

MEMORY OF THE CODE DUELLA

Of an Old Virginia Episode After the War.

One Little Poem Did Its Deadly Work—The Young Lawyer Brave but a Poor Shot.

Died.—At his home in Richmond, Va., May 25, 1900, Captain Page McCarthy, aged 67 years.

Gen. Robert E. Lee had surrendered. The confederacy had fallen. Thousands of young southerners had come from the war to find their homes in ruins and their fortunes lost. Nothing but the land remained, and many of them settled down when the first shock of defeat was still fresh to plant cotton and tobacco. Proud young men, the product of the chivalry of the old south, who had never done a stroke of work, they lived for a time the life of field hands. They got up with the sun, hitched the only remaining mule to the rusty plow and worked hard in the fields all day. In the intensity of the labor they were able to forget the bitterness of their lot.

Meanwhile Richmond, the old capital of the "lost cause," became more than ever the social center of the south. Outside of New Orleans, Richmond was the largest of southern cities. To it had gone most of the few old planters who had managed to save a part at least of their fortunes. Naturally the more ambitious and enterprising of the younger generation gravitated in the same direction.

Two years after Lee issued that last farewell to the remnant of his shattered army, Richmond was a gay and bustling city. Half the great families of the old south were represented there. And there for a time an attempt was made to carry on the stately and splendid social life which the war had ended forever. Big clubs were opened, and gambling and drinking, both fostered by the excitement and temptation of army life, so recently over, ran high. The mansions of the Richmond gentry were the scenes of nightly hospitality, and each week the fashionables drove in their coaches to a ball.

Gradually the young men who had gone home to their plantations from the war gave up the fight with nature, and one after the other gathered together the little remnant of their fortunes and came to Richmond to practice law or attempt to earn a living in some other way. Hundreds of young men, dependent on their own resources for the first time, and all of them of the highest social standing, added to the excitement and gaiety of the Virginia capital.

Among the fashionable beaux of Richmond at the time was Capt. Page McCarthy, then a young man of 40 and a descendant of a famous Fairfax county family. His father had served several terms in congress and had met and killed his man according to the regulations of the code of honor. All over the south an appeal to the code had always been the first resort of an insulted gentleman, and now, since the four years of war had taught these defeated soldiers how cheap is human life, duels were more common than ever.

The belle of Richmond during this period of unrest and excitement was Mary Triplett. Half the young men in Richmond were in love with her and there was great rivalry among them all for the slightest favor from her hand. She was the nightly toast and at the weekly ball reigned supreme. One of the most fervent of her admirers was Capt. Page McCarthy. Miss Mary, however, did not favor the captain, and finally a quarrel arose between them, as a result of which they passed each other on the street without speaking.

At one of the dancing parties it so happened that Mary Triplett was placed in the formation of some figure directly opposite Capt. McCarthy. She could not refuse to dance with him without creating a scene, so she walked through the figure with great coolness and dignity, only so far recognizing the captain's existence as was necessary under the circumstances. Already Capt. McCarthy was angry; but this treatment made him furious. He left the ball room a few minutes later. In the next issue of a Richmond paper there appeared a little poem of perhaps six stanzas, which set all Richmond in a fever of excitement. Four of the lines were as follows:

When Mary's queenly form I press
In Strauss' waltz,
I might as well her tips caress,
Although those tips be false.
The poem was entitled "To Mary," and, though everybody recognized the

application of the lines and was morally certain that McCarthy had written them, nobody had any proof that he was the author.

Half of the beaux of Richmond started out to run down the man who had written and printed the cowardly lines, determined to call him to account on the field of honor. Among them was John Mordecai, a newcomer to Richmond and a young lawyer of great brilliancy and learning. Mordecai made it his business to visit all the clubs frequented by Capt. McCarthy and in the presence of the fire eating captain and other club members to forcibly express his opinion of the "coward and cad, whoever he may be," who wrote the offensive lines.

Finally McCarthy turned to Mordecai, with whom he had been on intimate terms, and said, with a threatening manner, "I wrote those verses, Mr. Mordecai."

Mordecai bowed mockingly across the table.

"Your admission, Capt. McCarthy, does not alter my opinion in the least."

Friends interfered before McCarthy succeeded in his attempt to strike Mordecai and forced him to leave the clubhouse. The same day Mordecai entered another club in which McCarthy was playing billiards. The latter commenced at once in a loud voice to comment on the fact that some people are unable to mind their own business, and Mordecai finally walked over to the table at which he was playing and asked if he meant to refer to him.

"Who are you, sir?" sneered McCarthy, staring Mordecai in the face. In an instant Mordecai had seized a billiard cue, with which he struck McCarthy to the floor, saying as he did so, "I'll show you who I am!"

Of course a duel followed. The two men, with their seconds, met at day break next morning just outside the Oakwood cemetery, below the city. So deadly was the spirit which animated them that they fought with dueling pistols, heavily loaded, at ten paces. At the first shot both men missed. McCarthy demanded a second shot. This time the aim was better on both sides, and both men fell. McCarthy's right thigh was broken, and Mordecai was fatally wounded, with a bullet through his abdomen.

As Mordecai lay dying he raised himself on his elbow and whispered to his second: "Present my compliments to Capt. McCarthy and tell him he can have another shot if he wishes."

Just as the second shots were fired the police arrived on the scene, too late to do more than arrest the seconds. Mordecai lived but six hours, but McCarthy finally recovered after spending months in terrible agony. Mordecai's seconds were William M. Royall, now a leading lawyer of Richmond, and William R. Trigg, now a shipbuilder. Dr. Hunter McGuire, the personal physician of Stonewall Jackson, was one of the attending surgeons. The whole party was locked up in the Richmond jail, where they were confined for several weeks. During the period of their imprisonment the women of Richmond, who felt that Mordecai had fallen in defense of one of their number, paid them every attention. Fresh flowers and delicious dishes were brought each day to the cells of the prisoners, and on their release they were welcomed back with demonstrations of joy.

Capt. McCarthy, after his recovery, became a recluse and a misanthrope. He lived most of the time in Richmond and was looked upon as a misanthrope, who avoided men and hated women. And the killing of young Mordecai went far toward breaking up the vogue of the duel in the south.

As for Miss Triplett, she married a Richmond lawyer and died suddenly at her home several years ago. Chicago Tribune.

Captain Jack in 'Frisco.

In the issue of the San Francisco Music and Drama of September 1st, appears on the first page of the cover a full page picture of Capt. Jack Crawford, who, after remaining here for nearly three years, left for the outside in June. The paper was sent with the old scout's compliments and beneath his picture he wrote the words: "Once a good scout, now a bad actor." Capt. Jack has written a play entitled "On the Trail," which was put on at the Alta theater, San Francisco, for the first time on the 3d of the present month. He has many friends in the Klondike who hope his theatrical venture may prove a success.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

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THEY WONDER YET.

For three weeks Chicago listened with delight to the topical refrain, "Everybody Wondered How He Knew." This ditty was the hit of The Burgomaster, and it was enjoyed thoroughly. But, instead of wondering how he knew, everybody now is wondering what has happened to the catchy ditty, for it is heard no more at the Dearborn, where The Burgomaster is being given.

Report is that Chicago, after laughing so heartily over the song, suddenly became shocked at the ditty, and the city officials announced that the ditty must be suppressed, and these lines are what Chicago now is missing as a result:

There are often little trifles that were better left unsaid,
But are uttered in an unaffected way,
Which reminds me of a funny little matter which occurred

At a fashionable ball the other day;
The host espied a silk embroidered garment on the floor
And gaily dared the owner to declare
When a jolly looking fellow said, without the least concern

"Oh, I know it, it belongs to Mrs. Dare!"

Now, wasn't that a silly thing to say?
Wasn't it a silly thing to do?

It came as quite a starter,
When he recognized that garter.

For everybody wondered how he knew,
Now, wasn't that a silly thing to say?

Wasn't it a silly thing to do?
But they didn't hear till later,
That she had got them from his mater,
So everybody wondered how he knew.

They were crowding round the baby at a christening;
After which
He was handed round for every one to see;
And a circumstance which somehow seemed

To please the people most
Was a dainty little dimple on his knee;
Said Cousin Jack, from Oxford, who was staying there just then:

"This looks like a hereditary strain,
For isn't it a funny thing that just in this respect
He's exactly like his elder sister Jane?"

Now, wasn't that a silly thing to say?
Wasn't it a silly thing to do?

It was really worse than simple,
When he talked about that dimple,
For everybody wondered how he knew,
Yet he chanced to see that dimple

While out being—ain't it simple?
But everybody wondered how he knew.

Folks were gazing at the very latest painting at a sale,
Labeled "Beauty Unadorned" upon the list,
When a gentleman remarked to several others standing by:

"It's not true—such perfect beauty can't exist."
"Excuse me, sir," a gentleman remarked, "but you are wrong.

And if you like I'll bet a case of fizz
That this painting here before you is exactly true to life,
And represents the girl just as she is."

Now, wasn't that a silly thing to say?
Wasn't it a silly thing to do?

The ladies blushed and wriggled,
And the men turned round and giggled,
For everybody wondered how he knew,
Yet he chanced to see that dimple

You see, he was the painter;
Yet everybody wondered how he knew.

They were eagerly discussing different reasons
At a dinner, when a married man opined
That snoring loud on either side should constitute a case.

For it seemed to drive off your mind,
"Quite right," remarked a smartly dressed young lady to a friend,

"I never snore by any chance—do you?"
On hearing which her fiancé absent mindedly remarked:

"Don't tell such stories, dear; you know you do."

Now, wasn't that a silly thing to say?
Wasn't it a silly thing to do?

It only sounded shady,
But it quite upset the lady,
For everybody wondered how he knew,
Until he said, "don't scold me,
Your sister Fannie told me."

Why, everybody wondered how he knew.

"Everybody Wondered How He Knew," since it has been suppressed, has had an added interest to Chicagoans, and is being sung nearly everywhere by nearly everybody, who wonders why it shocked.

Two Waiters.

If you have traveled, you must certainly have noticed the wide difference between negro waiters of southern and northern hotels.

In the north the waiter is stiff, rigid and supercilious. He takes your order condescendingly and briskly betakes himself to the culinary regions with the same. He stands with folded arms and scornful expression at some little distance, watching, however, for an opportunity to leap forward and pretend to anticipate your wants.

And when he brings your change you are certain to note that it is laid upon a plate and that one particular quarter is noticeably detached from its fellows.

In the south the waiters shuffle back to the kitchen and returns with your meal, to which he has added some little delicacy of his own choosing. He glides about you, leans tenderly over you, his black face, filled with anxiety for fear some error of omission or commission may occur.

He hangs about you with fatherly interest. He places the dishes before you with almost a caressing touch, and when you are ready to depart he tremblingly, hopefully, lingeringly hands you your hat. In the white brown depths of his eyes there is cute appeal, not unminged with expectation.

Who but a case hardened drummer or the traveling representative of a fraternal organization could resist that appeal?

You need not fear to give him a quarter—joy seldom kills outright—but you can be sure that a dime will produce a wide grin and an exaggerated bow.

But most people consider it worth a quarter to see that mouth widen into a smile which sets its owner's ears back an inch and causes his eyes to project like those of a crawling crab.

Toombs and Stephens.

Dr. F. H. Orme told me several good stories about our old time statesmen. Among other anecdotes and incidents the doctor gave me some piquant reminiscences of Toombs and Stephens. Toombs always tried to impress people with the belief that his genius made him equal to any emergency. Even when he studied hard or availed himself of the labor of others he encouraged the idea that his most splendid efforts

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were the result of the inspiration of the moment, entirely offhand, without any special preparation for the occasion.

Once, when a very important debate was going on in the federal congress, Toombs made a magnificent speech which attracted everybody's attention.

It was not only an eloquent speech, but it was remarkable for its masterly array of facts and figures and its convincing arguments.

"You must have devoted considerable time to its preparation," said one of the statesman's admirers.

"Well, I gave about two hours to it," Toombs replied, with a careless, indifferent air.

Somebody repeated this to Stephens in the presence of several congressmen.

"Two hours!" he exclaimed, somewhat irritably. "Prepared that speech in two hours, did he? I spent two weeks on it. That's all I care to say."

Stephens had patiently and laboriously collected the statistics, and Toombs had merely added the flourishes.

The two great Georgians attended a national Democratic convention shortly before the war, and Stephens was confined to his bed just when he could least afford to be laid up.

After an important caucus Toombs visited his friend and sat down by his bedside.

"Aleck," he said, "it was proposed to nominate you for the vice president, but I told them that you did not want the office and would decline the nomination, so they took the other man."

"Toombs," replied the invalid, "when you told them that you know you were lying!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Ketchikan's Business Marshal.

The deputy United States marshal stationed at Ketchikan, Alaska, is determined to keep order in that town even if he has to kill off all the inhabitants before his laudable purpose is accomplished. Some time in August he shot and killed a man who resisted arrest and assaulted him, and three weeks later a canneryman also resisted arrest with a gun and now he, too, sleeps in the silent grave. It is likely that Mr. U. S. Deputy Marshal will have to step down and out, as an officer who fills two graves in three weeks in just a little too dexterous with a gun to suit the present generation.

A Decision Yesterday

Judge Craig handed down a decision in the Banks-Woodworth case yesterday afternoon by which ruling the appointment of a new trustee is in order. If the interested parties cannot agree on a trustee the court will appoint one.

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