

A DUEL IN THE DARK.

Harry Hill and the Desperate Chance He Took in a Fare Room.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

Judge Hoffman had another man-killer before him yesterday, but he didn't know it.

The docket only showed that Harry Hill was to be tried for passing counterfeit dollars, and made no allusion to the fact that he had been engaged in one of the most sensational duels ever fought in Nevada.

Neither did it hint that Hill was a Virginia democrat, and had fought in the union army during the three last years of the war, going in as a drummer boy at the age of 14, and concluding with participating in the battle at Appomattox that forced Lee's surrender.

"Do I know George Hill?" said an old Nevada. "Well, I should say I did. Harry he calls himself now, but his full name is George Henry Hill. I knew him in the army when he was only a boy, and he was a better soldier than he has turned out a man. I am sorry to say."

"He was 14 or 15 years old when he joined the Sixth corps as a drummer, and, after three months of tattoo and reveille, he shouldered a musket and did as much fighting as any veteran in the ranks. He was a Virginian, too, and his father was a planter, but he never explained how he came to be wearing the blue instead of the gray."

"We were in camp at Appomattox when Lincoln was assassinated, and I remember how hard it was to keep Hill and some of the hot-bloods from starting the war afresh on account of the murder."

"When we were mustered out, Hill came west, and I have seen more or less of him as miner and gambler over Nevada ever since."

"Do I know the circumstances of his killing Dick Guiberson? Well, rather, and about his letting the light out of Three-Card Smith, too. Hill let Smith out in Elko in 1878. Tom Smith was a big bully, notorious for being a monte sharp and a bad man. He had some mining trouble up in Nevada, and got the worst of it, for which he blamed Ed Sykes, the sheriff. Smith abused Sykes, and Hill said he thought Sykes was a pretty nice man. That was the spark for Smith and he declared war on Hill."

"Hill warned him to keep away, but Smith hit him, and when they clinched Smith had him by the gun-hand, and they were wrestling Hill gave him another warning, but Smith swore he'd kill him and commenced breaking his back over an open box. Hill is a pretty lumber, and in the right place, not to be trifled with, and he plugged Smith in the stomach and he died the next day. Hill was acquitted on trial, and three years later he had his big fight with Guiberson."

"Did you know Guiberson?—Laughing Dick? He used to call him? He was about as well known here as he was over on the sage brush. He was a great big, handsome fellow, usually good-natured and well liked, but about the time he ran across Hill he broke in San Francisco, and his temper wasn't of the best. He tried to borrow \$20 of Hill and couldn't. Then he got \$40 from Hill's partner, a man who was tangled up in the sale of that Tilden electoral vote in Louisiana 12 years ago. He lost this money in two bets at Faro, and afterward told the man he borrowed it from that he only took it to save him from giving it to Hill."

"This caused another unpleasantness, and Guiberson bothered Hill a good deal. One night they got into a row at the faro table over the loss of a sleeper, and when it was left out Guiberson accused Hill of gathering it in, and he passed, but Hill was tangled up in trouble and left the table. Later on they took a drink together at Guiberson's invitation and Dick went to bed."

"Some cowboy that wanted to make trouble gave him a six-shooter and woke him up about 5:30 o'clock in the morning to tell him that Hill was in the Empire saloon talking about him."

"Guiberson came down wild and found Hill at the end of the bar taking a drink. Dick stood up at the other end and called for a drink. Hill said something about sharing liquor, and that was the signal."

"You can have a share of this," he yelled as he whipped out his 45 and threw it into position."

"Hill of course hunted his gun right away, but his big overcoat—it was the middle of winter—made him a little slow, and Dick got in his first crack. His bullet nailed Hill in the right leg and he dropped like a shot. Every lamp in the room went out with the explosion and every man went out the door but Dick and Hill."

"There they were in pitchy darkness, each with a gun in his hand and murder in his heart. Guiberson let go another shot or two, and Hill fired five or six cartridges in the direction he supposed Dick to be. It was too dark to see, and Dick was too full to count the pops out of Hill's gun."

"Hill couldn't move because the bone of his leg had been shattered by the bullet. He had his nerve with him though, and when he heard Dick moving toward him he held one shot back for a sure thing. Dick thought his gun was empty and walked over to finish him. He got a glimmer of light and had just discovered that Hill was alive when George let him have it. Hill had waited with his gun across his arm for a dead shot, and he got it. Dick was bending over him almost before Hill pulled the trigger."

"The ball entered his left breast and broke Dick's backbone. He was game and wanted to fight more, but the shot paralyzed him so that he couldn't pull the trigger."

"We struck a light when it was all over, and there lay each as helpless as the day he was born."

"We pulled down one of the swinging shutter doors and packed Dick home on it, and then we went back and packed Hill home on the same door."

"Dick died the next night and Hill came so near it that nobody thought of arresting him. The coroner's jury acquitted him, anyhow, and the cause was so clear that Hill was never put to the trouble of going into court. He was seven months in bed in Eureka, and then put in two years in St. Mary's hospital here fighting to save his leg, which he did, but the bone was too badly smashed for it to ever get very strong again, and that is the reason he limps today."

"Poor devil! I suppose he'll get about five years for this queer-showing business, and that will about wind him up."

PUCKERINOS.

Constancy may be admirable, but the man who never forgives a favor or forgets an injury would hardly make a good friend.

"Light, please," as the hunter said to the bird.

In baseball, as in cookery, the host taster takes the cake.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one—except a policeman with a "pull."

Put a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil, but he will never be able to show the cold, indifferent, haughty stare of the office boy who swings in the "old man's" chair during the latter's absence.—Puck.

"Night is a cloak for sin." A fall overcoat, as it were.

The sultan has in his train an alert conductor to collect the fair.

Mother Nature causes a great deal less trouble than Stepmother Habit.

On the greased pole of success there is always room at the top.

Boys go to West Point for a cadetship, and girls for a cadet smack.

When a horse begins to rear let him make his last will. He is on his last legs. Many who teach the young idea how to shoot, apparently don't know that it's loaded.

It takes us half our lives to learn that mankind are fools, and the other half to be convinced that we are one of them.

A good many people would be poorer if they had more to start with.

The sailor who "takes the sun" daily is not deemed so greedy as the landsman who merely wants the earth.

Riches have wings, and greenbacks should be printed on fly-paper.

Almost Done.

From the Youth's Companion.

A country editor who was not supposed to be rich built himself a modest cottage. The neighbors were all interested, and naturally made frequent inquiries as to how the building was progressing.

The editor finally tired of being asked whether the plastering was dry yet, whether he expected to move in this week, etc., etc. As he expressed it, he could not appear on the street without somebody's inquiring: "How's the house getting along?"

One day he was quite out of patience, and just then a subscriber asked: "Well, Mr. Barnes, have you moved into your new house yet?"

"We began this morning," answered the editor; "I carried over a chair and a salt-cellar, and left the dog in the yard."

"Well, well," said the subscriber, moving in a bad business; "I'm glad you've got so near through with it."

No Use Wasting Time There.

From the Bookeller.

First burglar (keeping watch at the back window): "Wot's the matter, Bill? Wot's scared you back so quick? Any o' the family awake? Second burglar (with extreme disgust): "Naw! Somebody's been here ahead of us—that's all. First thing I found was receipted bill for new school books for six children. Pick up them tools and let's git away. No use wastin' any more time here."

Doctors' Controversies.

From the New York Weekly.

Fond wife: "What are you so busy at?"

Young physician: "I am writing a letter to the newspapers advising Dr. Blank, the great scientist."

"But Dr. Blank has never done you any harm, and you agreed with his theories."

"True; but it's against the rule for physicians to advertise, and I must get myself before the public somehow."

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