

THE DUEL IN 'FIF-Y-TWO.

[High thump in Golden Era] Rap! rap! rap! I shook off the slumber that rested heavily upon me and listened. I could hear nothing; only the sound of milk-wagons and butcher-carts in the street, and the heavy tramp of some late traveler on the wooden sidewalk beneath. I dozed off to sleep again.

Rap! rap! rap! Some one below at the office door, surely. I opened the small window at the head of my bed and looked down into the street. A burly form stood at the curb, leaning with one hand against the casing.

"Who's there?" I demanded. "Get up an' get a 'orse!" said a thick, inebriate voice. "What do you want with a horse, Mulligan?" I asked.

"You're a horse man—Hunter's Pint; sun fan there. Git up, git up! I want a 'orse." "The old story is too long, Billy. Can't do it."

"Can't do it, eh? Yer insolent, young man." "It's no use, Mulligan. You owe me a large bill now, with no prospect of paying it. You'd better leave. I'm going to sleep, and I closed the window."

"You'll 'ear—hear from me in the mornin', young man," he threatened; and Bill Mulligan, the desperado, receded away down the street.

I dropped to sleep again. Rap! rap! rap! I sprang to my feet. It is morning, thought I, and the hostler is at the door. Again I opened the window and looked down. I saw at a glance it wasn't the hostler.

"Who's there?" "—Garland. Get up, Moulton, and saddle two horses quick! There's a duel coming off at Hunter's Point this mornin' at sunrise. We've just time to reach there."

"What time is it, Garland?" "Three o'clock. The road is heavy, and the mud fearful at Isala creek. We have barely time to reach there with good luck."

"Who are to fight?" "The gamblers. They quarreled at the El Dorado last night over a faro game."

"No." "A cold fog swept in over the Mission Hills. The darkness was deep, scarcely permitting us to make out the road. Nevertheless, we dashed recklessly along, out Brannan street and over the San Bruno road. It was scarcely daybreak when we arrived at the Point, our horses quail blown and covered with mud and foam."

"Not a soul was on the ground. A half moon, in a heavy storm cloud, was peering solemnly, back and forth on the sands. His head was bent low, his eyes upon the ground. He seemed entirely oblivious to everything about him. He took no notice of our presence, but kept up his slow, measured march, to and fro, as if he were a man of iron."

"It grew lighter at last, and as the sun rising above the distant mountains nearly obscured the system regular. Our horses occasionally neighed their impatience, and occasionally neighed their impatience, and occasionally neighed their impatience."

"This is cursed rough!" said he. "Here he is out here alone; ready to fight, he says, but has no second with him. Curse me if ever heard of such a thing. 'Twasn't do, no how. Wouldn't it be you gentlemen be kind enough to act?"

Garland instantly declined, and so did I. I had no intention of being a party to a murder, but I considered little better than a murderer if I stood by and saw a man die by the hands of another. His answer horrified me.

"Well, stranger, it's pretty rough," said the second. "It's his arrangement, though," pointing to the figure in the mist. "They hold each other by the hand, and neither will move. They are waiting for the signal to fire. They are waiting for the signal to fire. They are waiting for the signal to fire."

is murder. If either falls you cannot be regarded guilty of a terrible crime. He raised his eyes to mine and shook his head. "You are wasting your time," he simply said.

"He had a fine face, a fair brow with delicate lips, but eyes that had a strange, almost unearthly glitter. "Can you present me on you? Think of your friends, of your sister or mother; consider their terrible grief when they hear of this fearful tragedy."

He shook his head and coolly smiled. "I have no friends," was his only answer. "You were my time." The second of Red Bill advanced, conversed with him a short time, and then joined his principal. Red Bill made a gesture of assent, and the two duellists advanced toward each other. The second took two pistols from the coach; the loading took place in the presence of the principals; a coin was tossed for choice of weapons. Red Bill won. They took their positions. The few spectators beneath the tree were commenting on the appearance of the men and hazarding opinions as to the result.

"Gentlemen," said the second, in a loud voice, "it is necessary that I should make some explanation. This 'ere gentleman has seen fit to come here without a friend. He also insists on fighting according to agreement made last night. Navy pistols, hold each other by the left hand, and fire at the word. My friend has the choice of pistols, consequently the other party has the right of giving the word. None of you gentlemen see fit to act as his second, and he requests me to give the word. I'd rather not do it, but if no one else will, I suppose I must."

He paused. No one answered. A moment, and then he called out in a clear voice: "Are you ready?" "Their left hands met, the pistols were swiftly raised till the muzzles of each almost touched the cheek of his opponent. Calmly and firmly came the response from each: "Ready!"

"One! two! three! fire!" Before the word fire, the report of Red Bill's pistol rang out on the air, and was followed instantly by that of his opponent. Both men fell to the earth, the one motionless and stiff, the other in terrible convulsions of agony. The tall stranger had met his death without a pang; the ball of his treacherous foe penetrating and passing through his brain.

Red Bill had fired before the word. But retribution, swift and terrible, followed. The pistol of his adversary had exploded in time to send a ball crashing through his lower jaw, and inflicting a mortal wound. The surgeon pronounced it fatal. Red Bill was placed in a carriage which, with the second and surgeon, was driven rapidly away. We untethered our horses from the tree and mounted again to the saddle. As we rode away from the fatal spot, the sun broke through the heavy clouds and fell in a halo of radiance around the form of the dead duelist.

The small cavalcade spurred their horses toward the city. At Isala Creek we passed the coach, the horses cloudering in the mud. As we dashed by, the tall stranger, in a heavy storm cloud, was peering solemnly, back and forth on the sands. His head was bent low, his eyes upon the ground. He seemed entirely oblivious to everything about him. He took no notice of our presence, but kept up his slow, measured march, to and fro, as if he were a man of iron."

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"I immediately advanced and addressed the tall stranger. "I persist, sir," I said, "that you will not prevail in the terms of the duel. It is murder. If either falls you cannot be regarded guilty of a terrible crime. He raised his eyes to mine and shook his head. "You are wasting your time," he simply said.

"He had a fine face, a fair brow with delicate lips, but eyes that had a strange, almost unearthly glitter. "Can you present me on you? Think of your friends, of your sister or mother; consider their terrible grief when they hear of this fearful tragedy."

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Stories of a Millionaire.

For forty years Daniel Drew was the most grotesque figure in Wall street. He was in middle life when he gave "the boys" his first "pints" on "sheers." When a raw country lad he began to drive cattle from his native village to the New York market, and subsequently opened a stock-yard, kept a tavern, and made a fortune in the steamboat business.

Shrewd and illiterate, reckless and timid, good natured and unscrupulous, sometimes generous and always treacherous, he made from \$5,000,000 to \$15,000,000 out of friend and foe, only to lose them all and die a bankrupt. If Hogarth could have lived in Wall street during the last forty years past, "Uncle Dan," with seamed face and twinkling eyes, with the steadily tread of a cat, and the bland air of a country deacon, would have been the central figure in his cartoons.

He was in his 17th year—the same age at which Cornelius Vanderbilt borrowed \$100 of his mother, bought a boat and began to ferry marketmen to and from Staten Island to the Battery. Daniel Drew did not borrow his small capital, he earned it by enlisting as a substitute in the State Militia, which had been called into service. The regiment was called Fort Gansevoort, on the Hudson river, opposite New York. About three months after his enlistment hostilities ceased between the United States and Great Britain, and the regiment was mustered out.

"I want my substitute money, mother," said he, one morning after his return to the farm. "I am going to buy cattle and sell them in New York." "Are you sure you will not lose money by it?" Mrs. Drew was as sagacious and cautious as the mother whom Commodore Vanderbilt delighted to honor all his life long.

"I am sure I shall make money," he said. He did make money from the start, but he had to work terribly hard for it. He was in the saddle day and night, purchasing cattle in Putnam and Dutchess counties and driving them to the city after night fall. He was an excellent judge of cattle and a shrewd buyer. When his competitors began to multiply and to cut down his profits, he enlarged his field of operations by making Ohio a base of supply. He needed capital and he had no security to offer for loans.

He went to New York, where he met Astor's brother, the Fulton market butcher, who had recently retired from business. "I'll take the risk," said the capitalist, after the plan had been unfolded. It seemed to be a foolhardy, crack-brained scheme. It took nearly sixty days to drive cattle from Ohio across the Alleghany Mountains to New York. Out of a drove of 800 head 200 or 300 would frequently be lost on the way in the forests and mountain fastnesses. Cattle, however, were exceedingly cheap in the Ohio valley, and Drew was very large, and he was able in a few years to repay the borrowed money and to extend his operations to Kentucky and Illinois. He is said to have been the first man to drive cattle over the Alleghany Mountains.

A newspaper correspondent who visited him some years ago, and who was present when the Alleghany Mountains were crossed, was announced, found him exceedingly communicative. "I had been wonderfully blessed in money making," he remarked. "I got to be a millionaire before I know'd it, hardly. I was always pretty lucky till lately, and I didn't think I could ever lose very extensively."

He was ambitious to make a great fortune like Vanderbilt, and I tried every way I knew, but got caught at last. Besides that, I liked the excitement of making money and giving it away. I have given a good deal of money away, and am glad to do so. No match has been so good as Wall street was a great place for making money, and I couldn't give up the business when I ought to have done so. Now I see very clearly what I ought to have done. I ought to have left the street eight or ten years ago and taken up with a crowd. When I gave \$100,000 to this institution and that, I ought to have paid the money. And I ought to have provided for my children by giving them enough to make them rich for life. Instead of that I gave my notes, and only paid the interest on 'em, thinking I could do better with the principal myself. One of the hardest things I've had to bear has been the fact that I couldn't continue to pay the interest on the notes I gave to the schools and churches."

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There are few things so objectionable to the pedestrian as the knowledge or the suspicion that he is being followed—especially at night. I was wandering on a long walk one summer day, some years back, in Devonshire. Night, which descends rapidly among the hills there, had overtaken me, and I was plodding along rather wearily toward my destination, guided alone by the indistinct whiteness of the road. It was a lonely part of the country, far away from railways, fashionable resorts and busy towns, and I could not help thinking what a very easy thing it would be in such an out-of-the-way corner to dispose of your grateful enemy quietly, and never be discovered. I was in a complete reverie, brought on by this uncomfortable thought, when I suddenly—no gradually—heard the sound of footsteps behind me. I grasped my stick, but in my haste my clenched teeth, and strode on. Perhaps this might be my greatest enemy, about to settle matters with me. It was odd this sound of footsteps, for I had left the village quite alone, and as I was in a regular Devonshire lane, had not remarked any stick, just being very dissipated by a rising wind, I made out a tall, thin figure. "Good evening, sir," said the thin figure; "a lonely road, and a dark night for traveling. Do you mind my accompanying you?" I did mind rather, but as the appearance of the stranger, being more distinct, did not excite me, I acquiesced, and we walked on together. He had a very scanty clothing, and that tattered, torn and mud-stained; one arm was bare, and he wore a shaggy, unkempt beard. He was dressed in a simple, but not shabby, manner. He was dressed in a simple, but not shabby, manner. He was dressed in a simple, but not shabby, manner.

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A Companion with the Darbies.

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During the past year or two Mr. Drew spent considerable part of his time in the city. Mr. Drew was, perhaps, the oldest looking man in Wall street. His eyes never lost their fire, but his face was seamed and scraggy. Some of the veterans say that he used to drive down to his office in a one-horse chaise, looking for all the world like a country minister. He dressed plainly, if not shabbily. His wardrobe was valued in the bankruptcy schedule at \$100, exclusive of a great sealink overcoat, worth \$150. Even as a millionaire he had the tastes and habits of a drover. His dry, sedate manner seldom varied. Stock speculators were "the boys," and the victim who came to him for "pints on sheers," was "my son." He talked with a nasal twang like a countryman. "Stop specklering," don't tech Erie without a margin," was the scolding remark, which, if uttered, would be met by some Methodist brethren who had taken some "pints" and lost their margins. While his wife was living, his house, at Union Square and East Seventeenth street, was always open to Methodist clergymen and laymen. In the schedule of his personal property is the entry: "Bible, hymn books, etc., \$150." His temperament made him a "bear;" he was as shortsighted as Commodore Vanderbilt was farsighted; he aimed at immediate rather than ultimate results. "Yaas, I skinned the boys," he used to say. In the end he was "skinned" himself.

A railroad train moved out of Denver with a bride on board, but the careless husband was left in the station. He was wild with excitement when he understood that she had been whisked off on her honeymoon journey alone, and at length a compassionate official put him on a special locomotive, with orders to the engineer to overtake the bride at all hazards.

There are few things so objectionable to the pedestrian as the knowledge or the suspicion that he is being followed—especially at night. I was wandering on a long walk one summer day, some years back, in Devonshire. Night, which descends rapidly among the hills there, had overtaken me, and I was plodding along rather wearily toward my destination, guided alone by the indistinct whiteness of the road. It was a lonely part of the country, far away from railways, fashionable resorts and busy towns, and I could not help thinking what a very easy thing it would be in such an out-of-the-way corner to dispose of your grateful enemy quietly, and never be discovered. I was in a complete reverie, brought on by this uncomfortable thought, when I suddenly—no gradually—heard the sound of footsteps behind me. I grasped my stick, but in my haste my clenched teeth, and strode on. Perhaps this might be my greatest enemy, about to settle matters with me. It was odd this sound of footsteps, for I had left the village quite alone, and as I was in a regular Devonshire lane, had not remarked any stick, just being very dissipated by a rising wind, I made out a tall, thin figure. "Good evening, sir," said the thin figure; "a lonely road, and a dark night for traveling. Do you mind my accompanying you?" I did mind rather, but as the appearance of the stranger, being more distinct, did not excite me, I acquiesced, and we walked on together. He had a very scanty clothing, and that tattered, torn and mud-stained; one arm was bare, and he wore a shaggy, unkempt beard. He was dressed in a simple, but not shabby, manner. He was dressed in a simple, but not shabby, manner. He was dressed in a simple, but not shabby, manner.

"I am sure you will not lose money by it?" Mrs. Drew was as sagacious and cautious as the mother whom Commodore Vanderbilt delighted to honor all his life long. He did make money from the start, but he had to work terribly hard for it. He was in the saddle day and night, purchasing cattle in Putnam and Dutchess counties and driving them to the city after night fall. He was an excellent judge of cattle and a shrewd buyer. When his competitors began to multiply and to cut down his profits, he enlarged his field of operations by making Ohio a base of supply. He needed capital and he had no security to offer for loans.

He went to New York, where he met Astor's brother, the Fulton market butcher, who had recently retired from business. "I'll take the risk," said the capitalist, after the plan had been unfolded. It seemed to be a foolhardy, crack-brained scheme. It took nearly sixty days to drive cattle from Ohio across the Alleghany Mountains to New York. Out of a drove of 800 head 200 or 300 would frequently be lost on the way in the forests and mountain fastnesses. Cattle, however, were exceedingly cheap in the Ohio valley, and Drew was very large, and he was able in a few years to repay the borrowed money and to extend his operations to Kentucky and Illinois. He is said to have been the first man to drive cattle over the Alleghany Mountains.

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY.

A Night Sketch of General Grant's Personal History and Public Services.

Ulysses S. Grant was born on the 27th day of April, 1822, at the village of Point Pleasant, situated in Clermont county, Ohio, on the north bank of the Ohio river, about twenty-five miles above Cincinnati. He is descended from the Grants of Scotland, and possess many of the characteristics of that sturdy race. His father, Jesse Root Grant, was born in Westwoodland, Pa., the 23d of January, 1794. His grandfather, Noah Grant, Jr., was a native of Connecticut, and subsequently shared all the dangers of the revolutionary war. His great-grandfather, Noah Grant, came to America early in the eighteenth century, and settled in the town of Newburgh, N. Y., where he was killed at the battle of the White Plains in 1776. It will be seen by the above, that Grant was of first-rate fighting stock.

Noah Grant, Jr., moved west shortly after the close of the revolution. His son, Ulysses S. Grant, at the age of sixteen, was sent to Mayville, Ky., where he was apprenticed to a tanner. In June, 1820, he married Hannah Simpson at Point Pleasant, near Cincinnati.

After the death of their first son, Ulysses, who is said to owe his name to his step-grandmother, who is represented as having been a reader of the "Home" after an ardent admirer of the Homeric hero, Mrs. Grant removed to Georgetown, Brown county, Ohio. Here their son first went to school.

By the time Ulysses had reached his fifteenth year he had fully resolved that he would be a tanner, and gave his father warning to that effect. He said he desired a good education and intended to be a farmer, or a trader to the States of the South. But his father did not fancy the plan, and fortunately for the country suggested the idea of sending him to West Point. This he acquiesced in, and was appointed to that military school at the instance of Congressman Thomas L. Hamer. At the age of twenty-one he graduated twenty-first in a class of thirty-one. On the first of October, 1843, he was appointed second lieutenant and assigned to duty in the fourth infantry. The regiment was stationed at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, then the principal military station of the west. Ulysses Grant accompanied the regiment to Louisiana, whether it had been ordered in view of probable war with Mexico. Early in 1846 the war broke out. He participated in the battles of Palo Alto and San Jacinto. At Palo Alto he and the City of Mexico his behavior was so gallant that he was mentioned for distinguished and meritorious services. After the treaty of peace with Mexico he returned with his regiment to New York City. In 1848 he married Julia, daughter of Richard Dent, a prominent merchant of St. Louis. After a short leave of absence