BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER.

Devoted to the Development of Eastern Montana and the Encouragement of all Industrial Pursuits.

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Editors and Proprietors.

Office, Courier Building, Main Street.

Poetry.

A Buggy Ride.

The following is one of the latest perpetrations of Mr. Eugene Field, the poetical punster of the St. Louis *Times-Journal:*

"Suppose," said he, in accents soft,
"A fellow, just like me,
Should axle little girl to wed,
What would the answer be?"

The maiden drops her liquid eyes:
Her smiles with blushes mingle;
"Why seek the bridal halter when
You may live on, sar, cingle?"

And then he spoke—"Oh, be my bride,
I ask you once again;
You are the empress of my soul,
And there shall ever rein.

"I'll never tire of kindly deeds
To win your gentle heart,
And saddle be the shaft that rends
Our happy lives apart."

Upon her cheeks the maiden felt
The mantling blushes glow;
She took him for her faithful hub,
To share his wheel or whoa.

Hungry for Love.

BY HELEN RICH.

If only mothers knew, she said,
How hungry children were for love,
Above each little virgin bed
A mother's lips would prove
How sweet are kisses that are given
Between a rosy mouth and heaven.

If only my mamma would kneel,
As your dear mamma, every night,
Beside her little girl, to feel
If all the wraps are folded tight,
And hold my hands, her elbow lay
Between my cheeks and her soft hair,

And looking in my dreaming eyes
As if she saw some lovely thing,
And smiling in such fond surprise
On all my hopes of life that spring
Like flowers beneath her tender gaze,
I could not stray in evil ways

I would not wound the gentle breast
That held me warm within its fold;
My mother's love would still be best,
However sad, or plain, or old;
And, even when the world forsake,
I'd love her for her love's dear sake

Our Selected Story.

THE RECENT GREAT FRENCH DUEL.

Much as the modern French duel is ridiculed by certain smart people, it is in reality one of the most dangerous institutions of our day. Since it is always fought in the open air, the combatants are nearly sure to catch cold. M. Paul de Cassagnac, the most inverate of the French duelists, has suffered so often in this way that he is at last a confirmed invalid; and the best physician in Paris has expressed the opinion that if he goes on dueling for fifteen or twenty years more, unless he forms the habit of fighting in a comfortable room where damps and draughts cannot intrude, he will eventually endanger his life. This ought to moderate the talk of those people who are so stubborn in maintaining that that the French duel is the most heathful of recreations because of the open-air exercise it affords. And it ought also to moderate the foolish talk about French duelists and socialist-hated monarchs being the only people who are immortal.

But it is time to get at my subject. As soon as I heard of the late fiery outbreak between M. Gambetta and M. Fourtou in the French assembly, I knew that trouble must follow. I knew it because a long personal friendship with M. Gambetta had revealed to me the desperate and implacable nature of the man. Vast as are his physical proportions, I knew that the thirst for revenge would penetrate to the remotest frontiers of his person.

I did not wait for him to call on me, but went at once to him. As I expected, I found the brave fellow steeped in a profound French calm. I say French calm, because French calmness and English calmness have points of difference. He was moving swiftly back and forth among the debris of his furniture, now and then staving chance fragments of it across the room with his foot; grinding a constant grist of curses through his set teeth, and halting every little while to deposit another handful of his hair on the pile which he had been building of it on the table.

He threw his arms around my neck, bent me over his stomach to his breast, kissed me on both cheeks, hugged me four or five times, and then placed me in his own arm-chair. As soon as I had got well again, we began business at once.

I said I supposed he would wish me to act as his second, and he said, "Of course." I said I must be allowed to act under a French name, so that I might be shielded from obloquy in my country, in case of fatal results. He winced here, probably at the suggestion that dueling was not regarded with respect in America. However, he agreed to my requirement. This accounts for the fact that in all the newspaper reports M. Gambetta's second was apparently a Frenchman.

First we drew up the principal's will. I insisted upon this, and stuck to my point. I said I had never heard of a man in his right mind going out to fight a duel without first making his will. He said he had never heard of a man in his right mind doing anything of the kind. When we had finished the will, he wished to proceed to a choice of his "last words." He wanted to know how the following words, as a dying exclamation, struck me:

"I die for my God, for my country, for freedom of speech, for progress, and the universal brotherhood of man!"

I objected that this would require too lingering a death; it was a good speech for a consumptive, but not suited to the exigencies of the field of honor. We wrangled over a good many ante-mortem outbursts, but I finally got him to cut his obituary down to this, which he copied in his memorandum book, purposing to get it by heart:

"I die that France may live."

I said that this remark seemed to lack relevancy; but he said relevancy was a matter of no consequence in last words—what you wanted was thrill.

The next thing in order was the choice of weapons. My principal said he was not feeling well, and would leave that and the other details of the proposed meeting to me. Therefore I wrote the following note and carried it to M. Fourtou's friend:

SIR:—M Gambetta accepts M. Fourtou's challenge, and authorizes me to propose Plessis-Piquet as the place of meeting; to-morrow morning at daybreak as the time; and axes as the weapons.

I am sir, with great respect,

MARK TWAIN.

M. Fourtou's friend read this note, and shuddered. Then he turned to me, and said with a suggestion of severity in his tone:

"Have you considered, sir, what would be the inevitable result of such a meeting as this?"

"Well, for instance, what would be?"

"Bloodshed!"

"That's about the size of it," I said. "Now, if it is a fair question, what was your side proposing to shed?"

I had him, there. He saw he had made a blunder, so he hastened to explain it away. He said he had spoken jestingly. Then he added that he and his principal would enjoy axes, and indeed prefer them, but such weapons were barred in the French code, and so I must change my proposal.

I walked the floor, turning the thing over in my mind, and finally it occurred to me that Gatling guns at fifteen paces would be a likely way to get a verdict on the field of honor. So I framed this idea into a proposition.

But it was not accepted. The code was in the way again. I proposed rifles, then double-barreled shot-guns; then Colt's navy revolvers. These being all rejected, I reflected a while, and sarcastically suggested brick-bats at three-quarters of a mile. I always hate to fool away a humorous thing on a person who has no perception of humor; and it filled me with bitterness when this man went soberly away to submit this last proposition to his principal.

He came back presently, and said his principal was charmed with the idea of brick-bats at three-quarters of a mile, but must decline on account of the danger to disinterested parties passing between. Then I said:

"Well, I am at the end of my string, now. Perhaps you would be kind enough to suggest a weapon? Perhaps you have even had one in your mind all the time?"

His countenance brightened, and he said with alacrity:

"Oh, without doubt, monsieur."

So he fell to hunting in his pockets,—pocket after pocket, and he had plenty of them,—muttering all the while, "Now, what could I have done with them?"

At last he was successful. He fished out of his vest pocket a couple of little things which I carried to the light and discovered to be pistols. They were single-barreled and silver mounted, and very dainty and pretty. I was not able to speak for emotion. I silently hung one of them to my watch chain, and returned the other My companion in crime now unrolled a postage-stamp containing several cartridges, and gave me one of them. I asked if he meant to signify by this that our men were to be allowed but one shot apiece. He replied that the code permitted no more. I then begged him to go on and suggest a distance, for my mind was growing weak and confused under the strain which had been put upon it. He named sixty-five yards. I nearly lost my patience. I said:

"Sixty-five yards, with these instruments? Pop-guns would be deadlier at fifty. Consider, my friend, you and I are banded together to destroy life, not make it eternal."

But with all my persuasions, all my arguments, I was only able to get him to reduce the distance to thirty-five yards; and even this concession he made with reluctance, and said with a sigh:

"I wash my hands of this slaughter; on your head be it."

There was nothing for me but to go home to my old lion heart and tell my humiliating story. When I entered, M. Gambetta was laying his last lock of hair upon the altar. He sprang towards me exclaiming:

"You have made the fatal arrangements. I see it in your eye!"

"I have."

His face paled a trifle, and he leaned upon the table for support. He breathed thick and heavily for a moment or two, so tumultuous were his feelings; then he hoarsely whispered:

"The weapon, the weapon! Quick! What is the weapon?"

"This!" and I displayed the silver-mounted thing. He caught but one glimpse of it, then swooned ponderously to the floor.

When he came to, he said mournfully:

"The unnatural calm to which I have subjected myself has told upon my nerves. But away with weakness! I will confront my fate like a man and a Frenchman."

He rose to his feet, and assumed an attitude which for sublimity has never been approached by man, and has seldom been surpassed by statues. Then he said, in his deep bass tones:

"Behold, I am calm, I am ready; reveal to me the distance."

"Thirty-five yards."

I could not lift him up, of course; but I rolled him over, and poured water down his back. He presently came to, and said:

"Thirty-five yards—without a rest? But why ask? Since murder was that man's intention, why should he palter with small details? But mark you one thing; in my fall the world shall see how the chivalry of France meets death."

After a long silence he said:

"Was nothing said about that man's family standing up with him, as an offset to my bulk? But no matter; I would not stoop to make such a suggestion; if he is not noble enough to suggest it himself, he is welcome to this advantage, which no honorable man would take."

He now sank into a sort of stupor of reflection, which lasted some minutes; after which he broke silence with:

"The hour—what is the hour fixed for the collision?"

"Dawn, to-morrow."

He seemed greatly surprised, and immediately said:

"Insanity! I never heard of such a thing. Nobody is abroad at such an hour."

"That is the reason I named it. Do you mean to say you want an audience?"

"It is no time to bandy words. I am astonished that M. Fourtou should ever have agreed to so strange an innovation. Go at once and require a later hour."

I ran down stairs, threw open the front door, and almost plunged into the arms of M. Fourtou's second. He said:

"I have the honor to say that my principal strenuously objects to the hour chosen, and begs that you will consent to change it to half-past nine."

"Any courtesy, sir, which it is in our power to extend is at the service of your excellent principal. We agree to the proposed change of time."

"I beg you to accept the thanks of my client." Then he turned to a person behind him and said: "You hear, M. Noir, the hour is altered to half past nine."—Whereupon M. Noir bowed, expressed his thanks, and went away. My accomplice continued:

"If agreeable to you, your chief surgeons and ours shall proceed to the field in the same carriage, as is customary."

"It is entirely agreeable to me, and I am obliged to you for mentioning the surgeons, for I am afraid I should not have thought of them. How many shall I want? I suppose two or three will be enough?"

"Two is the customary number for each party. I refer to chief surgeons; but, considering the exalted positions occupied by our clients, it will be well and decorus that each of us appoint several consulting surgeons from among the highest in the profession. These will come in their own private carriages. Have you engaged a hearse?"

"Bless my stupidity, I never thought of it! I will attend to it right away. I must seem very ignorant to you; but you must try to overlook that, because I have never had any experience of such a swell duel as this before. I have had a good deal to do with duels on the Pacific coast, but I see now that they were crude affairs. A hearse—sho! we used to leave the elected laying around loose, and let anybody cord them up and cart them off that wanted to. Have you anything further to suggest?"

"Nothing, except that the head undertakers shall ride together, as is usual. The subordinates and mutes will go on foot, as is also usual. I will see you at eight o'clock in the morning, and we will then arrange the order of the procession. I have the honor to bid you a good day."

I returned to my client, who said:

"Very well; at what hour is the engagement to begin?"

"Half past nine."

"Very good indeed. Have you sent the fact to the newspapers?"

"Sir! If after our long and intimate friendship you can for a moment deem me capable of so base a treachery"—

"Tut, tut! What words are these, my dear friend? Have I wounded you? Ah, forgive me; I am overloading you with labor. Therefore, on with the other details, and drop this one from your list. The bloody-minded Fourtou will be sure to attend to it. Or I myself—yes, to make certain, I will drop a note to my journalistic friend, M. Noir"—

"Oh, come to think, you may save yourself the trouble; the other second has informed M. Noir."

"H'm, I might have known it. It is just like that Fourtou, who always wants to make a display."

At half past nine in the morning the procession approached the field of Plessis-Piquet in the following order:

First came our carriage—nobody in it but M. Gambetta and myself; then a carriage containing M. Fourtou and his second; then a carriage containing two poet-orators who did not believe in God, and these had MS. funeral orations projecting from their breast pockets; then a carriage containing the head surgeons and their cases of instruments; then eight private carriages containing consulting surgeons; then a hack containing the coroner; then the two hearses; then a carriage containing the head undertakers; then a train of assistants and mutes on foot; and after these came plodding through the fog a long procession of camp-followers and citizens generally. It was a noble turnout, and would have made a fine display if we had had thinner weather.

There was no conversation. I spoke several times to my principal, but I judge he was not aware of it, for he always referred to his note-book and muttered absently, "I die that France may live."

Arrived on the field, my fellow-second and I paced off thirty-five yards, and drew lots for choice of position. This latter was but an ornamental ceremony, for all choices were alike in such weather. These preliminaries being ended, I went to my principal and asked him if he was ready. He spread himself out to his full width, and said in a stern voice: "Ready! Let the batteries be charged."

The loading was done in the presence of duly constituted witnesses. We considered it best to perform this delicate service with a lantern, on account of the state of the weather. We now placed our men.

At this point the police noticed that the public had massed themselves together on the right and left of the field; they therefore begged a delay while they should put these poor people in a place of safety. The request was granted.

The police having ordered the two multitudes to take positions behind the duelists, we were once more ready. The weather growing still more opaque, it was agreed between myself and the other second that before giving the fatal signal we should each deliver a loud whoop, to enable the combatants to ascertain each others whereabouts.

I now returned to my principal, and was distressed to observe that he had lost a good deal of his spirit. I tried my best to hearten him. I said: "Indeed, sir, things are not as bad as they seem. Considering the character of the weapons, the limited number of shots allowed, the generous distance, the impenetrable solidity of the fog, and the added fact that one of the combatants is one-eyed and the other cross-eyed and near-sighted, it seems to me that this conflict need not necessarily be fatal. There are chances that both of you may survive. Therefore, cheer up; do not be down-hearted."

This speech had so good an effect that my principal immediately stretched forth his hand and said: "I am myself again; give me the weapon."

I laid it, all alone and forlorn, in the center of the vast solitude of his palm. He gazed at it and shuddered. And still mournfully contemplating it, he murmured, in a broken voice:

"Alas, it is not death I dread, but mutilation."

I heartened him once more, and with such success that he presently said:

"Let the tragedy begin. Stand at my back. Do not desert me in this solemn hour, my friend."

I gave him my promise. I new assisted him to point his pistol toward the spot where I judged his adversary to be standing, and cautioned him to listen well and further guide himself by my fellow-second's whoop. Then I propped myself against M. Gambetta's back, and raised a rousing "Whoop-ee!" This was answered from out the far distances of the fog, and I immediately shouted:

"One—two—three—fire!"

Two little sounds like *spit! spit!* broke upon my ear, and in the same instant I was crushed to the earth under a mountain of flesh. Buried as I was, I was still able to catch a faint accent from above to this effect:

"I die for . . . for . . . perdition take it, what is it I die for? . . . Oh, yes, FRANCE! I die that France may live!"

The surgeons swarmed around with their probes in their hands, and applied their microscopes to the whole area of M. Gambetta's person, with the happy result of finding nothing in the nature of a wound. Then a scene ensued which was in every way gratifying and inspiriting.

The two gladiators fell upon each other's necks, with floods of proud and happy tears; that other second embraced me; the surgeons, the orators, the undertakers, the police, everybody congratulated, everybody cried, and the whole atmosphere was filled with praise and with joy unspeakable.

It seemed to me then that I would rather be the hero of a French duel than a crowned and sceptered monarch.

When the commotion had somewhat subsided, the body of surgeons held a consultation, and after a good deal of debate decided that with proper care and nursing there was reason to believe that I would survive my injuries. My internal hurts were deemed the most serious, since it was apparent that a broken rib had penetrated my left lung, and that many of my organs had been pressed out so far to one side or the other of where they belonged, that it was doubtful if they would ever learn to perform their functions in such remote and unaccustomed localities. They then set my left arm in two places, pulled my right hip into its socket again, and re-elevated my nose. I was an object of great interest, and even admiration, and many sincere and warm-hearted persons had themselves introduced to me, and said they were proud to know the only man who had been hurt in a French duel for forty years.

I was placed in an ambulance at the very head of the procession; and thus with gratifying eclat was marched into Paris, the most conspicuous figure in that great spectacle, and deposited at the hospital.

The cross of the Legion of Honor has been conferred upon me. However, few escaped that distinction.

Such is the true version of the most memorable private conflict of the age. My recovery is still doubtful, but there are hopes. I am able to dictate, but there is no knowing when I shall be able to write.

I have no complaints to make against any one. I acted for myself, and I can stand the consequences. Without boasting, I think I may say I am not afraid to stand before a modern French duelist, but I will never consent to stand behind one again.

A Bridgeport cat was in the cellar one day, and seeing a crab, went up to examine it. A moment later the cat was helping the crab up stairs at a rate of a mile a minute. To a crab such a rate of speed must have appeared extremely unique.

Variety is the spice of life. An Irishman who had nothing to live on but potatoes, for the sake of variety ate the large and small ones together. That son of the sod understood the philosophy of common things.

Women in England did not acquire the right of choosing husbands for themselves until the tenth century, and in other European countries, much later.

WORK OF THE LEGISLATURE.

Bills, Memorials and Resolutions Passed and Approved.

From the Helena Herald.

An act to protect quail.

An act in relation to swine.

An act relating to escheated estates.

An act in relation to insane convicts.

An act for the relief of A. C. Botkin.

An act to incorporate the town of Butte.

An act providing for a county jail at Butte.

An act to establish courts in Custer county.

An act requiring certain officers to report.

An act to authorize Assessors to appoint a deputy.

An act to establish and regulate the fees of Assessors.

An act to provide for the printing of marks and brands.

An act to amend section 48 of the Montana School Law.

An act to change the name of Sing On to George Taylor.

An act to prevent animals trepassing on private property.

An act to encourage the manufacture of sugar in Montana.

An act to amend an act concerning crimes and punishments.

An act to consolidate offices in Beaverhead and Custer counties.

An act to amend an act to provide for the collection of revenue.

An act to establish a public highway in Lewis and Clarke county.

An act to provide payment to Cullen and Sanders for legal services.

An act to provide for the funding of the bonds of Jefferson county.

An act to change the name of Sarah A. Merril to Sarah A. Murdock.

An act to provide for the redemption of Gallatin county indebtedness.

An act to provide for the maintenance of the Philipsburg Fire Department.

An act to correct errors in reference to sections of the Code of Civil Procedure.

An act to enlarge homesteads, making 160 acres exempt from execution and sale.

An act to pay the Fire Warden of Helena by levying a tax of one-tenth of a mill.

An act to prevent unlawful interference with private rights and private property.

An act to provide compensation to Kerley, McQuaid & L'Croix for certain printing.

An act to enable the county of Gallatin to erect a court house and jail in said county.

An act to authorize the circulation of Canadian money in the Territory of Montana.

An act to pay Saint John's Hospital for the maintenance of certain Territorial paupers.

An act to pay Judges of the Supreme Court mileage for holding courts in distant counties.

An act to provide for the incorporation of religious, benevolent and other associations.

An act to provide for the transportation of convicts from county jails to the penitentiary.

An act to provide compensation for the clerks of District Courts at a stated salary of $1,650.

An act to amend the Helena Incorporation Act, and for its submission to a vote of the people.

An act to repeal section 6 of an act to provide for the collection of revenue, approved January 12, 1872.

An act concerning diseased animals. It pertains to sheep, and prescribes the ranges and drives of the same.

An act requiring all corporations to file official organization and officers, etc., in each county where doing business.

An act to prevent cattle stealing by fixing fine and imprisonment for the same, and making the theft grand larceny.

An act fixing the rate of toll for grinding grain—one-sixth for wheat, and one-eighth for other grains and peas chopped.

An act to provide for the payment by Deer Lodge county of certain expenses incurred during the Nez Perces war of 1877.

An act concerning fire insurance companies and agents, imposing a license of $40 on each company and repealing that on agents.

An act to authorize the Probate Judge of Deer Lodge county to convey certain property to the Montana Collegiate Institute.

An act to provide for keeping the records of district courts at the county seats of the counties where such courts may be held.

An act to authorize the Governor to contract for the maintenance of convicts in the United States penitentiary at Deer Lodge.

An act in relation to Notaries Public. It provides that they may take their oath of office before other officials than the Governor.

An act for bounty for the destruction of certain animals, offers a premium of $5 and $3 for the killing of bears, lions and panthers.

An act to provide for the codification of the general laws of Montana, and appointing Harry R. Comly a commissioner for the purpose.

An act to provide for the taxation of the proceeds of mines. It exempts the mine, but levies a tax upon the net proceeds and improvements.

An act to provide for the bonding of the floating debt and for the refunding of the bonded debt of Missoula county, and for other purposes.

An act to amend an act in relation to irrigation and water rights. It requires the original appropriator to use no more water than is necessary for the land cultivated.

An act to protect bison or mountain buffalo in the counties of Madison, Jefferson, Deer Lodge and Lewis and Clarke for ten years by fine and imprisonment for killing the same.

MEMORIALS AND RESOLUTIONS.

J. M. 8. In relation to the Military Telegraph.

J. M. To Congress to pass an act enabling Montana to become a State.

J. M. In relation to enlargement of the U. S. Penitentiary at Deer Lodge.

J. R. To pay certain clerks employed for engrossing and enrolling bills.

J. R. Appointing committee to accept proposition for public incidental printing.

J. R. Declaring valid the organization of Custer county, and acts of officers therein.

J. M. Remonstrating against any radical change in the present system of land surveys.

J. R. Providing for the purchase of ten thousand copies of Strahorn's Information of Montana. To be distributed without cost to the Commissioners of each county and to public institutions.

J. M. Relative to additional improvements on the Yellowstone and upper Missouri rivers.

J. M. Asking the transfer of the management of Indian affairs to the War Department.

J. M. For a modification of laws so as to permit stock to be driven across Indian Reservations.

J. M. Relative to the improvement and repair of the Mullen wagon road from Fort Benton to Walla Walla.

J. M. Asking Congress to make further appropriation to pay the expenses of the eleventh session of the Legislative Assembly of Montana.

A memorial asking the establishment of Montana as a separate Military Department and the appointment of General Nelson A. Miles as commander thereof.

DICTATING AN ITEM.

How the Amateur Reporter told it.

The following little story teaches caution in the use of pronouns:

Mr. Tucker came into the editorial room of a local paper, and siding up to the reporter's table, took a seat and moved up close and said:

"Just take it down now, and I'll give you a first-class item. Ready?"

"Yes. Go ahead."

"Well, this morning, Mrs. Tucker—my wife, you know—and her daughter Bessie,—were driving out with a bay mare named Kitty along the river road to see her aunt."

"Whose aunt?"

"Mrs. Tucker's aunt. To see her aunt. Bessie was driving the mare, and a little after they had passed Stapleton Place she threw one of her shoes."

"Bessie did?"

"No, Kitty the mare. And Bessie said to her mother that she thought she was behaving queerly."

"Mrs. Tucker was?"

"The mare; and she felt so worried that she had half a notion to turn back."

"Are you speaking of the mare or of Bessie?"

"I mean Bessie of course. But she kept on limping and going kinder uneven, until they were down by the gas works, when she laid back her ears and—"

"You don't mean Bessie's ears?"

"Certainly not."

"Go on, then. Mrs. Tucker laid back her ears."

"The mare's ears. And just as they got on the bridge over the creek the mare gave a tilt to one side, and as Mrs. Tucker screamed, she let drive with both hind legs against the carriage."

"Are you referring to Mrs. Tucker or the—"

"Kitty, the mare—and snapped both shafts off short. The next moment, before Mrs. Tucker or Bessie could save themselves, she went over the side, turning a complete somersault."

"Yes, the mare turned a complete somersault into the water. One of the traces remained unbroken, and of course, as Kitty went over she dragged the carriage after her, and Mrs. Tucker and Bessie went floundering into the creek. The mare at once struck out for shore, and Bessie fortunately had presence of mind enough to grasp her by the tail. She had the blind staggers, but it passed off—"

"Not Bessie?"

"No, the mare; and as she was being towed past Mrs. Tucker, she caught hold of her dress—"

"The mare's dress?"

"Bessie's dress: and it seemed for a minute the mare would bring them safely to land. But Mrs. Tucker's hold on the mare's tail loosened somehow, and—"

"You said Bessie had hold of the mare's tail."

"Did I? Well so it was; and Mrs. Tucker had hold of her dress"

"Whose dress?"

"Didn't I say Bessie's dress? Well, then, somehow Mrs. Tucker's hold loosened, and—"

"Her hold of what?"

"Her hold of the mare's—no I must be mistaken. Bessie had hold of the mare's tail, while the mare was swimming, and the mare had hold of Mrs. Tucker's dr—that is, Mrs. Tucker had hold of—Well, anyhow, she let go—"

"Mrs. Tucker let go?"

"Oh, I dunno; whoever had hold of the mare let go, and she went to the bottom like a stone."

"If I follow your meaning, it was the mare that went to the bottom."

"My goodness, man! can't you understand? It wasn't the mare. The mare swam ashore."

"What did you say that she went to the bottom for, then?"

"I didn't; it was Bessie."

"Bessie never said a word about it."

"You know what I meant. Bessie went to the bottom."

"And Mrs. Tucker swam ashore."

"No she didn't."

"Very well, then Mrs. Tucker went to the bottom, too?"

"No, she didn't either."

"Mrs. Tucker flew up in the air, then?"

"You think you're smart, don't you?"

"Well go on and tell your story; we'll discuss that afterwards. What did Bessie say when she got to the bottom?"

"I've a notion to wollop you."

"What did she say that for?"

"You mud headed idiot," said Mr. Tucker, "give me any more of your insolence and I'll flay you alive. I was going to give you a good item about that mare, and what Mrs. Tucker said about her turning somersaults all the way home, but now I'll see you hanged first."

The reporter got behind the desk, lifted up a chair to ward off a missle, and then he said calmly:

"What was Mrs. Tucker's object in turning somersaults all the way home?"