

HT IN THE DARK

of a Duel in the Carpetbag Days in the South.

By ROCKFORD KING. (Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

er words, the affair was to be not a duel, but a method of ridding us both of Murphy's persecution.

The next evening I went to the bar-room of the tavern where Murphy had given the insult and where I knew he was to be found every evening drinking mint juleps.

I brought the palm of my hand across his cheek and quickly stepped back, and my friends placed themselves between him and me.

"You have repeatedly injured a man whose ancestors were South Carolinians. He is worthy of his fathers, and though they were gentlemen, which you are not, he is ready to give you satisfaction."

With that we left the tavern. Mr. Murphy now had to choose between sending me a challenge and being considered in the neighborhood what he had called me—a "cur."

At half past 7 Dr. Armitage, my second, and myself entered the tavern and passed upstairs to a waiting room that had been assigned us.

At least we were supposed to be in total darkness. Murphy was really so I was not. Dr. Armitage, having dilated the pupils of my eyes by means of a drug and then having kept them bandaged for awhile, had enabled me to take advantage of the little light that filtered through any crack in the windows or between the door and the sill.

I advanced stealthily and touched his chest with the point of my saber. He drew back, and I made a detour to another part of the room. It was amusing to see him grope, every moment expecting that he might receive a thrust.

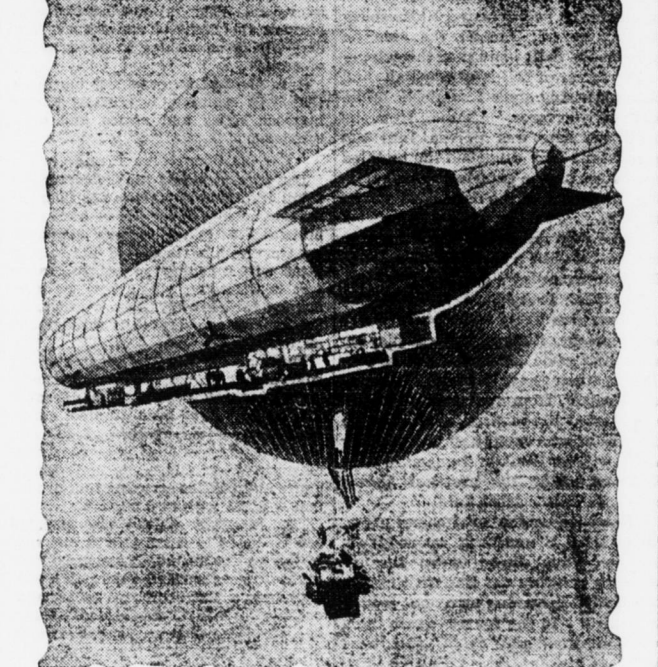
How Man Has Achieved Voyaging by Air Route

Story of the Conquest of the Sky by Application of the Bird Principle of Aerial Locomotion--The Wrights the Original Aeroplane Boys.

By J. A. EDGERTON. (Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

MEN have wanted to fly for several thousand years, and now they are doing it. So strong has been the desire to emulate the heavenly host and the crow that we have pictured heaven as a place where we should all have wings.

As the aeroplane is now perfected its resemblance to the bird is quite startling. The elevator rudder in front takes the place of the head, and the planes are widespread like the wings, the flexible tips answering to the slant of the wings, the guiding rudder behind acting as the tail.



THREE STAGES IN FLIGHT PROGRESS--BALLOON, DIRIGIBLE AIRSHIP AND AEROPLANE.

We can do a little upping and have an aerial lark ourselves--or at least we can if the Wright brothers do not enjoin us.

The Wright brothers are the ones who did the trick. We can abuse them all we want to now, call them dogs in the manger and get peevish on account of their lawsuits and injunctions, but we are bound to admit that they are the original aeroplane boys.

The Original Fly-by-nights. Strange stories came out of Dayton these days. People were sure the Wrights were flying, but had never seen them do it.

The Psychological Moment. "Is Miss Wheaton at home?" asked one of the neighbors of the spinster as he called at her door to get her signature to a petition.

New Tree Pest. In a lecture delivered at the Bussey Institute, in Boston, the other day Professor C. T. Bruce of Harvard announced the discovery of the "shot-gun beetle."

Airy Persiflage. Passenger on Aeroplane--What that dingdonging noise? Can it be the cowbells on the Milky way? Aviator--No; that's only Saturn's rings.

should they not patent it? If any invention should be protected from petty larceny, why should not this, which may prove the greatest invention of the ages?

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At the Mineola field on Long Island Charles K. Hamilton in a Curtiss biplane recently did some surprising stunts. Cutting figure eights in the air were among his most commonplace performances.

A Few Aeroplane Thrillers. Since the first public exhibition by the Wrights the aeroplane has made marked advance and accomplished many thrilling feats.

Of late the Wrights have settled down to manufacturing and training operators. They never did fly in prize contests. Their whole purpose now is to protect their patents and perfect the aeroplane as a commercial proposition.

Their dropping of the thrill making line has not been followed by other aviators, however. Count that month lost that does not break some aviation record.

Abandonment of the Balloon. For a century or more the aeronauts confined their attentions to the balloon, finally perfecting the dirigible, which reached its highest standard under Santos-Dumont in France and Count Zeppelin in Germany.

The mechanical arrangement of the aeroplane is simplicity itself. For example, take the machine used by Glenn H. Curtiss in his flight from Albany to New York, a distance of 150 miles. The same principles are involved in this as in the Wright biplane, as evidenced by the suit of the Wright brothers against Curtiss for infringement of patent.

Camel Carriages. Camel carriages are not common conveyances in most parts of India, but on the great trunk road leading to Delhi they are frequently to be seen.

Own Up. A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.

BUILDING A NEST

A Story of a Love Developed From Childhood.

By CHAUNCEY WARDWELL. (Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

It began by our capturing the sugar bowl. She was a black eyed girl of five, I a towheaded boy of six. I was playing with her brother, who was flying a kite. The kite broke away, and he ran after it. Nellie took me to the sideboard and showed me the bowl full of big white lumps.

We were chased and captured, having perpetrated the crime without reaping its fruits. The bowl was taken from us before we had had a chance to eat a single lump. I was sent home and received a whipping. Nellie was left off with a scolding.

"I started, but presently looked back. She was following me. I waited, and she caught up with me. The wood was quite dense, large trees interspersed with saplings and little shoots.

"I don't know. I never saw him after my fall. May I ask if you are a connection of the Ashursts?" "A very near connection. Jack told me about this escapade you mention. He said he cut your name on a beech tree out in the wood. Is that tree still standing?"

"When I was recovering he came out here and cut the others. They told me he was broken hearted at having suggested my climbing the tree."

"He suggested that we play we were birds and build a nest. He found a place for one and called me to go up where he was and see it. In doing so, I fell."

"I think Jack never recovered from the shock of that fall. As he grew older he realized his responsibility in the case. He should not even have permitted you to do that climbing, much less to persuade you."

"There was silence between us for awhile, at the end of which I said: 'You have not built a nest yet?' She looked at me with a puzzled expression. I repeated the remark in another form. 'I mean you have not married and made a home of your own.'



PASSED HIM HE HISSED "YANKEE CUR!"



"SO JACK ASHURST CUT THOSE LETTERS!"

considered me a very bad boy indeed, and I was forbidden to come to their house. My own parents probably agreed with them, for they sent me to a boarding school for little boys.

I forgot all the children with whom I had played at that early age except Nellie. It is a mistake to suppose that children have no love affairs. I did not know when I suggested to Nellie that we go up in a tree and build a nest like the birds that I was obeying a law of nature.

I will admit that fifteen years later whatever remained of this childish affection lay dormant. Nevertheless it was in me and, like a spark, needed to be fanned into a flame. I had prospered for a youngster of twenty-four and, though I was far from Nellie, I longed to see her.

"I believe a family of Ashursts once lived opposite you in that house over there. Do you remember them?" "Indistinctly. I was very young when they lived here."

"I think there was a boy--an incorrigible young rascal. I suppose you were too young to remember him?" "I remember him. There was a circumstance that fixed him in my child's brain. I was with him one day in that wood back yonder, or in what is now left of it, and we climbed a tree together. I fell and was severely hurt."

"That must have been Jack Ashurst. He was always trying to break his neck or inducing his playmates to break theirs. What became of him?" "I don't know. I never saw him after my fall. May I ask if you are a connection of the Ashursts?"

"A very near connection. Jack told me about this escapade you mention. He said he cut your name on a beech tree out in the wood. Is that tree still standing?" "It is. The letters are barely distinguishable."

"I'm going out to see it." "I'll show you where it is," she replied, and, opening the gate for me, we passed through the yard and over open ground to the wood. She led me to a tree and showed me the name "Nellie" on its trunk. The N and the two I's were the only letters distinguishable.

"So Jack Ashurst cut those letters! Well, well, well! He must have been between eight and nine years old, and you, I suppose, were--" "About seven, I believe."

"I understood Jack to say that he had cut only the letter N on the day you fell."

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