

A REMARKABLE DUEL

BOTH OF THE PARTICIPANTS WERE QUICK ON THE TRIGGER.

An Entertained Parade Preceded the Gun Play, Which Was on the Pull and Shoot Order—Why Bratton Was Glad He Lost His Right Hand.

"The most affectionate looking two handed gun play that I ever saw," said a Colorado gentleman in one of the house committee rooms, "was the one that happened at La Junta, in my state, between 'Big Divide Jim' Bratton and George Gannon, as pizenish a pair of real bad men of the type that has now passed away as ever fanned a .45 or twisted a Bowie.

"Gannon was the proprietor of the Gilt Edge honkatunk in La Junta, and it was at this place that he had some trouble with Bratton. The argument ended by Bratton picking out of the door with his hands up, Gannon having the drop. Gannon didn't shoot then because his gun wasn't loaded. He had been cleaning it and had forgotten to replace the cartridges. He'd have killed Bratton, otherwise as a matter of course.

"That same night Bratton sent word to Gannon that he meditated shooting him up some on the following day. Gannon wasn't a man to take to the cliffs or the cactus, having plenty of notches on his gun barrel himself, and he walked around the next afternoon like a light battery of artillery. 'Big Divide Jim' Bratton bulged him, however, by turning a corner suddenly as Gannon paraded down the main street, and then it was Gannon's hands that went up for a change. Bratton had two guns covering him, and Gannon knew his gait.

"This," said Bratton, "is where I get an even break for my coin. Now, you like me so much, Gannon, that I want you to sort of show your appreciation of me by walkin around town linked arms with me for awhile."

"It was up to Gannon to comply with this peculiar request. 'Big Divide Jim' Bratton jabbed his guns back into his belt, and then he clutched Gannon's right arm and passed it through his right arm. The disadvantage of this arrangement accrued to Bratton. It left Gannon's gun arm free, while in case of argument Bratton would have to use his left gun. But 'Big Divide Jim' wasn't selfish.

"The population of La Junta was amazed to see 'Big Divide Jim' Bratton and George Gannon, who had already been more or less sore on each other and who had had a quarrel that meant the death of one or both of them on the night before, walking arm in arm up and down the main street of the town. It looked like a peripatetic love feast between the two of 'em. But they were watching each other like cats. At the end of the street Bratton, still with his right arm linked to Gannon's left, stopped suddenly and said:

"George, I ain't much on the blow about any gun suddenness that I may possess, but I sure want to give you a chance. You thrung it into me last night in a way that's eat up so much of the atmosphere around here that there's not enough air left in this neighborhood for both of us to breathe at one and the same time. I'm a-go to count three, and when I say 'three' it's a breakaway and a finish. You've got a loose right arm, but I ain't no hog. One-two-three!"

"The event proved 'Big Divide Jim' Bratton the quicker man and the better marksman. He got Gannon through the heart, whereas Gannon's ball lodged in Bratton's right wrist. Bratton had to suffer his right hand to be cut off that same night.

"The last time I saw him was in a Creede. He was sitting on the edge of a bunk in his own cabin, close to a claim he was working. I hadn't seen him since he'd lost his hand.

"Jim," said I, "it's too bad you should have lost that right hand. If the fellow that plugged you had only got the left hand, why?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Bratton philosophically. "If I'd lost my left, I wouldn't have been able to play the fiddle any more."

"He reached under his bunk and brought forth an old violin. Then he rigged up an attachment he had for holding the bow in his right stump, and he played the instrument real sweetly for me for half an hour or so.

"I couldn't have done no fingerin' if I'd lost my left hand, you know, if he said simply when he put the old fiddle away."

The Result of His Study.
"I suppose you have made a study of human nature," remarked the friend.

"I attribute my success in life to that fact," answered Senator Sorghum.

"Were you ever tempted to give the world the benefit of your observations, to put them into book form as a human comedy or something of that sort?"

"My dear sir, it wouldn't take a book to do it. I have figured on the problem of human nature until I know the answer. I should just say, 'Human nature loves money,' and let it go at that."—Exchange.

Buttons.
Towne—For goodness' sake, what are you so cranky about?
Browne—Oh, I asked my wife to sew a button on my coat.
Towne—And wouldn't she do it?
Browne—Yes, but I've just discovered that the button she sewed on my coat she cut from my vest.—Exchange.

What Was Needed.
Henry Ward Beecher used to tell a story about a priest in the olden time who was called to bless the field of a poor farmer prior to the planting. He came and after surveying the soil remarked to the agriculturist, "Praying would do here; what you want is manure."

Strong Again.

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It cures the ills which weaken women. It regulates the periods, dries enfeebling drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It nourishes the nerves and so cures nervousness. It promotes a healthy appetite and induces refreshing sleep.

"I had female trouble for eight years," writes Mrs. J. Dennis, 835 East College Street, Jackson, Ill. "Words cannot express what I suffered. I sought relief among the medical profession and friends urged me to try Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription.' When I commenced taking this medicine I weighed ninety-five pounds. Now I weigh one hundred and fifty-six pounds—more than I ever weighed before. I was so bad I would be from day to day and long for death to come and relieve my suffering. I had internal inflammation, a disagreeable odor, bearing-down pain, and such distress every month, but now I never have a pain—do all my own work and am a strong and healthy woman."

Use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets with "Favorite Prescription" if the bowels are inactive or irregular.

Testing His Temper.
"A year or two ago," said a young man to a friend, "I spent a few weeks at south coast watering places. One day I saw a machine which bore the inscription, 'Drop a penny in the slot and learn how to make your trousers last.' As I hadn't a great deal of money, I thought an investment of a penny to show me how to save the purchase of a pair of trousers would be small capital put to good use, so I dropped the required coin in and a card appeared. What do you suppose it recommended as the way to make my trousers last?"

"Don't wear 'em, I suppose."

"No."

"What did it say?"

"Make your coat and waistcoat first."—London Tit-Bits.

He Had His Doubts.
"You seem strangely depressed," commented the companion of the man who was leaving home to assume a new official position, "and yet I should judge that you were extremely popular."

"Why so?" asked the new appointee.

"They cheered you so heartily when you left."

"But my lot has not been because I was leaving?" demanded the pessimistic one.—Chicago Post.

It Was Dear Hunting.
McJigger—They say it costs \$2,000 a shot to fire one of those big guns in the navy.

Thingumbob—Yes, I gave up deer hunting on account of the cost. The idea of paying \$30 for a shot!

McJigger—Nonsense!

Thingumbob—Not at all. That's what the farmer said his cow was worth.—Philadelphia Press.

GRANT TO EARL ROBERTS.
London, July 23.—It is believed, says the Times, that a grant will be made to Lord Roberts in recognition of his services in South Africa, and to enable him suitably to maintain his Peerage. To provide this an additional estimate will be submitted to Parliament forthwith. The grant will be £100,000.

NOT YET SOLVED.
Ottawa, July 23.—A new theory in the river mystery is gaining currency. It is that Miss Morrison was taken sick on the Saturday night before the body was found, and that she leaned over the cliff above the river, when she overbalanced and fell into the river. When the body was found the stomach was empty, and Miss Morrison's hand satchel was found hanging on the fence at the place where it is supposed she fell over. A provincial detective is expected here to-day to clear up the mystery.

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DUCKS IN THE SHELL

HOW THEY ARE HATCHED AND HELPED IN INCUBATORS.

The Young Bird's First Danger After Breaking a Hole in Its Shell Is Death by Drowning—No Swimming For the Growing Fowl.

Duck culture as a business proposition is not so simple as it seems. To one of all experts in this line the hatching and rearing of ducks are a comparatively simple matter, and there is a chance to figure out what the product will be from a given number of eggs. In this respect there is a difference between ducks and chickens, for a certain percentage of ducks can be raised and marketed under given conditions.

Through the eastern states there are many large plants devoted entirely to the rearing of ducks. One man, a pioneer in the business, keeps 2,000 breeding ducks in stock at all times and has such one as near a perfect specimen of its kind as can be found. One of the largest plants turns out about 50,000 ducks annually, and in the height of the killing season it is no exaggeration to say the feathers fairly fly on this place. In this respect there is a difference between ducks and chickens, for a certain percentage of ducks can be raised and marketed under given conditions.

The best point about the Pekins, in the eyes of the poultryman who is in the business for profit, is the rapidity with which they grow and the fact that they grow better out of the water than in it. It is a common thing for experts to raise Pekins that weigh six pounds when 10 weeks old. Ducks that weigh under the pounds at that age are a reflection on the skill of the poultryman who turns them out. An expert with chickens is not always successful in the handling of ducks, as the quackers need to be handled differently at all stages of their growth. A difference is found at the outset, as 28 days are required in which to hatch a duckling, while a chick needs only 21 days in which to complete the process of maturing. It is in the world to scratch for a living.

The best work in producing ducks is done with an incubator, which will hatch more and better ducklings than an old duck or a hen. For incubating purposes the humble hen surpasses the duck, strange as it may seem. But whatever way it is hatched, the duckling is much more interesting and more valuable than a chick shortly after hatching.

A chick that cannot work itself out of the shell in short order is not worth bothering with, while a duck that is helped out of the shell is as good as one that scrambles out without assistance. When the duckling is ready to hatch, it taps a small hole in the shell and then stops to consider it. It is a wise, not a stupid, more than that. It lies in the shell for a day without making any further effort to get out and here is beset with its first danger—death by drowning. It seems odd to think that a duck would die in such an ignominious way, but practical poultrymen know that it is a danger that makes a difference on the wrong side of the ledger if it is not guarded against, which is an easy matter.

When the duck has tapped a hole in the shell, it lies on its back if it is a well-bred youngster. Some of them, however, and the hen, turn the egg over until the hole in the shell is beneath them. This wouldn't matter were it not for the fact that the duckling has its bill pressed against the opening in order to get air. When the egg is turned over, the fluid remaining in the shell flows to the opening, fills the tiny bill and the opening at the same time, and the foolish duckling chokes to death, unless some one happens along and turns the right side of the egg upward.

If the duck doesn't come out of the egg in proper time, the poultryman takes it out of the incubator and examines it. He breaks away part of the shell, being careful to rupture no blood vessels in the duckling, inserts a finger into the shell and yanks the duckling's head out. If ducklings express their feelings, they are certainly pleased when this operation is performed.

The ducklings, which look like so many fluffy golden balls, are left in the incubator to dry off, during which time they are as lively as crickets. They run and hop about, bump into each other and are continually searching for something to eat. From the first they are fed a combination of grains, with a large proportion of meat. The more meat they get, within reasonable bounds, the better they will thrive. With a proper degree of heat and suitable food, not more than 2 per cent ought to be lost.

But, above all things, they must be kept away from water. If they are allowed to pad in or run through water, they will certainly die or be so badly crippled that they will not be available for market.

They are allowed to drink only when eating, and then the water is absolutely necessary. Without it the ducks cannot get the food down their throats. They fill their bills with food, into which sufficient grit has been placed to fit out their digestive apparatus, and then try to gulp it down. The food is always moist, but they cannot force it down until they have run over to a fountain and washed it down with a swallow of water. They slop the water all around their quarters, into which dry earth must be placed frequently in order to keep down the dampness.

While the rearing of ducks is simple enough, as has been said, it is another matter to make a good profit out of them. They eat voraciously and must be killed at a certain time for pick properly. For the first few weeks of early spring they bring good prices, after which the price depends on the supply and demand. One season, for instance, the first consignments of broods brought in New York city 50 cents a pound at wholesale. In a short time the price tumbled until it got down to 11 cents a pound, and there was no money in it at the latter figure.

Too Strong a Negative.
"It's pretty hard to select a wife nowadays," remarked Mr. Con Sect. "The average girl of today doesn't know enough."

"I've found," replied Mr. Mittens, "that they 'No' entirely too much."—Philadelphia Record.

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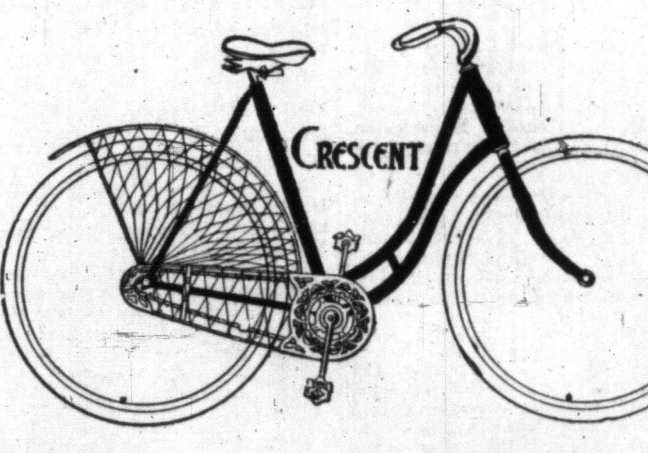
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