

AN HISTORICAL DUEL

THIRTEEN SWORSMEN SLAIN BY ONE MAN.

A Scene More Exciting Than Any Battle in the Annals of Modern History—Ten Thousand Witnesses to the Terrible Work of One Sword.

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 a 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, one of the great masters of the beginning of last 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 decreed 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 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 10,000 men that the honor of an army is about to be avenged in the blood of thirty brave men.

The drum is heard. Two 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 their principals. A deathlike 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 on 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 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 we 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 10,000 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.—Lippincott's.

Fair Will Be a Go.

General satisfaction was expressed throughout the city yesterday when the news became noised about that the city council had taken steps to assist in the rapid acquisition by the Baker County Speed and Fair Association of suitable grounds within the city limits for the speed track and exhibition grounds.

There is little doubt but what all arrangements will be completed in due time and a first-class half-mile track built with grandstand and other

buildings before time for the county fair.

Commissioner Ebell is very much interested in the matter and is hard at work in arranging for the hanging of premiums in the agricultural and stock exhibit departments.—Baker City Democrat.

THE FIRE CROWD.

As a Rule It Likes a Big Blaze and Crashing Walls.

"There is one curious thing connected with fires," said a thoughtful man, "and that is the fact that while the fireman is always a hero in the public estimate and while men and women have all kinds of admiration for these brave fellows they yet want to see them get the worst of it in the fight against the flames. It is an interesting fact that the average man and woman are not at all anxious to see the firemen get the fire under control. They would much rather see the flames spread until the affair developed into an immense conflagration. Mind you, the trait is not at all vicious. There is no malice in it. It is simply the love of excitement and adventure, things that are so deep rooted in human nature that we may not control them at will. Besides, we want to develop our heroes to the limit. We want our firemen to fight a good fight against long odds and under great difficulties. We cannot quarrel with this feeling in the human makeup. After all, it is what one may call the poetry of human nature, and without it this old system of ours would be dull and prosaic indeed. Of course, you will always find a few persons around a fire who are directly concerned in the fight the firemen are making. They want to see the flames put out. In the case of some of the spectators it means bread and meat. It means the loss of a position or may be the loss of home. But I was speaking of the vast majority of men and women who gather to witness a fire. The fire is the thing with them. They want to see a big blaze and hear the crash of the walls and all that sort of thing. Did you ever take the trouble to analyze a fire crowd? In the first place an alarm of fire will draw a crowd quicker than anything in the world. Whenever the bells begin to clang and the engines go rushing down the street you will see men, women and children rushing this way and that in order to see as much as may be seen of the fire and fire fighters. The hour of day or night does not make so much difference. The crowd will get there in some way and for some reason, though the great majority of the persons have no sort of interest other than idle curiosity. Once on hand, they want to see a good fire, and that's why I say they want to see the flames get the best of the firemen. They will go away and talk about what a game fight the fire laddies made. Human nature is a curious thing, is it not?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Never Occurred to Him.

"I don't know why it is," said Mr. Glossop as he came downstairs red eyed and sleepy and greeted his guest, "but I never can get used to the striking of that clock in our room."

"It has such a loud, insistent 'bang' when it strikes the hours that it wakes me up nearly every time. We've had it in the house two or three years, but I can't become accustomed to it. We would have put it in the attic long ago, only it's a present from my wife's mother, and that would never do. Good clock, too, aside from that, but it worries me nearly to death. I wish I knew what to do with it."

"Why don't you wind merely the timekeeping part of it," said his guest, "and let the striking part go un-wound?"

"Johnson, you have saved my life!" exclaimed Mr. Glossop joyfully. "I never thought of that."

She Took Them at Their Word.

Keuka lake is one of the most attractive of the great chain of lakes in the interior of New York state. Bluff point at its head is a bold promontory which rises grandly and impressively. It was upon the banks of this lake that the famous "Jemima Wilkinson" founded a colony nearly three generations ago and announced that she could walk upon the water of the lake. A large crowd gathered to see her undertake the experiment. Turning to her followers, she asked, "Have you all faith that I can walk upon the water?" "We have! We have!" her followers replied. "Then there is no use in my undertaking to do so," she replied. "If ye have faith ye shall be repaid without my walking upon the water."—Syracuse Telegram.

An Apt Quotation.

The readiness of repartee of Thomas B. Reed was never better illustrated than on one occasion when he went to visit a friend who lived at the top of a long and narrow flight of stairs. Half way up Reed missed his footing and fell to the bottom. His friend, bearing the racket, rushed to the door and shouted down the semidarkness of the hall, "Who is that?" "Tis Elser rolling rapidly," drawled the man from Maine as he picked himself up.

It Will Be to Your Interest.

If you contemplate visiting the St. Louis Exposition, to secure reliable information as to railroad service, the lowest rates and the best routes. Also as to local conditions in St. Louis; hotels, etc., etc.

If you will write the undersigned, stating what information you desire, the same will be promptly furnished. If we do not have it on hand, will secure it for you if possible, and without any expense to you. Address B. H. TRUMBULL, Commercial Agent, 142 Third street, Portland, Ore.

Oxford and slipper sale at Teutach's.

THE JUNGLE BEAUTY

PLUCKS HER WARDROBE FROM TREES AND VINES.

Lace Bark is the Favorite Ball Dress Fabric of the Semi-Civilized Belle of the West Indies—Living Jewels That Outshine the Diamond.

Down in the tropical jungles of Central America and the West Indies the head of the family is not worried by milliners' and dressmakers' bills. The semi-civilized belle of these lands knows how to get nearly the whole of her costume from the jungle. She manufactures it herself from the materials she gathers from nature. Though she may be able in rare cases to get from the one shop ten or fifteen miles away a few yards of cloth with which to make her dress, any trimming she may wish to put upon it must be searched for in the woods.

Lace bark is her favorite material for making anything light and dainty. This lace bark is the film which covers the heart of the lace bark tree. The natives carefully remove it and soak it in running water for three or four days in order to get off the gum and unnecessary fiber. After that it is bleached on the sands by the river and sprinkled now and then to whiten it. When it has become a creamy white it is pressed with a hot iron or a heated stone and is ready for use. It has a fine lacy appearance and runs into more artistic patterns than any manufactured article. When made into a dress it is wonderfully beautiful.

The jungle girl uses it sparingly on her ordinary clothes, but for her ball dress flounce after flounce is used to give a fluffy look to the skirts. She knows that it becomes her as nothing else would.

Her jewelry consists of beautifully colored seeds strung together in the form of necklaces, bracelets and tiaras. In addition to these, on the night of the ball she catches the brilliant fireflies which swarm in the jungle and artistically arranges them in her dusky locks. The jungle girl would not exchange her "peenie wallahs," as she calls the fireflies, for the diamonds of the northern belle.

The jungle girl's hats are a marvel to behold. She weaves them herself from the jippi jappa grass, and can get any shape or style she fancies. She trims them with the netty fiber of the cocconut palm and the gorgeous wings of the mountain parakeet, which is shot and brought home by her father and brother. Even her parasol and umbrella are supplied by kindly nature. When the sun is too hot or the rain too heavy a big plantain or banana leaf does as well as anything bought in the largest stores of an American city.

A creole belle is as fond of perfume as the daintiest American woman and is just as particular that it shall be of the best kind. She goes to much more trouble to procure it, but then she knows that it is always pure and fresh. She first picks her fresh flowers, and then, by some process handed down from one generation to another, she distills it.

The secret method is often known to only a few families, and they would not give it away for any sum of money. The lucky holders of the secret are of course envied by all who know them. Although others may receive presents of the much valued scent from those in the secret, they cannot make it themselves and therefore cannot afford to be as lavish with it as they wish.

The tropical girl's soap is procured on the way to the bath. As she walks down to the river to bathe she stops here and there to gather soap berries and cuts a piece of stick called "chew-stick," which she uses as a toothbrush. She chews the end of it until it becomes quite soft and froth gathers at the end. She then rubs her teeth well with it. This is the best toothbrush on earth, as it not only prevents the teeth from decaying, but keeps them beautifully white and clean. People in other countries, knowing the value of this chewstick above all others as a dentifrice, have it powdered and exported to them.

In many parts of South America the natives cannot buy cloth to make their clothes, so they have to spin it themselves out of cocconut fiber, river weeds and bamboo fiber. The cloth woven from the bamboo fiber is very soft and silky.

Unlike the West Indians, the South American belle wears shoes of a kind. These are made of a coarse woven material like sailcloth, which is attached to soles of rawhide. They are the most comfortable shoes imaginable and are used by the soldiers of South America when on the march. They are called "alpaggatas," and Americans who have traveled in South America invariably bring them home to their wives and daughters for bath slippers. Those who are lucky enough to have a pair would not exchange them for any other slippers, however costly. No other footwear equals the "alpaggatta" for comfort and durability.—Washington Star.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured.

By local applications as they can not reach the diseased portions of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by Catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular free. P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists. 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

SKIN DISEASES

The Outcropping of Bad Blood

While not always painful these are agreeable expressions. With few exceptions they are worse in summer, when the system begins to throw off its poisons that have accumulated during the winter. Then boils and pimples, rashes and eruptions of various kinds make their appearance, and Eczema and Tetter—the twin terrors of skin diseases—Nettle Rash, Poison Oak and Ivy, and such other skin troubles as usually remain quiet during the cold weather, break out afresh to torment and distract by their fearful burning, itching and stinging. A course of S. S. S. now will purify and enrich the blood, reinforce and tone up the general system, carry off the bodily impurities through the channels. The skin, with good blood, remains smooth and free of all disfiguring eruptions, believing it to be the best medicine and tonic known to the world.

Send for our book on diseases of the skin, with full medical advice or any special information, you nothing.

NEW YORK, July 22.—A right royal welcome awaits Louis Scholes on his arrival from Henley, where he won the famous prize, the Diamond Sculls, in record breaking time, and from the finest scullers in England. James Pilkington, president of the National Rowing Association, and a large party of sporting men went down the bay this morning to meet the steamship Avalia, on which Scholes is a passenger. A big contingent is here also from Toronto to greet the young Irish-Canadian, including his father and brother, both of them famous oarsmen in their time; Darnan, his coach, and the old-time champion, "Ned" Hanlan. When Scholes reaches his native soil he will find a big order der way in his honor, and to men will conduct him to his native city.

Bayreuth Festival Co. Bayreuth, July 21.—The season began today with a performance of "Tannhauser" by Wagner conducted by Hans Richter. Miss Ina Schabert, San Francisco, took the leading role in the grotto scene. "The Ring of the Nibelung" will be produced next week. Full of strangers, though, are not so much in evidence as have been in some former

BECOMING A MOTHER

of the suffering and danger in store for her, robs the expectation of all pleasant anticipations of the coming event, and casts a shadow of gloom which cannot be shaken off. Thousands have found that the use of Mother's Friend during pregnancy, confinement of all pain and danger, and insures safety to life and child. This scientific liniment is a god-send to all women time of their most critical trial. Not only does Mother's Friend carry women safely through the perils of child-birth, but gently prepares the system for the coming event, prevents sickness, and other discomforts of this period.

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