

A DUEL THAT FAILED

HONOR WAS SAVED WITHOUT THE SHEDDING OF BLOOD.

Colonel Bunker Tells How the Code Was Outraged in the Preliminaries and How a Sanguinary Outcome Was Happily Averted.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.] "I had gone to a small town in Mississippi to rest and recuperate, sub."

THE DEATH OF THE WORLD.

Scientists Fail to Agree as to How the End Will Come.

Scientists seem to agree that the earth some day is to be destroyed by a gigantic cataclysm, but fall to agree upon the "how."

DOWN THE MOUNTAIN

A BOWLER THAT WAS STARTED ROLLING JUST FOR FUN.

The Senator's Story of a Thoughtless Act That Nearly Escaped Resulting in a Tragedy—A Lucky Bound into the Air.

CAR FARES IN GERMANY.

The Method of Collection and Inspection Prevents Frauds.

The chances of erasing fares on the street cars of German cities are very slight.

AN AMERICAN DINNER PARTY.

Here is Clement Scott's picture of an American dinner party: "You are no sooner ushered into the reception room than you feel at home in a half second."

WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.

"Just before Montana became a state," said a citizen of Helena, "the Clark-Carter contest occurred, and most bitterly it was fought out."

MISCELLANEOUS.

LAWYERS.

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D. R. J. H. GILES Physician and Surgeon SUTTER CREEK, CAL.

D. R. C. A. HERRICK DENTIST JACKSON, CAL.

MISCELLANEOUS. L. OETTINGER S. N. KNIGHT

KNIGHT & CO. Sutter Creek, Cal.

BUILDERS OF WHEELS OF Interest and most approved patterns, and kinds of sheet iron pipe. Every description of mining and mill machinery made at the shortest notice.

It's Not Expensive. It's the quality that's high in Tea Garden Drips, Toboggan Maple Syrup and Pelican Louisiana Molasses.

J. H. LANGHORST Main Street, Jackson

AMERICAN WATCHES, CLOCKS JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE

Repairing of watches, clocks and jewelry a specialty.

L. A. KENT Blacksmith Wagonmaker and Horseshoer

CARRIAGE PAINTING AND GENERAL SMITHING attended to with dispatch at reasonable rates. What's old stand, South Main street, Near National Hotel, Jackson.

THE CITY PHARMACY. ROBERT I. KERR Main Street JACKSON

Union Stables Under Webb Hall MAIN STREET JACKSON, CAL.

M. NEWMAN, Prop. Special Attention Paid to Transient Stock.

Defining a Function. "Uncle Aleck, what is a piano recital?"

Check to Fidelity. "The Chinese minister says the costumes worn by American women strike him as being in some respects ridiculous," said Mrs. Blykins.

The Real Puzzle of Life. Fidella—Flavilla, doesn't the great mystery of our being all you with awe and wonder?

Do the man who worries about himself ever think that he is worrying about a thing of which the world makes little note?—St. Louis Star.

Whenever a mother's attention is called to her children, she makes a dive at them and wipes their noses.—Athens Globe.

There is something wrong with the appetite of a small boy who can wait patiently for his dinner.—Chicago News.

What's the matter with you? "Well, that the Lord I never worked on a farm."

The member replied, "You are probably going to run for the presidency some time, Mr. Reed, and if you do I'll placard that statement all over the country. And what could you do about it?"

The big fellow mused awhile and said: "Nothing—except to try you as an infernal liar!"—Success.

Found the Ends. An Irishman who was out of work went on board a vessel that was in the harbor and asked the captain if he could find him work on the ship.

Adjusted by Reporters. "Well, that bumps me!" said the colonel. "I know that the cheek of those newspaper reporters is always in full flower, but I didn't know that they assumed to legislate for the state."

Whistler's Story. "A Colorado millionaire—extremely millionaire—one who was getting up an art gallery, went to Whistler's studio in the Rue du Bac," says Vance Thompson in his Paris letter to The Saturday Evening Post.

The Sons of Clergymen. De Candelle, the distinguished French savant, says that the sons of ministers have contributed to science more eminent men than has any other class.

A Freak of Lightning. Lightning performed a strange feat near Onocota, Pa., during the recent thunderstorm, says the Oil City Derrick.

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Three fine cows belonging to a farmer had been turned out to pasture in a field on which the new grass is already quite high, and when the shower came on they gathered together in one corner under some trees.

There is a wire fence running close by the spot where they were standing, and a bolt of lightning was attracted to it and ran along the slender wire until the cows were reached, when it glanced off striking the animals and killing all three instantly.

A Story For Papa. There is a moral in this little story of child life.

"Mamma," asked little 3-year-old Freddie, "are we going to heaven some day?"

"Yes, dear, I hope so," was the reply.

"I wish papa could go, too," continued the little fellow.

"Well, and don't you think he will?" asked his mother.

"Oh, no," replied Freddie, "he could not leave his business!"

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"A duel with scythes, sub—a meeting on the field of honah with farming implements! No gentleman's dignity would permit of it. I argued and protested and disputed, but General Blum and the public were firm. In standing to my guns I lost prestige, but the end of three days scarcely a man in town would nod to me, and the newspapers were asking if Colonel Bunker was afraid. It was then, sub, and only then, that I resolved to fight the general with his own weapons. I must do it to save my prestige. The public was with me at once. I had my pick of 20 different scythes, and I was determined from the first that I would begin at the general's heels and gradually cut him down to his neck. No mercy should be shown in such a case. Public excitement ran as high as if a state election was being held, and when the morning of the duel came there were hundreds on the ground to see. I set to with my scythe on my shoulder and was first on the ground, but the general was only a few minutes behind me. I had planned to begin at his heels, but his plan was to begin at my head. I saw it in his eyes as we stood there. Yes, sub, he meant to decapitate me at the first sweep. My plan was to cut him down to his neck, but he had a special scythe, and he had secured one about two rods long.

"By and by we were ready. I felt my loss of dignity, but I had to save my honah. The word was about to be given, and in another moment the

difference between a charge of cavalry and a drove of mules. When he had related how he led his division at Gettysburg, dashed forward at Spottsylvania and received three wounds at Petersburg, I rose up—I rose up to my full height, sub—and, looking him straight between the eyes, I said:

"General Blum, you'll excuse me, sub, but where can I find yo'r wah record?"

"Nowhere," he replied. "They were so jealous of me that it has never been written up."

"I had a few other words, sub, and I felt that it was due to my dignity to challenge him. He received the challenge coolly and sent his friend to arrange matters. Claiming to be a soldier and a gentleman, he selected pickaxes as weapons. Think of it, sub—think of a gentleman taking such a course! I refused, of course. Then he turned to plantation hoes, to cotton hooks, to ball clubs and to long handled shovels. It was my duty under the circumstances to preserve my dignity, and it has gone down in history that I preserved it. I insisted that we fight with sword or pistol, and I refused to dignify him by debating his proposals. Then General Blum himself called to see me. He found me frigid and determined. 'Colonel