

THE CODE DUELLO

It Had Its Origin In The Barbarous Wager of Battle.

QUEER COMBATS IN FRANCE.

One Fatal Affair of Honor Was Fought Out In Balloons, and Another Was Decided With Billiard Balls as Weapons—A Duel Between Women.

The idea from which the code duello was developed came down from the north with the barbarians who overran the Roman empire. They brought with them the ordeal or wager of battle or judicial duel, which sprang from their idea to fight it out and let the guilt or innocence of the accused be determined by the result of the battle. Strangely enough, the judicial duel was considered a fitting mode of settling disputes between man and wife. To equalize as much as possible the inequality of such a contest the man was put in a pit in which he was buried up to the girdle, while one of his arms was bound to his side. Sometimes a barrel took the place of a pit. For a weapon the man had a baton or stick, the woman a kind of sling with a stone in it.

The story of the duel in the modern sense may be dated from 1527, when Francis I. gave the lie to the Emperor Charles V., a proceeding which promised to lead to a combat of exceptional interest, but which never took place because mutual friends reconciled the pugnacious monarchs.

By this time the judicial duel had been gradually abolished, and the private duel, fought before witnesses, who seconded the principals in the encounter, came in. Sometimes the seconds also mixed it up, and instead of a duel there was a quartet or a sextet. The day of dueling has passed long since in England and America and only lingers in France as a sort of harmless comedy.

Several duels have been fought between women, and there are two or three instances of duels between a man and a woman, in which the man did not always get the better of it.

One of these duels between women was that between two Frenchwomen, the Marquise de Nettle and the Comtesse de Poignac, in the eighteenth century. The two titled women were rivals for the affections of a certain duke, and an incident occurred which brought on a bitter quarrel between the two jealous grande dames.

As a result of this the marquise challenged the comtesse to fight her a duel, and the challenge was accepted. Pistols were chosen and the Bois de Boulogne selected as the place of meeting. When the women had taken their places the comtesse called out to the marquise, "Do you fire first, madame, and mind you, don't miss me; don't imagine for a moment that I am going to miss you!" The marquise fired, but missed and hit a neighboring tree. The comtesse smiled, "Your hand trembles with passion, madame," cried she. "You are lost!"

The comtesse aimed deliberately at the head of the marquise and fired. The marquise fell with a great cry as of one who had received a mortal wound, but the bullet had only cut away a minute piece of her shell-like ear. All Paris laughed—even the duke.

Two duels have been fought from balloons. The most interesting was that between M. de Grandpre and M. Le Pique, which took place on May 3, 1808. Why they selected balloons is not clear, but possibly because ballooning was one of the crazes of the day.

Each duelist, with his second, got into a balloon in the field adjoining the Tuilleries, and in the presence of a great crowd the cords were cut and up shot the balloons. The combatants were armed with blunderbusses. At about 800 feet from the ground Le Pique fired, and Grandpre immediately responded. The latter's shot was effective and penetrated Le Pique's balloon, which rapidly descended, and Le Pique and his second were dashed to death on a housetop, while Grandpre and his second descended safely some seven leagues away.

A duel with billiard balls took place in France Sept. 4, 1843, between two young men named, respectively, Lefant and Melfant. They quarreled over a game of billiards and decided to fight a duel with the balls with which they were playing. They drew lots for the first throw, and Melfant won. "I am going to kill you at the first throw," said Melfant, and, aiming the missile, he hurled it at Lefant, striking him in the center of the forehead and killing him almost instantly.

Among curious American duels was that fought at the Oaks, the famous New Orleans dueling ground, between M. Pedesclaux, a creole, and a retired French cavalry officer, in antebellum days. The duel was fought with both combatants mounted on magnificent stallions and armed with broadswords. It was a fierce battle, in which the French officer was killed.

Consolation.
"I have been a drudge all my life," he complained.

"Well," the unsympathetic old bachelor replied, "it's largely your own fault. Why did you ever get married? Look at me."

"Yes, I'm looking at you. That's what reconciles me to my condition. After all, there are worse things than drudges in the world."—Chicago Record-Herald.

It is not enough to be industrious. So are ants. What are you industrious about?—Thoreau.

ALASKAN MOSQUITOES.

They Are Small and Silent, but Work With Fire Tipped Stings.

Mosquitoes in this icebound northern country, Alaska, are a plague beyond relief. They come to life about the middle of May, before the ground is thawed out and while many feet of ice still cover the lakes and all but the swiftest rivers. Stagnant, sun heated water is not in the least necessary. They breed in the glaciers wherever a bit of earth or manure has melted a little pool. Their wrigglers are seen in running ice water. By the 1st of June it is uncomfortable to sleep without protection, and from that time on until September, when the first frosts have benumbed them, especially during the warm, rainy season of July and August, they become a never ceasing scourge, swarming in thousands.

The Alaskan mosquito is small, brown, silent and very much in earnest. He never sings a warning nor fools about selecting a spot to his taste, but comes in a bee line with his probe and gets into action. Every inch of your clothing is industriously bored, so that you look like an animated brown cocoon, and the slightest exposed spot on wrist or neck is promptly set on fire. I experimented with a small hole in my glove. After the first mosquito had found the opening others came in quick succession to the spot. He left some microscopic "kind lady and no dog" sign there. If I killed the first and left his carcass it served as a warning not at all. The others came the faster, and the more I killed the more eager the survivors became, perching quite unmoved on the remains of their confreres.—World Today.

EUGENIE'S ESCAPE.

How the Empress Got Out of France After Sedan.

As soon as the hot headed citizens of Paris learned in September, 1870, that their emperor, Napoleon III., had surrendered to the Prussians at Sedan these Parisians rose in a riotous mob and made posthaste for the Tuilleries. They were armed and after royal blood and plunder. The empress had to flee for her life. Assisted by the Austrian and Italian ministers, she made a hurried flight from the palace, but found the mob ahead of her in the garden; back again and then out by a secret way into a side street, where they entered a carriage. A street gamin recognized the empress here, but the shouting of the mob was so great that the boy's cry of warning was not heeded.

Once the carriage was stopped by a mob, but the party alighted and managed to escape. Finding themselves near the residence of Dr. Evans, the American dentist, they took refuge there, and the doctor took upon himself the responsibility of Empress Eugenie's safety. The empress put on a dress belonging to Mrs. Evans and, with Mme. Breton, her friend, was driven by Dr. Evans to the suburbs. Dr. Evans explained that the women were a patient and her attendant whom he was taking to a sanitarium. Two days later the fugitives reached a coast town, whence they escaped to England.

Plants That Shoot Arrows.

The arrows are crystal needles of oxalate of lime. They are of microscopic dimensions, and they are shot from minute capsule shaped bodies found in the tissues of such plants as the Indian turnip and the Polynesian taro. An extraordinary spectacle may be viewed in the field of the microscope when the "bombs" contained in a drop of taro pulp begin to discharge their arrows. Sometimes only one or two needles and sometimes groups of four to ten were discharged at once, the bomb recoiling as the projectiles left it. It has been suggested that the intense burning and pricking sensations experienced in chewing such plants as those just mentioned are due to the release and discharge of these crystal arrows when the plant tissues are crushed in the mouth.—Harper's Weekly.

A Fine Distinction.

Sometimes a small boy can draw a fine distinction. Two fishermen of the sportsman type, equipped with all the latest appliances for angling, were walking a mountain road when they met a barefooted boy with a tin can in his hand and a carelessly trimmed branch of a tree slung over his shoulder.

"Hello, sonny!" exclaimed one of the men. "Going fishing?"
"No," drawled the youngster, with only a glance at the splendid outfits. "I ain't goin' fishin'. I'm just goin' down to the crick to catch some fish."

Air in the Lungs.

In one minute, in a state of rest, the average man takes into his lungs about 48.8 cubic inches of air. In walking he needs 97.6 cubic inches; in climbing, 140.3 inches; in riding at a trot, 201.3 cubic inches, and in long distance running, 347.7 cubic inches.

An Optical Delusion.

Affable Stranger—I beg your pardon, but isn't this Miss Greenleaf? The Lady—No; I am Miss Redpath. A. S.—Ah, excuse me! I must be color blind.—Boston Transcript.

Revenge.

She—You ask me to marry you. Can you not see your answer in my face? He (absently)—Yes—er—er—it's very plain.—Life.

Take a good book slowly. You see much finer country in a mover's wagon than you do from a car window.

THE USE OF TOBACCO.

Cut It Out One Day Each Week Is the Advice of a Doctor.

If a man who uses tobacco will give it up for one day each week he will keep himself from becoming a "tobacco fiend." This is the advice of a well known doctor, who says that quite a number of men, including himself, have adopted this plan.

"By leaving off tobacco for one day a week you give your system time to get rid of the effects of the drug," he said.

"You will then enjoy your tobacco far more, too, because you have become unaccustomed to the flavor, and it is therefore more enjoyable when you resume smoking.

"The effect of tobacco is a general sedative action on the nervous system, which diminishes the power of taste and smell. That is why tea tasters seldom or never smoke.

"Leave it off for a day, and the sense of taste recovers. Not only that, but leaving off tobacco for one day voluntarily breaks the tobacco habit, exercises the self control and prevents one from becoming a slave to the habit.

"Slaves to the tobacco habit suffer from irritable hearts, loss of appetite for breakfast, eye trouble, sometimes going as far as blindness, chronic catarrh of the throat and nervous depression."—New York American.

STUYVESANT'S LOST LEG.

Doubt as to Which It Was Shown In Paintings and Statues.

There is no doubt Peter Stuyvesant had a wooden leg. The histories tell of how he stomped about the streets of New Nieuw Amsterdam, leaving a dot and dash trail in the road like a Morse code. But there is one point on which historians seem perplexed—or it may be that the readers of history are unobservant—which leg had the good Peter lost?

In the Wall street section those who roam may see at least five representations of the late lamented governor of the Dutch colony. Three of these are painted on the panels of signs, and two are statues, like Peter's leg, made of wood.

One of the statues and two of the paintings represent the governor wearing a chair leg attached to his right nether limb, while in the others painters and sculptors have chosen to represent that it was his left leg he had lost.

All show the leg bedecked with ribbon bows, and all show him as a benign individual—not at all in keeping with the character given him by the historians in question—wearing knickerbockers and a felt chapeau and offering a roll of manuscript to whomsoever looks.—New York Times.

London Through the Ages.

The occupation of the site of London dates back much farther than most readers are aware. The city that Julius Caesar found occupied a site which had been inhabited for unnumbered thousands of years. It is now known that during paleolithic and neolithic times—the two great divisions of the stone age—man dwelt on the site of London, but it first became the settlement of a community at the opening of the historic age, when it was a stronghold of the Celts. The remains of its Roman period are the finest of the kind in Great Britain. The Anglo-Saxon and Danish periods are finely represented, and even later periods, such as the Tudor, furnish relics that have been buried by that strange process of superincumbent growth which makes the soil under a great city resemble the fossiliferous strata of geology.—Youth's Companion.

Bathing an Elephant.

The elephant's bath takes a week to carry out in every detail. It requires the services of three men, and it costs \$300. This treatment is necessary for a circus elephant, and if the animal is a valuable one the proprietor of the circus does not consider the money wasted. The first process consists in going over the immense body with the best soap procurable; 150 pounds of soap is used, and the elephant's ears are especially carefully attended to. When the soaping and drying are completed the elephant is well sandpapered and after that rubbed all over with the purest Indian oil until the mouse gray skin is supple and glistening. This last touch is the most expensive part of the bath, as \$150 has to be spent on the oil alone.—Philadelphia Record.

A Puzzle For Willy.

The new school superintendent was chock full of new pedagogy.

"Never ask leading questions when examining your pupils," he commanded his teachers. "Do not hit at the answers. Make the learner find them unassisted."

This is how the young lady teaching Greek history obeyed:
"Willy, who dragged whom how many times around the walls of what?"—Everybody's.

Ambiguous.

"Did your late employer give you a testimonial?"
"Yes, but it doesn't seem to do me any good."

"What did he say?"
"He said I was one of the best men his firm had ever turned out."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

For a Rainy Day.

Figg—I suppose you have something laid up for a rainy day? Fogg—Sure! I've a lot of things ready to soak when it comes.—Boston Transcript.

NEHALEM VALLEY BANK

OF NEHALEM OREGON

FRANK A. ROWE, President.

NEHALEM, OREGON, OCTOBER 16, 1911.

To the Headlight Readers:

You are all interested in the road work in this County. The Call for more good roads for Tillamook County is now more urgent than ever before

The new railroad will not be of its greatest value to us unless we have good wagon roads and many of them, connecting with the railroad.

Right here I want to go on record as approving the work done by the present County Court. The plans of the County Court are well laid, but they must have time and money and assistance to carry them out.

I am in favor of assisting the members of the County Court by giving them my encouragement rather than embarrassing them by threats and unjust criticisms.

Respectfully,

FRANK A. ROWE.

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