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VOL 37

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NO 265

Hamilton's Dueling Pistol.

In the parlor of the Roy homestead, in Superior, Wis., is the pistol with which Alexander Hamilton fought Aaron Burr on the banks of the Hudson in the year 1803, and the mate of the weapon with which Aaron Burr took Hamilton's life on that occasion. The owner of the relic is Margaret A. Roy, widow of Vincent Roy. Mr. Roy was one of Superior's pioneers, and over 20 years ago, upon the occasion of a visit to the town of a party of southern and eastern speculators, the pistol was presented to him by ex-Senator J. B. Beck of Kentucky in return for a favor conferred by Mr. Roy. Mr. Beck received the weapon from a relative of Colonel James Boyle, and subsequently loaned it to a friend, who used it during the civil war. Colonel Boyle received the pistol, together with its mate, from Judge Van Ness, who was Burr's second during the duel with Hamilton.

The Burr pistol, which is an exact duplicate of the other, is now owned by Louis Marshall, son of Colonel Thomas Marshall of Vermont. It has changed hands many times, and finally got into the hands of Colonel Marshall after passing through the Mexican and civil wars. Both weapons were marked by Colonel Van Ness to insure identification, the Burr pistol with an "X," to signify that it had killed one man, and the Hamilton pistol with the character "O" above the initials "A. H." The pistol owned by Mrs. Roy is of the old flintlock, horse pistol pattern. Although made of good material and well finished, it is a clumsy looking affair compared with the pistol of today. The barrel is 12 inches long and carries a two ounce ball, while the handle is heavy and extremely difficult to grip.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Not Religious and Not Fussy.

"When I came out on my regular trip, the other morning," relates the Leo stage-driver, "the only passenger I had was an old lady of very demure manners. I was most dead for a smoke, but I had sort of got it into my head that the old lady was a religious and a fussy party. When we got along a piece, however, I got to fingering my tobacco and, by snuff, I just couldn't resist the temptation. So I turned round to the old lady and asked her if she had any objection to my taking a whiff or two. She straightened up a like a monkey on a stick.

"By golly, young man," she shouted, "you've hit me just where I live. I've been a hankering for a smoke all the morning. Gimme a match."

"She pulled out a black T. D., and I tell you, mister, me'n that old lady made the stage look like a steam engine going up a grade."—Kennebec Journal.

No Monotony.

According to the statement of the 10-year-old daughter of a Massachusetts clergyman, there are ways of making an old sermon seem almost new.

"Molly," said one of the friends of this young critic, "does your father ever preach the same sermon twice?"

"I think perhaps he does," returned Molly cautiously, "but I think he talks loud and soft in different places the second time, so it doesn't sound the same at all."—Youth's Companion.

Trophies of Victory.

"What are all those ribbons hanging on the chandelier?"

"Those are not ribbons. They are neckties I've pulled off different men when I was learning to ride a wheel."—Chicago Record.

Handel had one of the most phenomenal musical memories ever known. He knew by heart over 50 operas from beginning to end.

Oliver Cromwell had the largest brain on record. It weighed a little over 60 ounces, but was found to be diseased.

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Muscular Hercules.

It is astonishing what a large number of kings and other rulers have been famous for their physical strength. The late czar of Russia and the late German emperor were both remarkable for their strength of body. The latter, in fact, thought sufficiently well of his powers to oppose himself to Sandow, who wrestled with and defeated the monarch with difficulty.

Augustus II, elector of Saxony, was a man of immense strength. He once seized a man who had concealed himself in the royal sleeping apartment by the waist and flung him out of the window into the courtyard beneath.

Maurice, count of Saxony, a natural son of the above elector, was as noted as his father for his feats of strength. It needs no small amount of strength in the fingers to enable one to twist a long, thick nail into a spiral. This Maurice did and afterward used it as a corkscrew to open bottles of wine at a luncheon. At another time, while stopping at a farrier's to have his horses attended to, he broke half a dozen of the man's horseshoes by the strength of his hands like so many biscuits. That Maurice was equally strong in other parts of his body is shown by the following:

While traveling on foot in London he had an altercation with a dustman. The dispute developed into a quarrel, which the count terminated by seizing his adversary by the head and throwing him over his shoulder into the mud cart, which was standing near.

A Welcome Organization.

"A society for the prevention of hereditary diseases"—and may heaven bless the brave young women who organized this body! Members are pledged "not to marry into any family subject to such hereditary diseases as consumption, insanity or an appetite for strong drink." New York has the honor of being the home of this organization.—Union Signal.

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QUALITY A 1

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Elevating the Painter.

A Scotch journal says that a certain well known painter went to a seaside village to paint a picture and put up at a small public house. One day while in his room he heard a commotion, and on running down stairs found that the chimney was on fire. Two or three men were trying to put out the flames by sweeping the soot down with brooms, but the blaze was too high to be reached in this manner. Seeing their want of success, the painter caught up a thick mat, ran with it to the roof, and climbing up the stack of chimneys, placed it on the top of the one that was on fire. His idea was, of course, to obstruct the draft. It happened that a stiff breeze was blowing, and, as the mat was in danger of being blown off, the artist sat on it to hold it down. He was just comfortably seated when he found himself lifted bodily and landed upon the tiles of the roof. What had happened? That was more than he could imagine till he went down stairs. No one knew that he had gone aloft, and when the landlord saw that sweeping down the soot was ineffective he tried the old fashioned remedy of lighting a charge of gunpowder. This it was that removed not only the soot, but the mat and the painter.

Wales and Lady Romney.

Wales gets huffy with women on account of the slightest trifles. Though on the most familiar terms with them, he will turn them down remorselessly. It is a shame that he should possess the power. Here is an instance: One night he was talking to Lady Romney at a ball. "I hear, Lady Romney," he leered, "that Lord Romney has a nickname. What is it?"

Instead of answering the question, Lady Romney said, "Sir, I hear that you are called 'Tummy.' Is it true?"

Without a word he turned with a scowl and walked away, leaving her an object of rude attention.—New York Press.

Spain's wretched showing in agricultural pursuits is said by the British consul at Cadix to be due to the use of primitive implements of the time of Julius Cæsar.

There are nearly 250,000 more men than women in Australia, and in New Zealand also women are in a minority.

WARE - HOUSE TO LET

PEAKE'S WHARF (NO 1)

Wharfage storage and yardage, at reasonable rates.

Arthur G. Peake.

Nov. 4

A SONG.

Bring me the juice of the honey fruit,
The large, translucent, amber hue'd,
Rare grapes of southern isles, to suit
The luxury that fills my mood.

And bring me only such as grew
Where fairest maidens tend the lowers,
And only fed by rain and dew
Which first had bathed a bank of flowers.

They must have hung on spicy trees
In atrs of far enchanted vales,
And all night heard the ecstasies
Of noble throated nightingales.

So that the virtues which belong
To flowers may therein tasted be,
And that which hath been thrilled with
song
Lay give a thrill of song to me.

For I would wake that string for thee
Which hath too long in silence hung,
And sweeter than all else should be
The song which in thy praise is sung.
—Thomas Buchanan Read.

THE SQUIRRELS IN THE OAK.

How They Kept House and Got Their Provisions.

My favorite boarders in the oak were the gray squirrels. The boys knew their hole from the woodpeckers' at a glance, for it was in the living trunk of the tree, and the red brown margin always showed where their powerful teeth had been cutting away the bark that threatened to grow in and close them up. I have often wondered how the woodpeckers knew that it would imprison them, and that they must put up with the dead limb.

As for the grays, they were not afraid to live in the heart of the oak, and what stores of nuts, harvested in the hickories on the hill, they did manage to "tote" up there. There must have been a peck at least when I ruthlessly chopped into the hollow with a sharp hatchet and captured a fine brood of young ones that were soon tamed into graceful and affectionate pets.

The old father and mother we did not want, even if we could have caught them, because they are fierce and untamable in captivity.

The abduction of their pretty children did not seem to weigh much on their minds. They gave no sign of the poignant grief, not to be comforted, that I have seen, for instance, in bluebirds whose nest had been despoiled, but refitted their den as snugly as before and raised another family.

When my squirrels went harvesting, one of them first held his head in the mouth of the hole for half a minute to see if the coast was clear. Presently out he whisked and stopped again to make sure, while his mate followed. Then Mr. Squirrel gave a rasping, long drawn bark of defiance, which must have filled his lady's heart with admiration for his boldness, and with apprehension lest some unwary creature should come within reach of her lord's anger.

Then—if you didn't betray yourself and send both scampering in wildest fright back to the hole—after playing hide and seek for a few moments they ran in single file out to the topmost twigs of a great bough, gained a branch of the neighboring bare walnut and, crossing to its farther side, made a desperate flying leap into the top of a young hickory. Running half way down this, they used a succession of dogwoods and oak saplings until they had reached the grove of tall, straight hickories on the hill, an eighth of a mile from their hole in the oak. Come on them suddenly now if you would care to see fast time made over this queer course and some record breaking leaps that fairly take away one's breath.—Scribner's Magazine.

Autograph Fiends.

The author of "Chats With Celebrities," Mr. Guild, says of the demand upon Longfellow for his autograph:

I remember one very pleasant party at the poet's dinner table, at which Mr. Monti, Professor E. N. Horsford and myself were present, when Mr. Longfellow related a number of amusing anecdotes respecting applications that were made to him for autographs. He was very kind to autograph seekers and used to keep in a little box upon his writing table a number of slips upon which were written, "Yours very truly, Henry W. Longfellow." One of these would be sent to the applicant by a member of his family to whom he passed over their requests.

But the autograph seekers were not always satisfied with a mere signature, and he often sent a verse from one of his poems signed with his name. The most remarkable request, however, came from a lady in Boston, who, the poet said, sent him by express a package of 150 blank visiting cards, with a letter requesting that he would inscribe his name on each of them the next day, as she was to have a grand reception at which a number of literary people would be present, and she wished to present each one of her guests with the poet's autograph.

This was too much for even Longfellow's good nature and would seem to be hardly credible had I not heard it from the poet's own lips.