

## ROYALTY IN A DUEL.

PRINCE HENRI OF ORLEANS RECEIVES TWO WOUNDS.

Count Receives Only a Slight Scratch on His Right Hand—Honor of the Italian Army Violated—Weapon of the Italian Penetrates the Lower Abdomen.

PARIS, Aug. 15.—The condition of Prince Henri of Orleans, who fought a duel with the Count of Turin Sunday, is as satisfactory as could be expected. The doctors, after consultation, have expressed the opinion that no important organ was touched, but absolute rest is necessary for recovery. Owing to rumors at Naples and elsewhere the public had not expected a duel to come off. It was, therefore, quite private. The official account furnished by the second recites fully the circumstances leading up to the encounter.

The second of Prince Henri of Orleans were M. De Leontieff, governor general of the equatorial provinces of Abyssinia, and M. Raoul Mourichon.

The Count of Turin's seconds were General Count Arzagade de Quinto and the Marquis Carlo di Gino.

In the first assault Prince Henri was hit in the right breast, though the sword of Prince Henri was bent and stopped the engagement long enough to furnish the prince with a new weapon.

In the fifth assault the combatants again got into close quarters and were immediately stopped. Prince Henri in a small blow, being hit in the right lower region of the abdomen. The doctors on both sides examined the wound and declared that Prince Henri was wounded by it clearly inferior to his antagonist.

Major Leontieff and M. Mourichon proposed that the combat be stopped, and this was done with common accord. While his wound was being dressed Prince Henri, raising himself upon the ground, extended his hand to the Count of Turin, saying: "Allow me, monseigneur, to shake hands with you."

The count extended his hand.

PARIS GIVEN A BIG SCARE.

Departure of President Faure is Followed by a Bomb Explosion.

PARIS, Aug. 15.—The departure of President Faure on his visit to the east at St. Petersburg today was marked by a scene of the greatest excitement, accompanied by the circulation of the wildest kind of rumors. After his departure, a bomb exploded along the route the procession had followed and, although no damage was done and in spite of the fact that nobody was hurt, the most intense excitement prevailed for a long time afterwards, and the sensational reports had it that those who exploded the bomb had intended an outrage of a more serious nature.

The president received an ovation from the public when he started on his journey to Russia, large crowds of people lining the route from Elisee palace to the railway station, and greeted the president with enthusiastic cries of "Vive le republicain! Vive la Russie!"

Ten minutes after the president's departure, while the crowds were returning along the route traversed by M. Faure, a bomb exploded at the corner of the Boulevard Magenta and the Rue Lafayette, in front of the Restaurant Dural.

Scrap of paper were found about the scene of the explosion inscribed "Vive la Russie!" and "Vive la Pologne!" apparently indicating that the author of the explosion today was the same individual who caused the recent explosion in the Bois de Boulogne and on the Place de la Concorde.

WHOLE FRONTIER IS AFIRE.

Outbreak in India Forces Serious Native Marching From Every Direction.

SIMLA, Aug. 15.—It is announced here this afternoon that the whole frontier seems to be aflame. The Afidis are marching through the Khyber pass upon Jammul, while the Orakzais are advancing by Kurram and are threatening Samana.

The 34th regiment of Sikhs, which is divided into detachments along the frontier, has been ordered to concentrate at Fort Lockhart. All the ladies, except Mrs. Dorevanz, the wife of Major Dorevanz of the 34th Sikhs, have left Simla and reached Haug in safety.

The Gurkha and Sami-Mazari have combined and threatened Parachorus, in the Kurram valley, which is garrisoned by detachments of Gurkhas and Sikhs.

News has been received here confirming the report that the Afidis of Bazar valley and the Orakzais have risen. The latter are reported to be descending in force on the Kurramist road, on which is situated the Sad post.

Prince Henri's condition.

PARIS, Aug. 17.—Prince Henri of Orleans, who was wounded in the lower part of the right side of the abdomen yesterday morning in a duel fought with the Count of Turin, nephew of the king of Italy, passed a quiet night. His condition is now considered by his physicians to be satisfactory. General Albertone, the Italian officer who challenged Prince Henri, but who gave way to the Count of Turin, has withdrawn his challenge.

Death Sentence For Angiolillo.

MADRID, Aug. 17.—Michel Angiolillo, alias Goli, the anarchist assassin of Premier Canovas del Castillo, who was tried by court martial yesterday at Vergara, was found guilty, and was sentenced to death. Upon hearing the sentence Angiolillo turned deathly pale and had to be assisted from the courtroom. Angiolillo will be executed within the prison.

## PUSS AND HER WHEEL.

How an Admirer Tired Out a Horde of Blooming Bachelors.

When pretty Puss came to visit us a couple of weeks ago, she was just beginning to learn to ride a wheel. She looked stunning in her dark green riding habit, and I had great sport helping her to hang on. The slender waist was hers, but the arm around it was mine, you know, and I enjoyed it immensely. But we did not make much progress, and as my wife was beginning to get jealous I eventually had to invite a young man around to teach Puss.

I picked out the homeliest park among the wheelmen of the town, but that invitation was a signal to every blooming bachelor that rode a wheel within ten miles of our house to come around and help. I have since learned that the young scamps of today keep tab on every girl who learns to ride and swarm around her. It seems that there is no fun riding with a girl after she has learned to ride. The pleasurable excitement comes in when you have to hold her on the wheel and whisper words of burning encouragement and direction into her pink little shell-like ear.

It made me very tired when I discovered what sort of a game these young men were working. I spoke to the little lady about the matter and offered to resume Puss' instruction exclusively, but she told me that Puss preferred the young unmarried men and plenty of them to one homely old curmudgeon of a married man like me.

Well, matters went from bad to worse, and before long we had more than 50 young men hanging around our front steps every evening, smoking vile cigarettes, while they waited their turn at Puss' waist.

I had to lie awake nights to devise a scheme to get even with those young men. But I have quite an intellect when once it gets to work, and eventually I hit upon a plan that was at once cheap and efficacious. I purchased a small bradawl—one so small that I could easily hide it in the palm of my hand. With this I punched a hole every evening in the tire of one of Puss' wheels.

The first youth who arrived after supper, of course, had to patch the wheel up and pump it full of air. During this interesting process I helped by holding the other wheel—and incidentally punched a hole in that one. Then the young man would have to take a turn repairing that. As he did so I punched another hole in the first wheel.

In this manner in the course of a couple of weeks I wore out the patience of 55 young men, 7 married men, 4 grandfathers, 2 physicians and a doctor of divinity. I now have Puss all to myself, and she is learning to ride rapidly. I had to buy her some new tires, but that didn't matter. Like all newspaper men and writers, I am rich.

—New York Truth.

Cause of Monotony.

Editor—Mr. Paragraph, I wish you wouldn't write so many jokes about men who can't pay their bills. They are funny enough in a way, but so many of them are a little monotonous. Can't you get your mind on some other subject?

Mr. Paragraph (thoughtfully)—Perhaps I could—if I had a little larger salary.

—New York Weekly.

Why He Wanted to Know.

Ellie's Brother—Do you love my sister Ellie?

Ellie's Steady Company—Why, Willie, that is a queer question. Why do you want to know?

Ellie's Brother—She said last night she would give a \$5 note to know, and I'd like to scoop it in.

—Tit-Bits.

A Fortune In Sight.

"My folks have some family plate, said one small girl in a boastful tone.

"Well," replied the other, "that isn't anything. Our folks have some armer plate, and what is more, they are going to sell it to the government."

—Washington Star.

A New View.

"What a nice, kind man Nero was!"

"What? Why, the wretch fiddled while Rome burned!"

"I know. He'd probably waited all his life for a chance when he wouldn't disturb any one."

—New York Truth.

Saved Off.

He was not long for this world. It was evident to his wife, but she did not grieve, though she loved him well.

She had got accustomed to his short stature.

—New York Sunday World.

A Good Sign.

Whiffers—Do you think your railroad suit for \$10,000 damages will be decided in your favor?

Bluffers—I guess so. I notice my lawyer has given an order for a new yacht.

—New York Weekly.

Good Money After Bad.

"What makes Humphy so down on the long distance telephone?"

"He called up a man in Toledo that owes him \$2.50. They wrangled till it cost Humphy \$13."

—Detroit Free Press.

Frightful Debasement.

Perry Pattie—They do say they are packing gold in whisky barrels up in Klondike.

Wayworn Watson—Wot a disgrace to the barrel!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Horrid Man.

She—I imagine his home life is rather stormy.

He—He certainly has children enough to account for a few squalls.

—Detroit News.

Cruel Girl.

Belle (to cadet)—How you do resemble my old aunt in appearance! All you need to make the resemblance perfect is a mustache.

—Fliegende Blätter.

Don't pronounce the song in "a."

Don't use a spoon for less or ice cream.

Don't place more than one plate at each place.

Don't use butter at dinner except with cheese.

Don't decorate the table with too many flowers.

Don't use the same knife for more than one course.

Don't use the same fork for more than one course.

Don't serve peas, beans, cauliflower, etc., with meat.

Don't pronounce menu "may-nu," but "men-u."

—What to Eat.

## GETTING INTO SOCIETY.

Extracts From the Diary of a Young Foreign Nobleman.

Oh, I'm getting into society fast. I can already say that I am moving in the best circles. (The police keep me moving.)

Yesterday I was invited to a ball at the Haster place. I mean their hotel. I took nine straight. The next day the clerk there gave me a ball all for myself. It only cost me 15 cents.

Today I proposed to 17 New York heiresses by letter. I also inserted a "wife wanted" personal in Jim Bennett's paper. I met him once in France when his coach ran over me. I do like to keep up my society connections. Tomorrow I am going to hyphenate my name. Hyphenating names and hyphenating bonds are all the rage now.

I gave a swarty musicale at Wanderbilt's the other day. An organ grinder friend of mine was sick, and I conducted his orchestra for him.

I have called on Whispehard Stewart. Was going to ask him to lead a blind German I know who wants to go into the begging business. Got a warm reception from his valet. Didn't see Whisp.

Last evening I danced (attendance) at the house of a millionaire. Finally got a quarter to go away without marrying his daughter. Offered me his mother-in-law, but I couldn't go that.

This morning I waited around until his daughter came out and bowed to her. She cut me dead. I've got that far into society any way. It isn't every one who can be cut by a society girl. Keep your eye on me.—Yellow Book.

In the Museum.

Theatrical Manager—What are you doing, Mike?

Mike—The fitter eater swallowed too much force, an I'm knocking the blades out of him.—New York Sunday World.

Expensive.

"Just think of the extravagance of city folks, Joshua," said Mrs. Wintergreer to her husband. "I read in the paper of a woman who had a gold plated bicycle."

"That isn't a marker to what I saw in the paper," replied the honest farmer. "What did you see?"

"Why," said he as he lowered his voice to a whisper, "I saw that some fellow had a diamond frame wheel. What do you think of that?"—Detroit Free Press.

Nothing Succeeds Like Success.

"What do you think about St. Perkins' plan to go to the Alaska mines?"

asked Farmer Cornucopius.

"I don't think there's any sense in trying to form an opinion for at least six months," replied his wife. "Then the neighborhood'll know whether to refer to St. as a man of 'extraordinary foresight' or 'another deluded victim.'"

—Washington Star.

His Reason.

She—Do you think the world is getting better or worse?

He—Better.

She—Why do you hold that opinion?

He—My wife's mother writes that she will not be able to pay us her customary six weeks' visit this summer.

—Cleveland Leader.

Perhaps He Told Truth.

"Was old Billiger telling the truth, do you think, when he said he had always put principle above mere party success?"

"I think he was. He has run for office about 40 times and has never been elected yet."

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Making a Good Beginning.

Western Cousin—I am glad you ride a bicycle. Have you ever done a century?

Boston Girl—Oh, no. Several times, however, I have ridden what I suppose you would call a decade.

—Chicago Tribune.

Wrecked Ambition.

Brown—Is young Jenkins studying now?

Robinson—Yes. He expected to become a baseball pitcher, but unfortunately he was seriously injured his arm and had to give up the idea.

—New York World.

She'll Try Elsewhere.

"You needn't leave us any more," said the newly married housewife.

"Anything wrong, madam?"

"Indeed there is. This ice is not nearly so cold as that mother gets."

—Detroit Free Press.

How He Did It.

"The doctor put my husband on his feet in a week," explained.

"It was no trouble at all. The till he presented fairly lifted him out of bed."

—Chicago Post.

Out of Danger.

Grampus—Had an attack of the Klondike mining fever yet?

Grampus—Nope. I've taken the gold cure.

—New York Journal.

The Old Armchair.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare to chide me for loving that old armchair?

It stands up so nobly 'neath the stars and stripes. As the night's still hours so delightfully fly. No modern armchair, with its spindle shank legs.

And belted together with glue and with pegs. With delicate framework and weak at the knees. Could hold up our weight in our sparkling soirees.

—Denver Post.

His Favorite.

Zim—He never brags.

Jam—No; that's his fondest boast.

—New York Journal.

Two Millions a Year.

When people buy, try, and buy again, it means they're satisfied. The people of the United States are now buying Cascarets Candy Cathartic at the rate of two million boxes a year and it will be three million before New Year's.

It means merit proved, that Cascarets are the most delightful bowel regulator for every body of the year round. All druggists 10c, 25c, 50c. a box, cure guaranteed.

—Advertisement.

## SUMMERY SOMETHINGS.

Now the street on the sands

Waves her snowy arms and hands

While the billow on her lands

Madly dancing.

In the moonlight's golden beam

Now the water wheels his beam

While the sunsets lay the moon

In the glancing.

Now the maiden hits the boy

And she dreams about the pop

And the crowd's on the top

Of the billow.

And beneath her parachute

Now the fishbowl, lone and misty

Hangs her fragile amber late

On the willow.

Now the billow fits along

All his bosom full of song

To the dragon's eye dimpling

On his mottle.

And the lonesome goldenrod

By the wall begins to nod

While the dream of whisky rot

In the attic.

Oh, the punch is on the stand

And from Quoique to Summerville

Now the dreamer beats the band

On his mottle.

Now the lute on the scarp

Knocks the umpire into pulp

And the beer is down of whisky rot

Proves it's summer.

—R. K. Munkittrick in New York Journal.

Sweet Nothings.

"Has Miss Orlitz at last consented to listen to him?"

"Yes. He told me that he found her very interesting. Of course that must be a figure of speech. Everybody knows that courtship is made up of sweet nothings. By the way, I wonder what 'sweet nothings' are?"

"The case you have just mentioned gives a very clear example."

"I don't quite see how."

"Have you a pencil and a piece of paper?"

"Yes."

"Set down the figures '\$1,000,000.'"

"There you have it."

"First you have the dollar mark."

"Certainly."

"Next comes the figure one."

"Yes."

"Well, what follows are the sweet nothings?"—Washington Star.

Meekly & Loosely.

An Alabama editor, discussing lynching, says: "The lynchers had forgotten to bring a rope with them, but the victim had 40 cents in his pocket, and that was just enough to purchase a good, strong rope, which was soon procured from a store near by. The money, however, was considered as a loan and was returned to the victim's family after the lynching ceremonies were over."

—Atlanta Constitution.

A Protective Measure.

Wallace—I didn't know you rode a wheel.

"Perry—I don't."

"Then what are you wearing knickerbockers and a sweater for?"

"To keep the cool bicycle riders from running over me. They think I'm one of 'em.'"

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Optimist.

Gridgion—Did you ever notice how Braddock grabs all the good things there are going?

Houston—That's because he's an optimist. He believes that everything is for the best, and naturally he thinks he is the best.

—Boston Transcript.

Time to Draw the Line.

Light Minded Young Thing In a Bathing Suit—Surely, Aunt Margaret, you are not going to wear your spectacles in the water?

Aunt Margaret—Indeed I am. Nothing shall induce me to take off another thing.—New York Tribune.

The Gold Cure.

A man writing from Dawson City, near the Klondike gold diggings, says: "Beer is 50 cents per drink. I have quit drinking." This is an impressive example of the efficacy of the gold cure.

—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

Success of Effort.

Landlady—I believe in letting coffee boil for 30 minutes. That's the only way to get the goodness out of it.

New Boarder (tasting his and leaving it)—You succeeded admirably, ma'am.

—Punch.

He Knew.

"Two hours of sleep before midnight is better than four after that hour."

"Fiddlesticks! Two hours' sleep after one is called in the morning is better than all the others."

—Judy.

Thine.

"You should have heard Smith cracking up his wife's biscuits this morning."

"I believe I did hear him. I thought at the time he was chopping wood."

—New York Truth.

Untold Wealth.

"Borgess has untold wealth."

"How do you know?"

"I just saw the tax assessor coming from his house."

—Cleveland Leader.

Between Dricks.

"Are you a Free Mason, Pat?"

"Faith, an Oi! in not that. (A belongs ter th' Knights o' Labor)"

—Yellow Book.

He Envied Them.

Mrs. Hempeck—How dreadful to keep those poor prisoners incommunicado.

Doctor—After thinking the matter over—Oh, I don't know.

—New York Sunday Journal.

## Cancer Of the Breast.

Mr. A. H. Cransby, of 158 Kerr St., Memphis, Tenn., says that his wife paid no attention to a small lump which appeared in her breast, but it soon developed into a cancer of the worst type, and notwithstanding the treatment of the best physicians, it continued to spread and grow rapidly, eating two holes in her breast. The doctors