

A Fight to the Death—Sanguinary Hand-to-Hand Conflict.

A correspondent of the New York World gives an account of one of the most ferocious duels ever fought. It occurred on the evening of July 4, in the Indian Territory, at Medicine Lodge, during the colder months. The parties engaged in this desperate fight were Hutch Anderson of Texas and Arthur McCluskey of Kansas, both desperadoes well known on the front for their reckless lives. Anderson had killed a brother of McCluskey in a dance-house fracas, and the latter sought him out for the express purpose of taking vengeance upon him.

The agreement upon which the antagonists were to fight with revolvers and bowie-knives, to be placed back to back at an interval of twenty paces—to wheel a fire at a given signal, and after the first-throw of shots to conduct the fight as each should deem it best to his advantage. The spot selected for the encounter was in the open prairie. The grass had been closely cropped by the cattle, leaving the turf firm, yet elastic, and just the thing for rough-and-tumble business. The men left long after sunset in the presence of a crowd of hunters, trappers, railroad surveyors, gamblers and Indians. The combatants were duly placed, and the crowd awaited with breathless interest the result.

The giving of the signal had fallen by lot to Harding. Stating to the principals by this time began to show signs of impatience, that this would be the report of a pistol, he drew his own weapon and discharged it, first asking the question and receiving the usual answer that both were ready.

McCluskey was the first to fire, wheeling as he did so, though the smoke had scarcely curled up from his pistol before the report of Anderson's weapon followed. A momentary pause ensued, each of the antagonists closely scanning the other to note the effect of the shot. Across Anderson's cheek a deep furrow, from which the blood slowly began to trickle down, told the work of his antagonist, while McCluskey remained standing in his original posture, to all appearances unharmed. But this was not the fact. Those nearest to him noticed that he saw a sudden spasm, as if of pain pass through his frame, and his face certainly blanched to a deathly pallor, but just when the ball had taken effect they could not tell. At the second fire McCluskey again advanced his opponent, and taking a more deliberate aim, succeeded in breaking his left arm. Anderson uttered a sharp cry and sank on one knee, but quickly recovering himself, returned the fire, and this time with horrible effect. The ball, passing through McCluskey's mouth carried with it several of the clenched teeth and a portion of the tongue, finally lodging in the base of the skull. McCluskey staggered forward wildly a few steps, and made desperate efforts to steady himself. The blood poured in torrents from the wound, and stained his hunting-shirt and dripped from the muzzle of his pistol. With heroic courage he continued to advance, spitting out mouthfuls of blood and teeth at every step.

During the interval thus gained Anderson, who in his crippled state had every reason to shun a hand-to-hand encounter, had not been idle, but fired another well-aimed shot which broke McCluskey's left shoulder. "As if this was not enough, he sent still another ball after him, which, striking him in the pit of the stomach, caused him to fall forward heavily on his face. McCluskey was now mortally wounded and momentarily growing weaker from loss of blood. Tearing open his shirt in his agony, a crimson spot in his left side indicated the place where Anderson's first shot had taken effect. He still, however, retained his grasp of his pistol, and by an effort superhuman in its coolness and deliberation, fired at his antagonist his third shot. The latter had been closely watching for this, and endeavored to save himself by suddenly dropping to the ground. Too late, however. McCluskey's finger was already on the trigger and his eye alone the sights, and when his adversary's body reached the earth it was heavier by a Colt's pistol ball. A scream of pain followed, and the spectators saw the figure of a man clutching wildly with his hands at the grass and twigs and twisting in horrible contortions. The bullet had struck him full in the abdomen, and like his antagonist, Anderson was now a fast dying man.

At this juncture it seemed as if the crowd would interfere, but Harding sternly bade them keep back and leave the men to settle the matter their own way. As none cared to dispute with the gigantic hunter, the mandate was obeyed, though a universal expression of horror ran through the spectators. Still, horrible as was the scene, no one thought of leaving the spot. An irresistible fascination to see it out bound one and all to the bloodstained locality. But the finale was at hand—the curtain almost ready to drop.

McCluskey, summoning by a supreme effort his remaining strength, drew his knife and began to crawl feebly in the direction of his antagonist. The latter, who had raised himself to a sitting posture, saw the movement and prepared to meet it. Both had dropped their revolvers, leaving to the cold steel the completion of the work.

By this time it had grown quite dark, and to distinguish the movements of the combatants required the closest attention. Anderson was clearly unable to move any portion of his body save his right arm. With this he raised his knife aloft, and McCluskey crawled up to within reach dealt him a terrible blow in the neck, cutting muscles and tendons and veins, and half severing the head from the body. But the effort was too much for him, and leaving the weapon sticking in the wound, he pitched heavily forward on his face. Every one supposed that this blow would plunge his vitality that before falling he twice plunged his own knife into the body of Anderson. The tale is soon told. McCluskey lived a minute longer than his antagonist. The dead bodies, firmly locked in each other's embrace, were taken to the house of Harding and laid out side by side on the gaming table. A crimson trail marked the path of those who carried them indoors, and pools of blood indicated the scene of the late conflict.

There was no gaming that night. The hunters and Indians appeared to find excitement enough in talking over the events of the day without having to resort to their usual pastime. About eleven o'clock the moon rose and the bodies were taken out for burial. There were no funeral ceremonies, but Job Harding remarked as the muffled forms were lowered into the grave: "There go two brave men as ever lived." They were buried deep to keep the wolves and coyotes from digging them up, and the earth was heaped up in a little mound to mark where they slept.

A Look Into the Bank of England.

Special arrangements were made at the Bank of England in anticipation of a visit from the Shah, but he was not there on the appointed day to go there. Had he gone, says the London News, he would have found all the Bank officials at their daily duties—every man sitting, so to speak, at the receipt of custom; and the iron rule by which doors are kept day and night well barred would have been in force. At a ring of the bell, however, the doors of the bank-note printing offices would have flown open, and six machines would have been seen in full work. Each machine, with a good deal of necessary clutter, turns out 2,800 notes an hour, a clever self-registering apparatus prevents any chance of a stray note falling, let us say, through the machinery, or blowing accidentally up a chimney. English notes were, as we passed through half an hour before the Shah's expected visit, being thrown off as if they were mere playbills, and also a number of India currency or rupee notes. In another chamber there were piled upon pile of crisp, delicious bank notes of all varieties to be seen, and even handled, but not carried away. Ten machines were in operation, and a sudden entrance into the cashier's room adjoining somewhat resembled, to the ear, the difference between a smithy and a cloister. The polite, well-dressed gentlemen who occupied the room were forming bundles of 50 notes each, and were trying them on with green ribbon, each bundle worth £2,500. Through their hands there passes an average of 50,000 notes a day—fifties, twenties, tens and fives—with the exception of the last day of the week, when the early closing movement reduces the number to 38,000.

Returning down the stairs, the Shah, and the few persons who were to have accompanied him, would have next visited the gold-weighing room, all musical with the chink, chink, of never-ending sovereigns.

The work of the machines by which the sovereigns are weighed, twelve in number, are delicate as a lady's waist, and should a coin be the 100th part of a grain below the standard, the machine tips it over into a receptacle different from that in which the true gold is shot. Twenty-eight sovereigns a minute are disposed of by each machine, or 100,000 a day. It seemed so nicely adjusted was this wonderful machine, as if it paused a moment to think, and trembled as it rejected the unworthy coin from its honest fellows. This mass of treasure, called indifferently "dross" or "filthy lucre," was to be seen by some, shovelled about as the farmer's man shovels horse-manure. A rich, glittering, tempting heap of 70,000 sovereigns lay on the carefully carpeted tables, and were of course, not to be touched. We were informed that within our reach there were nearly 400,000 of these bits of shining gold, so hard to earn, so easy to spend. A bushel or so of half-sovereigns were, after what had gone before, quite beneath notice, but they looked pretty, and winked appealingly, as we gave them a casual glance. Sometimes as many as 20,000 light coins were detected in a day. The payroll is a public room, but leading out of it is a chamber particularly private, and bearing the name of the Treasury. It is dark and cool—too rich, in fact, to have its repose ruffled by common storms or vulgar passions. There are in it 135 million sovereigns crammed with gold. The Treasury is, in fact, a gigantic reservoir, at present containing thirty-five millions of money. One safe holds "garbled sixpences," another is full of threepenny bits; one is sacred to old sovereigns; its neighbor takes care of the new. The superintendent of this department showed us two parcels of notes which a child might toss into the air; they represented £1,000,000 in thousand pound notes. The doors of another safe were opened and we stood silent before seventy bags of £1,000 each, each weighing 21 lbs. It was mercifully arranged that after this thush should be taken into the open air, the air next the garden, once a city churchyard, into the dividend and Government debt offices, and across the bullpen yard to the bullpen room. Around the sides of this prison-like vault stood trucks laden with gold bars worth £1,600 each, one truck-load of which not worth not a farthing less than £80,000. Besides these there were trifling bags of gold coin running up the total amount to £3,000,000, to say nothing of a row of bags put like naughty children into a corner, because they held £4,000 of gold sovereigns.

Myneer Groof's Flying Machine.
Myneer Groof, a sanguine Flemish gentleman, believing that he had penetrated the secret of a new locomotive, announced the other day to the denizens of Brussels, Belgium, that he proposed to fly. The day announced for the feat was Sunday. Myneer Groof had invented a new and very ingenious pair of wings, with what device of springs and balance the world will probably never know. The only practical difficulty with them was that they could not raise him from the ground, and this task was allotted to a balloon. In other phrase, Myneer Groof, having been elevated, proposed to continue to float aloft, and not only that, but to use his wonderfully ingenious wings with locomotive intent.

The day came, and the man. Take the crowd for granted, as it is no great trouble to gather a mob in any city under the sun—you have only to gaze fixedly at a weather vane or into a shop window, to find yourself in five minutes the center of a mob intent on gazing also, and gazing longer and more intently the less they see.

Having been lifted to the very humble elevation of three feet, Myneer Groof called his wings into requisition. They flapped wildly. There was a click of springs and tug of fibers; but this Flemish ikaros, unlike the legend of the legend, was borne upward till the wax melted, and then had further to drop than his Flemish initiator, did not rise. That he might have remained poised three feet in air until this day, had not the principle of gravitation interfered to spoil a beautiful experiment, is an obvious conclusion; but just at this stage that well-known stumbling block of aerostatics asserted its supremacy, and Myneer Groof dropped face down and prone on the ground. Nor was this failure of an ambition for high elevation the worst of the case. The mob, as mobs will sometimes, regarded itself as swindled, and Myneer Groof, as having obtained attention under false pretenses. The poor Fleming was stoned for his pains, and would have been slain, but for the opportune interference of the police.—N. Y. Post.

An Englishman Insulted.

An Englishman, who is visiting this country on pleasure and in quest of information, writes to the New York Sun that he knows he has been very inquisitive, but that he always found "the Americans very polite in general. I must except, however, your government officials. The other day I sauntered into one of the city branch post-offices in Astor place. After posting my letter I sought information from the clerk about the arrival and departure of foreign mails, etc., and finding him, as I supposed, a nice, agreeable young man, and the office quite deserted, I ventured a few more interrogations on domestic subjects, such as his mode of life, amount of salary, number of children, and other little harmless topics, when he suddenly pulled out his portmanteau and handed me a little card, which I presumed to be an invitation to join his domestic circle, when to my astonishment discovered thereon the figure of a corpse lying in his coffin with these words inscribed: "This man was talked to death." I need not tell you that I vacated the premises immediately, and having since learned that the course pursued has been authorized by the Postmaster General, I have deemed it necessary to ask the intervention of my minister, and while Sir Edward Thornton is consulting the diplomatic correspondence attending the insult, I deem it my duty to lay the facts before the public, in order that they may see for themselves what sort of people are employed by the use of money wrung from their pockets through unjust taxation and poverty."

FIELD AND FAMILY.
The early ducklings that realize such high prices in the London markets are said to be principally the Aylebury variety, distinguished by their great size, white plumage and flesh-colored bills. Their high quality is said to be produced by feeding the old birds largely with sound oats placed in a vessel of water, and not allowed much room to swim, but fed freely in winter, then the eggs should be hatched under hens, and the duckling liberally fed with slaked oatmeal and fine middlings, and afterwards with oats in water. Under this treatment they may be made ready for the table in less than two months.

TO PRESERVE PLUMS WITHOUT THE SKINS.—Pour boiling water over large egg or magnum bonum plums; cover them until it is cold, then pull off the skins. Make a syrup of a pound of sugar and a teacup of water for each pound of fruit; make it boiling hot and pour it over; let them remain for a day or two, then drain off and boil again; skim it clear and pour it hot over the plums; let them remain until the next day, then put them over the fire and the syrup; boil them over until they are ready to be put into the jars; boil the syrup until rich and very thick; take off any scum which may arise, let it cool and settle, and pour it over the plums. If brown sugar is used, which is quite as good, except for green gages, clarify it as directed.

SOMETIMES a taunt, almost imperceptible, will be found on the chicken killed yesterday, and meant for dinner to-day, or on the last of the steak in the bottom of the jar. If it is a really suspicious taunt, real decomposition, throw it away; but, if not, it can easily be removed in boiling. When you put it on to cook, take cold water, into which you have put a few lumps of charcoal, tied up in a thin white cloth. After it has boiled awhile take out the charcoal. The meat will be found all right, in a cooking corned beef or pork, a little of them, if the small amount you, and you have to keep out of the kitchen, it will be found useful to put a bit of red pepper in the boiling pot, say twice the size of your thumb nail.

DIFFERENCE IN BUTTER.—When a wholesaler is questioned as to the position of really fine butter he receives in his consignments, he replies, five per cent. A larger proportion than this comes to market as grease. The grocer will tell you that of all his stock good butter is the most difficult to procure, and cost him more time and trouble to select. We know there is no good reason why this should be so. Here and there scattered widely apart throughout the country we know farmers to make excellent butter, which would be classed first quality in the market, and next door to those are neighbors who would make trash unfit for food. On the counters of country stores may any day be seen rolls of butter most widely different in color, flavor and texture. One farmer is careful and cleanly, his wife keeps her dairy sweet and her pails and pans perfectly pure; another keeps a foul stable, milks in an uncleanly fashion, has musty feed and foul water for his cows, while his wife is equally careless in her dairy. How can the butter in these two cases be other than widely different in quality and value?

AN ACT OF JUSTICE.—Doubling Castle was a sad stumbling block in the path of Banyan's Christian, though it couldn't have been so if it were not for the fact that with the Pilgrim, for Doubting Castle besets us when we are asked to believe anything particularly extraordinary. Consequently, when we heard, some eighteen months ago, that a physician in California had compounded, from the juices and extracts of certain herbs found there, a medicine that cured almost every variety of blood disease, we were incredulous. Since then we have had opportunities of testing the accuracy of the report, and are free to admit that our doubts have vanished. Seeing what we have seen, knowing what we know, it is impossible for us to question the remedial properties of Dr. J. H. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. This famous vegetable Tonic, Alterative, and Antiseptic is a specific for Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Chronic Constipation, Fever and Ague, Bilious Intermittents, Scrofulous Taint in the Blood, Incipient Consumption, Local and General Debility, Rheumatism, Sick Headache, and Diseases of the Kidneys, seems to be a matter beyond the pale of controversy—a fixed fact in medical history. The statements of friends, in whose veracity and intelligence we have full confidence, corroborated by our own personal observation, compel us to admit the surpassing merits of the preparation.

Cholera and Pain-Killer.—This unparalleled preparation is receiving more testimonials of its wonderful efficacy in removing pain, than any other medicine ever offered to the public. And these testimonials come from persons of every degree of intelligence, and every rank of life. Physicians of the first respectability, and perfectly conversant with the nature of diseases and remedies, recommend this as one of the most effectual in the line of preparations for the cure of Cholera, Cholera Morbus and kindred bowel troubles now so common among the people.

A Crowd of "Horse Men" and others, daily to be seen in the country and near Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders. They understand that horses cannot be kept in good condition without them, and with them can be on a much less quantity of grain.

The relaxing power of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is truly wonderful. Cases are already numerous where bent and stiffened limbs have been limbered and straightened by it. When used for this purpose, the part should be washed and rubbed thoroughly. Apply the liniment cold, and rub it in with the hand.

Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.—This unparalleled preparation is receiving more testimonials of its wonderful efficacy in removing pain, than any other medicine ever offered to the public. And these testimonials come from persons of every degree of intelligence, and every rank of life. Physicians of the first respectability, and perfectly conversant with the nature of diseases and remedies, recommend this as one of the most effectual in the line of preparations for the cure of Cholera, Cholera Morbus and kindred bowel troubles now so common among the people.

WILSON'S CARBOLATED COD LIVER OIL. This scientific combination of two well-known medicines is first to arrest the progress of the disease, and to gradually build up the system. Physicians and the doctrine of the fact. The really startling cures performed by this Oil are proof.

Best and Oldest Family Medicine.—Serravallo's Tonic is a purely vegetable Compound and Tonic for Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headache, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Indigestion, Disarrangement of Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Ask your Druggist for it. Beware of Imitations.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR AUGUST contains the usual variety of fine engravings in steel and wood, a beautiful colored fashion-plate, an extension sheet of the latest fashions, a design for a very handsome alphabet in braided-work, and the ever-valuable "Work Department," is profusely illustrated. The literary contents are as excellent, and the number, taken as a whole, is a very attractive one. The beautiful chromo of each number will be sent, free of postage, to each subscriber for 1878, whether a single subscriber for \$3, or a club of six for \$14. Extra inducements are offered to getters-up of clubs. Published by L. A. GODEY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Suggestions for Summer. It is of great importance that the system should be in a vigorous condition when the hot weather commences. The effects of a high temperature upon an enfeebled frame are always more or less disastrous. The loss of substance and the declension of nervous power, occasioned by excessive heat, can only be compensated by the active, healthful, and regular exercise of all the bodily functions by which the waste of nature is replenished and the vital energies renewed. The great utility of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a means of toning, invigorating and regulating the organs of the body, is universally acknowledged. As a tonic it stimulates the flagging appetite and accelerates digestion; as a corrective it neutralizes the acidity of the stomach and relieves flatulency; as an alterative and mild aperient it regulates the liver and the bowels; as an anodyne it promotes tranquil sleep; as a wholesome stimulant it imparts firmness and elasticity to the relaxed and feeble muscles, and as a blood depurative it purifies the vital stream. The value of such a specific to the weak and debilitated is beyond all estimate. To invalids wilted down by the sultry heat of mid-summer, it is as refreshing and vitalizing as the cool high dew of the sun- scorched country, with a host of other diffusive stimulants, it is safe and palatable as well as medicinal. In fever and ague districts, and wherever the natural elements are conducive to epidemic disease, it is considered the best safeguard against malarious infection, and the most effectual remedy for intermittent and remittent fevers.

A CHOLERA REMEDY. Reader, you will find in this Favorite Home Remedy, PERRY DAVIS' Pain-Killer! CHOLERA IN INDIA. WHAT A PRODIGY! That cholera has prevailed here of late to a fearful extent. For the last two or three weeks the city has been almost entirely shut up by the cholera. I should add that the Pain-Killer sent recently from the Mission House has been used with marvellous success. It is generally effective in checking the disease.

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VINEGAR BITTERS are a purely vegetable preparation, made chiefly from the native herbs found on the lower ranges of the Sierra Nevada mountains of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol. The question is almost daily asked, "What is the cause of the unparalleled success of VINEGAR BITTERS?" Our answer is, that they remove the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health. They are the great blood purifier and a life-giving principle, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the remarkable qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to. They are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs, in Bilious Diseases.

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