-built tower, belonging to the Zaker Kehls, a short distance below Landi Kotal, and these we started at once to blow up, since the enemy refused to surrender a single rifle. Everything went smoothly for the first two days. I enjoyed watching the towers fall and the different companies sallying forth to the villages in their search for grain. It seemed as if the enemy were afraid to attack us until the morning of Dec. 29, when a shower of bullets suddenly whizzed among the foragers. Every man instantly took to cover, but it was astonishing that no one was hit. The enemy were firing from a distance of 700 yards, but even at that distance if a soldier exposed himself he was certain to have a bullet pass within a yard of him. Gen. Hammond and his staff also narrowly escaped being hit by a volley from the Afridis on the same day.

The enemy only aim to surprise the English, and if the latter expect an attack and take precautions against it the cunning savages will lie low till another day. They do not suffer severely from the destruction of their villages, since they have many caves in the mountains where they can keep snug and warm.

Hardy and accustomed to daily fights among themselves, they are a foe that can only be subdued by constant harassing through more than one season. Even when the inhabitants of the Khyber were receiving 87,000 rupees a year from the Indian Government as a subsidy for keeping the pass open, they were always at war with one another. Each tower is commanded by the next one, and the various owners of villages were accustomed to amuse themselves daily by taking pot shots at their neighbors. They know the ranges from every peak to every point on the road, and since their lives depend upon their marksmanship they have attained a degree of proficiency in the use of the rifle which is second to no sharpshooters in the world. I can only compare their shooting to the splendid work done by our Western rangers in their wars against the redskins.

As there were luckily no casualties on Dec. 29, we all came back to dinner in the best frame of mind. I have had the honor to be a member of the Oxfordshire mess during my stay with the Peshawur column, and I must say I never sat down among a more cheerful lot of officers than I did on this particular night. Col. Plowden of the Oxfordshires, one of the kindest and courtliest of men, told me that he was going to picket the heights furthest from camp on the morrow, to allow the "Dak" or mail to come through, and all the officers were pleased because their post would be a dangerous one.

Alas! gloom has been thrown over the Oxfordshire's mess since then, and as I pass between the rows of tents I miss several familiar faces. There was another figure which had been very prominent in camp, but which will never more be seen. It was that of Major-Gen. Sir Havelock Allen, M. P., an authority on military matters and a noted warrior. He was to go to Jamrud, but his own carelessness cost him his life. He was shot by an Afridis soon after leaving Ali Masjid. During the night a Gurkha was killed by one of the enemy within five yards of the lines.

On the morning of Dec. 30 nearly the whole brigade marched down the road to a point half way between Ali Masjid and Landi Kotal, where we were met by the troops from the former place. Sir Havelock Allen was passed on to his escort, the Oxfordshires posted about the heights, and the foraging and blowing up of towers was renewed. Finally, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, all the troops marched back to Landi Kotal except the Oxfordshires, a company of the Inniskillings and of the Gurkhas and a mountain battery stationed near the camp. The furthest pickets retired a half hour later and joined Col. Plowden, who started to march to camp. Suddenly a perfect hailstorm of bullets poured down upon the little body of men. The shots came from both sides of the valley simultaneously. The Oxfordshires were completely outnumbered and were in the worst position possible. Three men fell almost at the onset. The only safety lay in seeking cover instantly, but the wounded men had to be helped along. Nothing could have been more trying to the splendid qualities of the soldiers, but they bore themselves in a manner characteristic of brave and humane Anglo-Saxons. There was Col. Plowden grasping the situation at a glance and ordering his men to the only available cover, at the same time helping to carry away a wounded sergeant. Further down Capt. Parr and Lieuts. Carter and Fielding were engaged in the same work. The only cover at first was a shallow gully, which proved to be unprotected from certain far-away heights, so they were obliged to work on till they got into an empty pond; and all the time the number of wounded was increasing, scores of bullets were dropping about their feet, their water bottles were being smashed, sword hilts broken and helmets pierced. Down came Lieut. Owen from his picket, running the same gauntlet together with his handful of men. Col. Plowden, as he rushed out again to help a wounded man, was shot through the abdomen. Lieut. Owen had his arm smashed, the Sergeant Major was dangerously wounded through the back and several more privates were hit. The pond even was not sufficiently protected from the excellent Afridis marksmen, for they planted their bullets with such accuracy that if one of the Oxfords stood upright for a moment the chances were even that he would be killed. The enemy came nearer and nearer until their voices could be heard a few yards away. The handful of the Oxfordshires waited two hours, until it began to get dark, before they dared to move. Then Capt. Parr and Lieut. Fielding made a gallant charge with a few of their men and drove the enemy back long enough for the rest to get on with their wounded to an empty village which was near at hand. Capt. Parr at the same time hastened to get reinforcements from Capt. Davies, who, with sixteen men, was picketing a height a long way up the valley. Capt. Davies and his men arrived just in time to assist in the retirement, and the Inniskillings, firing from another village, and the Gurkhas from a hilltop, did excellent work in driving off the enemy.

Capt. Parr was wounded seriously in the leg toward the last. The wounded were carried into two different villages. There were scarcely a score of men to guard them. Two of the dead had to be left out on the field. The enemy had already occupied neighboring villages and were firing at every moving object they saw. Strange to say, Col. Plowden's servant and horse turned up at the village where the Colonel lay wounded, and a plucky bugler, Crowhurst, volunteered to take a message to camp asking for reinforcements. The bugler must have had at least 100 bullets fired at him, but cleverly and fast he rode, leaving the road and taking to protected valleys or "nullahs" as far as possible. Happily, he reached camp, and in three minutes after he had reported to the General the latter was on the road with his staff and a large force to the rescue.

Darkness had set in and the troops expected to be attacked at any minute. They reached the village where the Oxfordshires were still holding their own and proceeded at once to remove the wounded. Col. Plowden and Lieut. Owen, with several men, lay wounded in one of the little clay dens that were ranged around the walled inclosure. When I entered, the Colonel, in his characteristic way, looked up smiling, in spite of his wounds and the intense cold, and greeted me with a humorous remark.

It was a disagreeable walk back to camp by the suffering men in the litters and not knowing how near the enemy might be. Many of the latter were communicating with each other by uttering the cries of owls or jackals.

The wounded men behaved like the soldiers that they are. Some of the poor fellows who had their arms nearly shot off marched unaided all the way to camp, a distance of three miles. There were in all seventeen casualties, including four men killed. Some of the wounds are very dangerous, but the patients are doing as well as can be expected. It is strange there were not more fatalities, since many of the wounded men who escaped death were hit twice and many others had their clothing or parts of their accoutrements cut by the bullets. Lieut. Carter has kindly allowed me to copy a portion of a letter which he wrote to his family describing his experience, and I give it without alteration:

"You will probably have news about it in the papers a long time before this reaches you, but I know you will like to have my own account of it. Last Thursday the regiment was ordered to picket the road toward Ali Masjid to get the mail through. I was posted with fifteen men of my own company furthest down the road. At 3:30 P. M. we were ordered to retire. I must tell you that the Colonel, Fielding and the doctor were with me, as also a Maxim gun. We were allowed to retire till a half company of Parr's joined us, and then the enemy opened fire on us from about 200 yards. Luckily there was a nullah on our right, into which we got, but three men were hit in the first volley and we had to get them away up the nullah first. The devils kept on shooting if a hand was shown above the nullah. When the wounded had been sent forward we retired and held a small pond, and in this place our first man was killed—shot through the head. The Colonel, Fielding and another man tried to drag him away up the nullah and in doing so the Colonel was shot through the side and a bullet passed through Fielding's helmet. Just then poor Butler was shot through the leg and Parr and myself tried to tie it up, although we saw he was hit in an artery. I got him on my back and bolted across a bit of open ground, but in the middle he was hit again in the back and the force knocked me clean over. However, Fielding and myself managed to drag him under cover and he knew me and asked me to write home to his people.

"Then I was sent to get reinforcements and had to double about a mile when I found Davies, who took sixteen men down the nullah and told me to cover his advance with another half company. About half an hour afterward they sent up to me to take twenty men and get away the dead and wounded. All this time the enemy were firing like blazes. When I got into the nullah again I found them all lying down and Parr and the sergeant-major wounded, in addition to two dead and five other wounded men. By this time the enemy had closed all around us and were throwing stones to make us look up. We heard the devils talking away not twenty yards from us. Then they started yelling and charged home to us, but we went out on them and exchanged shots at about ten yards. I fancy we must have got into them, as they were quieter after that, and we got all our wounded into a house at the top of the nullah about 8 P. M."

The next day foraging went on as usual, but without any disastrous results, as the retirement was most carefully guarded. It was found that several of the Afridis had been killed by the Oxfordshires and the Inniskillings, which fact served as a balm to our feelings. The cunning savages were so careful not to expose themselves that on New Year's Day (yesterday) it was resolved to hunt them a bit in their mountain recesses. A regiment of Gurkhas made a detour over the mountains so as to shut out the enemy from retreat toward the south, while Gen. Hammond, with a large detachment, went up a valley toward the rocky walls over which the Gurkhas were likely to come. Many caves were found in which the Afridis had stored beds, clothing and grain, and in one of the holes several articles belonging to Sergeant Hopkins of the Oxfordshires, who was killed two days before, were found.

The contents of the caves were burned while we waited, the heights having been carefully picketed. But a catastrophe occurred which shows only too clearly what dangerous foes these Pathan devils are. Four Taker Kehls, or Afridis, crept around among the rocks so cleverly that they were not noticed by the pickets until they got within range of the General and some of his staff, who were standing below the burning caves. Four officers, with Gen. Hammond and myself, were awaiting the completion of the plot to ensnare the enemy, little thinking that the savages would dare to shoot so near the pickets; when suddenly there came among us the whistling sound of bullets. One of them, passing within a foot of me, caused me to look up in time to see the puff of smoke which followed its expulsion from the rifle, not 200 yards above me. Not a single movement, however, could I detect, and the only thing to do was to get under cover as quickly as possible.

Gen. Hammond and his staff also made haste to get out of sight of the sharpshooters, but a sickening thud and a groan told me that one of them had been hit. On running back to the spot I was shocked to see Lieut. Hammond, a nephew of the General, lying prostrate on the ground. Fortunately, there were not more than four of the enemy engaged in this first attack, and these were not armed with magazine rifles or they would probably have killed Gen. Hammond and the rest of us, who were bearing away Lieut. Hammond to a safe place. Lieut. Hammond is a young man of extraordinarily fine physical development, a good staff officer and a soldier who had a most promising career before him. When I saw the hole the enemy's bullet had made in the very centre of his back I sympathized greatly with the English in their being obliged to carry on this trying kind of warfare, and could not help admiring their pluck and determination to see the affair to the end. The enemy appeared in numbers at different points immediately after this, and quite a fusillade began on both sides. Happily the Gurkhas, coming over the ridge at this juncture, were able to give the death blow to two of the enemy at least and probably more. There were four casualties on the English side, including one Gurkha killed.

I shall now quit these scenes of bloodshed, as there is little to be gained by my remaining till the spring. There will be a succession of attacks and repulses on both sides until the summer, when the enemy will most probably be brought to subjection. The history of a week is like that of the one preceding. Snowstorms will follow snowstorms and I fear lest some more of my friends who have been so kind to me in dreary Tirah may be brought face to face with death.

From the warm haunts of the buffalo, the tiger and the bison, in the central provinces where I expect to find myself in a few days, I shall only be able to hope for the best and to wish the soldiers on the frontier speedy promotion.

A. DONALDSON SMITH.

A MURDERER'S SWEETHEART.

Angelina Dupont Says She Is Willing to Wed Nulty on the Gallows.

QUEBEC, Feb. 6.—Angelina Dupont declared to-day that if needs be she will wed the quadruple murderer, Tom Nulty, on the scaffold. She is the French-Canadian girl to make room for whom as his wife in his father's house Nulty slaughtered his three sisters and brother.

Nulty, after a long trial, was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged on May 20. Yesterday a petition was forwarded to David Mills, the Minister of Justice, asking that the sentence be not carried out, but that Nulty be confined in an insane asylum. The argument used is that it would not be right to hang the youth, as he has no moral sense. In fact none of the family seemed to have any. They approach closer to animals than human beings. Although French Canadians, they do not speak French or the general language of the habitant, but rather a patois of their own. In the miserable log hut with its earthen floor at Rawdon, the entire family—father, mother, brothers, and sisters—herded together like animals. They had one common bed, one common trough or huge wooden bowl from which they fed. The girls wore but a single garment except when they went to neighboring markets.

The murdered girls were 18, 16, and 11 years old and the brother 9. The murderer is scarcely 20. His sweetheart is the same age. She lives in Rawdon, a mile or two from the Nulty hut. She is an extraordinary looking girl, with yellow skin and wild, fierce black eyes, short in stature but strong as a horse. Tom Nulty and Angelina were to have been married last summer. She had a dowry, including a pig and a featherbed. But the parents of Nulty objected to the wedding because he did not have the means to get a house of his own and would have been obliged to take his bride to his father's home.

The objection lay in the fact that the family was already too big for the hovel. There was no room for a bride and groom and prospective children in the one room which formed the Nulty residence. The barn, a mere apology of logs, could not be made habitable except at some expense. So Tom conceived the idea of making room for his bride by means of an axe and the slaughter of his sisters and little brother. He confessed to this at the trial just closed.

The idea was put into effect at the first opportunity. His parents went to market early one morning in September last. Tom was alone with his sisters and brother. He got one sister to help him sharpen the axe. Then he began quarrelling with the other children. He soon worked himself into an ungovernable rage. He flourished the axe and brained the youngest girl in the hovel. The others rushed out of doors, the eldest shielding the little boy. Tom overtook his second sister in the yard.

A whirl of the axe and she fell with blood streaming from a terrible wound in the shoulder. Tom hastened on and found the others barricaded in the barn. He easily broke in, and there slaughtered them one by one.

Two girls and the boy died on the barn floor. The girl whom Tom had overtaken and whom he thought he had killed was only frightfully wounded. She later recovered.

The Sheriff to-day received a request which shows the brute nature of the Nultys. The father asked to have the axe that on its blade still bears the marks of his children's blood returned to him. He declared that he needed it at home and couldn't afford to buy a new one. His request was not granted. He left the Court House dealing out curses in his own patois.

WALLABOUT MARKET BONDS.

Lessees Object to Their Use for Establishing Another Market in Brooklyn.

The Wallabout Market men in Brooklyn object to a suggestion made to the Dock Commissioners recently. Bought from the United States Government by the city of Brooklyn for $700,000 originally, the property was extended by the purchase of additional land for $1,250,000. The market was the rendezvous for farmers' wagons to the number last year of more than 50,000. Its operations have been carried on from time to time through the issuance of Wallabout Market bonds. These bonds are of two kinds, the Wallabout Market improvement and Wallabout Market gold bonds, and it appears to have been the intention of the Brooklyn officials who issued them to apply the proceeds from their sale to the development of the interests of the Wallabout Market, the assessed value of which last year was $2,469,000. There is now much excitement among the lessees at Wallabout Market owing to the suggestion made at a recent meeting of the Board of Dock Commissioners to divert $90,000 of the money raised by the sale of bonds last autumn for improvements at the Wallabout to the construction of a pier, the filling in of land owned by the city, and the creation of a new market at Forty-third and Forty-fourth streets in South Brooklyn.

The Wallabout people say that the funds referred to were applied by legislation to the completion of the basin and wharves needed at the Wallabout. They say further that there are many unrented buildings in the market on which the owners are steadily sinking ground rents because of the unsatisfactory present condition of the newly acquired portion of the market lands, and that to take the funds raised for the specific purpose of improving that property and apply them to another part of the city and to the establishment of a competing market would be unjust and illegal.

The revenue from the Wallabout Market is about $50,000 a year, of which $15,000 comes from the fees paid by Long Island farmers and $35,000 from the rents from stands and stalls. The expense of maintaining the Wallabout Market, which geographically is almost exactly opposite Corlears Hook Park, Manhattan, is $10,000, so that the borough's net revenue from this source is $40,000. Delegations of the various interests in the market are organizing to visit the Mayor and Comptroller and protest.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

An Exchange of Compliments Between Passengers in an Elevated Railroad Car.

She was the most attractive, dirty little creature you ever saw. She had a mop of coarse, black hair, a loose strand of which fell over her forehead and kept getting into her eyes, without in the least seeming to trouble her. Her long, worn skirt clung to her limbs, and on her lap reposed a basket covered with oil-cloth.

She sat in a cross seat on an elevated railroad train, and, facing her, further along the car, sat two beautifully dressed women. Evidently they were much interested in the unusually bright little foreigner and smiled at her. Her eyes and lips flashed instant response, and an interchange of smiles and nods took place which interested every passenger in sight. Delight at the attention of such lovely creatures were expressed in her every glance.

Presently she seemed possessed of the idea of giving more substantial expression to her pleasure. She rummaged in the basket and brought forth two small, aggressively pink objects on long pins—the little artificial roses often seen in the hands of fakirs. She dropped her basket and hurried up to the women and presented to them these ornaments.

As she returned to her seat her face was radiant with joy. But the women evidently were uncertain as to her motive or else were not to be outdone in generosity. They opened their pocketbooks and called her, but she shook her head. They insisted and she went up to them. When she again sat down she had two nickels in her dirty, cracked little hand and her eyes were dancing. Apparently if she enjoyed the doing of a good deed she was not above a due appreciation of its reward.

When the ladies had passed out she called to her companion, who was seated some distance away, and with swift tongue and many gestures told her the whole story. She fell into broken English and impressively ejaculated:

"Oh, they ware be-yutiful, be-yutiful, an' they ware my friendts."

SAW JOHN BROWN HANGED

COL. WILLIAM FELLOWS WAS A GUARD AT THE SCAFFOLD.

Demeanor of the Abolitionist in Jail—Fortitude That Won the Sympathy of His Guards—The Last Morning Described by One of the Few Surviving Witnesses.

PASADENA, Cal., Feb. 5.—Col. William Fellows, an orange grower in the San Gabriel Valley in southern California, is one of the few persons now living who stood near to John Brown of Osawatomie when he was hanged.

"I believe I am the last of the guards about John Brown and his associates in the jail at Charlestown," he says.

He was a near relative of Sheriff Campbell, who had charge of Brown and seven of his younger associate prisoners in the Charlestown jail. Several years ago he wrote out his recollections of John Brown in jail and on the scaffold, but when it was finished he destroyed the manuscript. Col. Fellows served three years in the Confederate army, and was in Richmond at the time of the surrender.

"I don't mind telling once more," said Col. Fellows to a SUN reporter, "my reminiscences of poor old John Brown during his last days on earth. When I first heard of the bloody affair at the engine house at Harper's Ferry, in the middle of October, 1859, nobody probably denounced John Brown and his crazy abolition followers more than I did. It seemed to me then that this shaggy bearded man, Brown, was about as near a human fiend as one could be. Yet when I came to be associated with him I almost immediately formed an attachment for him, so that to this day I have never quite recovered from my personal sorrow at his execution—legal and necessary though it may have been. A handsome, promising young cousin of mine was killed in the militia charge on the Harper's Ferry engine house, and that made my resentment against Brown and his men the more intense. But later, in the Charlestown jail, John Brown's fortitude, amid pain from his wounds, his integrity, charity, and simplicity of character, his stern regard for duty, his Spartan firmness in the face of overwhelming odds, and especially his modest bravery appealed to me. Sheriff Campbell and all the guards had a sympathy with our aged prisoner, and no real indignity was ever offered John Brown by any one in jail, so far as I know—notwithstanding the multitude of stories. In all my experience in the war and in border life, where one meets all sorts of strange characters, I have never known any one so serene in the midst of frightful circumstances as was old John Brown. He was truly a marvellous character. As I look back now on the personality of the man, he seems to me to have been more like the heroes of Scott's 'Ivanhoe' and of the Crusades than any one I have ever known.

"I was 25 years old in 1859, and was made one of the 300 guards about the Charlestown jail, immediately after John Brown and seven of his men—captured in the engine house in Harper's Ferry—were brought to Charlestown. The whole country was wildly excited. I doubt if any event in the war that raged through that region for four years roused people like the incident at Harper's Ferry. Gov. Wise of Virginia and thousands of people in the South believed that John Brown and his men were encouraged and secretly hired by abolitionists, like Wendell Phillips, Gerrit Smith, and Charles Sumner in the North, and that the Blue Ridge Mountains were teeming with anti-slavery Northerners, who were watching for an opportunity to come down in force upon the jail and liberate Brown and his associates. So a guard of 300 armed men was called out. But it was seen later that there was no need for such a force, and I was chosen by my uncle, Sheriff Campbell, as one of the half dozen day guards inside the jail corridor. I am the only one now living who was employed in the jail at that time. One of Brown's lawyers still lives in Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I became an inside guard after the famous trial at Charlestown, and when Brown's execution was set for one month later—Dec. 2—Brown occupied a cell with one of his captured followers, a young man named Stevens, who was executed with the other six prisoners a month or six weeks after their Captain. When I went on duty in the jail John Brown was recovering from a severe scalp wound that he got from a sabre in the hands of his captor at Harper's Ferry. I saw the constant pain the old man was in and the clumsy way that he himself had to dress the wound, so I helped him, brought fresh cloths daily and got him ointment and warm water. For all of this he was extremely grateful in his reserved Spartan-like way. He was a proud, reserved man, and liked to show his stoicism. One day when a guard refused to give him a letter from his wife I thought John Brown would lose control of himself and burst into passion, but he put his lips together, and, shoving his hands deep into his pockets, walked into his cell. It was hours before he could compose himself. He never displayed the least temper, although he certainly had occasion to get angry every day, for he was hated and disliked everywhere in that locality. He never showed sorrow, except by an occasional twitching of the face when he had a letter from his wife and children. As all his letters were, of course, read by Sheriff Campbell, I, as one of the family, saw some of them. Some were heart-breaking. All were so full of expressions of love and tenderness that I have seen the Sheriff wipe his eyes many a time while reading them; but John Brown never betrayed distress. He read them over and over and then would gaze into vacancy for hours after he had finished.

"Brown was allowed to have two visitors a day, and I was always near when he chatted with his lawyer or a friend, but I never observed in his words a bit of regret for his course except that his son Oliver had been so unnecessarily exposed in the battle at the engine house as to have been shot down. He seldom smiled, and was generally buried in thought or serious reading. He was exact to a penny about his little money matters, and he declined to take food outside of the regular jail fare without paying for it fully. Sums of money were sent him by mail by sympathizers in Boston and Philadelphia, but he never touched a penny of it. He read for hours every day, and I remember he was hurt because the Sheriff, as a matter of precaution, cut away the heavy pasteboard covers from Brown's books, fearing that fine steel saws might be hidden therein.

"'Ah!' Mr. Sheriff,' said Capt. Brown quietly, 'you little know me or my men. We would never escape the vindication of the law.'

"He was a daily reader of the Bible, and morning and night he knelt in prayer in his cell. He never talked on religious topics, but he asked the guards whom he liked to refrain from profanity at least until he was gone. His favorite reading was Carlyle's 'French Revolution,' Gibbon's 'Rome' and a biography of Toussaint L'Ouverture. One day he told me the story of the life of that San Domingan chief, and said he put that poor black man alongside Socrates, Luther and John Hampden as the world's heroes. He said he had read and reread all the literature he could find about L'Ouverture for a dozen years, and I know that he patterned his life after the San Domingan and that he viewed his own death on the scaffold in the same light as the execution of L'Ouverture.

"The morning of the execution dawned clear and sunshiny. It was Dec. 2, and a mild, pleasant day. Capt. Brown asked me the evening before to come on guard at 6 o'clock instead of 7, because he wanted to be liberated from his narrow cell as early as convenient before his execution, to attend to his last correspondence. The cell door was always opened for the day when the day watch came on duty. Brown was dressed and standing at the grated door as I came into the corridor with several other day guards that morning. I remember how particularly benignant he looked as he stood there. His heavy gray hair, his long full beard streaked with gray, and his tall and commanding stature gave him a patriarchal appearance.

"'I thank you for your early coming,' said he as he seated himself at a writing table near the wall of the corridor, just below a grated window. Several of us guards, who had become attached to the old man, were too excited and moved by the preparations about the jail and outside for the hanging of our prisoner to do more than act automatically, for we feared we might burst into tears if we dared to do any talking. I can see the old man now as he sat there that last morning, the sunbeams pouring through the windows and resting on his whitened and bandaged head while he wrote. I watched him from behind with a fascinated interest as he read over the last letters from his wife, daughters, and sons at his old home in the Adirondacks of New York, so as to make sure that he had noted all that had been written to him, and then as he wrote a farewell letter to each member of his family. The only tears I ever saw come from the eyes of that man of iron were when he read the tender good-by letters from his two little girls. Once he glanced nervously about, and seeing that his tear-dimmed eyes were observed, he pulled off his glasses, wiped his eyes in a trice, and resumed his correspondence as coolly as one indites an every-day message.

"He ate a simple breakfast, and then, noting that he still had much correspondence to do, he asked one of the guards to see if a local lawyer named Hunter would not come and draw up a will according to the laws of Virginia. Meanwhile he went on with his letter writing, stopping now and then as a thought occurred to him to make some request of the guards concerning the treatment of the remaining prisoners after he was gone. At 9 o'clock Lawyer Hunter came. Brown told him how he wished his property disposed—that is, the weapons, money, camp utensils, baggage, and cavalry equipment, found in his possession when he and his men were captured at Harper's Ferry. His extraordinary characteristic of justice and equality was shown in the care with which he weighed the claims of each of his children and friends so as to distribute his possessions with exact fairness. He had evidently thought upon this for weeks, for he produced a memorandum from between the leaves of his Bible and gave it to the lawyer. A half hour later, when the will was finished, Lawyer Hunter read it to the prisoner, who signed it.

"By that time the noise of the preparations for the public execution grew so loud that Brown brought his last farewell letter to a quick close. He asked a guard how soon the Sheriff would want him for the 'execution of the law,' as he always slowly referred to his death. He was told he had forty minutes more. At that he went into the cell, brought several books, and gave one to each guard in the corridor as a good-by present. He took off his silver watch, and, producing the key for it, insisted upon Deputy Sheriff Avis taking it.

"'Gentlemen, may I be alone a little while?' he said to us. We, too full of sadness to speak, nodded, and he drew his grated cell door in and knelt down at his cot to pray. In ten minutes or so, although it seemed like an age to us, he arose, took off his prison clothes, and put on a new suit of black that had been brought to him from Boston. At 10:30 o'clock Sheriff Campbell came in the corridor.

"'Captain,' said he, 'twenty minutes more remain.'

"'Do your duty, Sheriff Campbell; don't let any one ever complain that you were not a faithful Sheriff after I am gone,' was the reply.

"At a little before 11 the Sheriff and two military Lieutenants in full uniform came into the corridor. John Brown was seated on his cot waiting for them.

"'Do you wish to pinion my arms here or at the scaffold?' he asked, seeing an officer holding the arm straps in his hand.

"'At the scaffold,' said the Sheriff.

"In a second the prisoner turned, and walking past the grated door of each of the other cells, where his faithful men were confined awaiting their subsequent execution for complicity in the Harper's Ferry affair, he shook hands through the grating. 'God bless you, my dear men,' or 'May we meet in heaven,' was all he said to each, for it was evident he was full of emotion, and the sobs of his imprisoned associates moved him so that he could hardly control his voice. When he came to us guards he never spoke, but the pressure of his two hands about ours and the tear-suffused eyes told of the emotion he felt moving him.

"So John Brown started for the gallows with the Sheriff, the Lieutenants, and two of us guards. When we reached the front door of the jail and saw columns of uniformed Virginia militiamen drawn up on both sides of the long street he looked surprised.

"'I had no idea Gov. Wise considered my execution so important,' he remarked.

"He went down the steps and took a seat in a platform wagon at the side of the Sheriff and with Guard Avis and myself on the back seat. The story about John Brown's having stopped to kiss a poor negro boy at the jail door is untrue, notwithstanding the touching poems that tell of it. There was no negro boy about the jail, and the old man was too intent on watching the militia all about him.

"A ride of three minutes brought us to the gallows. It was erected in the middle of a great field near town and the platform was seven feet above the ground. I saw Brown looking it all over carefully as the wagon drew slowly up at the steps. The coffin had been laid at one side, and I can see now how pathetically the old man glanced at that while he was going up the gallows steps between Sheriff Campbell and Guard Avis. They gave him a seat while the soldiers were performing evolutions under command of Gen. Tallaferro in order to form a hollow square about the gallows. Sheriff Campbell read the death warrant.

"Then the arms and legs of John Brown were strapped together and he was shown where to stand on the drop. The black cap was put on his head, but not drawn over his face. He looked taller and more powerful than ever as he stood there strapped and with the noose about his neck, towering head and shoulders above the Sheriff and the two Lieutenants. The Sheriff stood waiting a minute longer until fussy old Gen. Tallaferro had drawn his men up in military order. Amid the sound of drum beats and the tramping of the soldiers on the frozen earth, I heard Sheriff Campbell say:

"'Captain, this is an unexpected delay. Are you not tired?'

"'No, not tired, but please don't let there be unnecessary waiting,' were the last words of John Brown.

"The militia was still manœuvring in the field, but the Sheriff quickly drew the cap over the face of the doomed man, and, stepping aside, the drop fell. John Brown's body darted through the opening in the platform and his soul went marching on through all eternity.

"The only evidences of life were a few clinchings of his hands. I believe his neck was broken by the fall. After the body had been hanging five minutes a physician went and felt of the dying man's pulse. Then the cap was raised a few inches and an artist for an Eastern publication sketched the face as the body swayed to and fro in the morning breeze. Sheriff Campbell would not once look upon the hanging and kept his eyes turned away.

"At exactly noon the body was lowered and was put into the coffin. Lawyer Hunter arranged the collar and cravat to conceal the blue marks of the noose and arranged the hands and arms. The body was taken to Harper's Ferry that same day, where Mrs. Brown had been for a week with friends. The next day it was put on the cars and taken to North Elba, in the Adirondack region of northern New York. Sheriff Campbell wanted me to remain as a guard in the jail until the other six prisoners were executed in February, but I never went in the jail corridor after John Brown was hanged.

"A fact in connection with the hanging of old John Brown that I have never seen in print is that John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated President Lincoln in 1865, was a sergeant in one of the militia companies at the execution. Sheriff Campbell told me later that the day before the execution Booth, a handsome, fresh, black-eyed youth of 20 years, came and asked permission to go and see the Brown raid prisoners in their cells. Lewis Washington, a grandnephew of George Washington, took part as a Captain in the military display that day."

A MONKEY IN THE HENCOOP.

That Was What the Boy Said, but He Had Never Seen a 'Possum Before.

CHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 12.—John Welch, a farmer living a few miles east of this village, brought from a New York charitable institution a 10-year-old boy to live in his family. Toward evening one day last week the boy came running into the house in a great state of excitement.

"Mr. Welch," he exclaimed, "there's a monkey in the chicken coop settin' right by the side of our big rooster."

Farmer Welch went out to see what the boy had discovered. He got to the coop in time to discover a big 'possum making off with the rooster. He made a rush for the chicken thief, which, on seeing that it couldn't escape, dropped the rooster and tumbled over, pretending, after the well-known manner of its kind, to be dead. Farmer Welch picked the animal up by its tail, carried it into the house, and threw it by no means gently on the kitchen floor. The 'possum never let on that it had life enough to know what was going on. It was tossed and pushed and tumbled around by different members of the family for some time, but it stayed dead. Farmer Welch knew, of course, that the 'possum wasn't dead, and by and by he tumbled it into a box, and, by way of experiment, threw a piece of raw meat in near its snout.

It was evident from the fact that the 'possum had come to the farmyard in such cold weather and before dark that it must be very hungry, but with the tempting morsel lying against its very nostrils it never moved a muscle any more than if it had been really dead. After a while the big family cat came into the kitchen. She got scent of the meat and strode up to the box. The sight of the 'possum caused the cat to stop and sniff for a moment. She evidently was fooled into thinking the 'possum was dead, for she jumped into the box and grabbed the meat. She had no sooner done so, though, when the 'possum came to life with a suddenness and velocity that startled the family. It seemed that if a buzz saw had run against that cat the fur couldn't have been scattered around in a more lively manner than that 'possum scattered it. The ground and lofty tumbling and caterwauling lasted but a brief space, for the cat escaped and circused around the kitchen so wild-eyed and big-tailed that they opened the door and let her out. She hasn't been seen since.

Having put the cat to flight and seeing the excited family group about, the 'possum promptly tumbled over and died again. After a while, finding that no one made a move toward doing it injury, it came to life, got into the box, and ate the meat as coolly as if it was dining at home in a hollow of a tree. The 'possum has remained in the family ever since, and has developed a particular fondness for the boy who discovered it and took it for a monkey.

Wire Mats by the Foot or Yard.

Among the curious things to be seen in the hardware stores nowadays are woven wire door mats for sale by the yard, foot, or inch. It is only a few years since the manufacture of the woven wire mat was begun, but these mats have proved so effective as dirt catchers and so light and easily cleaned that their use has spread very rapidly. During the earlier years of their manufacture each mat was woven and finished separately. Now some of the manufacturers are weaving them in lengths of fifty feet, and in such a way that they will not ravel when they are cut. The mats are woven in different widths and done up in rolls like carpet.

THE AFRO-AMERICAN'S FOLLIES.

They Constitute His Greatest Strength and His Greatest Weakness.

TUSKEGEE, Ala., Feb. 11.—It is a noticeable fact that the Afro-American population of the Southern States furnish practically the only rays of sunshine, the only glimmers of good nature, of honest laughter, free from care of any sort, to be found in the South. It looks, also, as though the negroes are the only people in the South who really enjoy life, and who get the most out of the incomparable climate and the splendid scenery and the generous soil. Why? They are not harassed by the things of to-morrow; "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." They are not worried into a cold perspiration by the fear of white supremacy, as they are not anxious to rule anybody, and would give some white man the job if they had it, as they did in the days of the reconstruction era. With the black population it is almost universally:

> Come day, go day;
> God send Sunday.

The black man furnishes the laughter and the melody. He enjoys alike the toil of the fields, beneath a burning sun, and the corn shucking or tinkering in the barn when it rains. He sings as he follows the plough, as he does the "lines" of the rude hymn in the little church by the wayside, sheltered by spacious oaks in which the birds sing with the same naturalness and freedom and enthusiasm as the dusky worshippers beneath. He seems as thankful for a kick as for "a chaw o' terbaccy," and is supposed to forget the kick and the kindness with equal facility. High above all his woes, real and imaginary, rises the sentiment of the following song and its refrain:

> I's so glad dat I dun free,—
> Goin' home in de mawnin';
> Christ dun died fur yo' an' me,—
> Goin' home in de mawnin';
> Tell all de people I's free,—
> Goin' home in de mawnin'.

And so their gladness fills all the land of the South, supplying that poetry without which life is an endless weariness and vexation of the flesh. In the *Southern States Farm Magazine* for January Col. J. B. Killebrew of Tennessee says on this point:

"It would be difficult, indeed, to find among all the races of people any that can show a more happy temper or a more cheerful disposition than the negroes living in the Southern States. Inured from infancy to hard labor, trained by the high intelligence of the dominating Anglo-Saxon race, and accustomed to the protecting care of the white people, the negroes of the South are not wanting in the high qualities of loyalty and fidelity. In courtesy of manner, also, and in an accommodating disposition they are not excelled, if equalled, by any class of working people."

And yet there are some people in the South, a large minority, it is true, who deny to the blacks all the good qualities ascribed to them by Col. Killebrew, who think their presence is a curse instead of a blessing, and who would be glad to have them return to Africa. These people would eliminate from Southern life its peculiar melody, its picturesqueness, its saving good humor, its human smiles and laughter! In discussing this matter not long ago a New Orleans newspaper went so far as to deny that there ever was any poetry, any humor, any lightness of heart in the blacks of the South. But the poetry is here, and the saddest and the sweetest to be found anywhere. It has found its best and highest expression in the verses of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, who has caught the spirit, the melody, and the humor of it in stanzas like the following, for instance:

> Dey is times in life when Nature
> Seem to slip a cog an' go
> Jes' a rattlin' down creation
> Lak an ocean's overflow;
> When de worl' jes' stahts a-spinnin'
> Lak a pickaninny's top,
> An' yo' cup o' joy is brimmin'
> 'Twil it seems about to slop;
> An' yo' feel jes lak a raccah
> Dat is trainin' fu' to trot,
> When yo' mammy ses de blessin'
> An' de c'on pone's hot.

Songs like this can be heard in all the rural districts of the South by any who will listen—songs that body forth the every-day hopes and fears and joys and sorrows of the people, such as Robert Burns weaved into immortal song.

In striking contrast in mood and temper and manner are the white people of the South, and the contrast is painful. Indeed, in the cities and the villages and the rural districts it appears that the white population spend the most of their time frowning and scowling at the black population and in all sorts of efforts "to keep the negro in his place," although just what his place is no white man has yet sufficiently defined. The phenomenon grows positively ludicrous upon close observation and study, because it gradually dawns upon one that this great big happy-go-lucky race, which does not care on which side the street the sun shines, consciously or unconsciously, is laughing at the white race. And that is what it is doing, and has been doing for 277 years. During all that long stretch of time the white race has done the fretting and fuming, "the laying o' bed at night thinking," praying, and legislating, and all the rest of it, growing lean and sour, starting at shadows, and fleeing when no man pursued, trying to keep the black giant in his place as "a hewer of wood and drawer of water." The entire social, religious, political, and industrial system has been constantly in turmoil, sometimes in fierce war, with a line of cleavage broad and deep running through it; and as it has been so it is now, here and all over the Southern States. The white man cannot rest, cannot feel secure in his liberties, cannot laugh and enjoy life, because he fears the black man; and so he lives with a chip on his shoulder, with a scowl on his face, with a gun in his hip pocket. And all the time he is doing this, making himself unhappy, the black man refuses to be worried, refuses to be frightened, refuses to take the white man seriously, and laughs and makes merry, taking no heed of the morrow, making the most of the present. Looked at from this point of view, it is extremely funny, and the white man is the butt of the ridicule, because the laugh is on him always, and the black man does the laughing and grows fat on it.

Way out on the Tallassee road a few mornings ago I met a middle-aged black man driving a pretty good mule. He stopped me, of course, and wanted to know all about the bicycle I was riding, but that was only a makeshift; what he really wanted to know was if "yo' got any terbaccy 'bout yo' clothes, sah?"

"Where are you going, uncle?" I asked.

"Mungumery way."

"So you live there?"

"Oh, no, sah; I gwine dah on bizness."

"Why, Montgomery is thirty miles away."

"I knows it, but I mek it by sundown an' I be back termorrer. You see, I want a barrel o' flower an' I gwine a'ter it."

"Why don't you go to Tuskegee, five miles away?"

"Hit cost fifty cents a barrel more in Tuskegee den in Mungumery."

"Well, why don't you write to the firm in Montgomery and have the flour shipped to you?"

"I tried dat onct, an' de rayiroad charge me a quarter ter fetch it; so I mek up my mind dat it am cheaper to go a'ter it. I hab more time dan I hab quarters, an' it doan cost nuthin' to keep me an' dat mule."

What was the use of arguing with a man who reasoned that way, who was determined to waste two days in order to save a quarter in the purchase of flour which he did not need, as the chances are that he had plenty of corn in his crib at home. While we were talking a long, lean young white man approached us, riding a mule, with a repeating rifle in front of him. His face was as solemn as a funeral and his eyes were looking everywhere at once from under his big slouch hat. And then his eyes rested on me and remained fixed on me. As he rode by, scowling like a fury, the black man smiled and grinned and scraped, and said:

"How yo' do, Marse Henry?"

"Hello, Ceph," he said, without taking his eyes off me.

"He look like he 'fraid," said Cephus.

"Is he?" I asked.

"I dunno. Dey all look dat way most de time, lak dey 'fraid or huntin' fur somebody t' shoot."

"Are you afraid of them?"

"Me? W'at I gwine be fraid 'n 'im fur? I free. I is, an' I knows dem all. I ain't 'fraid o' nuthin'." Cephus laughed low a second. "But dey t'ink we uns is 'fraid 'n 'im." And then he laughed some more.

"I be movin' now," said Cephus; "glad ter mek yo' 'quaintance. G'long, mule!" And they went, while Cephus's parting smile cleared up all the gloom which the scowls of the young white man had left by the roadside.

And in this Coosa country great tribes of Indians—the Creeks, the Cherokees, the Chickasaws, the Tuskegees—once faced the white men and returned them scowls for scowls and blows for blows, and in the end the white men conquered. There are no Indians in this Coosa country now. But the black man thrives and multiplies. His good nature, his humor, and his laughter, his false economy, his follies, if you will, are his greatest weakness and his greatest strength. If he was not a child of follies, of whims, of infinite humor, and craftiness, the white man would force him off the face of the earth, as he has forced the Indian. When he ceases to bend and cringe, when he ceases to be ignorant and crafty, and stands erect, intelligent and self-respecting—what then?

Sunshine at Battery Park.

When, weeks ago, men began painting the benches in Battery Park, it seemed pretty early to be getting them ready, but it was none too soon; there were days last week when they were occupied. There is no place in town where the warm sun of winter's lengthening days shines more invitingly than it does at Battery Park.

HIS HONOR AND HIS SHIRT.

A NOVEL QUESTION BROUGHT UP IN A DUEL IN PARIS.

M. Vervoort's Shirt Was Five Times in an Encounter, and Yet His Adversary Is Not Satisfied—Discussion of the Incident by Men of Position—A Case in Point.

PARIS, Feb. 4.—The French duel, in contradistinction to the real duel, is mostly kept alive by the newspapers that employ the duellists. It is looked upon as an advertisement for the paper, and they keep duellists on their staffs just as some American papers keep circulation liars. For the man himself it is also an advertisement, not often can he write any better than he can fight, so he calls in the duel as a last resort when he feels that he is falling out of public view—much the same as an American actress, fearful of eclipse, lowers her corsage an inch or two, loses diamonds, or takes the Kneipp cure on the wet grass of Central Park.

At the end of every year the Paris journals have a little self-glorification in the way of a detailed account of the great things they have done during the twelvemonth. In this always appears a list of their *collaborateurs* and reporters, each labelled with the exploits that have distinguished him. It would seem from an examination of this list that there are at least three things required annually of every Paris newspaper man: that he write and publish a romance more or less reprehensible, that he have produced upon the boards of a minor theatre a play of the same character, and that he fight a duel. In any event he must fight the duel; that is earnest for the tenure of his job.

These duels, although innocuous things, are regarded very seriously by the French, of course. Before the duel, while it is being arranged, the duellist holds himself very dignified and important; during it he is not less dignified, and often ferocious; after it is over—*sans résultat*, with hardly an exception—he falls on the neck of his adversary with tears and kisses, and has a bootmaker tack another inch to his bootheels before appearing again in the boulevards to receive the congratulations of his friends.

Nearly all French duels arise from disrespectful things said in the newspapers. Often, it may be surmised, they are said by premeditation, if not arrangement, in order to provoke the opportunity for getting off the one annual duel required by the hard-hearted editor. Sometimes, though, it is a real fight engendered by a public discussion like the Dreyfus case at present, when writers call one another names through their respective sheets, meaning, at least for the moment, everything they say. The crop of duels started by this Dreyfus business already has reached such proportions that one might look for a rapid decline in the population of France, were it not clearly understood that everything concerned with them is purely Pickwickian.

A good many of these duels took place last week, and, although the newspapers gave them the usual importance as matters of news, no one has yet been heard from whose physical well-being was jeopardized by them to any degree greater than would have come from a wetting by a summer shower. The nearest thing to real tragedy happened in a pair of encounters in each of which M. André Vervoort, director of the *Jour*, was a principal. This gentleman is known as the hero of a score of duels, out of every one of which he has come without a scratch; so, for that matter, have his opponents. He is bloodthirsty in theory, gentle as a lamb in practice, and a poor fighter. In these two recent affairs he was almost scratched. In the first his shirt was punctured twice, and in the second no fewer than five times; fortunately he escaped without an abrasion of the skin. Neither of his opponents had even so much as that. The first wept and kissed M. Vervoort and declared chivalrously that the honor of two brave Frenchmen was vindicated—of course, by the pair of holes in the shirt; the second said that he was far from satisfied and demanded that the duel be renewed. M. Vervoort's seconds were aghast. What did the man want?—the earth?—at least, that was what they meant, though the French duelling phrase is more polished. They declined to let M. Vervoort fight any longer. Certainly five holes in a shirt were enough to satisfy any man's demand for satisfaction.

This latter duel has caused a great deal of talk, consequently, among the gentlemen to whom the field of honor is familiar ground. Most of them uphold M. Vervoort's seconds. The shirt which a man wears belongs to him, they contend; therefore it is a part of him. Having punctured M. Vervoort's shirt, M. Vervoort's opponent punctured M. Vervoort. They base this contention upon any number of precedents. One, for instance, is that which Arsène Houssaye used to like to recount as happening to himself:

Houssaye and his wife once went to the ball of the Hotel de Ville with Victor Hugo and Mme. Hugo. When they entered the dancing hall there were very few vacant chairs. Upon one that Houssaye noticed there was merely a man's hat. He took up the hat and gave the chair to Mme. Hugo; then, not wishing to hold the hat the rest of the evening, he put it on the floor. Its owner soon came back. He was a celebrated duellist, a Deputy, M. Sherbette. He walked straight up to the chair, saw his hat on the floor, and turned savagely to Houssaye:

"Is it you, sir, who have removed my hat?" he said.

"Yes," said Houssaye.

"Did you put it on the floor?"

"Yes. Do you think I ought to have put it on my head?"

"Sir, you have insulted me. Here is my card."

Houssaye in turn took out a card and threw it into the hat.

"Sir," said the Deputy furiously, "do you suppose I am going to pick up that hat?"

"Sir," answered Houssaye, "do you suppose I am going to put it on your head?"

"I require, sir," said the Deputy, "that you replace my hat on the chair where it was."

Houssaye merely laughed, and finally the Deputy, under pretext of looking at the card that had been thrown into the hat, picked the hat up.

"M. Houssaye," he said, "we are from the same town, a reason more for our meeting."

"I await your seconds," said Houssaye.

Within fifteen minutes four seconds had been found, and it was decided that there should be a duel with pistols at twenty paces in the Bois de Boulogne at daybreak, or as soon as the ball was over. Accordingly, after spending the rest of the night dancing, principals and seconds met in the cloakroom ready to proceed to the duelling ground.

"It is a nuisance," said one of the Deputy's seconds, "to have to go to the Bois in this snowstorm."

"Come," said the other to his principal, "as you are the injured party you can apologize."

"Never," said the Deputy.

The seconds then went to Houssaye.

"Say one word to free us from this task. We want to go to bed."

"Never," said Houssaye.

He thereupon jammed on his hat with a slant over the right ear, the Deputy jammed on his with a slant over the left, and they were ready to start. At this juncture Hugo, who wanted to go home with his wife, interposed.

"After all," he said, "I think that Arsène Houssaye, having insulted only M. Sherbette's hat, might make an apology to it."

The Deputy paused.

"If Arsène Houssaye declares," he said, "that in offending my hat he did not mean to offend me, I will be satisfied with his declaration."

Houssaye promptly assured the Deputy that he had not aimed at him under his hat, and the duel was at an end.

This case, say M. Vervoort's friends in the present controversy, is exactly to the point as showing that a man's wearing apparel is usually regarded as being the man himself. On the other side, it is contended that the distinction is perfect; M. Vervoort's opponent had no quarrel with M. Vervoort's shirt, therefore it was no sort of satisfaction for him to be able to puncture that article five times. At present it is uncertain how the matter will be finally arranged; but it is pretty certain that M. Vervoort will not give another chance to an antagonist who has proved himself so bloodthirsty in his demands. The most interesting thing in the whole affair to any one without Gallic blood is the exhibition of intense seriousness manifested over the proceedings by staid men of substance and, presumably, of intellect. Some of the most prominent men of France have become involved in the discussion.

The other duels of the week were affairs of minor character. Some were fought with rapiers and some with pistols, but the result was always the same—that is, there wasn't any. However, a score or so of brave Frenchmen have become good friends once more with untarnished honor, and they have also benefited by some newspaper notoriety which has made them the talk of the cafés and the boudoirs; so that the main objects of the French duel have been fulfilled and everything is lovely. These recent encounters have also served to herald an innovation. They were all fought under cover. In summer weather it is considered far more romantic and regular to choose a retired wood for the encounter; but with frosty weather it is, rightly perhaps, thought more comfortable to fight in a bicycle rink or fencing academy, because influenza is again prevalent. Possibly drawing rooms will finally come into vogue.