NOT TO THE SAN OF DOLLARS.

[illegible]

COLONEL GIRARDEAU.

In Allotment, N. M., there lived some years ago an old gentleman named Colonel Girardeau, who hailed from Missouri. As is well known, it was announced unceremoniously in the early days in Arizona, New Mexico and Texas that a man has no real name. We accepted the names that were given.

Allotment was a town before the school days, before the United States acquired the territory. What it is about is what happened to the town yet, the one built around the railroad depot.

I was on my way from San Francisco to Washington in the early eighties, and owing to some blockade in the mountains to the east of Allotment I was "tied up" in that town for several days. In the morning of my arrival I met a man whom I knew, and was introduced to him to nearly every human being in the place who was at all introducable, among others I was introduced to Colonel Guy Bonton Girardeau, a lawyer of the place. "Old Guy," he was called by his friends, "Kriss" or "Kriss Kringle" or "Kersee Gersee" to his faro boys both politician and lawyer, and at his living by either or both, but was now given to talking to barrooms than to talking for his clients in courts.

Taking me aside, as he was wont to do, Colonel Girardeau carried a pistol—and that he did not believe in carrying one, that he had for little more to fight a highwayman for, and a pistol in my absence, there was always an ounce dwelt for that.

If you have ever been to Allotment you doubtless remember the Star of the West saloon, near the station, where we ran our drink, food or a game at any hour of the day or night.

"Everything is open," said the colonel "as we distribute the place. Everything is free in view of all, and to one drinks the less of a man for taking a social before breakfast any more than he does for taking breakfast, but does one too code by playing at faro or any game of chance. Money is earned to be spent in a jolly, generous fashion, and in war a gentleman wants to spend his money in the way a gentleman ought to spend it. I was born, gentlemen, in St. Louis fifty-odd years ago. It was a town then. Now it's like Philadelphia—stiff, gentlemen, for a man of spirit to live in.

"When St. Louis began to put on a stiff hat on Sunday I left the place, the town of my birth, and went to Kansas. Too Kansas began to improve, as the professor say, and I quit. I've been coming west since then, and now I've been in Allotment two years, and it's what has taken to gentlemen. It's the Star of the West. You can drink and game every day in the month and not be any a week. You gentlemen, that live in the boulevard, happened born in the year 1861. It has only one lack. They don't believe in the code duello. They think it's the short or sight principle. It's wrong, gentlemen—wrong. The end principle of a gentleman making his will or declining an invitation to dinner or going into a hell."

After breakfast I met the colonel again. Somehow I spoke about the code duello.

"By the way," said the colonel, "I have an affair on hand tomorrow."

"Affair" said I, greatly astonished.

"Yes," he answered, "Sheridan Fellows backed me last night, and this morning I sent a challenge to all three and we fight tomorrow at daybreak. Dr. X. will be our surgeon. Won't you attend as a witness or as an assistant?"

"As an assistant," I replied, still greatly surprised, "but not as an assistant or as a witness. I am due in Washington on the 12th."

"I hadn't of this country," continued the colonel, "by the barbarous case of shooting on sight, or telling your adversary to go and kill himself, and then shooting when you are with other. I let everybody that I believe in the code duello, and I hold only to the principle, honor and health. I must now go to my office to arrange some papers. If I do not see you again before then, be at the railroad station, where your Pullman is, a little before daybreak, where we will meet and I will pick you up and take you to the ground. But only for to have another drink before we part."

* * * * * * *

I must tell you what I did not know accidentally. For some time the Star had been a source of much laughter to the frequenters of the saloon on account of his thousand pounds bodies, and especially on account of Sheridan Fellows's shooting on sight and another energy gentleman in long of duelling. Two of the tallest lived were in the town of the West the night before I arrived, laughing about "sight duels," when one proposed that they go to school with him. One could agree to take his side and work them out as he naturally another could be a little open and be a witness, and could describe him as fully wounded, and then would kill the colonel. If the colonel was the bullet and did not duck, either himself or his second, the surgeon would be ready, extracting the bullet and replacing them with patented gauze wads.

They were much surprised when the colonel not only took up the insults, but challenged all three to fight him shortly, personally. The meeting was arranged for, and the seconds went away to prepare the cartridges, and, as we knew every, the colonel gave up the afternoon to arranging his papers and writing letters.

Dr. X., of the town, Geronimo and I were the only men not in the honorable political pens.

Just shortly after daybreak they picked me up and we took the train, and, about a mile from the station, The seconds had brought the four pistols under their overcoats. It was quite chilly.

When we reached the place they put down big pistols and began measuring off the distance—thirty-five paces, I think, they made it; long case too. While they were so occupied the colonel were up to where the pistols were and began examining them for himself. He seemed come to be handling them. We were a little astonished at this but we thought his adversaries and the seconds watched him closely.

Suddenly the colonel stood up, and in a loud and widely false voice, hailing toward his opponents:

"Gentlemen, I begin to see more clearly under cover of you that you stand fronting me in a row, so my second tells me has been arranged. Now, when I shoot, I of course stand closer one of you, and as I may get killed in the fray that it is manifestly unfair that two of you should not have the chance of being killed by me. The one I shoot at will be killed certainly. I am an expert. Now, gentlemen, allow me to suggest to Mr. Gillen, who is both taller and broader than either Mr. O'Farrell or Mr. Schneider, that he stand in the rear; that Mr. O'Farrell, who is next to him, stand in front of Mr. Gillen, and that Mr. Schneider, who is diminutive, stand in front of both and all stand close up. In that way you can all stand close under the other, and each one may thus have a chance of getting shot in case my excellent friend is poorly loaded with powder."

They all scooted immediately.

There was a pause. The colonel's second looking away, thinking. Of a sudden he turned around, and lifting his hat said, "With your permission, gentlemen," then took up a pistol, cocked it and shooting quickly at an oyster can about fifty yards off fired. The can was not hit. I heard him mutter, "This is strange." He cocked the revolver again—again fired. "What, not even that!" I heard him say.

Again he cocked the revolver, then aimed and fired. Nothing.

"Gentlemen," he said, turning round, "there is something wrong here, but fortunately I have some 41-caliber cartridge in my coat—enough to look at large guns," and he walked toward his overcoat.

The two seconds and the third principals looked at each other. When they saw the colonel pull out a box of cartridges they turned around simultaneously and ran—ran like mad, toward the hotel, the cars in the track.

The colonel had his back toward his pursuers, and was so occupied throwing out the empty shells that he did not hear them going, the distance and I alone remaining. Suddenly he yelled:

"Stop, cartridges! Fraud, by ——!" and turning around he saw them disappearing. He pulled a few cartridges out of the box and started after them loading as he ran. "Don't we take time stop—stop—fire—then fire again. We have no time to load." Then he stopped, then we heard his yell; then we saw him run faster than before. The colonel had another shot after them, but they were too fast. Then he returned to me.

We examined all the pistols. All were loaded with powder and paper wads.

Geronimo was white with anger.

"This insult I shall never forgive."

He grabbed his box of cartridges and started after them, holding his pistol in each hand. We followed. When we reached the crest of the hill they were out and started on again. When they saw we still coming they continued up the track on a run, one limping badly.

We then had a freight train, and as it slowed up they swung on. We then returned to town.

I left most meaning for Washington, having requested Dr. X. to write me the particulars of the outcome.

Two days after the Alert three days after you left, arrangements were made to interview to allow the same interview. The seconds met and agreed that the affair should be settled, but it had not.

Mr. Gillen Beatty was chosen to call on the colonel and inform him of the decision. Beatty, who had not money was all gone, and, for breakfast and being at work, consented to stand for the occasion.

He then began pleading to O'Farrell.

"Mister," said he, pleadingly, "do you need two bullets?"

"Of course not," she answered, turning fiery red.

"I thought not," said he, as he politely opened the door to let her pass out. "Madam, your husband for your sake can return with one bullet in his head, but if you consented, both the others return to the top of their shoulders. Good day."

Gillen had informed O'Farrell and Schneider have found each Mr. Beatty and the two seconds were out for their things and are going up north.

You can tell to say that one practical joke has been set against the Schneider.

As I was coming here to write with letter I met Schneider in the Star of the West.

"Colonel," said he, "I have a proposition of the most fine nature which is your subject."

"Do not personally or to the world."

"Not personally."

"Then tell the world this 'Do not murder with Schneider'."

With kindest regards from the colonel and myself, yours sincerely, A. H. B.

—Frank Lathrop in San Francisco Argonaut.

Millions of Fish a Year.

The people of this meadow sphere cannot be to very ignorant after all, for it is a well authenticated fact that a million fish are caught in San Diego daily, to say nothing of pearls and gold and brass rings.

What Overwork Does.

There is a general agreement as to the fact that for a large number of our people overwork is the bane of existence. It not only exhausts their vitality, prematurely cutting short their lives, but it seriously interferes with their success, ruining their business has valuable and spoils the happiness of their lives. It does not even end here. It affects others who are preparing to their successes, for the family and friends of an overworked man always suffer. Jaded and worn he cannot fulfill his duties to them, nor afford them the comfort and happiness which he would fain and which they have a right to expect. He is, in truth, but half a man while he lives and is probably preparing to live out but half his days.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Bob's Line Being a Gentleman.

Among Captain R. W. Hazard's good stories on some of Colonel Wellington, at second, could remember as the Dole of Rogue, was one of a story of a wager made in Wellington's regiment. After the declaration of war with France, and when an invasion of England was feared, some volunteer companies were formed, and that regiment was selected to drill one of them. Soon, through the influence of an officer of the regiment, he received a commission in the Rogue Hussars.

The regiment went to India, but being quite unaccustomed to service and unwieldy, soon found himself out of place, and was then offered to Lord Hill for the commander, Colonel Wellesley, was in Calcutta. He received leave of absence and hastened to the ship, where he called upon the colonel and explained his misunderstanding position.

"Sir," he said, "I am tired of being a gentleman and desire to be degraded back to my lower position. I ask, in lieu, a request to the Duke that again would be promoted to the ranks."

Colonel Wellesley was glad to have so capable a man in his service, but felt in honor bound to remonstrate with him for so hasty a step. He said:

"You have obtained the position of a gentleman," he said, "and should strive to become worthy of it. He advised him then to return to his regiment.

The recruit would not listen to him.

"Sir, I am yourself, sir," he said, "I am a gentleman in a regiment composed of men who are not gentlemen. I am tired of being called by my Christian name and on that which he desires, that when a man called a colonel, he used always to drill the 'a' in his mouth, and I am tired of being called by my surname with familiarity. I would rather be a private in the line, and instead of my superior officers addressing me as 'Hazard' or 'Bob' I would be addressed as 'Private Hazard,' and proud with trying to act the gentleman."

The man returned to his old place in Colonel Wellesley's regiment.

Charlotte Corbeau's Love Affair.

Charlotte Corbeau, the actress, was in love but once in her life. She met in Copenhagen, where she was playing at the Royal Court, with whom she fell in love. Through her affairs Cork was advanced to leading parts in the company, and her success was due to his influence.

One night the manager met a strange woman behind the scenes between the acts.

The woman came up to him and addressed her thus:

"You are Charlotte Corbeau, the great actress. Haven't you enough men in another you will not marry before then? Leave my husband alone."

"Your husband?" cried Miss Corbeau, astonished.

"Yes, I am his wife. I have taken or you are trying to take him from me," continued the lady, coming close to Miss Corbeau full in the face.

"Where is your husband?"

"Church Clerk," replied the woman. "He father of the child," pointing to a half starved, dirty-looking child by her side.

Miss Corbeau looked at the child and then at the woman.

She was through her part that night as usual—good it, of course—and when she reached her dressing room, after the performance, she sent for Clerk to come to her dressing room. Clerk, looked and looked in vain for Clerk. She hunted around for him but could not find him, and had to wait for him in the dressing room to receive him.

Such a reception! Charlotte Corbeau never had, and never will, see the man in all her life, or she, and that night in her dressing room. The worst Clerk ever saw—the greatest tragedy Miss Corbeau ever had—was when she sent Clerk to see Wilkes, and then going to her hotel provided she had a good cooking stove.

But she never loved again.—Philadelphia Times.

A Strange Building Legend.

Nine months ago men who were engaged in building a church in the line of the Pennsylvania railroad were astonished to find that every night the foundation of the wall which they had completed the day before had fallen to pieces during the night and was lying in a heap on the ground the next morning. Hard, of course, the men were, but they could not remember any reason why that should happen. Nevertheless they set to work to rebuild the wall before they left for their homes, and the next morning they found it in ruins. Nothing daunted, they set to work with the same result. Some of more active of them, Tom, Dick and Harry, said, and said that it was hardly been seen when Mamie's own voice appeared, carrying her husband's lunchbox. The curse was kept, and the wall was built in the form of a "Tom, Dick and Harry." Mamie's name was mentioned and her hand and head incorporated with the wall of masonry.

A curious practice of the Bulgarian peasants the above account brings to Dalmatia, which survives to this day, testifies to the reality of the legend. Someone the unlucky man who happens first to meet, or with a level the troubles of the first person who passes after the laying of the foundation has been sacrificed. When the building is completed the dead is buried under the first rock, namely, the remarkable.—St. Louis Republic.

Carmen and Angler.

The carmen considers the angler as the farce creature. What a fool a little some he is to get up so daylight and run to the river for the purpose of making a line in it from morning till night!

The carmen goes up at the same time, jumps into his boat and pulls all day long, and he knows from the theater that is a lesson over a carpet.

The angler gear numerously to does the carmen.

The angler now nodding of the country that surrounds him, neither does the carmen.

The carmen makes fun of the angler, and the angler never makes fun of the carmen.

The carmen sometimes troubles into the water, and he wears a pair of boots the angler close by takes him out. That is why the carmen despises the angler. He thoroughly laughs at the carmen. When the angler takes a fish out of the water, the carmen is concerned that and is buried under the first rock, namely, the remarkable.—St. Louis Republic.

The Time to Do the Counting.

The time to add days of inspection and review was not regarded as so much a virtue in the period of military compulsory service present. In a battle between French and Austrians in which Marshal Bazaine commanded the French forces, an officer of the staff said to the marshal: "They are very advancing. Shall I send a party to reconnoiter and see how numerous they are?" "No," said Bazaine, "we'll count 'em after we've beaten 'em."

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

[illegible]

JAPANESE LIVER PELLETS

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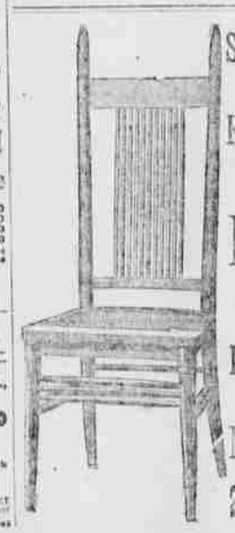

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