

HE KILLED HIS FRIEND.

FATAL DUEL BETWEEN TWO YOUNG CHARLESTON MEN.

A Sad Story of the Old Duelling Days—"Oh, Hammie, Hammie!"—The Prayer of the Bereaved Mother—How She Carried the Body Away From the Coroner.

In the year 1828 there was in the South Carolina College a beautiful, brave, noble, youth from Edgefield, of barely 18 years. His name was Hampden Wigfall. The Wigfall family had then lived in Edgefield only four years. They were rich Huguenot people of the parish of St. Thomas and St. Denis, in Charleston district, where they built an Episcopal church of brick which is still standing, and around which they are buried. In 1820 old Durand Wigfall bought a summer home in Edgefield, where he died in 1825. His widow, a gentle, shrinking, and devotedly pious woman, was left with three sons and one daughter, Hampden being the eldest. This lady was the paternal grandmother of my sister.

At college a misunderstanding arose between Hampden Wigfall and his intimate friend, young Cogsdale of Charleston, another very noble young man, only 19 years of age. The misunderstanding turned out to be absolutely trivial, but the lie was passed, and in those days of extremely strained chivalry and honor no reconciliation could be effected. The code duello then reigned in its most absolute and pitiless power. The man who was challenged to fight a duel and even wavered one second in accepting it was forever socially damned, branded, ostracized for ever and ever. Young Wigfall challenged young Cogsdale to meet him in mortal combat. The boy of 18 challenged the boy of 19, whom he loved and who loved him.

They met with all the formalities—the seconds, the doctors and the inevitable no attendant—at San Bar Ferry near Augusta, before that and since the most noted duelling ground in America. Mrs. Wigfall, the widowed mother, and my old grandmother, who had also been a widow for two years went to Augusta in Mrs. Wigfall's carriage to be near the scene and wait the result. The mother was more dead than alive and bordered on actual lunacy.

The duel was to take place at sundown of a summer day. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon, having sent their carriage on before to prevent suspicion, my grandmother and Mrs. Wigfall crept out of Gen. Glascock's house in Augusta, travelled down the South Carolina shore of the river on foot, and hid themselves in a thick wood not 200 yards from the scene of the duel. They could hear the sounds, but could see nothing. The carriage had been driven by my grandmother's old coachman, "Uncle Watt," and by his side, on the lolly old-fashioned dicky seat, sat Matilda, the negro waiting maid. The carriage could not enter the wood, so it waited on the outskirts, 100 yards off.

Hampden Wigfall fell at the first fire, killed instantly. The mother rushed frantically to the scene. The seconds and doctors were terribly surprised. Such a thing was unheard of as a woman near a duel. And when the mother threw herself upon the body of her child she threw herself also upon the body of his unhappy slayer, for young Cogsdale, breaking away from his seconds, had rushed to the body, thrown himself prostrate upon the earth by it, wound his arms around it, and was sobbing out like a little child, and in tones of unutterable anguish "O, Hammie, Hammie, Hammie!" as if trying to awake the dead boy.

"My grandfather has often told me that the cry of the slayer was ten thousand times more heartrending than even the cry of the mother. And then followed a scene of christian fortitude and christian spirit perhaps unexampled in all history. The hitherto wild mother calmly unwound the arms of young Cogsdale, and lifting him up, kissed him tenderly on the forehead and said, with commingled pity and fervor: "God be with you, my child! God be with you! God will need him more than I will, for I will soon be with him. I will soon be with my God and with my child." And as the seconds led the weeping boy away she cried out to him, wringing her hands, "God be with you, my child. In heaven Hammie and I will pray for you." It was now quite nightfall, and the twilight lingered upon the saddest picture that was ever seen on sea or shore.

In the meantime the wretched mother had overheard the words. "We must wait for the coroner." Creeping up to my grandmother, she whispered in tones of terrible agony, "No coroner must touch the body of my child," and then, with what was seen afterward to be a woman's and a mother's cunning, she went twenty paces away, whether the seconds, the doctors, Gen. Glascock and the negroes had all withdrawn, to leave her somewhat alone with her dead, and begged them all to retire for one hour to the ferry, a half mile away, that she might pray beside the body of her child. Knowing her to be a woman of deepest and purest piety, they quickly departed, every one of them to the ferry.

As soon as they were fairly out of sight, although a frail and slender woman, she lifted the body of her dead boy in her arms and bore it without shaking or staggering or resting a moment to the carriage at the skirt of the wood. The carriage was an immense old-fashioned round-bodied coach. My grandmother and Matilda followed her closely, pressing up, in fact, to her very shoulders to catch her if she should fall. But she did not waver for a moment, and as the carriage came in view she ran vigorously toward it. Thus was a mother bearing her dead child away from what she considered the profaning touch of the coroner.

Delivering the dead body into the arms of Matilda and the coachman, she entered the carriage and seated herself in a corner of the back seat. My grandmother followed her and took the oblique front corner. Then Uncle Watt and Matilda lifted in the dead body. The mother received the head upon her bosom, while the legs rested upon my grandmother's lap, and through the fifteen miles home in the warm, black summer night thus they travelled. Home was reached at midnight, and the bereaved

mother laid herself upon her bed, and with her dead boy on her bosom.

"On the morrow the coroner did comply with the legal formalities, but the mother never knew it. She buried her boy, standing at his grave without uttering a cry, and then she went back to her bed, only to leave it, as she had said on the fatal field, to go home to her God and her boy. Young Cogsdale, 19 years of age, left college and left the state. In his thirtieth year, unmarried, with snow white hair, he died in Newark, N. J., never, it is said, having smiled since the hour of the duel."

"DRUGS IN THE MARKET."

Such were Peanuts and Popcorn at the Paris Exposition.

Americans eat a good many things unknown to Europeans and others which the people on the other side would not eat even if they had a chance. Bananas, potatoes, popcorn and peanuts are almost unknown in Europe. A young Chicagoan did not know this, and it cost him several thousand dollars to find it out. He returned from the Antwerp Exposition last week, where he experimented with the sale of popcorn and peanuts, and the stories he tells of his experience are amusing.

"I knew the concessionaires at the World's Fair, in Chicago, earned money out of nickel bags of popcorn and peanuts," he said. "The firm who had the concession here made something like \$100,000. I had \$4,000 or \$5,000 saved up for a good investment, and so when the Fair closed here I made application for the sole concession of the sale of peanuts and popcorn at Antwerp. There were no competitors and I got the concession. Now I wish I had not. I bought up all the popcorn and peanut roasters left over from the Fair and went down South and purchased a carload of peanuts and made contracts for several other carloads to be shipped later on. But I did not need them. The paraphernalia together with several hundred bags of old corn and peanuts, went over and I followed it. After weeks of hard work I was ready for business. But there was none. Money is less plentiful in Europe than in the United States. Those people over there thought as much of five centimes as an American thinks of half a dollar. I saw I had to make a low price for my stuff, so I put the popcorn and peanuts on sale at 15 centimes a bag, which is equal to three cents in United States money. Well, I had my hopes built up and before I started to sell I dreamt of bagful of 20 franc gold pieces and what I would do with them when I got back to Chicago. You can imagine my surprise when I saw what the first woman did who had induced her companion to buy a bag of popcorn. She bit a piece in two, looking scared, and then exclaimed in French: "Why, it is cork. The Americans want to poison us."

"Her companion tasted the corn and jabbered something in French, and then took the whole bag and threw it away. When I saw this I was ready to faint. One after another the popcorn bags found their way to the floor. My hopes shattered. I still had confidence in the peanuts. But they did not like them either. They broke the shells, took out the nuts, hulled and ate, and then cried, 'B-r-r-r!' and the peanuts went the way of the popcorn. How did I come out? I came out, and that is about all. I stayed there six weeks, and after I lost my money started to see some of the Continent. Now I am glad that I am in Chicago, and I don't want anything to do with peanuts or popcorn in Europe hereafter. It has been a lesson to me, and I paid \$5,000 for it; still, I guess it is worth its price."

Brief but Expressive.

Perhaps the shortest epistolary correspondence ever penned was that conducted by Victor Hugo and his firm of publishers. The eminent writer had just launched his "Des Misérables" upon the world, and was extremely anxious to know how his book had struck the critics and the reading public generally.

On a large sheet of foolscap he wrote the single sign—

and enclosed his visiting card.

His publishers evidently knew their man, for their answer, written on a printed memorandum, ran thus—

!!!

Exclusive.

It is a Scotsman who tells the following, at the expense of the Scottish settlers in Australia. Near Stawell or Pleasant Creek, a mining town, is a small Scottish community, which, some years ago, was very exclusive. An Irishman, it is said, came one day to settle in the place, and next morning a deputation of indignant Scots waited on him, demanding he should either put Mac to his name or leave the district. He chose the former alternative, and was ever afterwards known as MacFlaherty.

He Was Social.

The Rochester Post-Express tells of a clergyman whose sermons were of the best, but who was reserved and bashful. "You must be more social," the deacons hinted. To his Sunday school came the children of an orphan asylum. The next Sunday the pastor stalked across the room, and grasping the first hand he came to, which happened to belong to one of the smallest orphans, cried out loudly: "Good morning, my dear sir. How are your father and mother?"

A Census of Worms.

In old pastures in England the worms are estimated at 22,000 to the acre; and as many as 54,000 in richly-cultivated gardens. Mr. Urquhart estimated the number of worms in rich pasture lands near Auckland, New Zealand, at from 600,000 to 800,000 the acre. Were it not for the earthworms soils would become barren, and half the world would die of starvation.

Carlyle on American Humourists.

In one of Carlyle's letters recently printed, a statement which should appeal to the pride of the American humorist is to the effect that some bits of extravagant American fun quoted to him "show a great deal of intellect floating about in America and not knowing what form to put itself into."

SAVED BY A PET BEAR.

A Catamount was Killing Berger When his Wife's Favorite Appeared.

Jacob Berger is a mountaineer who is known to almost every man, woman, and child in Sullivan and Columbia counties, Pennsylvania. For fifteen years he has vacillated between Bloomsbury and Laporte and by his peculiar dress and mountain habits has become a familiar figure in the different towns and villages. He was known to have a family living somewhere near Hell's Kitchen, but very little was heard of Mrs. Berger until a discovery made a few days ago by an engineering party.

The surveyors' corps was in charge of Charles Baker of Hazelton, and was locating a line for a railroad across the mountain. This brought the party near Hell's Kitchen. Here one of the engineers strayed away through the brush, and made a discovery which made his hair stand on end. A short distance from him, on the bank of a small stream, he saw a large black bear, smeared with blood and chewing at something, while beside the brute he could distinguish the body of a man to all appearance lifeless.

The engineer was unarmed and for a moment he was at a loss how to act. He could not cope with the bear single-handed and so he ran back to where his companions were at work. When he reached them he was almost breathless from excitement, but managed to inform the party of what he had found. All the guns, axes and other weapons available were secured, and the surveyors started off in hot haste to kill the bear. After a run up the mountain side, the bank of the stream was again reached and the party approached cautiously. To their surprise the man was sitting partly erect and endeavoring to support himself with one hand, while the bear, close beside him, was still busy tearing what seemed to be human flesh.

The surveyors stood spellbound. They could not grasp the situation. The bear, to all appearance, was as savage as any in the mountains, and was covered with blood. One of the party finally broke the ice by shouting at the top of his voice and attracted the attention of both the man and bear. The man signalled to the surveyors to come to him. The party crossed the stream and found that the man was Jacob Berger, and that he was severely wounded about the head and body. One arm was broken and his back was badly sprained. He could not rise. The bear in the mean time watched the strangers closely, but offered no objections to their advances after being cautioned by Berger. After the surveyors had taken Berger to his home, to which they were followed by the bear, he told his story.

Berger first explained that Davy, the bear, was perfectly domesticated and was his wife's particular pet. She had a peculiar fondness for mountain animals, and in a stockade near the cabin she has a sort of domestic menagerie. Davy has long been her favorite, and that of her daughters. This is accounted for by the fact that the bear has acted as sentinel at the house and stood guard in the absence of the woodsman. He had never been very familiar with Berger himself, and how he happened to accompany him that morning could not be explained. Berger left home that morning to inspect some timber land. He had gone some distance into the woods when he noticed that the bear was following him. The bear kept a respectful distance in the rear and evinced no desire to cultivate terms of intimacy. In this way the pair pushed through the woods until the creek was reached. Berger stopped here for a moment, partly to find a safe place to ford the stream, and partly to view the timber. He was so engrossed that he did not hear or notice a large catamount creeping along the limb of a tree above his head. He was about to move away when suddenly the catamount leaped upon him. The animal struck Berger square between the shoulders and knocked him violently to the ground. The teeth and claws of the catamount tore his flesh; his arm was broken by the fall, and he was unable to offer resistance. Just when he had made up his mind that he was done for he heard a loud grunt, the brush was swept aside, and old Davy came upon the scene. The bear leaped savagely upon the catamount, and a terrible battle between the two beasts followed.

The cat was a large one, and fought viciously, and tore Bruin badly in his efforts to release himself. It was without avail. Davy had suffered several severe scratches, and he was greatly aroused. He tore the cat into pieces, and chewed the carcass into fragments. He was still engaged tearing at the remains of the catamount when the surveyors came along.

LIKE SHERLOCK HOLMES.

A Famous Surgeon Who Had the Detective Instinct.

The marvelous qualities of detection and analysis, with which Dr. A. Colan Doyle invests his mythical character, Sherlock Holmes, are manifested at times by individuals in real life. Probably it is due to the possibilities of the occurrences that make Dr. Doyle's stories so attractive.

An actual case of accurate analysis and judgment is reported in an old-time medical journal of Sir Astley Cooper, the famous London surgeon of 50 years ago, between whom and our own Dr. Valentine Mott there existed a warm personal friendship and some slight personal rivalry, each having performed for his time wonders in surgery.

It is related of Sir Astley that he was once called to perform an almost hopeless operation upon a Mr. Blight, who had been shot by an unknown assassin. The prominence of the man and the mystery surrounding the shooting rendered the case celebrated at the time of the occurrence.

Mr. Blight was unconscious at the time of the examination and nothing could be obtained from him. The moment Sir Astley examined the wound he turned to his assistant and said: "A pistol has been fired at him with the left hand." Then he explained the reasons for his conclusions.

While he was still engaged in this Mr. Blight's partner, a Mr. Patch, a man esteemed as reputable, entered the house and was shown to the room. Something about his manner and his countenance attracted

the attention of Sir Astley, and he whispered to his colleague: "If that gentleman were left-handed I should suspect him of the crime."

The next instant he turned to Patch and said: "Will you kindly hand me that lint?" Patch did so, utilizing his left hand. Mr. Blight died. Patch was accused of the murder, and upon being tried and condemned on circumstantial evidence confessed his guilt. He was duly executed.

"Jimmie McCosh, by Gosh!"

Probably no college president in the country was ever more sincerely loved by the students under his charge than the late Dr. McCosh. Whenever, in the course of a psychology lesson, he would speak the names of several philosophers—"and Kant, and Hume, and Hamilton"—the boys would raise a great shout, "and McCosh! Don't forget Jimmie!" and the simple old man, too busy about serious matters to care for hiding his vanity, would say, half laughing, half in earnest, "Thank you, young gentleman." It was good to see these exhibitions of the love of the boys for him and his appreciation of it, and they were always happening. And as the boys would shout "Hey! Hey! Good old Jimmie! Grand old man!" the light always came into his eyes and the bright red into his colorless cheeks. The old president never laughed so heartily in his life as when told that the countersign of one of the Princeton societies was "Jimmie McCosh, by gosh!"

Told of Du Maurier's Bane.

A story is told of a certain collector of etchings who wrote two letters to a printer-seller about Whistler's works, an interval of five years elapsing between the first and second letter. The first letter says:—"I do not want etchings by Whistler. They impress me as if they had fallen in an ink-well had walked on old paper." The second letter says:—"Send me every etching by Whistler the price of which is not ru nous."

WHAT DREAMS MAY COME.

In a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, Dr. B. W. Richardson says that the sleep of health is dreamless. "Dreams," says Shakespeare, "are children of an idle brain." If both the doctor and the poet are right it follows that idle brains are unhealthy brains. No doubt there might be truth in the inference, but that is not quite the point. Are all dreams signs of a diseased condition? To this the doctor says "No." He divides dreams into two classes; those started by noises or other causes outside the sleeper, and those produced by pain, fever, or indigestion.

Here we inject a fact. We receive multitudes of letters containing this affirmation, almost in identical words: "I was worse tired in the morning than when I went to bed." To this the doctor has an answer. He says, "When we feel wearied in the morning very likely it results from dreams that we have forgotten." Quite so.

In other words there is a bodily condition which may prevent a person from working by day at his usual calling, but obliges him to labour all night under a mental stimulus of which he knows nothing save by its resulting exhaustion. These unhappy wretches toil harder, therefore, for no compensation, when they are ill, than they have to do to earn a living when they are well. What an infernal and frightful fact! And this too without taking into account their physical suffering at all times. "Night," said Coleridge, is my hell."

From one of the letters referred to we quote what a woman says of her daughter: "She was worse tired in the morning than when she went to bed." Poor girl. Those "forgotten dreams" had tossed her about as a ship is tossed in a tempest. Night was her day of labour.

The mother's simple tale is this: "In June, 1890, my daughter Ann Elizabeth became low, and fretful, and complained of pain in the chest after eating. Next her stomach was so irritable that she vomited all the food she took. It was awful to see her heave and strain. For three weeks nothing passed through her stomach except a little soda water and lime water. Later on her feet and legs began to swell and puff from dropsy. She was now as pale as death and looked as though she had not a drop of blood in her body, and was always cold. Month after month dragged by and she got weaker every day. She could not walk without support, for she had lost the proper use of her legs, and her body swayed from side to side as she moved."

"A doctor attended her for twelve months, and finally said it was no use giving her any more medicine as it would do no good. In May, 1891, I took her to the Dewsbury Infirmary. She got no better there, and I thought surely I was going to lose her. She was then thirteen years of age."

"One day a lady (Mrs. Lightoller) called at my shop, and seeing how bad my daughter was, spoke of a medicine called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and persuaded us to try it. I got a bottle from the Thornhill Lees Co-operative Stores, and she began taking it. In two days she found a little relief; the sickness was not so frequent. Soon she was strong as ever, and has since been in the best of health and can take any kind of food. After she had taken the Syrup only two weeks the neighbours were surprised at her improved appearance and I told them what had brought it about—that Seigel's Syrup had done what the doctors could not do, it saved her life. Yours truly, (Signed), (Mrs) SARAH ANN SHEARD, 19, Brewery Lane, Thornhill Lees, near Dewsbury, October 11th, 1892."

The exciting cause of all this young girl's pitiful suffering was indigestion and dyspepsia, dropsy being one of its most dangerous symptoms. It attacks both youth and aged, its fearful and often fatal results being due to the fact that physicians usually treat the symptoms instead of the disease itself.

"A child's dreams," says Dr. Richardson, "are signs of disturbed health and should be regarded with anxiety." The same is true of the dreams of older people. They mean poison in the stomach and point to the immediate use of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

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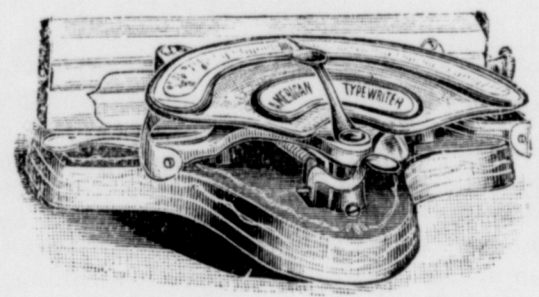
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