

Harmless French Duels

Paris, June 3.—The greatest fencer of all France, and perhaps the world, lay at the point of death several weeks ago from a wound in the neck inflicted on him by a young man of no particular celebrity—the fencing reporter of the Figaro.

The wounded expert is no other than the sublime Kirchoffer, who in his recent championship match with the no less celebrated Pini covered the Italian champion with "touches" and won glory for the French school. Bruneau de Labori, who all but killed him, wrote the Figaro's account of the great match. The criticism did not please Kirchoffer, and incidents arose which called for arbitration. Later on a meeting with modern dueling swords was decided necessary.

The parties met in a secluded spot on the edge of the woods at Neuilly-Saint James. His seconds and the few privileged spectators looked forward to a high-class fencing lesson, at the end of which the great Kirchoffer would bestow an honorable scratch upon the Figaro's reporter's sword arm. They were, therefore, highly surprised in the second round to see Bruneau de Labori's point catch Kirchoffer fairly in the neck.

The fencing champion dropped his weapon. While his seconds supported him blood streamed from an ugly wound. "His carotid is cut," cried the spectators; "he is bleeding to death!" Bruneau de Labori rushed to the wounded man, pale with emotion. "My dear sir," he exclaimed, Kirchoffer smiled faintly and said, "It is nothing." Then he closed his eyes and let the doctors work on him. The jugular vein had been missed by less than a centimetre (three-tenths of an inch.) The wound was dressed with the greatest precaution and the wounded man was slowly carried to the nearby villa of a friend, where he lay for a week with his life trembling in the balance. Had the slightest inflammation set in it would have produced a fatal hemorrhage.

Here is a double example of the chance element in duels and the element of mortal danger lingering still in French encounters. The tendency is to treat French duels lightly, because their avowed object is no longer death, but such a wounding as will put one of the parties in a state of practical or technical inferiority, as may be. Nevertheless, it was his celebrity as a duelist that protected Aurelien Scholl, "the last of the Boulevardiers," just dead, during long years when he was writing bitter personalities, and it continued to shield him from open criticism when he became the well-paid president of a proprietary gaming club.

Before he was 24 years old Aurelien Scholl had fought seven duels and begun that training in fencing and the code which made him the chief living authority on disputes of honor—in which capacity it will be remembered that he was called on to preside over the highly fashionable "Coleman-Drayton duel" in Belgium a few years ago. During his long and brilliant career he fought seriously and ceremoniously seventeen times. Very curiously—and it makes another good example of the chance element in duels—his first dangerous wound was given to him by Paul de Cassagnac, at that time a youth not 20 years of age. The "last of the Boulevardiers" had said of him: "This young man's hands are damp enough to be the death of light gray trousers!" To every one's surprise, the insulted youth challenged the already dreaded duelist and ran him squarely through the body. Scholl fell and lay without movement, as one dead. The seconds, utterly upset at what they imagined to be a case of death on the spot, started off to draw up their report, when Paul de Cassagnac had the presence of mind to uncover the chest of his fallen adversary and suck the blood to the surface of the wound. The internal hemorrhage that would have been Scholl's death was thus averted, and the seconds, regaining confidence, came back and aided to transport him to his home. In this account no word is said about the doctor. Where could he have been?

One day, about a year ago, before he had arrived at his legal majority, the young Baron Robert de Rothschild received a letter of provocation from his schoolboy enemy, the young Count Guy de Lubersac. The quarrel had its origin, they say, when the two youths were only 16 years of age. On receiving this letter of provocation, young Rothschild appointed seconds. These seconds met the seconds of young Guy de Lubersac and said to them: "Your client, it is true, is now a man; he reached his twenty-first year yesterday. But he is still a boy; he will not be a

man for a month yet. You will have to wait."

Two days after Baron de Rothschild had reached his majority he met his ancient enemy—at last. The meeting took place in the grounds of a Rothschild villa at Boulogne-sur-Seine, outside of Paris. At 11 a.m. Paul Sobeg, M. de Lubersac's second, pronounced the sacramental: "Go, sirs!" ("Allez, messieurs!") Robert de Rothschild had taken off the jacket of his uniform as a private in the Fifty-fourth Regiment of the line. The two adversaries faced each other in flannel shirts. So fiercely did they fight that in a short time the right-hand cuffs of both these flannel shirts were all ripped up by "coups passes"—any of which might be dangerous. In the sixth round the dueling sword of Robert de Rothschild doubled up completely on the shoulder of his adversary. The seconds ran to M. de Lubersac to ascertain if he was wounded. No, the point had not penetrated. This young man has a tough skin! To quote the official "comptendu," "the two combatants showed an equal valiance and endurance." After fifteen rounds "fought with fury" the point of young de Rothschild entered the fleshy part of the right arm of M. de Lubersac and penetrated to his armpit, making a wound twenty-five centimetres (ten inches) long. The life of young de Lubersac was not endangered. Just the same, however, he was laid up three months—a sad thing for a young man of wealth.

A short and snappy pistol-duel recently came off between MM. Eugene Kautier and Willy de Brest-Gana, both expert shots, met to "exchange two balls, at a distance of twenty-five steps." The distance being stepped off by George Breitmayer (who has long legs), the long-barreled mazzle-loading dueling pistols were put into the hands of the principals. The Comte de Laborde, "director" of the duel, gave the traditional command of "Fire! One! Two! Three!" in the ordinary rapid cadence.

The instant the word "one" was pronounced M. de Brest-Gana pulled his trigger. M. Lautier fired at the word "two." Immediately it was seen that he had, nevertheless, been hit; blood in an ever-widening patch stained his white shirt just above the trouser line. "I am able to walk," he laughed, "I cannot be much hurt."

With these words he sat down, evidently overcome with pain. The surgeons, causing him to lie on his back, examined the wound. The bullet would have pierced the abdomen had it not been deflected by a silver dollar in his watch pocket. Ricocheting, it plowed its way diagonally upward in an ugly but not dangerous superficial wound. A week at the Hospital of Freres de Saint-Jean-de-Dieu put Mr. Lautier in a position to resume his pistol practice. Willy de Brest-Gana, after expressing his sympathy and regrets, stepped around to the front again to take in the sword duel.

The bicycle racing Parc des Princes has of late become a favorite dueling ground. Only two months after his encounter with M. Labardesque, the terrible Max Regis there met the Socialist Deputy Gerault-Richard. As in the case of the preceding duel—and quite contrary to usual habit—the crowd of spectators was both great and mixed; Max Regis is not the man to refuse his friends a treat. The combat was, nevertheless a short one. M. Gerault-Richard won the best place, with his back to the sun. The dueling swords used were those of M. Regis. In the third round M. Regis was touched on the back of the wrist. Everyone could see him bleeding, as he held his hand out, looking at it. The two doctors, MM. Pierre Aumont and Clauzel Viard, consulted. M. Regis was declared to be in a state of inferiority. The duel was declared ended.

Alphonso Daudet has maintained that the duel will always hold good among the Latin peoples; that it belongs to their idea of honor, which no civilization can do away with. Certainly it must be a deeply rooted institution when young boys at school can quarrel and save up their anger till the day they come of age—to fight it out in a real, sure enough duel. That the Paris public takes this sort of thing seriously is shown by the recent Rothschild-Lubersac encounter.

It is a peculiarity of French duels, that—no matter what may be the cause of the disagreement between the principals, whether a deadly quarrel over the eternal woman, a political difference or gossip of the social, slanders sort—the encounters rarely end fatally for either, and while one or both may be seriously injured, the finale as a rule is a

hearty hand-shake, or more likely a warm embrace accompanied by the mutual shedding of tears. Such is the Frenchman!

STERLING HEILIG.

A Remarkable Dream Story

The following, which our readers will probably admit is the most remarkable dream-story they have ever read, is given in the very words in which it is told by the dreamer, a clergyman of high repute in the Church of England, of whose absolute truthfulness there can be not the faintest possibility of suspicion. It is very doubtful whether there is on record any dream every minute detail of which has been so exactly reproduced in fact, or which has so dramatically opened the door of wealth to a family at the lowest ebb of its fortunes.

A few months ago I fell asleep and dreamed. In my dream I saw spread before me the open pages of a book, which a glance showed me was a church register book, and in clear writing I read the details of the marriage of Matthew H— to Ellen R—. It seemed, in my dream as if the register were far away, although I could read it so distinctly.

"I felt a strong impulse to go to the railway station without knowing my destination, except that it was a country village. I felt no surprise at receiving a ticket without giving the name of the place to which I wished to travel. To my great annoyance, however, the man neglected to call me when the train arrived, and again I had to wait for another. This time I was more successful, and after a journey of just an hour I alighted at a pretty little country station.

"I went to the vicarage and asked for the vicar, but was informed that he was not at home. I then begged the old servant, who answered the door, to lend me the key of the church. At first she hesitated, but when I persisted, saying I was myself a clergyman of the Anglican church, she acceded to my request.

"I easily unlocked the church door and proceeded to the vestry. On a shelf were a number of old register-books, one of which I took down and opened. My eyes instantly fell on the entry I had seen a short time before, and then suddenly I awoke.

"For three successive nights I dreamed this dream, until at last I began to believe there must be some-

thing in it. I made a few cautious inquiries, and, without betraying myself, gained the information that there was a village, not an hour distant by rail, which answered exactly to the description of the place I had seen in my dream.

"My mind was now made up. I went to the station and demanded a ticket for M—. I was told that the train had gone; but that there would be another in half an hour, and as it was a beautiful day I resolved to take a walk; unfortunately I strayed too far, and on my returning to the station saw the train just steaming out. Instantly I remembered that it was by the third train that I had traveled in my dream.

"When, two hours later, I arrived at M—, I had no difficulty in finding my way to the vicarage, and was not at all surprised to hear that the vicar was not at home. Exactly as had happened in my dream, the housekeeper at first demurred to my request for the key, but finally yielded.

"I went to the church and entered the vestry. Yes, there was the shelf with the row of brown leather volumes. I took one down, and my heart gave a great bound when I opened it at random and read 'Matthew H— to Ellen R—.' I made a note of the entry in detail and returned home armed with the certificate.

"But now that I had got it, what was I to do with it? What was to be the next step?

"I could think of only one course. Foolish as it may appear, I advertised it in one of the daily papers, and by return post received an answer from a firm of solicitors informing me that they had vainly searched everywhere for the certificate, as it was of the highest importance to a family of good birth, but in very reduced circumstances. Now that the register had been found it would mean affluence instead of poverty, as a large fortune depended solely on the production of the certificate in question."

Up the Takhini

Supt. P. F. Scharschmidt sent out the Closet last night under command of Capt. Gardner and with two extra crews of men, to investigate the feasibility of a steamer line up the Takhini river to Lake Arkell. The Takhini has been navigated for a distance of 25 miles above its

mouth by Capt. Hoggan, but beyond that point nothing is known and it is for the purpose of making further explorations that the present expedition was sent out.

If it proves possible for boats to reach Lake Arkell one of the most serious obstacles to the Mush creek trail will have been overcome, as it is between here and the lake that the greatest difficulties are encountered on the overland route. — Whitehorse Star, July 19.

Signs and Wall Paper

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Stolen Sunday, June 8th, one small amute dog, very dark grey, white breast, light chops, light grey ears, running from point of nose up between eyes, front legs white. Belly light color, always carries tail curled over back or left side. Very small like a fox or tom. Will pay the above reward for any information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the thief and recovery of dog.

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PHILIPPINE DELEGATE

Will Soon be Selected by the Vatican

Gov. Taft is Desirous That a Filipino Will be Among Those Chosen.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Washington, July 23.—Beside the Philippine delegate for the Philippines, the Vatican is preparing to appoint an archbishop of Manila, who will probably be Bishop S. Gebhardt Messmer, a Swiss Canon law at the University in Washington since three new Philippine dioceses are to be created. Governor Taft, who is starting for Naples tomorrow, expressed a desire that a Filipino be one of the new diocesan bishops.

Peculiar Phenomena

Special to the Daily Nugget. Baltimore, July 23.—During a heavy rain last Sunday showers of pebbles fell in southeast Baltimore. The yard of William Duffy more than a dozen particles fell, each the size of a pea. Other residents in the neighborhood have same experience. There is no pumice stone in the region and the phenomenon has caused much speculation. The pebbles when crushed has sulphuric acid in it is suggested may have come from some active volcano. The city will investigate.

May Be Attacked

Special to the Daily Nugget. Cape Haytien, July 23.—The British have notified the consuls that Cape Haytien may be attacked by land and sea and they guarantee the safety of foreigners. The consuls have requested the French cruiser Dasseauk now at Port-au-Prince to be sent but the British minister has replied that the British at Port au Prince does not intend sending a cruiser to Haytien.

To Name Lord Lieutenant

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, July 23.—The weather is wintry at Cowes this morning. Reports from the royal yacht to chronicle the king's departure. He walked a few miles today. The king will hold a council since Ballour is absent, on the yacht shortly. It is reported that the name of the viceroy of Ireland to succeed Lord Salisbury will then be announced.

Terrific Earthquake

Special to the Daily Nugget. New York, July 23.—Another earthquake reported from St. Vincent this morning of long duration and accompanied by a repetition of the phenomena of Thursday. The shock caused considerable damage. Partially demolished buildings are being pulled down. Some people were killed by a tidal wave.

Ship Deserted

Special to the Daily Nugget. Bremen, July 23.—The North German Lloyd steamship Wilhelmshafen arrived at Bremen this morning and reports passing the North German Lloyd bark Pons Alei, abandoned on the sea with only the foremast standing. The Pons Alei, Hansen reported from Paspobiac on June 23rd.

Many Lost

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, July 23.—Survivors of the steamship Princess of Hamburg were cut in two and sunk yesterday with 185 passengers and crew who were aboard are missing.

Checking cleaned, pressed, repaired and made to fit.—R. I. GOLDBERG'S.

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There May be Others

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