

A STRANGE CONTEST.

How a Mother Prevented Her Son From Being Killed in a Duel.

By LEONARD MULLOY.
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In Louisiana about the middle of the last century there lived on a plantation left her by her husband a Mrs. Stewart with one son. She had been married at sixteen, and at thirty-six, when this boy, Fitz Hugh Stewart, was nineteen years old, she was a very young looking and still handsome woman. Indeed, the boy appeared more like her younger brother than her son. The two were devoted to each other.

One day there appeared in the parish where the Stewarts lived Pinkton Forshay, a man about forty years old, who gave out that he was intending to settle there for the purpose of practicing law. Forshay was a typical southerner of antebellum days—long hair, sombrero, tight trousers and a flowing skirt to his coat. He purported to have sprung from one of the oldest and best families of South Carolina and was quite free in small expenditures, such as wines, liquors, cigars, etc. Nevertheless he had little or no means, and it was his object to acquire a foothold in the community by making a profitable marriage.

Forshay and Fitz Hugh Stewart met at the house of a planter, and Fitz Hugh invited him to visit at the Stewart home. Forshay called and at once determined to make every effort to marry the widow. Expecting that the son would oppose his mother marrying a second time, he was very adroit about his courtship, concealing his intention from Fitz Hugh.



FORSYAY RECOGNIZED HER.

He proposed to Mrs. Stewart and was rejected. He proposed again and again received a refusal. Determined to force his way into the Stewart family and an interest in their possessions, he persisted in his proposals till he was at last treated by the widow with the severity he merited.

Mrs. Stewart, fearing to make trouble between her son and her suitor, kept the matter of his proposals to herself. Young Stewart noticed that Forshay came no more to the house, but thought little of his remaining away. Mrs. Stewart seldom joined in the social affairs in vogue among her neighbors, but her son did and was constantly meeting Forshay. But Fitz Hugh noticed that Forshay's manner toward him had changed. What had been an effusive friendliness had become a marked antagonism.

One evening at a social gathering of men Stewart made a remark which brought a sneer from Forshay. This was followed up by other overt acts plain to every one present. Stewart, fancying that his mother might have something to do with this treatment and dreading to have her name discussed, bore all patiently till Forshay made a remark to him that was positively insulting, when he replied in kind. Forshay slapped his face. The boy did not proceed further with the matter at the time, but when he went home apprised his mother of what had occurred.

This was at a time when the code duello was in vogue in Louisiana. Mrs. Stewart saw that a great misfortune had befallen herself and her son. If Fitz Hugh did not challenge Forshay he would be cut by all his acquaintances. If he did challenge him Forshay would doubtless kill him. In fact, the widow saw in this treatment of her son a spirit of revenge that was directed toward herself. She lay awake all night thinking over the matter and in the morning told Fitz Hugh that he must challenge Forshay.

A friend of the Stewart family, Walter Langstaff, was called in and requested to act as Fitz Hugh's second. He gave the information that Forshay had fought several duels and was a dead shot. Mrs. Stewart did not wince at this, maintaining her position that her son must send the challenge. Before Langstaff went with it to Forshay the mother instructed him as to the terms he should insist upon. The meeting must take place in some secluded spot, only a second for each principal and a surgeon should be present and Fitz Hugh Stewart should be permitted to fight masked.

If Langstaff were to be required to give a reason for this singular provision he should say that Stewart was

Young Folks

A Midget Horseman and His Big Friend.



The giant George Auger, whose picture you see here, was born in Cardiff, Wales. He is a trifle more than seven feet tall. His midget friend, Paul Oval, seated on the pony, is a native of Hungary and is only a little more than a foot and a half high. The giant and the midget are the same age. Sometimes the giant would put the midget in his coat pocket, and everybody thought it a great joke.

BOASTFUL SANDY.

How a Lazy Cat Was Fooled by an Artful Mouse.

We once had a cat named Sandy, who was large and yellow and had a long, bushy tail and silky ears. He was indeed ornamental, much more so than useful, for as a mouser Sandy was not a success.

Yet, in spite of other people's opinion, in his own eyes Sandy was the terror of all the mice in the state. To watch him at work was a treat. He set about mouse catching with much style, such as "see the conquering hero comes" air. And when he lost his mouse, as he nearly always did, he always assumed a bored attitude, as if to say, "Pray, don't imagine I really wanted to catch that mouse; it was merely for practice!"

At last, discouraged with Sandy's achievements, we bought a trap. Sandy was delighted with the trap, for he found a mouse in it nearly every morning, and he took to lying in wait and watching it.

One day as he waited he saw a gray mouse steal from a hole in the corner and approach the trap. Nearer and nearer he crept, but instead of getting himself caught he sprang the trap.

Like a gray streak the mouse made for his hole, and like a yellow streak Sandy followed him. But, as usual, the cat was too late, and the mouse got safely inside.

But now that he knew where the mouse lived Sandy determined to have him, so he sat very quietly by the mouse hole until the mouse should come out of his front door again. But the mouse did not come, and at last Sandy grew weary of waiting. He wanted to go to sleep, and he did not want the mouse to get out, so he solved the problem by crossing his paws over the mouse hole and going comfortably to sleep.

Then the artful mouse stole out of his back door, ate the cheese from the trap and stole gleefully back, while Sandy still slept on.—Philadelphia Record.

Cornstalk Values.

Nothing is wasted nowadays. Things that were formerly thrown aside as refuse the hand of science now turns into use and profit. Who would have thought a few years ago that any good use could be made of common cornstalks? But practical science has taken hold of them, and now they are used in many ways, the strangest perhaps being to help in building ships of war, for they produce cellulose, and cellulose is used in packing coppers. Then they are used in the manufacture of smokeless powder, of paper pulp, of pyroxyline varnish and as a packing material, and, with their leaves and tassels, they enter into the composition of various fodders and foodstuffs. The thrifty farmer now carefully saves them and sends them to market, the same as the regular products of his farm.

How to Sell a Diamond.

Philip II. was once interviewed by a Portuguese merchant, who had for sale a diamond of unusual size and beauty. There was a general desire that the king should purchase so splendid a jewel, but he did not seem likely to do so.

"Well," said the king to the merchant, "how much would you ask for this diamond if one were to take a fancy to it?"

"Sire," replied the merchant, "I ask but 70,000 ducats, the sum which it also cost me."

"What! So much money?" said the king. "Who did you think would buy it?"

"Sire," said the Portuguese, "I knew there was a Philip II. in the world." The king was so pleased at this answer that he bought the diamond.

I'll Tell You a Story.

I'll tell you all a story About a man from Lynn, And if you can't stop laughing I'd better not begin.

The story is so funny That it really is absurd, And if you don't believe me You needn't take my word.

It Came Handy

By ROCKFORD KING

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The history of gold mining regions repeats itself. First we have the land worth from nothing up to a few dollars an acre. Then some one digs a hole in the ground to put in a post, scoops out a cellar for a house, or something like that, and finds in the dirt taken out indications of the precious metal. He doesn't say anything to anybody, but goes off and gets it assayed. The report being favorable, he lets it be known that he has gold on his property. Those who strike indications pre-empt claims and organize companies with a few dollars capital, most of which is spent for printing certificates of stock. Every foot of the ground in the vicinity is staked out for mines, which cross and recross one another at every conceivable angle. There are thousands of these pieces of paper, nearly all worthless.

When the Clear Creek region of Colorado was in such a stage as this a man whom I shall call Peter Anderson, a young lawyer from the south, settled in Denver and hung out his shingle. He had a very frugal, patient wife, who was a real helpmate to him. She never permitted anything to be wasted, no matter how little value it possessed, and when her husband rallied her on saving worthless things she would say cheerily, "It may come in handy just in the nick of time."

The principal law practiced in Colorado at that time was with the revolver; consequently Peter Anderson found little practice in his profession. But money was easily borrowed, and the Andersons managed to keep body and soul together by small loans. The husband found it dull sitting in his office waiting for clients, so he spent most of his time in a neighboring billiard room playing pool. He told his wife that this was a good way to make acquaintances and thus get business. She said she thought he was right.

The members of such communities are inveterate gamblers. Refreshments and the price of the game were to be paid for by the loser. In addition to this, the players, all of whom were possessed of worthless mining stocks, would put them up to be absorbed by the winner. A number of these certificates came into Peter Anderson's possession, but none of them ever found their way back to the persons from whom he won them. Every night after he had gone to sleep his wife would get up, search his pockets, take out what mining shares she found there and lock them up in an old trunk she kept in the garret. She never looked at the names of the companies they represented or bothered her head as to their value. Indeed, they were worthless or they would not have come so easily into her husband's possession. Every night his pockets were searched and emptied, but in the morning he would not miss his loss. If his wife had taken a few coins he might have noticed it, but mining stocks were quite a different matter. When he went round to the billiard room in the evening he would think that he had won some shares the night before, but, finding none in his pocket, fancy he had been mistaken. He was a very good pool player and had no difficulty in borrowing a few shares to begin on. Usually he would win, pay off the loan and go on playing on his own capital. If he left the place with stocks in his pocket, the next morning they would be deposited, as usual, in Mrs. Anderson's trunk.

But the pool players didn't bring Anderson any law business, and the wolf was continually snarling about his door. However, the wolves in such communities are usually coyotes, comparatively harmless, for any man will give or lend any other man if he has anything he doesn't need at the moment. Nevertheless Anderson's condition was not attractive, and except when he was playing pool he was very dispirited.

One day there was a big strike up on Clear Creek. A mining company had opened a vein that paid many hundreds of dollars to the ton. Peter Anderson when he went home that night told his wife about the strike, remarking, "Oh, how I wish I had some of the stock of the company!"

"I think you have, dear," said Mrs. Anderson, and she went up to her trunk and brought down an armful of mining share certificates. The two sorted them, tossing them when examined on the floor in their eager hunt for the one they coveted. Presently they came to a ten share certificate which alone would keep them for awhile. Then a fifty share turned up, then another ten, then a hundred, five hundred—indeed, all denominations. It was a good while before they got through the accumulated pile. When they did they figured up shares in the lucky company sufficient to give them a fortune of half a million dollars.

When the excitement of the find had died down a bit Anderson asked his wife where she had got all the certificates. Then she told him that she had robbed him of them, thinking that some of them might some day come in handy.

Anderson strolled downtown the next day, sold a few shares of his stock and went about paying small debts. That was the last of his playing pool for mining stocks, for he found plenty to do. The day came when he was sent to represent his state in the United States senate.

14th SATURDAY NIGHT SALE

April 16, 7:30 TO 8:30 O'CLOCK

DRY GOODS DEPT

CALICO WHILE IT LASTS	4cts per yd
Flaxons, All Colors	15 cts per yd
One Lot India Linens, Regular 15c value	10c yd
" " " " " 20c "	15c yd
" " of Batiste " 12 1/2c "	8 1/2c yd
" " " Pastels " 12 1/2c "	9c yd

HOSIERY DEPARTMENT

Ladies Black Hose, Regular	20c value,	10c pr
Childrens " " "	25c "	12 1/2c pr
Gentlemens " " "	15c and 20c "	10c

Lace And Embroidery Department

Lace, Lace and More Lace	at	9c yd
" " " "	"	3c yd
Embroidery " Embroidery	"	9c yd
" " " "	"	15c yd

Ladies Suit Department

Ladies Suits and Dresses Regular \$25 and \$27 50 value	at	\$18 00
" " " " \$15 " \$20 "	"	\$12 50

Gents Suit Department

To the purchasers of any suit in the house over \$20, we will give the choice of our large line of overcoats for \$5.

Shirt Department

One lot of mens shirts Regular 50c value	at	25 each
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Shoe and Hat Department

One lot of child's shoes Regular \$1 and \$1 50 value	at	75c pr
" mens " " \$3 50 \$4 50 "	"	\$2 85 "
All Packard and Selz shoes at 10 per cent discount.		
Any \$3 00 or \$ 3 50 hat in the house	at	\$2 49

Grocery Department

10 lbs peaches	for	50c	10 lbs cracked hominy	"	50c
10 lbs rice	"	50c			
16 bars laundry soap	"	50c	3 lbs uncolored Japan tea	"	\$1 00

MUSIC BY SEA SIDE ORCHESTRA

COUMERILH--CHRISTENSEN COMPANY

Her Very Clear Thoughts.

"Well, aunt, what are your thoughts about marryin'?" asked a young woman in Scotland the other day of her aunt, a decent body who had reached the shady side of life without having committed matrimony.

"Deed, lassie," frankly replied the old lady, "I've had but three thoughts about it a' my days, an' the last is like to be the longest. First, then, when I was young, like yourself, I thoct, 'Wha'll I tak'? Then, as time began to wear by, I thoct, 'Wha'll I get?' An' after I got my leg broken w' that whumel out o' Saunders McDrumthie's cart my thoughts syne have bin, 'Wha'll tak' me?'"

Politeness in China.

In China parents are held responsible for the manners of their children. Accordingly, for the credit of their parents, people try to be polite. If you are mobbed in a Chinese town you should look straight at one or two of the people and say: "Your parents did not pay much attention to your manners. They did not teach you the rules of propriety." A remark like this will make the crowd slink away, one by one, ashamed of themselves.

The Reason of It.

"Why is it that novels are so much more popular with the women than with the men?"

"In a novel the fellow invariably asks the girl to be his wife."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Stood on His Rights.

The Lawyer (who is drafting Mr. Snarler's last will and testament)—Oh, but if I may make a suggestion, don't you—Mr. Snarler—Hang it all, who's dying—you or me, eh?—London Tit-Bits.

A He always has a certain amount of weight with those who wish to believe it.—Rice.

Marrying For Votes.

Marrying for votes was a device of old time British election agents. As the law stood before the reform act of 1832 widows of freemen on marrying again made their second husbands freemen and therefore voters. At election times widows were consequently paid handsomely to go through a formal marriage with a voteless bachelor, who, for a consideration, similarly agreed to support the candidate. The pair were married, the man voted according to instructions, and then he and his wife, standing on either side of a tombstone, said, "Death us do part." With this literal fulfillment of the matrimonial vow they regarded their marriage dissolved. At the last election in Bristol before 1832 a hundred women gave votes to men.

A Literary Light.

A short time ago a well known writer of London, remembering that he had never read the noncanonical books, went out in search of a copy and in one bookshop after another drew blank. At last he went to his own particular newspaper shop, which also dealt in Bibles and light literature. "Have you the Apocrypha?" he asked. For a moment the young woman behind the counter was puzzled; then, brightening, she said, "Is it a weekly or a monthly?"

Acres and Bible Letters.

It has sometimes been stated that there are more acres in Yorkshire than there are letters in the Bible. A person hearing the statement for the first time is inclined to doubt it, but it is true, all the same. Authorities differ as to the exact acreage of the county, one giving it as 3,882,848 and another as 3,771,843. But the number of letters in the Bible is said to be 3,506,480, so the acres beat the letters, with something to spare.—London Notes and Queries.

Never add the burden of yesterday's trouble to that of tomorrow. The one is past; the other may never come.

A COLONIAL HUSTLER.

Colonel Samuel Sloper Was a Jack of All Trades.

It is necessary that the pioneer be a man of infinite resource, who can do for himself or his neighbors every necessary task. Such a man was Colonel Samuel Sloper, one of the early settlers of Blandford, Mass., whose astonishing versatility is recorded by S. G. Wood in "Taverns and Turnpikes of Blandford."

Colonel Sloper, among other things, kept something of a stable and pastured horses and stock. For the munificent reward of 3 shillings the old veteran in 1788 moved the family of David Knox by means of "teame and boy." Now and then he turned his hand to odd jobs. He carted and laid out John Waldo Wood's tax one season for £7 10s.

He seems to have made shoes and garments for his family and for his neighbors. For Enos Loomis' young son, who was bound out to him, he did on this wise: "Cuping your son's shoes, 1-3." "One bottle-green coat trimmed and made for Moses, 7 shillings." He made several shirts and a frock for the Martin Leonard company.

The number of things which this veteran and "dabster" did make an astonishing list. He was surgeon in ordinary in the parish of Blandford and this long before he had accumulated an army experience. Veterinary, too, he was. His journals are peppered over with charges for the treatment of Eliphalet Thompson in the year 1772, along with a "frying Pann" and "1 Pr Sizers," is the charge, "To Setting your boys rist, twelve shillings." James Sinnett in 1785 became indebted to "Setting your knee and Dressings" and to "Sundri Dressings," 4 and 3 shillings respectively.