

**A CODE THAT WAS INTENDED TO  
MAKE SURE WORK.**

The condemnation of Col. Francisco Romero in a Mexican court for the unlawful killing of Jose Vestaguesti in a duel is not, as it might seem, a judicial reprehension of duelling, but simply evidence of an effort to draw the line between fair fighting under the code and assassination. The Public Prosecutor, it is true, vigorously denounced duelling and duellists, but the conviction was obtained upon proof that the code had been treacherously violated to enable the premeditated murder of the victim with assurance of safety, on the field at least, for the assassin. It is questionable if the outcome of this case will diminish the practice of duelling among Mexican military men. Legal penalties, of more or less doubtful enforcement generally, have little deterrent effect upon men willing to risk their lives upon what they call the field of honor. One of the most perfect systems for restraint and discouragement of duelling ever devised was that included in the code of the Golden Circle, which recognized the duel as permissible and conditionally proper.

These remarks upon the real purpose of this order are necessary to explain the singular blending in the organization of the military and civil elements. It was planned, with admirable foresight, primarily to take control of Mexico by force and secondarily, to keep that control by faultless administration of a perfect system of laws.

There was one peculiar feature in it, in-

It was required that the duel should take place in presence of the General and his staff, in full view of at least the regiment, and, if possible, the brigade, to which the men belonged, and when the word was given for its commencement, the fight should be to the death. Should both be so disabled that an immediate conclusion of the affair would be impossible, they were to be put under the surgeon's care until they had recovered sufficiently to return to the field, under the same circumstances as before, and resume the fight. If but one was disabled, and the other did not choose to finish the affair by butchering his helpless foe in the presence of a thousand comrades, an adjournment was to be ordered until the surgeon certified that the wounded man was again able to fight for his life. When the duel was to remove, the two leaders reconciling themselves, the misadventure was sufficient to confirm of wounded honor, and would suffice to stay the doom they had themselves obstinately invoked. One or the other had to die to terminate the affair. For every duel there must be at least one corpse.

This is a mere skeleton outline of Bickley's duelling law, which was so elaborate, precise, and careful in its guard of every point, and provision for every possible contingency, that evasion of it would have been impossible. The calculated deliberation and cold-blooded ferocity of the system and its pitiless insistence upon death as an inevitable consequence, were intended to discourage duelling as an amusement, a way of winning notoriety, or—as in the case of Col. Romero—a safe method of murder.

### Deserved A Better Fate.

"When I was on the bench," says an ex-judge a man named Sam King was brought before me on the charge of stealing some tobacco. I knew Sam; we went to school together, and therefore I was pained and perplexed at the mere idea of his having committed such a crime. When the evidence against him, which to my mind was far from satisfactory, was all in, and the trial was about closing, he rose up and said, 'I did not do it, Judge; I'm not guilty.' His voice and manner impressed me so much that I said, 'I'll let him go.' Then he came near me, he took me by the hand, and he said, 'I'm honest, Marcus, I did not do it.' I was not inclined to send him to the penitentiary; I knew he had an old mother who was depending upon him for support. In case the mother reached him in time on pay day he gave her all his wages, but if she didn't, he often went on a spree and kept at it until he hadn't a cent. Knowing all this, I said to him, while the sheriff, jury and spectators listened in surprise, 'Prisoner, I know you have an old mother, but I can't let you go. You must bid farewell to her and make such provision for her, will you promise to be back on Monday morning to receive your sentence?' He promised and went away. As I entered court on Monday morning I felt rather perplexed and pained to see the poor fellow inside the rails, tranquilly awaiting his sentence. When I had taken my seat and court was opened, I said to him, 'I'm going to sentence you to the penitentiary for three years, but I suspend your sentence till the next time you get drunk and touch liquor for about a year and a half after that, when I had left the place. Then one night he went on a tremendous spree and a policeman shot and killed him.<sup>35</sup>

**She proved an Allbi for her Boy.**

A witness who says the right thing in the right way is a jewel, and a shining specimen was a Maine mother who was striving to prove an alibi for a boy in a horse-stealing case. A man testified that he had seen the boy at the village on that day, when the woman sprang from her seat and cried:

"He wa'n't out, nuther! His pants was hanging on the clothes line all day!"

**BLOOMING BERMUDA WITH ITS  
MANY RARE FLOWERS**

Fannie B. Ward, in speaking of a country drive in Bermuda, talks as follows:

Everything strikes you as strange and novel—the country people, more black than white, the women courtyouring when they meet you, the men bidding you cheerful good morning; the white-walled cottages peering through shrubbery, the onipresent gray bounding wall which forms part of the natural rock upon which these islands are builded, and above all the vegetation. Of our deciduous trees—oaks, beeches, maples, poplars—there is, hardly a trace to be seen, nor is there anything to replace them. All the islands are more or less covered with cedar trees—not at all like the far-famed cedars of Lebanon, not the colossal growth of Central America, nor yet those with which we sometimes adorn (or shall I say deface?) our gardens and cemeteries. These are small and bushy, resembling stunted firs. But the wood, when it can be found large enough, is said to be excellent for ship building. As the building of ships has been, since time out of mind, a prominent industry in these islands the older land owners who are not “up” to the new fangled notion of hulk raising by which the present generation is enriching itself refuse to allow their lands to be cleared except tree by tree as required at the ship yards.

Yuccas or "Spanish" bayonets spring by the wayside, and aloes, occasionally with flower stems rising twenty or thirty feet, and thickets of bamboo sending willowy tufts forty feet into the air. Many species of cacti abound, some cultivated in the gardens, like the Turk's cap, the melon cactus, and night-blooming cereus. One of the latter plants, in front of a house on Middle Road, covers an area equal to a fair-sized room, and I counted more than 200 superb flowers upon it. Such sights are calculated to make the Northern tourist down-hearted, thinking of his own poor little conservatory, where, with infinite pains, he may sometimes succeed in nursing into scanty bloom things that are here the commonest weeds. This small mid-ocean world has many characteristics distant from either Europe or America. In place of Northern corn fields you see long stretches of bananas, growing in almost impenetrable thickets, and in lieu of the vineyards and olive groves of the same latitude on the other side of the Atlantic there are endless fields of onions and Easter lilies. Now and then you come across charming bits of tropical scenery—sunning patches of palm land, overgrown with coarse bracken and bordered with dense jungles of bananas.

The fruit of the latter, by the way, is an article of food almost as highly prized here as in the rural districts of Bolivia, where I once existed for a month [without any bread, boiled bananas being the universal substitute. In the Bermudas bananas do not quite fill the place of the staff of life, but they are always served at meals—breakfast, luncheon, dinner and supper—raw and cooked in a variety of strange ways. These island bananas are considerably smaller than those we buy in the markets at home but much sweeter and pleasanter to the taste, probably because fully ripe and eaten fresh from the stalk instead of being picked green for shipment and allowed to soften.

Blue birds, red cardinal, and golden orioles flit numerous before you, and the modest little ground dove, is another frequently met member of the Bermudas bird fauna. Straggling lines of white roofs and chimneys, peeping above and beneath the ragged fringes of banana patches, have an attractive appearance. The country houses are lower than those in town, but long and rambling, and every one of them is roofed with stone and glancingly white-washed, as the law directs.

As issued, as the government edict that all householders shall keep the roofs of their dwellings in condition to catch as much rain-water as possible, in order to be independent of the public reservoirs for fear of a water famine in this springless land. Even the fishermen's cottages set in groups in the little coves along the shore, are of stone, washed white as snow, and all with the universal green window shutters, hung at the top so as to act as a screen, admitting light and air at the bottom. The Germans never repair an old house, but leave it to crumble to decay because building material costs almost nothing and it is easier to construct a new one. Consequently you meet a great many picturesque ruins by the wayside, with roofless walls and gables, weather stained and vine growing. Sometimes it is a large, old manor-house, with gaping windows and weed-choked doorways, though nobody ever comes and goes, unless it be ghosts in the "witching time," or more frequently a solitary chimney, rising from a shapeless mass of moss-grown stones, speaking of household fires never more to be kindled and of somebody's heartache in remembering unreturning days.

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morass, flanked by some fine cedar trees. A score, there are no snakes in this happy island, and, so far as reptiles are concerned, you may explore with safety the dense thickets of scrub and palmettos in search of queer aquatic plants not to be found elsewhere. But there is some danger nevertheless, of verdure covered sink-holes, or of a sudden plunge through an opening in the roof of some deep cavern, whose floor may be the sea, for this coral reef is honeycombed with them. At one edge of the pond stands the old parish church of Devonshire, an antiquated structure long since abandoned for the newer one near by. It is surrounded by ancient cedar-sashes, very gossy of growth, standing bony-leaved above the graveyard, whose mossy stones bear many quaint inscriptions. Flat's Village, just beyond, is the centre place from which to visit some of the loveliest scenery of the island. Before the abolition of slavery, which put us a hamper upon agriculture, this was one of the principal ports of Bermuda, a thriving town of considerable trade. Then the shores of the pretty inlet were lined with wharves, where vessels received and discharged their cargoes. But now the capacity of its warehouses can only be guessed by the extent of their ruins. Everything wears a look of desolation. The miller's wheels, many of them with stately curved portals, are strewed with vines and prickly pears, and overshadowed by planings and gigantic pawpaws. Over the gateway of one of them leans the largest mahogany tree in Bermuda.

It is an infant of only thirty years' growth, but its "waist" already measures seven feet. Unnumbered branches shoot out about four feet from the ground, covered with dark glossy leaves, and its top is as flat as a floor.

Most fruits will grow in the Bermudas, both those of the North and the tropics, but the truth is that while some lemons, oranges, peaches, strawberries, etc., are seen in the gardens not nearly enough are produced for home consumption. So, too, with the vegetables. No climate in the world is better adapted for the raising of potatoes, tomatoes, beets, and onions, and the place is so circumstanced geographically that it ought to be, and to a certain limited extent is, the market garden of our Eastern cities.

wives. It is the old story of shoemakers' wives who have to go without shoes, or of a baking company board for the sake of cream and new-laid eggs to find that such things bring too much money to be eaten where they grow and are only to be had in town. If you want to eat Bermuda potatoes among the millions while in Bermuda you must bring a barrel of them along with you from New York, for they are all exported to that city and to Philadelphia and sold at high prices ahead of the Northern season, while others are imported from New York at a lower price. In the early days of the colony, when affairs were under the control of the company, large crops of tobacco were successfully cultivated and became an important article of export to England. But now there is not a tobacco plantation in the Bermudas. During the seventeenth century a brisk trade was carried on in oranges and lemons, but that, too, dwindled away. Ship building and the manufacture of salt at Turk's Island flourished for a time after the decline of agriculture and Bermuda carried on considerable commerce with the West Indies, the British provinces, and the United States in ships built of her own cedar. The trade also slipped away and now-a-days, beyond the cultivated area of arrow-root and lily bulbs and the early vegetables which are shipped to our ports, there are no industries of account in the island. The Bermudians claim that theirs is the very best arrow-root in the world, and certainly it brings the highest price in the market.

A lily farm is a rare sight, acres of odorously blossoming of waxy whiteness. You do not find them along the shores of these islands because the Atlantic winds are too severe for the delicate flowers, but inland, in sheltered places, generally in "pockets"

at the base of the hills where the soil is rich and red. But the popular impression that the lilies are grown for the sake of supplying Northern markets with blossoms for the Easter season is erroneous. The lilies themselves are only a by-product, incidental to the growth of the bulbs, which are the important article of commerce with Europe and America. True, a good many lilies are sent to New York for the Easter week, but at any other time of the year they are sent to Europe. They are sent to Europe to help him to sell his lilies to all blossoms he can carry. The bulbs are dug and shipped early in the summer. Florists in this country get them during the latter part of July, and plant them in pots, which are kept in the shade. As soon as they are sprouted the pots containing them are brought into the green house, so that the plants may be forced into bloom by Christmas. Those intended for Easter are started in the pots in August. It is a matter of time required because lilies that are worth \$3 the day before Easter Sunday are hardly worth a cent on the following Monday.

The soil and climate of the Bermudas seem to be especially adapted to the growing and lifting of the year's past their culture has been an increasing industry. It is easy work, or Bermuda would not indulge in it, merely scratching the ground in the proper places being quite enough. The outer portion of each bulb consists of scales, overlaid one upon the other. These scales represent leaves, but at the base of each of them is a bud. Each bur represents a plant. The Bermuda farmer saves a few of his bulbs every year for seed, and the same farmer uses the same seed for the same purpose. He pulls up the scales and plants them in September in shallow boxes of moist sand. From the buds delicate rootlets quickly extend through the sand, seeking for moisture. As soon as the roots are sufficiently formed the embryo plants are set out. By the following summer little bulbets are developed. These the farmer calls his stock. It takes about 60,000 of them to plant an acre. They keep on growing through to the mild winter of this latitude, and in the following summer the farmer has a crop. An acre of land ought to produce 40,000 marketable bulbs, with a diameter of from four to seven inches. It takes four years and sometimes longer to produce the great bulbs, from nine to fourteen inches in diameter, from which spring the tall stalks crowded with many blossoms. The earliest bulbs are dug about the middle of June, though they are not fully ripened until fully three or four weeks later. The tubers must be picked up as soon as they are ripe, or they will rot. It is as easy to grow them as to grow beets. If the ground be half an hour of glaring sunshine would ruin them irretrievably. No cutting is necessary.

The flowers are merely packed in sand, which seems to preserve them better than any other material. The grower has boards with four holes of different sizes in them, and the bulb is "sorted" by being passed through these holes. You see the lilie fields covered with plants varying in height from a few inches to two or three feet. The small ones are the stalks of the young bulb; the tallest ones are sent to the United States for the Easter trade. The bulbs are packed in strong wooden boxes strapped with iron, each box containing perhaps 400 bulbs of ordinary size. The bulbs which are dug in June for the United States market have already flowered in March. It is only during the last few years that the Bermuda lilie farmer have bit upon the plan of cutting flowers and shipping them to the United States to compete with the Easter lilies furnished by American florists. Thus the flowers may be said to finish two crops. The first crop, their first seedling, will be marketed from the first of June to the first of September, while the roots from which these blossoms were obtained are forwarded three months later to the United States that they may yield a second crop when potted and forced by American florists. Naturally this sort of competition is regarded by United States florists as highly objectionable. Owing the weekly lines of steamers now plying between New York

and the Bermudas, making the trip in seventy hours, the island farmers can easily flood the markets with cut flowers at less price than our own florists can afford to sell them, as those of the latter have been produced indoors at great expense.

Given the proper condition of soil and climate, bulb growing is profitable and certain. The farmer can be reasonably sure of the price from year to year and he usually expects to realize a profit of \$2 per thousand bulbs, sold in lots of 100,000. So hyacinths, tulips, and crocuses are grown in vast quantities on the dikes of Holland, their cultivation being one of the most important industries of that country. Here the work in the lily fields is largely done by negroes, though you sometimes see white men, women and children in the smaller patches. After the ground has been once scratched up with a plow the cultivation is entirely with hand implements, chiefly with a large mattock-like hoe. One who has never seen St. Bernadine lily field cannot be made to realize what it looks like, or what a superabundance of flowers the blossom there is bearing. A portion of the St. Bernadine flower stalks are much more common here than daisies and dandelions at home, and are given away by the thousands. Children on the roads throw great bunches of them into passing carriages, and actually the number of them at last becomes cloying and visitors tire of the ever-present odor.

### WAS A CLEVER DOG

He Could Imitate All Sorts of Animals  
and Was Self Educated.

While on a trip through Tennessee, recently. I was the guest of Rev. Frank M. Downing, who lives in the neighborhood of a small settlement called County Line. His family consists of himself and wife, and a small yellow dog, which I noticed received an unusual amount of care and attention. As there was nothing particularly attractive about the dog, which was only a mongrel cur, I rather wondered at their manifest affection, and one day inquired the reason of it. Mr. Downing for answer, called "Bench," and "placing him in a chair commanded him to "crow." My astonishment was unbounded when the dog gave a perfect imitation of a Shanghai rooster, and, without further command, followed it with the neigh of a horse, lowing of cows, grunts and squeals of pigs, whining of cats, and various noises incident to farm life. He could give all the yelps of a pack of hounds in pursuit of a fox, and in so realistic a manner that you could scarcely help believing that a hunt was in progress.

Mr. Downing said nobody had taught the animal, and his peculiar imitative powers were discovered by accident. The summer previous, when Beach was a mere puppy, Rev. John Malcom, the preacher for their circuit, was in at Downing's house, and was made extremely nervous at night by a rooster crowing at all hours beneth his window. The people who were attending him could not discover the rooster, but one morning Mrs. Downing in passing the window was startled by seeing the puppy throw back his head and crow. She hastened to relate the circumstance to her neighbors, who were incredulous, and carefully watched the dog. He quickly corroborated his wife's story, and for some time the neighbors flocked to see the wonderful dog. He quickly learned to crow at command, and each day picked up some new sound.

earance Bench is not

The oldest watches bearing inscribed dates are of Swiss make, and the date is 1484. Anything antedating this is a fraud.