DUELING IN EUROPE.

One Thousand a Year In France and 2,759 Ducis In Ten Years In Italy.

More duels are fought in Germany than in any other country. Mest of them, however, are student duels, which culminate in nothing more sericus than slashed cheeks or torn scalps. Of all German university towns little Jena and Gottingen are most devoted to the code. In Gottingen the number of duels averages one a day, year in and year out. On one day several years ago 13 duels were fought in Gottingen in 24 hours. In Jena the record for one day in recent times is 21. Fully 4,000 The watchman's chili, who shouts a greeting student duels are fought every year in the German empire. In addition to these there are the more serious duels With uncombed hair and patches at his knees. between officers and civilians. Among Germans of mature years the annual number of duels is about 100.

Next to Germany, France is most But of all dreams the richman's heir has given to the dueling habit. She has every year uncounted meetings, "merely to satisfy honor"-that is, merely to give two men the opportunity to wipe out insults by crossing swords or firing pistols in such a way as to preclude the slightest chance of injury. In the duel statistics these meetings are not reckoned, as they are far less perilous than even the German student duels. Of the serious duels. France can boast fully 1,000 from New Year's to New Year's. The majority of these are among army officers. More than half of these result in wounds, nearly 20 per cent in serious wounds

Italy has had 2,759 duels in the last ten years and has lost 50 citizens by death on the field of honor. Some 2,400 of these meetings were consummated with sabers, 179 with pistols, 90 with rapiers and 1 with revolvers. In 974 cases the insult was given in newspaper articles or in public letters regarding literary quarrels. More than 700 principals were insulted by word of mouth. Political discussions led to 559, religious discussions to 29. Women were the cause of 189. Quarrels at the gambling table were responsible for 189.

A summary shows that, as regards numbers, the sequence of dueling countries is: Germany, France, Italy, Anstria, Russia. As regards dead liners of duels Italy comes first. Then come Germany, France, Russia and Austria in the order named. For the most serious duels the pistol is the favorite weapon in all five countries .- New York Sun.

OBJECTS OF WORSHIP.

It Is In That Way That Savages Usually

THE HOTEL CHILD.

The hotel child who clatters through the ball And shouts a weary shout of empty glee Until some guest sends down an angered call And bellboys tell him he must stop it all-Oh, what a life this life of his must be! He goes to shows, but no tramp dog is his To play with him in shed or field or wood, He looks from windows, sees the shite steam

A forestry of blackened smokestacks is The sum and substance of his "neighborhood. His wealthy father buys him pretty clothes: His mother gat he him out all trig and trim; But, in all glory decked, do you suppose That hungry hearted little magnate knows One half the blessings that accrue to him!

He looks sometimes from out his window high Across the intervening roof and sees

To some young neighbor of a loft near by-He wishes well he might be one of these,

The hotel child, unloved but by his own, Has plays and toys. The watch man's boy has

known The fondest is to be the watchman's son.

-Chicago Record.

DENISE.

They had been three years married. They adored one another. She was young. He was young also. Two happy faces! Two charming souls!

Why had they come to this little old and isolated village 100 leagues from Paris? Surely the guides had never recommended it. Here the grass grew between the caved in paving stones of the streets. And one could hear now and then, with its jolting and jogging, the jingling of bells and the rattling of windows, the yellow coach, which returned, nearly always empty, from the distant railway station. It was Cecile who had thought of

this trip. Roger had at first said, "No," but she, coming closer to him, said coaxingly:

Was it not down there in the little village, close to the mountains, that you were born, passed your childhood and became a man? Was it not there you lived with your aged parents, over whom we wept together a year since? I wish to see the good old country

house of which you have so often spoken. And the garden, too, which seemed so large when you were a little child. You shall show me the well where you used to throw stones to hear them splash in the water-the tulip tree, where you found the nest of doves. I

want to see the read you traveled to the schoolhouse. You used to stop by the way to eat mulberries, little gour-

upon a pillow of flowers, of the pale forehead and closed eyes, overwhelmed him. He suffered again, after ten years, as he suffered before. His eyes closed and tears fell from beneath his lashes. There was a noise behind him. He turned. Cecile, who had followed him, was standing there close to him. She looked at him. She looked at the grave. She must have read the inscription, and surely she had divined all. He arose trembling. He dared not say a word to his wife nor take her hand. He moved aside, walked away from her and passed out of the graveyard with the air of a child that, being caught in some for-

bidden act, takes to flight. He walked a long time-it mattered not where-across the fields, not knowing whither he went, not having the courage to enter the village. He feared to meet Cecile, for, loving and jealous as he knew her to be, she would be furicus-or sad, which would be still worse. Surely she knew now what he had so long hidden from her. She knew that he had loved a young girl-that he had loved her tenderly, since he still wept for her. Perhaps she would have pardoned him this early love-this love that he had felt before he met her, but she would never pardon the tears that the old love revived. No, she would never forgive that. He thought of the reproaches, the cruel words with which she would shortly receive him. Vainly he told himself that this youthful tenderness had left in him only a languishing remembrance, a very vague one, revived by his return to the village and by the sight of the barren and nearly forgotten grave. Was there the slightest resemblance between this dream of a child, faded and vanished, and the manly reality of the ardent and imperishable passion which he felt for her, Cecile? She jealous? Jealous of a little girl who had died before her heart had opened! What folly! It would be well enough to say these things and many

others to Cecile. But she would never listen to him. She would repeat with sobs and tears, "You have loved her," or else (and this would be much worse) she would sit unmoved and look at him coldly-silently.

Nevertheless he could not remain all day in the fields. He must return to the tavern, where Cecile had already

The Huns.

Freckles.

A Mother's Triumph.

He searched for the path and regained it. He resolved to walk rapidly, but as he approached the village he slackened his pace, and it took him over an hour to get to his lodgings and ten minutes more to mount the stairs. Before the door his heart beat strangely.

At last he entered

A DREAMER,

He is a dreamer. Let him pass. He reads the writing in the grass His seeing soul in rapture goes Beyond the beauty of the rose. He is a dreamer, and doth know To sound the farthest depth of woe. His days are calm, majestic, free. He is a dreamer. Let him be.

He is a dreamer. All the day Blest visions find him on his way Past the far sunset and the light, Beyond the darkness and the night He is a dreamer. God! To be Apostle of infinity And mirror truth's translucent gleam He is a dreamer. Let him dream.

He is a dreamer. For all time His mind is married unto rhyme. Light that ne'er was on land or sea Hath blushed to him in poetry. He is a dreamer, and hath caught Close to his heart a hope, a thought, A hope of immortality. He is a dreamer. Let him be.

He is a dreamer. Lo, with thee His soul doth weep in sympathy. He is a dreamer, and doth long To glad the world with happy song-He is a dreamer. In a breath He dreams of love, and life and death. O man, O woman, lad and lass, He is a dreamer! Let him pass. —London Sun.

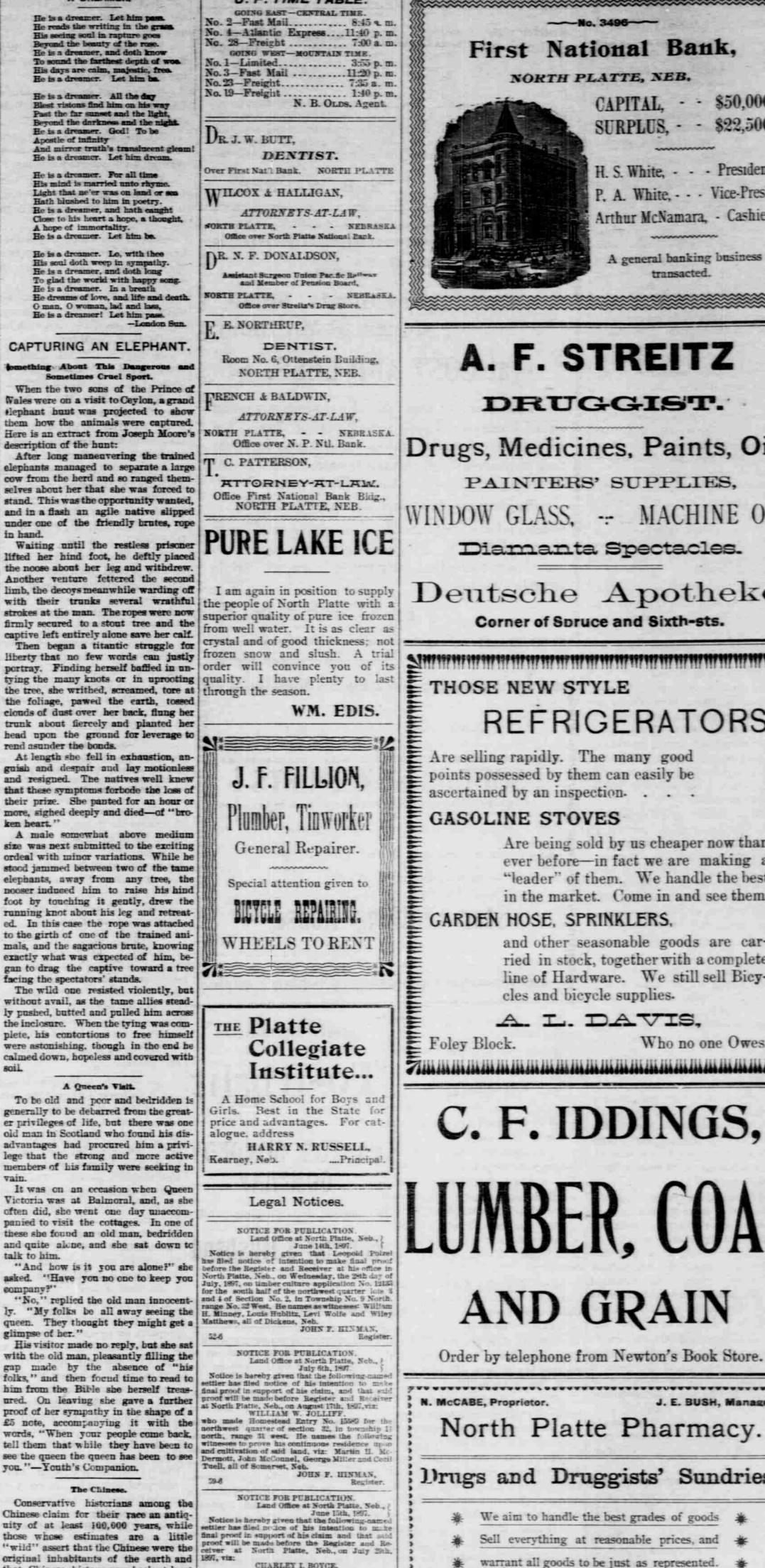
CAPTURING AN ELEPHANT.

aething About This Dangerous a Sometimes Cruel Sport.

When the two sons of the Prince of Wales were on a visit to Ceylon, a grand elephant hunt was projected to show them how the animals were captured. description of the hunt:

After long maneuvering the trained elephants managed to separate a large cow from the herd and so ranged themselves about her that she was forced to stand. This was the opportunity wanted, and in a flash an agile native slipped under one of the friendly brutes, rope in hand.

Waiting until the restless prisoner lifted her hind foot, he deftly placed the noose about her leg and withdrew. Another venture fettered the second limb, the decoys meanwhile warding off with their trunks several wrathful strokes at the man. The ropes were now firmly secured to a stout tree and the captive left entirely alone save her calf. the tree, she writhed, screamed, tore at through the season. the foliage, pawed the earth, tossed clouds of dust over her back, flung her trunk about fiercely and planted her





Regard Meteorites.

Savages, whenever they come across meteorites of large size, are apt to regard them as objects of worship. Such, however, was not the dignified fate of a very remarkable specimen that is now in the National museum. This strange aerolite is four feet in diameter, weighing 1,400 pounds approximately, and has the shape of a ring. It was found in the Santa Catarina monutains, and for a long time was used as an anvil by Mexicans at Tucson. In this employment it was discovered by Dr. Irwin of the United States army, who bought it for a small sum and gave it to the Smithsonian institution. Doubtless the substance of this meteorite originally was largely stony, but the stony parts became disintegrated and disappeared after it fell, leaving the ring of iron. Of 400 meteors that have been seen actually to fail, only about a dozen were metallic, the rest being mainly of stony kiss material, though containing more or less iron.

On the other hand, nearly all of the meteorites picked up in a casual way are masses of metal. It is probably the case that a great majority of such bodies are stony, but meteorites of that description do not attract notice when lying on the ground. All of these facts are extremely interesting in view of the belief now entertaineed by science that the composition of meteorites throws light upon the make up of the terrestrial globe. In fact, according to this theory, the make up of the earth is much like that of the average meteorite. Obviously the moment this assumption is made the study of the structure of meteorites comes to have extraordinary importance, for man's knowledge of the planet on which he lives is restricted almost entirely to the surface of it. The bowels of the earth remain almost nuknown.-Washington Post.

Pert Princess Victoria.

The London Lady tells this amusing anecdote of Queen Victoria's childhood:

The Duchess of Kent was Queen Victoria's mother, and there is an anecdote which tells that there was in the Duke of Kent's household a gentleman called Mr. Brown. The princess' father called him Brown, so the princess imitated him, and used to call him Brown, but the duchess, her mother, said she was not to call him Brown, but Mr. Brown, or else she would send her to bed. The next morning the princess said, "Good morning, Brown, and good night, for I am going to bed now."

The Tarheel.

An Arkansas lawyer, who was a native of North Carolina, not long ago wanted to inform a juror, also a native of North Carolina, that they both hailed from the same state. So he dropped some chewing gum, stepped upon it, and pretended that his heel had stuck to the floor. This gave him an opportanity to say that he was a Tarheel

mand that you were. How I shall laugh as I picture you passing by, when you, Roger, were not taller than a boot and wore short trocsers. On your arm you carried a basket in which your mother had placed a luncheon of bread and preserves. No, Roger, I shall not laugh. Do not think me so frivolous. If I wish to go down there to your native village, it is because I love you-I love you so well-and because I am jealous of a past in which I have no share. Perhaps some day you might think of these things without thinking of me. 'Tis this that grieves me so. Take me where you were, mingle me with that which once surrounded you, so that henceforth you may never have a reverie in which I am not a part, so that I may left them. never be absent from your memories, however distant they may be." Speaking thus, she raised her lips to his, and

hesitatingly. "What!" she said, and her voice grew he consented (not without an air of still sweeter. "Did you not see that it melancholy) because of the proffered was all bare and so gloomy-the little grave in the cemetery? Here are some The first days passed in this little

flowers, Roger. Take them to Denise." village were adorable ones. Cecile en-"Ah, dear one," he said, falling upjoyed everything in the great, lonely on his knees, "how merciful you are to place. Even the ugly, somber streets me and how kind to the poor little one delighted her. The villagers who passwho fell asleep so young. Yes, I will ed tarned to look after her, marveling carry the flowers to her, or rather we her Parisian grace. will take them together." One evening there was a fete in front But Cecile said:

the town hall-a shooting gallery, three turnstiles and some wooden horses. Mme. Prudence, the clairvoyant, was there. Cecile entered the woman's place to learn her fate.

"No enemy seeks to harm you, and every possible happiness is yours." "Ah, I know it," cried Cecile, fall-

-From the French For Short Stories. ing impulsively upon her husband's neck, to the astonishment of the clair-

The first mention of the Huns in his-She visited the old house where Rogtory is in China, B. C. 210. They coner's mother had died. "What a pity we quered that country and were afterward are not rich enough to buy it," she driven out by the Celestials and marchsaid. Then she made him relate, with ed clear across Asia, penetrating the many details, the life he had led when country now known as Hungary in 376 a boy-at what hour he arose, at what A. D. For a time they threatened to hour he want to bed. She wanted to overrun the whole of the continent, but know, too, the place at table occupied were defeated in the heart of France by each member of the family and to and driven back to the banks of the hear of those evenings when he sat be-Danube. neath the lamp reading aloud, while the

old mother, listening, would fall asleep in the great armchair, her feet upon the

But the garden interested her most of all. She at once recognized the well, and she in her turn dropped in stones to hear them splash in the water.

There were no more doves' nests in the tulip tree. "What a pity!" Behind the hedge ran the road to the

sell Lowell. schoolhouse. Cecile stained her red lips nearly black with the juice of the malberries, and so happy was she that The nose is very apt to freckle, even her eyes became clouded with tears of when no other part of the face is affectjoy. She followed where Roger led. He was charmed to see her so tenderly ed in the same way. These little brown spots can be removed by putting on the affected. He, however, was very silent nose this lotion: Lemon juice, 3 ounces; and smiled but little, trying in vain to vinegar, 1 ounce; resewater, 1 ounce; hide a feeling of deep sadness. Yes, truly, after they had returned to the little a sponge several times a day. village he was pensive and morose.

One morning he dressed in haste and

rend asunder the bonds. At length she fell in exhaustion, an-Alas! What would she say, if she guish and despair and lay motionless deigned to speak at all? He awaited a

and resigned. The natives well knew sad discourse or a sadder silence. that these symptoms forbode the loss of But no! She spoke, and very sweettheir prize. She panted for an hour or ly, with her soft voice. more, sighed deeply and died-of "bro-"Ah! 'Tis you, "she said, and, smil-

ken heart." ing, she raised her forehead for a kiss. A male somewhat above medium What! She was not angry? She was size was next submitted to the exciting not sad? He did not see that her eyes ordeal with minor variations. While he were a little red, as though she had stood jammed between two of the tame been weeping. Perhaps, he thought, she elephants, away from any tree, the did not read the name upon the stone. nooser induced him to raise his hind Another surprise awaited him. foot by touching it gently, drew the Upon the table, in great perfumed running knot about his leg and retreatbunches, were lilies and white roses. ed. In this case the rope was attached One would have said that they were for

to the girth of one of the trained ania fete day, and that the florist had just mals, and the sagacious brute, knowing exactly what was expected of him, be-"These flowers, Cecile?" he asked facing the spectators' stands.

The wild one resisted violently, but without avail, as the tame allies steadly pushed, butted and pulled him across the inclosure. When the tying was complete, his contortions to free himself were astonishing, though in the end he calmed down, hopeless and covered with

A Queen's Visit.

To be old and poor and bedridden is "No, no! Not that." And she smiled er privileges of life, but there was one a little sadly. "'Tis the same with old man in Scotland who found his dischildren, 'tis the same with the dead. advantages had procured him a privi-We are all a little jealous. Look you, lege that the strong and more active dear one. Should I accompany you to members of his family were seeking in the graveyard Denise would be less vain. pleased to have flowers upon her tomb."

It was on an occasion when Queen Victoria was at Balmoral, and, as she often did, she went one day unaccompanied to visit the cottages. In one of these she found an old man, bedridden and quite alone, and she sat down to talk to him

"And how is it you are alone?" she asked. "Have you no one to keep you company? "No," replied the old man innocently.

glimpse of her." His visitor made no reply, but she sat with the old man, pleasantly filling the

gap made by the absence of "his folks," and then focud time to read to The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all ured. On leaving she gave a further things else, are comparatively easy to proof of her sympathy in the shape of a give away, but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has possession of him.-James Russee the queen the queen has been to see you."-Youth's Companion.

> The Chinese Conservative historians among the Chinese claim for their race an antiq-

these whose estimates are a little final proof in support of his claim and that are "wild" assert that the Chinese were the Jamaica rum, I ounce. Apply this with original inhabitants of the earth and 1807, viz:

that Chinese history goes back at least 500,000,000 years. The government records of China place the foundation of range 31 west. He names the following withe

CHARLEY I. BOYCE.

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