NEW MEXICO DUEL

Colonel Eaton's Exciting Battle With the Hill Boys.

A United States Marshal's Exhibition of Bravery That Was Tinged With Recklessness—The Pathetic End of a Bad Man Who Wanted Blood.

In the early eighties there was probably no worse town on the face of the earth than Socorro, New Mexico, and the duel between Colonel Eaton, then United States deputy marshal, and the Hill boys will always be remembered by the boys who were knocking around the southwest at that time. "Colonel Eaton's shot" was for many years a byword among the boys, who were themselves handy with the gun.

The town had reached a state of lawlessness where honest people feared to think for themselves, when Colonel Eaton became marshal. Eaton was a great, strapping big fellow, about middle aged. He was a man of great heart, he didn't know what fear was, his aim was deadly and very shortly after he took hold in Socorro quite a few of the tough boys left town. They knew that the new marshal was more than a match for any of them with his guns.

"Butch" and Charles Hill, however, refused to be good. They had been raised in the town, they had known Colonel Eaton since they knew any one, and when filled with bad whisky the boys swore loud and long that they would kill Eaton if he bothered them. The Hills were mere boys, but they could shoot like all possessed, and when they one day sent word round to Eaton that he had run the town long enough every one knew what they meant. It didn't take three sheet posters to tell the citizens that there would be a fight when Colonel Eaton and the Hill boys met. It was also conceded that there would be a meeting just as soon as Eaton could find where "Butch" and Charlie were loafing. Such a little thing as two to one against him did not bother Eaton.

There was no duel that day, however. Some one hunted up the Hill boys and got them out of town. About a week later they came back to have it out with Eaton, and they found him waiting. It was a very cold night when Colonel Eaton stepped out of the Plaza drug store, and, hearing shots in the Grand saloon, across the plaza, he started for it. Two of his deputies on the dead run met him.

"Don't go over there, colonel," said one of them. "It's the Hill boys again. They are full of bad whisky and are shooting billiard balls off the table and putting out the lights. They'll kill you! Wait until we get the Winchesters and go with you."

"Don't bother about the guns, boys. Leave the Hills to me. We must have it out face to face. They were square enough to send me word that they would shoot me on sight. I'm ready for them. Don't you fellows mix in this at all. It's my fight. They'll kill me or I them tonight."

With that the big marshal pushed on toward the big saloon in the corner of the plaza. He smoked his cigar and returned greetings of friends, just the same as though he were not going single handed into a duel against two as clever shots as were ever in the town. He bolted right into the main entrance instead of going round the side to get in the rear of his men. When he came in the Hills were down at the other end of the long hall, full 40 paces. The crowd had lined up along the sides of the building to be out of the way of any stray bullets. The Hills were throwing up billiard balls and shooting them while in the air. The Hills saw Eaton as quick as he saw them, and together three shining guns were leveled, and the three sided duel began.

Eaton was confused for a fraction of a second by the bright lights and it almost cost him his life. The Hills were both quick as chain lightning and their guns spoke at once. Eaton had a movement in shooting peculiar to himself. He used a downward sweep of his shooting arm in opening the game, and he always let go when he touched the right level. He was just a tenth of a second late here; the Hills had fired first. The crowd saw the heavy marshal stagger as his hat flew from his head, knocked by a bullet which took away some of the hair. They saw his gun fly in the air, knocked from his hand by a bullet which tore through his arm. The gun never touch the floor. Eaton caught it with his left hand and like a flash put two bullets into Charlie Hill. They were no chance shots, Eaton having always prided himself on shooting with both hands.

Charlie had one bullet through the chin and another in the mouth. Eaton didn't wait to see him fall. He turned on "Butch" with that left hand, but the deadly shot was never fired. "Butch" had seen that his brother was hit, and, dropping his gun, had run to him, catching him in his arms. Colonel Eaton, too, was at the side of the dying lad in an instant, and with his good left hand helped "Butch" place him on a billiard table.

Charlie couldn't speak, of course, but "Butch" said he wanted a minister, and a man was sent for Rev. ——, who came quickly and staid with the boy until he died. Those who saw the end of Charlie Hill will never forget that scene. Great, rugged men, who perhaps hadn't seen the inside of a church or heard a prayer for years, stood around that billiard table and listened as the minister prayed for his erring Sunday school scholar. Rev. ——, who is now stationed in an Ohio town, was the minister. He had taught both the Hill boys in Sunday school and had labored hard to keep them from going wrong, but they were too wild; they wanted to be bad men; they wanted each to "kill their man." The death of Charlie Hill took all the desire for blood out of "Butch." When last heard of, he was running a saloon in southern Texas, a law abiding citizen.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Correction.

The Bookman tells this story illustrating the humors of a school examination:

"It appears that at an elementary examination in English which was held in a school near New York two sentences were given out to be corrected by the younger scholars. The first sentence was to be corrected as to its subject matter, and the second sentence as to its syntax. These were the sentences:

"'The hen has three legs.'

"'Who done it?'

"When the papers were handed in, it was found that one of the examinees had apparently regarded the sentences as subtly connected in thought, for his answer was as follows:

"'The hen didn't done it; God done it.'"

Form Versus Taste.

Elder Brother—Freddy, I'm surprised to see you soak your bread in the gravy on the dish. It's exceedingly bad form.

Freddy—Well, it's awfully good taste.—London Fun.

THE GHETTO NOVELIST.

Israel Zangwill, Who Has Given Us Fine Stories Concerning Life Among the Jews.

Israel Zangwill, the novelist and journalist, was a passenger on the Lucania, which left Liverpool for New York about the beginning of the second half of August.

Israel Zangwill, who is now 35 years old, was born in one of the poorest hovels of a Ghetto. All of his childhood was passed in the stubblefields. He obtained his education as a boy at the Jews' free school in the east end of London and spent three years of his life as a teacher in that locality. He had a hard struggle to get through school, but he did it, and took prizes on the way. He says he rarely saw the sun in those days, and the dream of his life was to get away from garrets and long back stairs and to live where daybreak came with some sort of regularity. This is pretty much all that is known of his early life, as it is all he has ever cared to tell.

While still at school his scholarship attracted the attention of one of the Rothschilds, who immediately offered him the money with which to make a

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

start in life. But Zangwill rejected the offer with scant thanks—proud and confident that he could make his way in the world without charity. His first employment, therefore, was that of a joke writer for a society weekly, which brought him his pay in lots of $5. His first book that brought him any money was "Doctor Grimmer," a queer little tale which was short-lived in the popular esteem. His next, which was more fortunate, was "The Master." His finest story, perhaps, is "The Children of the Ghetto," the first half of which pictures life among the orthodox Jews, and the second half of which conducts them forward to a point at which they begin to mingle with the gentiles. His last book, not quite as powerful as the other, is "The Dreams of the Ghetto." His work, however, is not confined to bookmaking, as he is also an indefatigable writer of short stories and of magazine articles.

Zangwill's ready wit and odd appearance have caused almost as much to be written about his personality as about his writings. In figure he is tall and thin with stooping shoulders. He affects baggy and ill-fitting trousers, and the pockets of the long frock coat he habitually wears are usually stuffed with manuscripts. His face is distinctly Jewish in outline.

LADY NAYLOR-LEYLAND.

An American Girl Who Has Helped to Put Her Husband Into Curzon's Late Seat.

The cable brought the news the other day that women were taking a prominent part in the election contest at Southport, near Liverpool, for the seat recently vacated by the Right Hon. George N. Curzon. Mrs. Curzon, nee Mary Leiter of Chicago, kissed certain of her husband's constituents during the campaign which ended so successfully for him, and now Lady Naylor-Leyland, who was Jennie Chamberlain of Cleveland, is playing the same role. Lord Skelmerdale's wife, an English lady, is also helping her husband to defeat Lord Naylor-Leyland. Lady Naylor-Leyland is said to have the handsomest house in London, excepting only the residences of royalty. Hyde Park House, as it is called, is not only of stately appearance but is also a veritable treasure house of art, and its interior magnificence is due in a great part to the father of Sir Herbert Naylor-Leyland, the present owner, who brought together the nucleus of this superb collection some years ago. He also designed the fine building in which it is displayed. He possessed not only taste, but a thorough knowledge of art, for there is scarcely an item which is not in every sense unique, not merely as a curiosity, but as a masterpiece of its kind. In such a house the

LADY NAYLOR-LEYLAND.

fashion at the moment finds no place, and yet it has been infused with modern taste so subtle in its expression that it is hard to bring forward an instance of its proof.

Lady Naylor-Leyland, the mistress of this beautiful home, is the daughter of William Selah Chamberlain of Cleveland, Ohio. When a young girl she was well known in London society as the beautiful Miss Jennie Chamberlain. Her marriage to the son of the art-loving millionaire on Sept. 5, 1889, took everybody by surprise. Sir Herbert, however, is one of the most popular men in London.

Lady Naylor-Leyland has been from her first introduction to London society a special favorite both with the Prince and the Princess of Wales.

Later cables bring the news that Lord Naylor-Leyland has been elected over his opponent.

The victory rests with America's Greatest Medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla, when it enters the battle against impure blood.

HENRI FOURNIER.

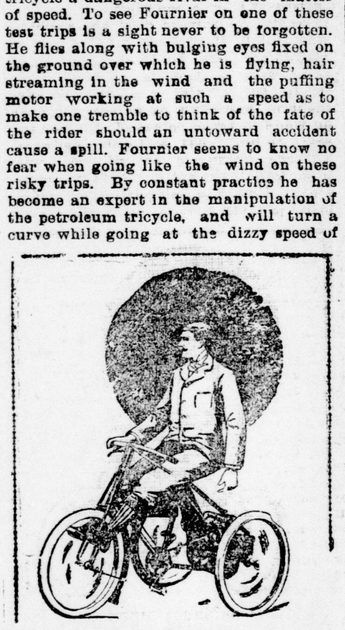
King of the Automobilists, Who Travels at the Rate of 45 Miles an Hour.

Like the question of reducing to three days the time it takes to cross the Atlantic, the increase of the bicycle's speed to a point where the rider can travel as speedily and as safely as on a railroad train is one of the things that seem bound to be attained. It is as surely a coming achievement that awaits us in the future as is the perfecting of the machinery of the ocean greyhound so that the present speed of the marine flyers can be doubled.

In the days when bicycles run at a speed of forty-five miles an hour a clear track will be absolutely necessary, so that with locomotive engine pace will have to come a special track for the wheelmen, a desirable improvement that will be welcomed by all lovers of the wheel. The attainment of the speed named for the bicycle seems to be in the hands of Henri Fournier, who has become known as the king of automobilists in Paris, France. What Fournier does not know about the petroleum tricycle may as well be omitted from the wheelman's education.

At present Fournier, who uses the petroleum tricycle of the Doin-Bouton kind, with a one and a half horse power machine, averages forty kilometers an hour. The machine he uses is comparatively light, easy of manipulation and powerful. It is fitted with a motor of from one to three horse power, its hill climbing and speed capabilities being gauged thereby. The big and heavy automobile carriages have trouble in mounting hills, but the lowly and Dutch barn style of tricycle goes puffing right up to the top, and its rider is in nowise affected with fatigue in the task of making the ascent.

Fournier is in deadly earnest in his determination to attain a speed of forty-five miles an hour. He has made a series of tests with his automobile that show that, given a straight, smooth track and the machine working at forced draught, the express train will find the petroleum tricycle a dangerous rival in the matter of speed. To see Fournier on one of these test trips is a sight never to be forgotten. He flies along with bulging eyes fixed on the ground over which he is flying, hair streaming in the wind and the puffing motor working at such a speed as to make one tremble to think of the fate of the rider should an untoward accident cause a spill. Fournier seems to know no fear when going like the wind on these risky trips. By constant practice he has become an expert in the manipulation of the petroleum tricycle, and will turn a curve while going at the dizzy speed of



HENRI FOURNIER.

forty-five miles an hour with all the recklessness of a boy.

His performance suggests the grave danger that would accompany trips such as his on a road where similar machines are dashing along. Fournier alone on a level, smooth road, with no one to kill but himself and no machine to smash but his own, is a sight sufficiently thrilling. Multiply the sight by ten, and imagine that number of Fourniers mounted on flying automobile tricycles, and the spectator cannot help thinking that this would make a novel and sure method of committing suicide.

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

The New Zealand Rabbit in a New Role.

A new phase has been given to the rabbit scourge in New Zealand by the success which has attended the experiment of freezing the rabbits and exporting them, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. It would appear that out of what has hitherto been an apparently irremediable curse, an important industry may be developed. One exporter is said to be in the receipt of between 15,000 and 20,000 rabbits per day, and is paying to trappers and in wages between $4,000 and $5,000 per week. He has 24,000 traps out, giving employment to about 500 trappers. His exports of rabbits last year was about 700,000, and this year he will increase it to 1,500,000. The scale on which this enterprising exporter is laying out his plans is further seen in the fact that he works up into boxes, in which the frozen rabbits are shipped, about eight truckloads of timber a week, and he pays over $2,000 a month for freight. It is estimated that this season's exportation of rabbits will run to between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000. This, at the low price of 6 cents per rabbit, will bring in more than $800,000 to the trappers, and the total amount received in the colony, as the proceeds of the rabbit export industry for this season, will be, at a moderate calculation, $700,000.

Royal Amateurs.

Amateur photography is becoming more and more fashionable, and even monarchs dabble in the art. The Princess of Wales takes some charming views, but the Empress of Austria has the most interesting collection, composed of over 1,000 studies of the heads of beautiful women and girls she has met in her wanderings over Europe. Many of the types were found in remote parts of the Mediterranean shores, such as Corfu and the Greek isles. In France the camera is even more popular than it is in England and the snapshot is the favorite. Count Primoli, a descendant of Lucien Bonaparte, makes a specialty of kodak views, and wherever he goes—to luncheon, crush or tea—is always ready to snap a pretty or amusing scene.

A Curious Waterproof.

An interesting form of waterproof, and probably in existence long before the time of Mr. Mackintosh, is that used by the Alaska Eskimos. It is made of the entrails of the walrus, is quite impervious to wet, and light as a feather. The same substance is used to make windows to their dwellings instead of glass.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What is has done once it will do again.

HARD ON THE EYES.

Glazed Paper Is Decidedly Bad for the Sight.

The effect of glazed papers on the eyesight has recently occupied the attention of some German doctors, says the Druggist's Circular. One authority examines the causes of the changes in the general reading and writing habits of the nation, and explains that in the earlier part of the century the old rag papers then in use, both for writing and printing purposes, were mostly of a dull gray or blue color, and were coarse-grained, so that thick letters had to be used by writers with quill pens or by printers on their old slow presses. With the introduction of more modern fibres paper received a smoother surface, steel pens could be employed, and the printing paper could travel over quicker printing presses.

The fashion for brilliant colors and elaborate type setting has been carried to such a state of perfection that a reflection is often created which could never arise from the former rougher surface. Now, what is the effect upon the reader's eye? In the old books or letters with a mild and soothing light, the surface contrasted easily from the thicker and darker type or writing characters; now the highly glazed surface offers reflections of the light, which, with the more elaborate and thinner type, produces a lot of shades and lights which are most trying to the eye. The paper has often to be turned in various directions to be seen more clearly in order to distinguish the gray (or may be other shades) of the type from the shining white of the paper. This is similar in effect, as to the result of trying to decipher writing in the dusk. An experiment would soon prove this.

Take an old edition, say of Shakespeare, and a new magazine on highly glazed paper and compare the sensation in the eye after half an hour's reading. The doctors, therefore, propose that the public inspectors of schools should order the use of sanitary paper for the eyes, by which they mean that a glazed or highly polished surface should be avoided, and the colors chosen should rather be gray or light blue, but no white, and, in fact, no brilliant colors at all. The type should be clear and simple, and not too thin.

The children, whose eyes require protection, and through them the parents, should be taught to demand their favorite books and papers to be printed in the right style, and the excesses of a falsely guided taste should be avoided. It is suggested that a few years of such policy would soon improve the eyesight.

SAGACITY.

"What made you give that blind man a plugged nickel?"

"People will take it from him when they wouldn't from me."—Chicago Record.

Dr. A. W. CHASE

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Catarrh Sufferers

SUCCESS in life is almost impossible for a man with bad breath. Nobody wants to do business with him. Nobody wants to associate with him. He is handicapped everywhere. Offensive breath comes from Catarrh; sometimes from Catarrh of the Stomach, sometimes of the lungs, sometimes of the head, nose, and throat. It is from Catarrh somewhere, and Catarrh is another name for uncleanness.

Many men understand this, and make every effort to cure it, but it is beyond the reach of ordinary practice.

No self-respecting man can ignore Catarrh. If he has it in any form he makes constant effort to be rid of it.

There is something about the manner of life and the climate of Canada that seems to breed diseases of the mucous membrane. Medical science ordinarily doesn't try to cure Catarrh; it "relieves" it; but Dr. Chase has been curing Catarrh for over thirty years, and his name is blessed by thousands who have shaken off the grasp of this insidious disease.

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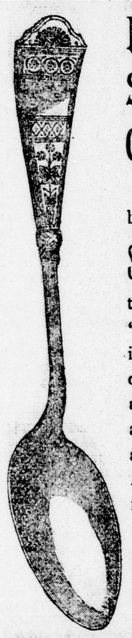

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Tourist sleeping cars were put into service for accommodation of passengers purchasing second-class railway tickets.

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These cars are large, perfectly ventilated, handsomely finished in light wood and upholstered in leather or corduroy. They are just as comfortable, though not so luxuriously finished and equipped, as first-class sleepers.

The rate is low—$6 50 to Revelstoke, and $7 50 to Pacific Coast points for a double berth, accommodating two adult passengers.

Full particulars from any Can. Pacific Agt., or C. E. McPHERSON, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 1 King street east, Toronto.

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