

experiment seem to consist of merely this: If a chance shower happens to come sailing along, a sufficient number of well-aimed and cloud-splitting explosions may bring it down.

CHICAGO TALKS of mounting her policemen on bicycles, says the *Minneapolis Times*; which prompts the suggestion that it is a good move; anything to facilitate their escape from the thieves who infest the town.

A message received from Springfield, Baca county, Colorado, states that Will Kreise, a youth of 17, accidentally shot himself with a revolver while on a hunting trip, causing a wound from which he died in fifteen minutes.

Thomas Logan, a Polander, who has for some time been employed at the Bimetallic smelter at Leadville, Colorado, is missing and his many friends are very anxious about his whereabouts. He had worked steadily up to and including the 6th, and that night he paid a small bill that he owed to one Zeller, the keeper of a second hand store, and also left some money for safe keeping. The next day, the 7th, he went back to Zeller and got the money, saying that he was going to try his luck on faro. He was not seen afterwards by any of his acquaintances, and it is feared that he has been foully dealt with. The sheriff's force and the police are doing everything in their power to ferret out this mystery.

The citizens of the coal mining camp of Williamsburg, near Florence, Colorado, are considerably worked up over a peculiar case that recently came up in the schools at that place. They charged that a teacher named Vorhise, who had control of the primary department of the school, resorted to unusual methods in punishing the scholars for disobedience. It is claimed that he frequently resorted to teeth-pulling, having pulled from one boy no less than five teeth. The Williamsburg people further claim that when a punishment of this kind was inflicted, the teacher would threaten a worse punishment if the pupil told his parents. This thing went on for some time before it became known in the community, but when it did become known it spread like wildfire. There happened to be some Italian children among those punished. Their parents presented the case to the board. Professor Vorhise's resignation was demanded, and, at a meeting held this week, the teacher's resignation was forthwith given. By this time the community was becoming so deeply stirred up over the matter that Vorhise left the town and his present whereabouts is unknown.

E. C. Clark, accompanied by his wife and three-year-old child arrived at the union depot, at Denver, from Idaho, a few nights ago. Soon after their arrival the wife was informed that she would have to rustle for herself and that he would have nothing more to do with her. He left her and their baby taking with him all the family funds. They were on their way to Cheyenne, where they expected to settle. Mrs. Clark remained in the depot, without food until next evening, when she was noticed crying and asked what was the matter. She told her pitiful story and the case was at once reported to the Helping Hand

Institute. Superintendent Tooke notified Chief Farley, and Officer Anderson was detailed to look into the case. He was provided with an order from the institute on a hotel for her temporary relief. Mrs. Clark and her child were found at the depot and relieved from their distressing situation. Officer Anderson started out on a still hunt after the heartless husband. He was successful, finding him in a scalper's office trying to sell the tickets. In the meantime, Mrs. Clark declared vehemently that she would never live with him again, but when the officer took him to the depot they both melted and, figuratively speaking, fell into each other's arms. The agent of the Helping Hand scared him by threatening incarceration in the jail, and he apparently repented his unmanly conduct and started for the Grand Central with his baby in his arms. Clark is a good-looking young cow puncher from the far north, apparently not more than 25 years of age. His wife is a pretty woman, not more than 19 or 20, with a girlish face and neat figure. Clark seemed deeply humiliated at his conduct and attributed his temporary brutality to an attack of the blues brought on by the fact that he was almost broke in a shortage of funds in a strange place. He had, it seems, plenty for their temporary wants, but was fearful of not being able to find employment in Cheyenne.

A FAMOUS DUEL.

(Lippincott)

To give an idea of what a brave man can do if he knows fencing thoroughly and but keeps cool and collected in danger, we will relate an historical duel. So extraordinary is this combat that it would be held a romance, had it not been witnessed by a whole army. The hero is Jean Louis, of whom we have already spoken as one of the great masters of the beginning of this century, and the duel happened in Madrid in 1813. He was the master-at-arms of the Thirty-Second Regiment of French Infantry; the First Regiment, composed entirely of Italians, formed part of the same brigade.

Regimental esprit de corps and rivalries of nationality caused constant quarrels, when swords were often whipped out or bullets exchanged. After a small battle had occurred in the streets of Madrid, in which over 200 French and Italian soldiers had taken part, the officers of the two regiments, in a council of war assembled, decided to give such breaches of order a great blow, and to re-establish discipline, they declared that the masters-at-arms of the two regiments should take up the quarrel and fight it out.

Imagine a whole army in battle-array on one of the large plains that surround Madrid. In the center of a large ring is left open for the contestants. This spot is raised above the plain, so that not one of the spectators of this tragic scene—gayly-dressed officers, soldiers in line, Spaniards, excited as never a bull fight excited them—will miss one phase of the contest. It is before ten thousand men that the honor of an army is about to be avenged in the blood of thirty brave men.

The drum is heard. The men, naked

to the waist, step in the ring. The first is tall and strong; his black eyes roll disdainfully upon the gaping crowd; he is Giacomo Ferrari, the celebrated Italian. The second, tall, also handsome, and with muscles like steel, stands modestly awaiting the word of command; his name is Jean Louis. The seconds take their places on either side of the principals. A death-like silence ensues.

"On guard!"

The two masters cross swords. Giacomo Ferrari lunges repeatedly at Jean Louis, but in vain; his every thrust is met by a parry. He makes up his mind to bide his chance, and caresses and teases his opponent's blade. Jean Louis, calm and watchful, lends himself to the play, when, quicker than lightning, the Italian jumps aside with a loud yell and makes a terrible lunge at Jean Louis,—a Florentine trick, often successful. But, with extraordinary rapidity, Jean Louis has parried, and responds quickly in the shoulder.

"It is nothing," cries Giacomo, "a mere scratch," and they again fall on guard. Almost directly he is hit in the breast. This time the sword of Jean Louis, who is now attacking, penetrates deeply. Giacomo's face becomes livid, his sword drops from his hand, and he falls heavily on the turf. He is dead.

Jean Louis is already in position. He wipes his reeking blade, then, with the point of his sword in the ground, he calmly awaits the next man.

The best fencer of the First Regiment has just been carried away a corpse; but the day is not yet over. Fourteen adversaries are there, impatient to measure swords with the conqueror, burning to avenge the master they had deemed invincible.

Jean Louis has hardly had two minutes' rest. He is ready. A new adversary stands before him. A sinister click of swords is heard, a lunge, a parry, a riposte, and then a cry, a sigh, and all is over. A second body is before Jean Louis.

A third adversary advances. They want Jean Louis to rest. "I am not tired," he answers, with a smile.

The signal is given. The Italian is as tall as the one who lies there a corpse covered by a military cloak. He has closely watched Jean Louis' play, and thinks he has guessed the secret of his victories. He multiplies his feints and tricks, then, all at once, bounding like a tiger on his prey, he gives his opponent a terrible thrust in the lower line. But Jean Louis' sword has parried, and is now deep within his opponent's breast.

What need to relate any more? Ten new adversaries followed him, and the ten fell before Jean Louis amid the excited yells and roars of an army.

At the request of the Thirty-second Regiment's colonel, who thought the lesson sufficient, Jean Louis, after much pressing, consented to stop the combat; and he shook hands with the two survivors, applauded by ten thousand men.

From that day fights ceased between French and Italian soldiers.

This wonderful and gigantic combat might be held a fable were not all the facts above stated still found in the archives of the Ministry of War.