AMONG THE HORSES.

Probable Starters in the Blue Ribbon Derby Race at Hamline.

Indications Are That Ten or More Cracks Will Face the Flag.

Chances of a Meeting Between Sunol and Axtell in September.

Chicago and Brighton Beach Entries for To-Day--Whips and Tips.

Henry Avis, trainer for William Mulkey, who has been located at the Hamline track for some time, reports his charge as being in first-class condition. The stable's Derby candidate, Verge d'Or, is in particularly fine fettle, and Trainer Avis declares himself as being sweet on the colt's chances. In talking on the chances of the probable starters in the "blue ribbon" event, he said: "My entry has a great chance, and if the track is the least bit soft, it will be all the better for my colt. I think there will be at least ten starters in the Derby, and these will be the pick of those entered. This will make a sufficiently large field, and a rattling contest should ensue. Which are the probable starters? Well, I count on the Chicago stable's Robespierre; either Forever or Semaphore of the Avondale stable; J. Bradley's Joe Blackburn; Maxwell's Bill Letcher; one of Megibben's entries; Ullman's Daisy F. Morse; one of Harper's nominations; Helter Skelter and Verge d'Or. Of course this is mere guesswork, but from what I have understood, the horses mentioned will come near being the list, although a number of others may remain in and start. If two-thirds of these flyers come to the post it will be a great race, and it would be a hard matter to tell which would be the favorite. Robespierre is in great form at present, and Kiley, his trainer and rider, told me recently that the colt was a better animal than Riley, and if the two came together again on a good dry track he would back Robespierre. He said when Riley beat Robespierre the latter was not right. Then Joe Blackburn has been doing great work, and Kiley considers him superior to Uncle Bob. His win at a mile and an eighth at Chicago the other day in 1:56 was a grand performance, when his carrying 122 pounds is considered. Then Verge d'Or, Helter Skelter and many of the others named above are in fine condition. I think Robespierre, Joe Blackburn, Daisy F, Helter Skelter and Verge d'Or will all sell well up, but it is hard to tell so long before a race as to post odds, particularly on account of the uncertainty of the starters. In any event, it will prove a h r t race, and I think the meeting will be a highly successful one, and I know there will be plenty of horses here to take part."

SIX EVENTS AT BRIGHTON.

The Coney Island Jockey Club's Card for Monday.

NEW YORK, July 13.—Six races are scheduled for Monday at Brighton Beach, the entries and weights being as follows:

First races, seven-eighths of a mile, selling, maidens—Hardwork, 112; Australind, 107; Wahta, 94; gelding, 107; Duke of Leinster, 107; Vera, 102; Zable, 102; Etelka, 105; Teddy Foley, 104; Hemet, 98; Emeti filly, 96; Foreigner, 95; Sam Love, 92; Violet gelding, 92; Tappahamock, 92; Rosemont, 87.

Second race, one mile—Signature, 106; Kanesville, 106; Shakespeare, 106; Benefit, 106; Harrison, 106; Volette, 106; Roiden, Franco, 106; Houston, 106; Garrison, 106; The Abbes, 101; Bessie K, 101; Gratitude, 101.

Third race, three quarters of a mile—Lepanto, 118; Eccala colt, 118; Lavender, 118; Early Blossom, 122; Dahlman, 116; Contissa filly, 105; Rosaline Filly, 113; Hannah, 113; Lady Glasgow filly, 113; Sinaloa colt, 112; Bellona II. filly, 1 5; Sir George, 104; Annie G, 103; Lucky Clover, 103; Repent, 95.

Fourth race, one and one-quarter miles—Badge, 129; St. Luke, 119; Gendarme, 117; Falcon, 124; Belinda, 114; Richmond, 114; Eleve, 114; Ballston, 114; Ovid, 109; Phœnix, 109; Middlestone, 99; Urbana, 96.

Fifth race, mile and five-eighths, selling—Montapeak, 114; Eleve, 110; The Bourbon, 108; Rapine, 107; Troy, 99; Bonanza, 99; Ernest, 99; Reward, 98; Darling, 92; Middleton, 80.

Sixth race, mile and a half, handicap over six hurdles—Winslow, 157; Bassanio, 158; Echo, 160; Linguist, 155; Jim Murphy, 150; Pat Oakley, 143; Doehart, 138; Delaware, 146; Tarquin, 137; The Bourbon, 131; Rover, 130.

Selections: First race, Hemet and Rosemont; second race, Signature and Shakespeare; third race, Early Blossom and Repent; fourth race, Badge and Phœnix; fifth race, Eleve and Darling; sixth race, Echo and Bassanio.

CHICAGO'S CARD.

Five Good Races Programmed for To-Day.

CHICAGO, July 13.—Following are the entries for Monday's races at Washington Park:

First race, one mile—Salute, 102; Jack Murray, 107; Lillian Lindsay, 116; Polemus, 115; Cameo, 117; Blarneystone Jr, 122; Dr. Nave, 122.

Second race, mile and three-quarters—Brandolette, 107; Longlight, 100; Hypocrite, 113.

Third race, selling, six furlongs—Ed Bell, 99; Bob L, 99; Sorceress, 100; Grandpa, 101; Gen. Caldwell, 103; Ed Leonard, 103.

Fourth race, nine furlongs—Pliny, 109; Monita Hardy, 112; Macbeth, 119.

Fifth race, mile and a sixteenth—Mary J, 94; Nevada, 102; Hanselle, 102; Lela May, 162; Marchma, 102; Mora, 104; X, 105; J T, 105; Jubilee, 105; Business, 107; Repeat, 107; Delmar, 122; Longshot, 122.

Selections: First race, Blarneystone Jr. and Lillian Lindsay; second race, Hypocrite and Brandolette; third race, Ed Leonard and Grandpa; fourth race, Pliny and Macbeth; fifth race, Delmar and Nevada.

LYTLE'S EXPERIMENT.

Buying Trotters in the East for the Minnesota Market.

Horsemen generally throughout the Northwest will be interested in the experiment of E. Lytle, of St. Paul, of buying first-class young trotters in the East for the purpose of putting them on the market in this section. Col. Lytle has in training at Hamline nine trotters and pacers of aristocratic breeding, which are for sale at prices that should find ready purchasers. The list includes Warwood 9974, by Blackwood-Minnie Brown; Luella, by Legal Tender-Flaxy; Billy J, by Jordan's Hambletonian, dam by Coulter's Davy Crockett; Jack Tharp, by New Jersey Volunteer, dam by Old Red Buck; Muncie Gift, by Gift Jr., dam by Driftwood; Cora Cloud, by White Cloud, dam by Sanhedrim; Mattie Sherman, by Alexander A. Sherman-Miss Florence, by S. J. Fletcher-May, and the high-bred combination gelding Colonel. All are sound, handy drivers, and, having been in training for sixty days, are in the pink of condition for racing.

The wonderful time, 2:20¼, made in the 2:40 pace at Hamline last week, has been the subject of much discussion by horsemen all over the state. What a team Minnie Wilkes and Fedora would make for some gentleman whose taste and inclination go that way, and who is ambitious to own and drive the most promising span of pacers in this country. Minnie Wilkes and Fedora, with proper handling, would be able to do better than 2:20 inside of three months. It is given out that Fedora can be purchased at a reasonable price, and E. Lytle, the owner of Minnie Wilkes, could probably be prevailed upon to set a price on her.

PAVED WITH DIFFICULTIES.

Chances of a Meeting Between Sunol and Axtell.

The bare suggestion that there may be a meeting before the end of the season between Axtell and Sunol has inflamed the public fancy. There is one thing that must not be lost sight of, and that is the chance of one of the four-year-olds going wrong between now and September. Of course, unless both are right there will be no start. Sunol is owned by a gentleman who has never entered a horse in a race, and never taken a cent for an exhibition, and she is controlled by Senator Stanford, the most ambitious breeder on the continent, a man who absolutely has no acquaintance with poolsellers and bookmakers, and therefore the public faith is supreme that she will be driven for all that is in her. Her fight is for reputation. Axtell is the highest-priced horse in the world, and his earning capacity is enormous. Reputation is of as much value to his owners as it is to Mr. Bonner or Senator Stanford, and no forlorn chances will be taken with him. The simple fact that a race between Axtell and Sunol looks impossible adds to the general desire to see such a race. The reputation of two great reinsmen is also at stake. Doble always likes to ride in front, and Marvin seriously objects to riding behind. This feeling will stimulate each to have his horse in the very best condition when he scores up for the word. The interests involved in the meeting are gigantic. It is the house of George Wilkes, representing millions of money, against the house of Electioneer, backed by millions of dollars. It is easy to talk lightly of a match between Axtell and Sunol, but the road leading to a battle for supremacy is paved with difficulties. If the race for which both Doble and Marvin are now patiently preparing ever does take place, it is safe to say that it will require a track with grounds as large as the state of Rhode Island to hold the people who nurse a desire to witness it.

RICH STAKES OF THE FUTURE.

The Realization and Other Stakes Open for Nominations.

The Realization stake won recently by Tournament was the richest turf event of the year. Had Senator Hearst neglected to enter the colt, the golden prize would have found some other owner. In order to realize largely, horsemen must take some risks. For the chance of winning upward of $40,000 a fee of $25 seems but a slight risk to take. The Realization stakes for 1892 and 1893, the first entries of yearlings and the second for entries of foals of 1890, are now open for nominations, and will close on July 15. Ten thousand dollars will be added to each event, and the same sum is given by the Coney Island Jockey club for the double event, for two-year-olds in 1891, entries for which also close on July 15. Other events, to be decided at the autumn meeting this year, and which are open for nomtnations, are the Omnium, New York and Twin City handdicaps. The first is at a mile and a furlong, the second at a mile and a half, and the third at a mile and a quarter, the sum of $1,750 being added to the first two, and $3,000 to the Twin City.

WHIPS AND TIPS.

Gossip About Horses, Horsemen and Their Doings.

Judges of trotting races all over the country will bear in mind that the rules have been changed for several years so that horses which were formerly distanced for fouls, or other matters chargeable to the driver and not the horse, are now ruled out instead. A horse can now be distanced only for his own lack of speed or faulty gait. The idea is that the reputation of the horse is unwarrantably injured when the permanent record of races shows that he was distanced, when the driver and not the horse was to blame, as the record does not show the entire facts, and the presumption would be that the horse was behind the flag.

O. A. Hickok and George Middleton have made a match. It is Palo Alto against Jack. The gray gelding is a fast and true performer, but he will meet a resolute trotter in the bay stallion. The race will take place July 26 at some point to be named hereafter, and the winner will receive $5,000. The forfeit, $1,000, has been posted with Mr. Brewster, secretary of Washington Park club.

The death of the great pacing sire of Tennessee, Tom Hal, was announced two or three years ago, but the old fellow did not make his last kick until Saturday morning. He was twenty-eight years old and a wreck. From his loins came the three fast performers, Little Brown Jug, 2:11¾; Brown Hal, 2:12½, and Hal Pointer, 2:13. The admirers of the pacing horse will always speak of him with pride.

Del Mar, the fast colt now running at Chicago and owned by Senator Hearst, was born at Hobartville, Australia, and was purchased at the yearling sale at that place in 1888 by J. K. Newton and shipped to California. The dam of Del Mar was purchased at the Hobartville sale a little more than a month ago for the small sum of 70 guineas.

The Cleveland, Buffalo and Rochester purses will close on Monday, July 21. These are three great links in the grand trotting circuit chain. Every admirer of the light harness horse makes it a point to take in one or all of these meetings. The battles which decide breeding controversies are fought on the grand circuit tracks.

In the race for the Drexel stakes at Washington Park, Chicago, on July 8, there was a jostle in the stretch result-in the falling of Neretta, whose jockey, Abbas, was thrown, and never regained consciousness, dying during the running of the last race. Abbas was a white boy about fifteen years of age, and has been riding with fair success for several seasons.

From '81 to '85 Fred Archer, the English jockey, rode in 2,971 races, winning 1,149 of them. For a similar number of years—those between '84 and '88—Jimmy McLaughlin had 553 successes out of 1,751 mounts. The Englishman's average is nearly one in every two, while our James' is a little worse than one in three.

The average value of the twenty-eight races run at Ascot last month was a little over $5,000; eighteen of which were at a mile and upward, eight being at a mile, three at a mile and a half, one at a mile and five furlongs, four at two miles, one at two miles and a half, and one at three miles.

Bradford, the jockey who rode the winner of the Workingham stakes, at Ascot, for which twenty-two faced the starter, can give our little Jones and A. Covington a big start in the matter of weight, as he only scales sixty-eight pounds.

The estate of the late B. F. Pettit, Lexington, Ky., has sold to Sire Brothers the chestnut filly Princess Bowling, foaled 1886, by imported Prince Charlie, dam Katie Bowling, by Tom Bowling, out of Catina, by imported Australian.

W. C. Daly has sold to William Brien Jr., for the Islip stable, the black gelding Dalsyrian, foaled 1887, by imported Dalnacardoch, dam Syria, by imported Leamington, for $2,500. He is one of the speediest sprinters in the East.

Edward S. Hawley, secretary and treasurer of Buffalo Park, has been notified by the subscribers to sell several subscriptions to the stakes to be decided at the August meeting. These are to be named July 15.

Fitzpatrick isn't much of a sailor, but he knows enough to straddle a boat when it upsets. He says he will purchase a yacht before the season closes.

P. Lorillard has sold to J. Gleason the bay filly Parolina, foaled 1888, by Duke of Montrose, dam Papoose, by Leamington, out of Maiden, by Lexington.

Just now Fred Littlefield gets about as many outside mounts as any other jockey. He gives owners a ride for their money.

Platt's Chlorides as a Disinfectant
Is just what every family needs.

A PISTOL SHOT.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

Translated by Harvey C. Alford.

We were located in a small town. All know the customary life of an officer of the line; in the morning it is drill, then dine with the general or else at a Jewish in, and in the evening a bowl of punch and cards. In this village there was not even one house that held forth a promise of this much pastime, and therefore we all met at one another's house, and there we saw nothing but our own uniforms. Only one among us was not of the military. He was a man of about 35, and that is why we considered him a veteran. His experience gave him a certain amount of authority among us, and in the same manner his habitual sadness, his decided character, and his caustic tongue had great influence upon our young characters. Something mysterious hung over his existence; he had the bearing of a Russian, and, moreouer, he had a foreign name. Before that time he had served in the hussars, and even happily; but nobody knew why he had left the service to install himself in such a miserable burg, where he led a life that was at once sad and expensive. Whenever he left the house he went on foot. He wore an old black surtout. His table was always open to the officers of the regiment, though, it is true, his dinners consisted only of two or three dishes prepared by an old soldier, but to offset that his champagne flowed freely.

No one knew of the means or the resources of this person, and none dared ask him about them. His library consisted in a large part of military works and novels, which he loaned freely, never asking that they be returned, and on his part he never returned a borrowed book. His principal occupation was to shoot at a target, and the walls of his rooms were as full of holes as honeycomb, they were so riddled with balls. A rich collection of pistols was the only luxury of the room that he occupied, and the perfection with which he could handle them was such that one day, upon making a proposition to shoot a pear off the head of one of the officers, it was immediately accepted.

Often in our conversations we would speak of duels; Sylvio—that is what I will call him—never took part in that part of them. If by chance one of us asked him if he ever fought, he would answer angrily with a dry "Yes;" but he would never give the details of his duels, and one could very easily see that such questions were very disagreeable to him.

We became convinced that his conscience reproached him with the death of a victim of the fatal art he so perfectly professed. And, besides, he had never given the least evidence of cowardice, for there are men whose very manner allays such suspicions. But one day an adventure happened that surprised us.

Ten of our fellows ate at the house of Sylvio, and, as was customary, drank enormously. After dinner we asked the master of the house to play bank for us. He refused, rarely he played. But finally, pushed by our remonstrances, he threw down a half hundred ducats, and dealt the cards. We gathered around the table and the play commenced. As was usual, he played silently, never disputing, and never explaining. If he lost through the counter he paid what he owed; if the run was in his favor he wrote it down. We knew his customs and never interfered with his whim; but that day there was among us a young officer who played loose; he doubled a stake; Sylvio accordingly took the crayon and wrote it down. The officer, believing that he was being cheated, asked an explanation; Sylvio paid no attention to him and commenced to deal. The officer lost patience, and, taking the brush, erased all that appeared too much to him. Then Sylvio took the crayon and rewrote the figures. The officer, excited by wine, the play, and the raillery of his comrades, believed himself grievously insulted, and in a fit of anger took a candelabre and threw it at the head of Sylvio, who calmly dodged it.

We were all confusion. Sylvio arose pale with anger and his eyes flashing.

"Monsieur, leave the house instantly, I tell you," said he, "and thank God that this thing occurred in my house."

We had no doubt that following such an aggression we should see our friend killed. The officer upon going out said to Sylvio that having insulted him he was ready to give such satisfaction as he might ask.

The next day upon going to drill we wondered if the lieutenant was still alive. At that moment he arrived. We put the same question to him, but he said that he had not heard of Sylvio since the occurrence. We went to Sylvio's house and there we found him putting ball after ball into a target against the porte-cochere. He received us in the usual way, saying nothing about the evening before. Three days passed; the lieutenant was still alive. We asked if Sylvio was going to challenge him. They never fought. Sylvio contented himself with a simple apology and made peace. All was soon forgotten, and Sylvio retained his influence over us.

I only was unable to blame him for the seeming cowardice. Having a romantic imagination I was attached to that man whose life was an enigma, and who seemed to me to be the hero of some mysterious romance. He liked me, or if he did not, at least when he was with me he dropped his usual sarcasms, speaking frankly, simply and agreeably. But after that unhappy evening the thought of the spot on his honor, a stain which he had not tried to wash away, would not leave me, and I could not appear the same to him that I had before that time. I could not look him in the face. And Sylvio was too penetrating and too experienced to not notice my coldness and to not divine the cause. He seemed to be affected by it, and two or three times I observed that he showed a desire to make some sort of an explanation; but I did not wish it, and so he remained silent. After that time I never visited him except with my comrades, and our intimate conversations ceased.

Sylvio received his letters through our chancellerie, and once when the day came he was given a package, the seal of which he broke with lively impatience. In scanning the letter his eyes glistened with a new light; but, as each was occupied with his own affairs, no attention was paid to him.

"Messieurs," said Sylvio, "my affairs demand that I leave immediately, and I shall go to-night; and I hope you will not refuse to dine with me for the last time. I will await you. You also must come, you absolutely must attend," said he, addressing me. Upon saying these words he left hurriedly.

I arrived at Sylvio's at the hour indicated, and there I found all the fellows. The effects and even the furniture were already packed, and there remained only the walls pierced with balls and the table and chairs. It was late when we rose from the table and began going away, Sylvio taking leave of one and all, and as I was leaving after the others he said to me in a low voice: "I wish to speak to you."

When all were gone and we sat face to face in profound silence we began to puff vivaciously upon our chiboques. Several minutes passed. Sylvio broke the silence. "Perhaps we shall never meet again," said he, "and before parting I wish to make an explanation to you. Possibly you have noticed that I care little for the opinion of others. But I like you, and I desire that you should not think ill of me." He stopped and began to puff anew on his pipe. I was silent and remained with lowered eyes.

"Possibly it seems strange to you," he continued, "that I did not demand reparation of that stupid drunkard who threw the candelabra at my head. You know that, having the choice of weapons, I had his life in my hands, and at the same time I would run the risk of losing mine. I could place my moderation upon the grandeur of my soul, but I will not lie. If I could have punished him without running the risk of losing my own life I should have done it, and not have pardoned him."

I looked at Sylvio with stupefaction; he continued:

"Yes, it is true. But I have no right to risk my life. Six years ago I was slapped in the face, and he who slapped me is yet alive."

My curiosity was excited to the highest pitch. "Were you never defeated," I asked.

"I was once," said Sylvio, "and this is the proof of the duel." He rose and drew from a hat-box a policeman's hat or casquette and put it on his head; it was pierced by a ball within an inch of his head.

"You know," said Sylvio, "that I served in the —— regiment of hussars. My characteristics are known to you and you know that I desire to be first in everything. In my youth it was an irresitible desire.

Duels in our regiment were daily affairs, and in every duel I was either principal or second. I was reposing upon my laurels at the time when a young man of a rich and illustrious family—permit me to withhold the name—entered among us.

"In my whole life I have never seen a happier fellow. Imagine youth, intelligence, beauty, laughing gayety, careless bravado, a limitless purse, and the more grand name that he bore, and you may then understand the place that he immediately took among us. My position was menaced. They spoke much of me, and he began to cultivate my friendship; but I received him coolly, and he left me with indifference. I hated him. His success in the regiment and among the women made me despair. I wished to quarrel with him; but to my epigrams he answered with epigrams more caustic. I was obliged to admit it, and my anger augmented. I disliked myself and I sneered at him. At last, at a ball given by one of the principal Poles of the city, upon seeing him the object of the attention of all the ladies, and more, that of the lady of the house, who was a close and great friend of mine, I whispered a gross insult in his ear. He became angry and slapped my face. We drew our swords; the ladies disappeared; we were separated, and we left the house to fight. The day dawned; I was at the place appointed with three witnesses, and with feverish impatience I awaited the arrival of my adversary. The sun began to rise, and it grew warm, when at last I saw him coming. He came on foot, his coat on the end of his sword, and accompanied by only one witness, and he came toward us holding in hand his casquette filled with wild cherries. The witnesses measured off the twelve paces. I had the right to fire first; but I was so agitated that, not being sure of my ball, I insisted that he fire first. He refused. We decided that we leave it to chance, and it fell in his favor. He aimed and his ball pierced my casquette. It was my turn to fire. At last I held his life in my hands. I looked at him with avidity, trying to find in him the least sign of trembling. He awaited my shot, eating his cherries which he held in his casquette, and he blew the stones so that they fell at my feet. His coolness exasperated me. Why should I kill a man who seemed to be so indifferent to life? A bad idea entered my head. I lowered my pistol.

"I believe," said I to him, "that you are not prepared for death, eating as pleasantly as you do. Permit me, then, to let you finish your repast."

"You do not disturb me in the least," said he; "do as you wish. You have one shot to fire and you may do it now or later. I shall always be at your disposal."

I turned toward the witnesses and said that I would not fire that day, and the duel was ended.

"I took leave and came to live in this little burg, and here never a day has passed that I have not thought of revenge. Now the hour has come."

He drew from his pocket the letter that he had received that day. Some one had written him that the person in question had just married a charming young girl.

"Well," said Sylvio, "I am going to Moscow, and then we shall see if death has no more terrors for him than it had upon the day when we ate his cherries."

Several years passed, and the condition of my affairs forced me to live in a little village in the district of N——. At the distance of several versts from where I lived was a rich estate belonging to the Countess B——; but the attendant lived upon it alone. The countess was there not quite a month during the first year of her marriage, and now, upon the second spring of my solitude, for it was a veritable solitude that pervaded the village and oppressed me, the report came that the countess and her husband were going to pass the summer there, and sure enough upon the 1st of June they arrived. I will admit that the coming of my young and beautiful neighbor was an event in my life, and I literally burned with impatience to talk with her, for in my retirement I had almost died with ennui. And that is why upon the first Sunday after their arrival I went across the fields to inform them that I was their nearest neighbor and most humble servant. The footman conducted me to the library of the count and went to announce my arrival.

The immense library was luxuriously furnished, the walls were lined with bookcases and over each case was a bronze bust, the floor was covered with a Persian rug, and the marble fireplace was ornamented by a huge glass. Overcome with much unaccustomed luxury, I awaited the count with the sensation of a provincial solicitor who awaits the arrival of a minister.

The door opened and a man of thirty-two or thirty-three years entered. He was a man of noble carriage and a handsome face. The count, for it was he, came toward me with a frank and friendly air. I tried to recover myself, but as I stammered some words of excuse the count interrupted me. We seated ourselves, and I had partially recovered my composure when I saw the countess enter, and I felt worse than before.

She was truly very beautiful. The count introduced me to her; and the more I tried to appear at ease the more embarrassed I became, and that I might recover the count and countess began to talk together and at last began to talk to me as though I were an old acquaintance, that is to say, without ceremony; meanwhile I examined the books. I am not a connoisseur of pictures, but one caught my eye; it was a landscape of Switzerland; but it was not at the scene nor the execution that I looked; it was a double hole made by pistol shots that had pierced the picture.

"The deuce. A mighty fine shot that," said I to the count.

"Yes," said he, "a remarkable shot, is it not?" and he asked me if I shot well.

"Passably," I said. "At thirty paces I am pretty sure of putting a ball into a playing card."

"Ah," said the countess, very attentively, and turning toward her husband, "Can you do as well?"

"We might try," said the count. "There was a time when I was perfect at that exercise; but for four years I have not touched a pistol."

"Then we might be about equal," said I, "as I know by experience that through lack of practice one very soon loses the knack. The best shot I ever knew used to practice every day, and he would cut three balls upon the edge of a knife before breakfast."

"And how did he shoot?" asked the count.

"Well, for instance," said I, "if he happened to see a fly upon the wall—you laugh, countess, but I tell you the truth—he would call: 'Cousma, a pistol;' the domestic would bring one loaded, and he would hardly take time to aim before—paf! the fly wrs crushed in the wall."

"That was wonderful," said the count, "and who was he?"

"Sylvio."

"You know Sylvio?" cried the count, bounding to his feet.

"Why should I not have known him? He and I were friends. He was received into our regimental society, but I have not heard of him for five years. But I suppose you knew him?"

"Yes, I knew him, and well, too, I assure you. If he was your friend, as you say, he probably told you a strange story."

"That of a slap in the face that he received?"

"Yes. Did he tell you the name of him who slapped him?"

"No, never."

Then, all at once struck with an idea, and looking at the count: "It was you," said I.

"Yes, it was I," said the count, with some agitation, "and that pierced picture is a souvenir of our last interview."

"My dear, do not tell the story," said the countess, "you know it always makes me ill."

"No," said the count. "Monsieur knows how I slapped his friend, and he must know how he was revenged. I have been married five years. The first month of our marriage we passed in this village. One evening I and the countess were out riding, when her horse shied and she jumped to the ground, throwing her reins to me, and she walked back to the house. Upon arriving there I saw a traveling carriage, and I was informed that a visitor waited to see me in the library, and that he had refused to give his name. I entered the room and saw a man with a long beard and covered with dust seated in a corner. He was close to the fireplace. I halted a moment looking at him. 'You don't know me?' said he, with a sinister vibration in his voice. 'Sylvio?' said I, and I felt my hair rise and stand on end. 'It is my turn to shoot now.' 'Are you ready?' said he. He had a pistol at his belt. I made a sign that I recognized his right, and measuring a dozen paces I placed myself in the corner, asking him to fire quickly that my wife might not have time to enter. 'I cannot see,' said he; 'let us have a light.' I ordered one, and closed the door behind the servant, took my place, and asked that I might not be made to wait long. He saw that I counted the seconds—I was thinking of her. It was a frightful minute. Sylvio let his hand fall. 'It is too bad that the pistol is loaded with a ball and not a cherry stone; it is so heavy that it tires my hand.' Then, after a minute that was an age to me, he said: 'Truly this is not a duel; this is an assassination. I am not in the habit of shooting at an unarmed man. Let us recommence.' My head whirled. I believe that I did not at first consent. However, I remember that we loaded two pistols, and threw a couple of pieces of paper into the casquette that I had pierced. Chance favored me again; I was to shoot first 'You are mighty lucky,' said he, with a smile that I shall never forget. I don't know how it happened, but, instead of hitting my adversary, the ball went into that picture."

He pointed to the picture, and then his face was purple; that of the countess was pale, almost livid.

"Sylvio raised his pistol and aimed again. The expression on his face told me that I should not have long to wait. All at once the door opened and Marie entered, ran to me, and threw herself upon my shoulder. Her presence made me cool. I made an effort and laughed. 'You ninny,' said I, 'do you not see that we are only amusing ourselves? Go and drink a glass of water and return, and then I will introduce to you an old friend of mine.' 'Monsieur, in the name of heaven is it true that you are only amusing yourselves?' saiy she, addressing Sylvio. 'Yes, yes,' said he, 'it is true that we are only playing. It is the custom of the count to play. One day in playing he boxed my ears; another day, again playing, he sent a ball through my casquette; again in playing he has missed me for the last time. Now it is my turn to play. Upon saying these words he aimed at my heart. Marie understood all and threw herself at his feet. 'Ah,' said I to myself, 'are you not ashamed of yourself?' and, furious, I cried, 'Look here, monsieur, are you going to finish this? Are you going to shoot? Yes or no?' 'No,' said Sylvio. 'Why not?' 'No, I am content. I see your fear, your terror. Twice you have shot at me and twice you have missed me. You will remember it, and I will leave you with your conscience.' He went toward the door to go out; but stopping upon the threshold he hastily took aim and fired, then went out, and that I might not doubt his aim he put his ball exactly in the same place with mine. My wife was gone. The servants could only look at her with fright."

And thus it was that I learned the sequal to that strange story.

SNAKES HER ONLY FRIENDS.

A Female Hermit Who Died Surrounded by Reptiles.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

A singular character, by name Martha Ann Tillson, and who was known as the "snake woman," died near Salem, Va., recently. She lived in a little cabin at the foot of Twelve O'clock Knob, and led a hermit's life, having no one to share her abode except snakes. By the few who were ever allowed to see the interior of her cabin it is said to have literally swarmed with her strange companions, with which she ate and slept, and which were to be seen lying in her bosom and coiled about her neck, body and limbs whenever she was caught sight of.

Her extraordinary predilection for these unpleasant creatures is supposed to have arisen from a morbid feeling that she was, like them, hated of men, for, naturally deformed, she had received in addition an injury to the spine while an infant, and, though perfectly sound in mind, was of so sensitive a nature as to render her miserable and uneasy in the presence of any but her parents. She was observed to steal away every day with a pan of milk, and on being followed was found to be caressing a dozen or so of hideous rattlesnakes, while they drank from the vessel, which she held in her lap. Horrified, her parents tried to reason with her, then to punish, and finally to confine her, in an endeavor to break her of her fondness for the reptiles, but she pined so for her pets that they feared she would die if kept from them.

She was a little, fair woman of about forty-five, with sandy hair, very abundant and long, which she wore in a number of tight plaits, which, combined with her deformity and the old, miscellaneous style of dressing, the result of her refusal to hold any communication with a fellow being, served to make her a most remarkable looking object. She was looked upon as a witch by the negroes about, who declared her to be possessed of the evil eye, and hated and feared her accordingly, though her life was a quiet, harmless one. She had been dead some days when discovered, and her dead body was literally covered by a writhing mass of snakes, which had to be killed before it could be removed, for the reptiles turned viciously on all approaching the remains. On her heart was found coiled a huge rattlesnake dead.

The Ghost Was Bats.

Strange and unaccountable noises for a long time disturbed the rest of Wallace Salisbury's family at Little York, Cortland county, N. Y. The mystery was solved the other day by the discovery under the eaves of the homestead of over a hundred bats. After the bats had been properly killed and burled no more trouble was experienced.

BEFORE AND AFTER TAKING.

Picnic morning,
Bright and fair,
Golden sunshine,
Balmy air.
What a pleasure
Thus to go
Where the woodland
Breezes blow.
Happy hours,
Free from care,
Joy and beauty
Everywhere.
Through the leafy
Woods we'll stray,
Gracious, gladsome
Picnic day.

Picnic evening,
What a plight!
Rained from ten
O'clock till night.
Flossy garments,
Once so nice,
Filled with mud
And beggars' lice.
Dinner ruined,
Pies and cakes
Food for ants
And garden snakes.
Full of doleful,
Dark dismay,
Dirty, drizzly
Picnic day.

—Chicago Herald.

STILLWATER NEWS.

Funeral of Frank Peterson---Other Events of Sunday.

The funeral of Frank A. Petersou, who was drowned in Lake St. Croix, opposite the city, early Saturday evening, was held yesterday from the undertaking rooms of Wing & Simonet, the services being conducted by Rev. J. L. Haff, of the Swedish Lutheran church, of which deceased was a member. The untimely death of young Peterson, who was greatly respected, brings sorrow to a great many friends. After the day's work at the East Side Lumber company's mill, Peterson immediately went alone to take a bath before supper. He was unable to swim, and went beyond his depth into the current and was swept down. Some boys saw his peril, but before help arrived Peterson had sunk for the last time.

Rev. M. E. Murphy, the Catholic chaplain, delivered an especially eloquent and effective sermon at the prison chapel yesterday morning, his theme being "The Universal Fatherhood of God," showing that, however despised or condemned by men, all are equally God's children and beloved by Him. He exhorted his hearers to ever remember that whatever their present worldly environments or condition, they were in a sense brothers of Christ, and capable of obtaining a share in His kingdom. The attendance of citizens was large.

A North Main street saloonkeeper will be arraigned in the municipal court this morning to explain his conduct in selling to several little boys two or three pints of whisky Saturday night. The boys were from thirteen to fitteen years of age and became beastly drunk on the liquor.

G. A. Benson, captain of the hook and ladder, and for a long time a valuable member of the fire department, has resigned his position. His action is said to have been precipitated by certain incompatibilities between himself and another official occupant of the engine house.

The Turnverein picnic at Prince & Harper's grove yesterdav was largely attended, and a great amount of enjoyment was afforded by the dance and foot races. The members of the Norweglan Ski club took their annual outing at Carnelian lake.

County Attorney Lee goes to Marine to-day to attend to the case of a man, name unknown here, who is charged with robbing Nels Thompson of $36 Saturday night. The stolen money was found on the culprit's person when he was arrested.

The city council, mayor and other city officials start to-morrow morning over the "Soo," road for Sault Ste Marie, the excursion being a complimentary affair tendered by the "Soo" management.

The Kit Carson, Raveuna and Netta Durant cleared yesterday with log rafts. Lake St. Croix registers three feet above low water mark and is falling.

The marriage banns of John Muldoon and Miss Sarah E. Lawler were published yesterday at St. Michael's church.

Lost Their Coats Courting.

A Philadelphia man who had always been looked upon as a hard-working, honest mechanic is the father of two daughters, each of whom had a suitor. During the winter these young men, when they started to go home one evening, found their overcoats missing from the rack in the hallway. The theft was reported to the police, who blamed it on sneak thieves. One of the young men had no less than three overcoats stolen during the winter, and the other lost two, besides his hat. Five other friends who made informal calls also missed their coats. The father of the girls was the most active in denouncing the thief when the losses were discovered.

Recently all the coats were found at a down-town pawnbroker's office, and the description of the man who pawned them tallied exactly with that of the father of the girls, who moved away very suddenly while the young men were deliberating whether they should secure his arrest or not.

Created a Sensation in Boston.

A rather pretty woman, mounted on a powerful bay horse, created a sensation in the Back Bay district of Boston the other morning. It was not her faultless equipment or well-fitting habit that drew the attention of the Beacon street residents. She rode astride, clothespin fashion, just like a man. Her seat was good, and she managed the big bay with the skill of an accomplished horsewoman. Those who saw her say that the lady appeared to far better advantage than those of her sisters who precariously cling to the side saddle and assume a pleasure they do not feel. It is the first time the Miller style of horsemanship has been seen in Beston.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

To tone up the system and stimulate the appetite, take Angostura Bitters. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, sole manufacturers. At all druggists.

Cheap Excursions to Port Arthur, Ont.

The St. Paul & Duinth are selling excursion tickets from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Port Arthur, 200 miles down the north shore of Lake Superior, at $16 for the round trip, including meals and berths on steamer.

The St. P. & D. "Limited" train leaving St. Paul at 2:15 p. m., Minneapolis at 1:45 p. m., makes close connections at Duluth Sundays and Wednesdays with the elegant steamers United Empire and Campana, of the Beatty Line, leaving Duluth at 7:30 p. m. People who cannot take the time for an extended trip will find the above a highly enjoyable substitute, as it offers an opportunity of combining with a pleasure trip to Duluth a trip on two of the most complete lake boats, with a daylight run along the most interesting portion of the north shore of Lake Superior.

For further particulars call on C. E. Stone, City Ticket Agent, 162 East Third st., St. Paul.

Concert—White Bear Lake.

The St. Paul & Duluth railroad will run a special train from St. Paul to White Bear lake Tuesday and Friday nights, to accommodate those who desire to attend the popular musical entertainments at Ramaley's Pavilion, Lake Shore, given by the Great Western Band, under the leadership of George Seibert. Special train will leave Union Depot at 7:50; returning, leave White Bear at 12 o'clock.

An interesting musical programme will be rendered from 8:15 to 9:30; dancing till midnight. As these entertainments are under the direct supervision of Mr. Ramaley, a quiet, enjoyable time is assured.

DR. T. J. PEARCE,

PRIVATE DISPENSARY.

O 371 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.; 230 Hennepin Av., Minneapolis, Minn. Chronic, Nervous and Private Diseases. Young Men, Middle-Aged Men and all who are suffering from the effects of INDISCRETION or EXPOSURE, causing Nervous Debility, URINARY THOUBLES, Sores in the Mouth or Throat, Weak Back, Ulcers, Pimples, Falling of the Hair, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Loss of Energy, Constipation, or Piles, are treated by New Methods with never-failing success. 5,000 cases treated annually. Remember!

WE GUARANTEE TO FORFEIT $500

For any case of NERVOUS WEAKNESS or BLOOD POISONING which we undertake and fail to cure. Thousands have been cured by us where others have failed. 19 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. LADIES who suffer from any form of Female Weakness, Painful or Irregular Sickness, are speedily and permanently cured. Offices and Parlors private, NO EXPOSURE. Consultation free. Call or write for List of Questions. Medicines sent by Mail and Express everywhere. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. Sundays, 10 to 12

AMUSEMENTS.

HARRIS'-:-THEATER!
TO-NIGHT AT 8.
Wilbur Opera Company
—IN—
THREE BLACK CLOAKS!
25c to all parts of the house 25c.

ST. PAUL MUSEUM
Kohl & Middleton.
Keeping Everlastingly at It