

## DUELING ON THE CONTINENT.

The Deadly Mode of Fighting Which Prevails in Russia.

Over five thousand duels occur annually in France alone. The enormous majority of these encounters occur between private soldiers. In every French regiment are to be found two or three first-rate swordsmen, commonly called des tuteurs, whose especial business it is to test the nerve of any recruit suspected of a deficiency of physical courage. On the most frivolous pretext the tuteur fastens a quarrel on the unfortunate nouveau, and the unanimous voice of the regiment declares that honor demands bloodshed. The encounter takes place in the presence of four non-commissioned officers and the regimental fencing-master, who stands by, sword in hand, ready to parry any too dangerous thrusts. The weapon used in the cavalry is the saber, and in the infantry the ordinary sword-bayonet, and the issue is generally harmless enough, although cases have been known of the recruit himself coming to grief through the recruit going for his adversary.

In society, and especially among gentlemen connected with what the French term la petite presse, a very similar rule prevails, but with one important modification. The tuteur is here conspicuous by his absence, and the young aspirant to social or journalistic honors is expected to faire ses preuves by deliberately picking a quarrel with some eligible opponent. The weapon used in these affairs of honor is almost invariably the small sword, the pistol being considered by far too dangerous an arm—the issue of these encounters is, as a rule, a scratched finger or forearm. Occasionally, when political or other considerations render even a scratch undesirable, pistols are resorted to, but with peculiar precautions. Thus M. Gambetta and De Fourton—the former being one-eyed and the latter nearly blind—were put up in a dense fog at forty paces to exchange shots with very short-barreled smooth-bore pistols. In short, nine out of ten French duels may be looked upon as mere farces, played for the amusement of the gallery. The excellent health enjoyed by M. Rochefort, De Cassagnac, and Carle des Perrières, who among them have been out over fifty times, adds strong confirmation to this view of the matter.

In both Italy and Spain duels are frequent; but in both countries the saber is used, to the almost complete exclusion of the small sword. Indeed, the prejudices against the latter arm is so strong in Italy that it is all but impossible to find seconds who will consent to act in a duel à l'épee. The natural result is that, while a fatal issue is rare, the ugly gashes in the face are very common. In both these countries the penalty for dueling, as in France, is merely nominal.

Throughout Germany, including Prussia, Austria, and the minor States, a very different style prevails. With the exception of the oft-described "Schlaeger" duels among university students, which are still winked at, encounters between civilians are punished with considerable severity, the ordeal of single combat being a privilege practically reserved for the army. In the event of two officers falling out, a court of honor (ehrengericht), generally composed of five superior officers and presided over by the Colonel of their regiment or the General commanding the district, carefully investigates the whole affair and decides whether an apology shall be tendered and accepted, or whether an encounter is necessary. The decision of the court is final, and any officer refusing to comply with it would be compelled to retire from the service, while any duel unauthorized by the court would infallibly lead to the cashiering of the offenders. Pistols are almost invariably used, at a distance of twelve paces; and, German officers being as a rule very good shots, fatal consequences are not infrequent.

By a strange anomaly the verdict of the ehrengericht does not entirely cover the responsibility of the combatants. In the event of a fatal issue, the survivor is liable to suffer a term of open arrest in a fortress, varying from two to six months. A German officer thus finds himself placed in the dilemma of refusing to fight and being compelled to retire, or of fighting and running the risk of being placed under arrest for doing so.

In no country are duels more frequent or more murderous than in Russia; the Russians being, especially when in their cups, as quarrelsome among themselves as they are proverbially courteous to foreigners. The mode of combat universally adopted is that termed the duel à la barrière; the opponents being put up at fifteen paces, with liberty to advance five paces each at a given signal, and to fire at will. Should one of them fire and miss, his adversary is entitled to complete his five paces before returning the shot. Many cases have been known in which a duelist, although mortally wounded, has yet retained sufficient strength to take steady aim and fire with fatal effect. The great Russian poet, Pushkin, was killed in a duel à la barrière, after severely wounding his antagonist.

In the Baltic provinces a system prevails which at first sight appears even more murderous. The adversaries are placed only three paces apart; the pistols are held with the muzzle pointing upward, and are brought down and discharged at a given signal. It may appear almost impossible for two men to miss at such a short distance; but this is not the case. Each of the opponents is so desperately anxious to gain the least fraction of a second on his adversary that, on the signal being given, the weapons are often brought down with so hurried and violent a jerk that the bullets bury themselves in the ground. At a duel fought last year at Riga, between an officer and a student in this fashion, three shots were exchanged without any result, while at the fourth discharge the student had the great toe of his right foot cut clean off by his opponent's bullet.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

A FAMOUS aeronaut says that no balloon has ever gone over a second sunset. The moment the sun goes down the gas condenses and you get through the

night better than the day. But the next day, in the presence of the sun, the gas expands, and you mount to great elevations, but every mount the balloon makes cripples its power, and it is only a question of hours, if not minutes, how long you can keep up. If an aeronaut could have forty-eight hours of night he could travel great distance. The highest rate of speed he had ever attained, even with a strong wind blowing, was eighty miles an hour.

### Grant's Going to West Point.

"It was a mere accident that put me into the army," said Grant to an old comrade. "I hadn't much fight in me, and didn't want to go to war. I thought of being a farmer, and I thought of going to sea; but of all the possible features I dreamed of when a boy, being a soldier was not one of them. I am not sure I had ever heard of West Point when my father told me to get ready to go for my preliminary examination. This is the way it was: Our next neighbor's boy got a chance from our Congressman to go to West Point. He went, and failed to pass the examination—for physical reasons, I believe. He did not come home after that, and the family did not allude to his failure; but his mother, who felt very sore about it, came and told my mother, confidentially, what was troubling her. Mother told father, and father wrote straight to our Congressman and got the chance for me. Oh, yes, I know that those who remember my boyhood tell about my firing a pistol without flinching when I was 2 years, and crying for more of it, but I don't think such tendencies were strong. I never thought of being a soldier. Going to West Point was just the accident I have told you."

"How came you to pass the examination?" asked my informant.

"Almost any boy can do that," answered the General. "I was 17 years old, and all that was required was some knowledge of reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic to decimal fractions. If I was superstitious I should think there was some fatality in my going to West Point; for when the war was over I figured up, and as near as I could find out, the little country village of Georgetown, Ohio, from which I went—a place of 200 people—sent to the war one full General (myself), three Major Generals, two Brigadier Generals, three Colonels, three or four line officers, and one private soldier! The private deserted, I think. I had no very easy time of it at West Point. It is a class of more than a hundred I was behind them all in almost everything. I never succeeded in getting near either the head or the foot of the class. I was within three of the foot in languages, I believe, and within five of the head in mathematics. I was at the head in horsemanship, but that didn't count. I graduated as No. 21, and was glad to get it."

"But only thirty-eight out of the hundred odd graduated," said his visitor; "rather harder luck than our class had."

"Not a few," said the General, "who had to leave school because of a failure to keep up with the class have since taken commanding positions in life, and would probably have succeeded in the army if they had only got into it."—*New York letter*.

### Love-Making in France and England.

I have never much admired the way in which declarations of love are made in France. With us the foolish animal has to go on his knees at a woman's feet. With her eyes modestly dropped on us, this little demon of observation makes an inventory of all our smallest defects—of our hair, growing sparser, of our languishing eyes turned up and showing their whites; of a little wart which we thought concealed. I put it squarely that in this little scene it seems to me we have to play a supremely ridiculous part. If any one of my readers is not of this opinion, let him put this question to himself, "Should I ever think of being photographed in the attitude above described?" I await his answer. They manage these things differently in England. You sit down comfortably, very much at your ease. You have the adored object of your dreams at your side or at your feet, and you murmur your sweet whispers of love into her ear without ever dislocating your vertebral column. You may even smoke your cigar, without any fear of giving offense, all the time you tell your love and build your castles in Spain. "Then you are something of a pasha," I can imagine some emancipated women exclaiming. Not at all, madame; it is no question of master and slave; it is a matter "not of slavery but of exalted duty."—*Les Filles de John Bull*, by Max O'Rell.

### What's in a Name?

Thousands of yards of "Smyrna" rugs are made in Kensington, this city; thousands more in Great Britain. The name of a carpet signifies little in these days; even the "Kidderminster," or "Ingrain" carpet, is no longer made in Kidderminster nor the Mecca prayer rug in Mecca. Philadelphia to-day makes more goods than all England, and she sells them Brussels, Venetians, Dutch, Axminster. What, indeed, is in a name? Massachusetts produces the highest grade Brussels, Wilton's and Axminsters. The time is past when the fact that a carpet is of English origin has any influence in a sale. Twenty-two million dollars' worth of Philadelphia goods are made and sold every year. Competition is sharp, and not only are the yarns doctored with foreign substances but the colors used are, in many cases, reduced, when dry and old, to mere dust, which can be literally swept with a stiff broom from the floor.

A practice which has crept into the retail trade is this: If a buyer discovers that he has certain goods which are unsatisfactory, he puts a premium on them of 5 or 6 cents a yard, and this induces the salesmen to pay special attention to them. They are what are commonly known as "stickers" in stock, and the purchaser is very likely to have this undesirable rubbish palmed off upon him if he is at all influenced by the enthusiasm or assurances of the average salesman, who reaps direct extra profit by the transaction.—*Texas Siftings*.

### A Darling Doctor.

"There is a big difference in doctors, I tell you," said an old-timer. "You think you know something about 'em, but you are still in the fluff and bloom and kindergarten of life. Wait until you've been through what I have?"

"Where, for instance?" I asked him. "Well, say nothing about anything else; just look at the doctors we had in the war. We had a doctor in our regiment that looked as if he knew so much that it made him unhappy. I found out afterward that he ran a kind of cow foundling asylum in Utah before the war, and when he had to prescribe for a human being it seemed to kind of ratite him."

"I fell off my horse early in the campaign and broke my leg, I rickoed, and he set the bone. He thought that a bone should be set similar to a hen. He made what he called a good splice, but the break was above the knee, and he got the cow idea into his head in a way that set the knee behind. That was bad."

"I told him one day that he was a blamed fool. He gave me a cigar and told me I must be a mind reader."

"For several weeks our Colonel couldn't eat anything, and seemed to feel kind of bilious. He didn't know what the trouble was till he went to the doctor. He looked at the Colonel a few moments, examined his tongue, and told him right off that he had lost his end."

"This doctor was always telling of his triumphs in surgery. He did save a good many lives, too, toward the close of the war. He did it in an odd way too."

"He had about one more year to serve, and, with his doctoring on one side and the hostility of the enemy on the other, our regiment was worn down to about five hundred men. Everybody said we couldn't stand it more than another year. One day, however, the doctor had just measured a man for a porous plaster, and had laid the stub of his cigar carefully down on the top of a red powder keg, when there was a slight atmospheric disturbance, the smell of burnt clothes, and our regiment had to apply for a new surgeon."

"The wife of our late surgeon wrote to have his husband's remains forwarded to her, but I told her it would be very difficult to do so, owing to the nature of the accident. I said, however, that we had found an upper set of store teeth imbedded in a palmate tree near by, and had buried them with military honors, erecting over the grave a large board, on which was inscribed the name and age of the deceased and this inscription:

"Not dead, but spontaneously distributed. Gone to meet his glorified throng of patients. Ta, ta, vain world."

### Sleep, Trance, and Death.

The relationship between sleep, "the cousin of death," and death itself is probably real as well as apparent. The distance which separates them is great, but they are intermediate conditions, grades of dissolution as of development. Among these the similar states of trance and hibernation are worthy of special notice. For sleep and for trance one cause, exhaustion chiefly of nervous matter, but more or less of every organ and tissue, is assignable. The hysterical stupor is the sleep of nerve centers, worn out with the assault and conflict of stormy reflex action.

Healthy sleep is the rest of the physical elements wearied by the same strain applied more gradually. Cases have been recorded in which somnolence, continued for days without cessation, has resembled trance in duration, while preserving all the ordinary features of natural sleep. Various facts support us in associating the hibernation of animals with the same train of organic or functional changes as the other unconscious states we have been considering. It comes like a habit; it has, one may say, annual return; its apparent cause is the oppression of external cold, and the animals which it affects are those which, from their bodily structure or habits, are subject to great periodic variations of temperature. Vital tissue is exhausted, and function is in part suspended, probably because the numbness of cold has taken hold upon the radicles of the outer circulation and that part of the brain surface which is connected with it by numerous anastomoses. In such anemia would seem to be the cause of the winter sleep, as there is evidence to show that it is also the cause of that temporary starvation of the brain which lulls without arresting its action, in the natural repose of each night. We may even regard the lethargy, ended by death, into which man falls when exposed to great cold, as a sort of mortal hibernation.

"Men can by no possibility become female clerks; but there is nothing to prevent women in becoming male clerks."

### The Revolution

In medical practice, which has taken place within the past thirty years, has been very marked. When Hostetter's Stomach Bitters first made their appearance, violent purgation, the lancet and harpoone were measures resorted to with little regard to the idiosyncrasies of the sick. Now infinitely more satisfactory results are accomplished with the Bitters. The constipated are no longer dosed and drenched, the fever-stricken are not weakened by bleeding, and sedatives have taken the place of opium. Dyspepsia, nervousness, insomnia, irregularity of the bowels, rheumatism, and chills and fever, are successfully treated with this popular tonic and regulator. As a medicated stimulant, it is professionally recommended, and is preferable, as a means of renewing exhausted energy, to the average tonic. These statements rest upon ample evidence.

COLIC, fevers, and inflammations broken up by Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed.

A SUBSCRIBER advertises for "A plain girl to cook." He probably was afraid it would be hanged if he cooked a pretty girl.

### G. M. D.

Walking down Broadway is very pleasant when you feel well, and "T. K." never felt better than when a friend asked him how he got over that severe cough of his. "Oh, my boy," said "T. K." "G. M. D. did it." And his friend wondered what G. M. D. meant. He knew it did not mean a Good Many Doctor, for T. K. had tried a dozen in vain. "I have it," said he, just hitting the nail on the head, "you mean Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery,' or Gold Medal Deserved, as my friend J. S. always dubbs it." Sold by druggists.

NO WANTS of shot: "What did you kill?" inquired a pedestrian of a sportsman on horseback. "Time," was the sententious response.

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A HON. Wm. B. Kelley, M. C.

Judge Jos. R. Flanders, of New York, and T. S. Arthur, have been interviewed by a newspaper reporter as to their experience with Compound Oxygen. Their testimony to its curative action is clear and direct, and shows it to be the most wonderful vitalizing agent yet discovered. Copies of these remarkable interviews, and a Treatise on Compound Oxygen, will be mailed free by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard st., Philadelphia.

We beg to inform all persons suffering from

THROAT OR LUNG AFFECTIONS,

Such as

COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, ASTHMA,

BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION,

That they will not fail to find relief and a Permanent Cure by using, according to directions,

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

It is harmless to the most delicate child!

It contains no Opium in any form!

NEW EVIDENCE.

Read the following:

LA FAYETTE, R. J.

7, ADDISON, Pa., April 6, 1883.—I have just settled on my lungs, so much so that after using three bottles of Allen's Lung Balsam, I am entirely cured, I am now sound and well. Yours respectfully, A. J. HILEMAN.

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