

CURIOSITIES OF DUELING



CHE czar has just exalted the duty of the duel as above that of religion. Kumroff, a regimental surgeon, sued a civilian with whom he had quarrelled, and won a judgment of one hundred dollars. His colonel made complaint to the czar, who sent for Kumroff, and demanded to know why the surgeon had resorted to the courts instead of to the duel. The culprit explained that he had religious scruples against dueling.

"Religion," the autocrat retorted, "is one thing; honor is another." And he commanded the surgeon's resignation.

In the German Reichstag a Socialist recently attacked William for the imperial sanction given to dueling. He concluded a fierce denunciation with the assertion that were the royal exemption from the code removed so that the crown prince might become a principal in an affair of honor, the kaiser would instantly put the ban on such personal combats.

It is probable that the allegation of the Socialist was without any warrant, and that, did honor permit, the kaiser would send his heir to the field without a whimper. But this charge, as well as the czar's pronouncement, calls attention anew to the fact that dueling is still encouraged by the highest civilization on the continent of Europe, though for generations the divinity that doth hedge about a king has commanded that the immediate family of royalty, as well as the sovereign himself, must not be exposed to such peril of bullet or blade. Aforetime it was not so. Many kings became famous for prowess in personal encounters with the foe, and more than once a duel has served to determine sovereignty. There has been nothing of the sort, however, in recent history, although only skilled diplomacy avoided an encounter between George III. of England and Frederick of Prussia.

King George's Duel.

These two peppery and opinionated monarchs had a long list of grievances between them. At the time of crisis, the chief quarrels between them were over marriages and Mecklenburg. Finally they agreed to settle their disputes by a personal combat according to the code.

King George chose, as his second, Brigadier-General Sulston, while Colonel Dersehalm was to serve Frederick. George was in residence at Hanover. The Prussian monarch was at Salz-dahl, which is near Brunswick. Arrangements for the duel were formally completed, and Hilde-sheim, on account of its convenient location, was selected for the place of meeting. Naturally those in the confidence of the two sovereigns were in a state of frightened suspense, and every effort was made to prevent the fight. These failed, however, until the Prussian minister to the court of St. James by a ruse secured a slight delay. The interval sufficed to remove the causes of bitter contention, and the monarchs grew calm enough to hear reason.

Under all the circumstances, that would have been the most curious of duels had it been brought to pass. The outcome might have been either farcical or tragical.

For the matter of that, there have been actual meetings aplenty of either kind, the ludicrous or the ghastly.

A Combat in the Tree-Tops.

Perhaps the absurdest duel was fought in the eighteenth century. The Marquis Merle de Sainte-Marie was an indefatigable duelist. Another gentleman almost equally busy on the field was Monsieur Pierrot d'Isaac. Now, pierrot in French is sparrow, and merle is blackbird. Out of these seemingly innocent facts came combat, for d'Isaac, on a visit to the nobleman, delivered himself in this wise:

"I am Bonapartist, monsieur le marquis: you are Royalist. I am the sparrow; you are the blackbird. Isn't there one bird too many?"

The marquis gracefully accepted this suave statement of the situation.

"Precisely!" he agreed. "My choice is pistols." And he added, "As is appropriate for birds of our species, let us fight in the trees."

This whimsical suggestion was carried out. The seconds had their places on the ground, but the principals were aloft in the branches of trees that stood the requisite distance apart. The instigator of the duel was the victim, for at the first fire d'Isaac received a bullet in the leg, which sent him crashing through the branches. He managed to seize one of the lower limbs, and from there was helped down by his seconds.

But the marquis failed to be discreet in the time of victory. Seeing his adversary laid low, he began twittering joyously, imitating the song of a blackbird. d'Isaac only waited for his leg to heal before issuing a challenge on account of the offensive chirping, and in this second encounter, which lacked any bizarre feature, except its cause, the Marquis de Sainte-Marie was severely wounded.

A duel more amusing in a wholesome way was fought in our own country some seventy-five years ago. An itinerant preacher named Brown used to travel through Kentucky. He was a man possessed of mighty sinews, and, too, of a certain skill that would have delighted a league manager, as the event showed. In his exercise of the ministerial function, he scathingly rebuked a man of notorious profligacy, who retorted with a challenge.

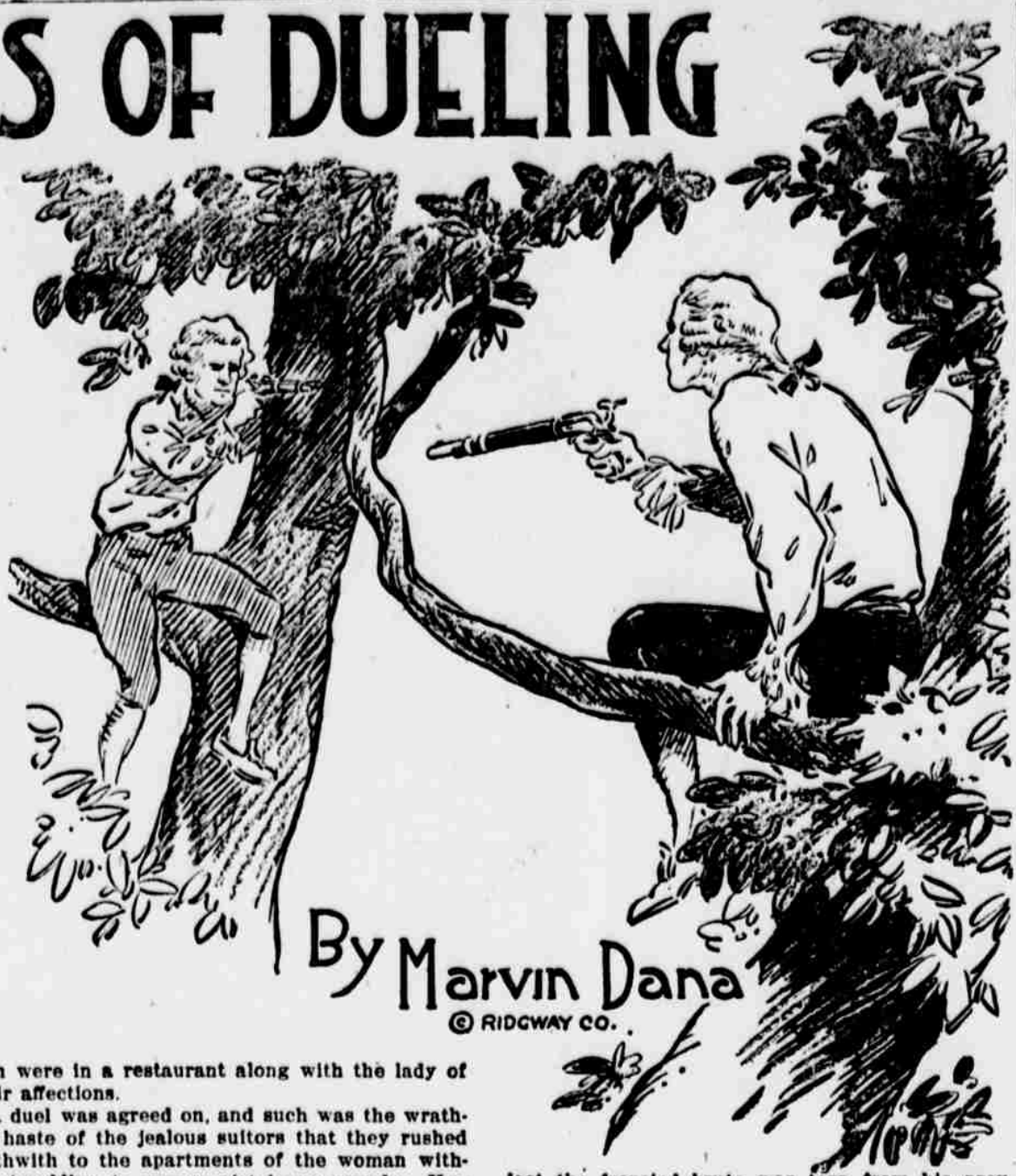
The parson, as the challenged party, had choice of weapons. He selected for each combatant a half-bushel of Irish potatoes—large ones, solid and well rounded. The further stipulations of the engagement were for a distance of fifteen paces and the taking of only one potato at a time from the receptacle.

The profligate protested, but in vain. Eventually the two met in accordance with the clergyman's requirements. When the word was given, the parson instantly hurled a potato, which caught his enemy in the ribs before the man could lay hold on a missile.

The first was followed by five others, and every one smote the wretched target. The victim never even secured a potato, much less threw one. Each time he reached for one, another from his foe smote him sore. After the sixth potato had struck, he fell unconscious, and it was a week before he recovered sufficiently to leave his bed.

The farcical result of this resort to the field of honor had a very considerable effect in bringing dueling into local disrepute.

Another instance in which curious weapons served the need of combatants occurred a few years ago in Paris. Tintard, a journalist, became engaged in a quarrel with a rival, while the two



men were in a restaurant along with the lady of their affections.

A duel was agreed on, and such was the wrathful haste of the jealous suitors that they rushed forthwith to the apartments of the woman without troubling to secure pistols or swords. Umbrellas were substituted for rapiers, and the fight followed. Tintard was the victim. The ferrule of his adversary's umbrella gouged out an eye, and he fell, half swooning from the pain. The maddened victor stamped upon the wounded man's face and skull, and Tintard died within a few days from inflammation of the brain.

In contrast to the gruesomeness of this happening, there was the happy issue to the predicament of an Irishman in Spain, who was challenged by a hidalgo famed for skill in fense. The Irishman, having no art of sword-play, was not minded to lose his life unnecessarily, and, like the Kentucky parson, set his wit for defense. He chose shillalahs for weapons, explaining, with perfect truth, that these were the national weapons of his country.

The don renounced in vain. He investigated the nature of the unknown fighting tool, and what he learned caused him to withdraw the challenge.

The Most Freakish of All.

Undoubtedly the most freakish of all duels was one fought in 1808 in Paris. The principals were rivals, between whom the woman in the case refused to choose. The weapons selected were blunderbusses, the ground was the air—for the shots were to be exchanged from balloons in process of ascension. The seconds exhibited an astounding amount of sporting spirit by accompanying the principals aloft.

At the first fire the envelope of one balloon was penetrated and the gas exploded. In the fall to earth both principal and second were killed. Thus simply was the woman relieved of choosing.

Two other rivals were Henri Delagrave and Alphonse Riviere, who confided the arrangements for an affair of honor to their seconds. As the duel was to be an outrance, one of the seconds, who was a physician, conceived the idea of leaving the issue to fate, in the shape of a poisoned pellet.

To this end, he made up four black pills. One of these contained prussic acid. When the meeting occurred, Delagrave won the toss of the coin, by which his adversary was forced to take a pellet first. Riviere selected one of the black balls and swallowed it. A brief interval proved that he had not taken poison. Delagrave then took his turn, and he also escaped. Again it was the choice of Riviere, who stared for a long time at the twin pellets in which lay hidden his life or his death. Finally he seized a pellet hastily—swallowed it. Within a few moments he was dead.

Another instance when the determination of the affair was left to chance was in the case of an Englishman, challenged by a Frenchman. The Englishman was without skill either for fence or shooting, while his adversary was renowned for both. The Englishman had no wish to be murdered, and set his ingenuity to devise a means of equality in the encounter. As a result of his pondering, he stipulated that the duel should be with pistols, but that only one of the two weapons should be loaded with ball, and that first choice of them should be left to a toss. The weapons thus apportioned, the combatants should fire from stations only two paces apart. This, of course, meant almost certain death for the holder of the pistol with the blank charge. The skilled duelist won the toss and had first choice. He spent considerable time in examination of the twin weapons, balancing them, first one and then the other, in his hand, in an effort to distinguish between the weights, as he knew that the fully loaded one must be the heavier. But chance is stronger than any skill. At the fire the Frenchman fell dead, while the Englishman suffered only some scorching from the blank charge.

About the middle of the fourteenth century there occurred in Paris a duel unique in all history: a formal combat between a man and a dog, under the authorization of the king. Aubryde Montdidier was murdered, and his body buried in a wood outside the capital. His dog found the grave and remained guarding it until driven away by starvation. Afterward the faithful beast led searchers to the spot, and thus made known the crime.

Soon afterward this same dog flew at the throat of the Chevalier McCrear. The suspicion thus directed against the Chevalier finally culminated in the king's edict that the guilt or innocence of the accused should be put to proof by trial of combat between the man and the dog, a huge hound.

The affair was carried to a conclusion in due form. In the arena the dog when loosed instantly sprang for the throat of his enemy, and sunk his fangs there in a death grip. All the man's efforts to save himself were futile. When at

last the frenzied brute was torn from his prey, the guilty wretch had just time to whisper a confession before he expired.

A Dwarf on the Field of Honor.

Another oddity among affairs of honor had for one of the principals a dwarf. This was Jeffrey Hudson, an Englishman, who from his eighth to his thirtieth year measured just eighteen inches in height. Then this astonishing person began to grow, and kept at it until he had attained a height of three feet and nine inches. But diminutive stature proved no bar to an adventurous career. On a journey from the Continent to England he was captured by a Dunkirk privateer. Afterward he fell into the hands of Barbary pirates. He escaped finally, and returned home to become a captain of horse in the civil wars.

It was in France, however, whither he had gone in attendance on his queen, that the duel occurred. Some dispute arose between him and another Englishman, named Crofts.

A meeting with pistols was arranged. On account of his low stature, Hudson was accorded the privilege of being mounted on horseback, while his adversary remained afoot, which was fair enough, since Crofts was a tall man. The dwarf, unharmed himself, mortally wounded his enemy at the first fire.

Long before the days of militant suffragettes, women asserted their rights by engaging in the duello, although such encounters were frowned on by the authorities.

One of the most notable was fought over Chasse, a famous singer of the old French Academy, in which the principals were two love-sick women, both of the nobility, the one Polish, the other French. The weapons were pistols, and the Frenchwoman was severely wounded. An unsympathetic government shut up the passionate French countess in a convent and expelled her rival from the country.

Something of the modern press-agent flavor clusters about the affair of honor between Marotte Beaupre and Catherine de Urlis, actresses of the Hotel Bourgogne. Their meeting occurred on the stage of the theater, and revealed some clever sword-play, but not too much blood.

In an encounter on horseback, with pistols, between Melinte and Prelanie, which resulted from a quarrel over a greyhound, the fair Melinte was severely wounded by her charming antagonist, and, too, she lost the dog.

France was indeed the happy home of dueling until after the Napoleonic wars. Then it practically ceased. There had been enough of fighting, enough of death.

But there came a revival with the restoration, which soon waxed absurd and at last made dueling wholly ridiculous.

The influence of democracy caused tradesmen to resort to a practice hitherto confined to those far above them in the social scale. The barber challenged the hardware dealer who sold him a damaged stove. The charcoal seller had an affair of honor with the huckster who sold him onions in a short measure. Such vulgarization of the noble art of maiming and killing wrought havoc with the prestige of the code. Indeed, in France, that stigma has never been wholly removed, and, as a rule, affairs of honor there are today without that underlying seriousness which they possess in other countries of Europe.

Spain, from the standpoint of the duelist, is entitled to credit for being both sincere and strictly up-to-date in maintaining the code. As an instance in point may be mentioned an encounter arranged between two members of a bicycle club of Granada, named respectively Perez and Moreno.

This was fought by the men from their wheels, with the deadly knife known as the navaga. The place of meeting was a lonely bit of the Melaga road. Perez inflicted a severe wound in the left arm of Moreno, then was killed by a thrust in the right breast.

Exit the Duello.

Maeterlinck wrote a wonderful defense of dueling, but since then he has taken to boxing with such enthusiasm that he may believe he has recanted. Certainly the sentiment of today is hostile to the code, despite the archaic preferences of czar and kaiser. Nowadays we are fostering human life to the limit, with science struggling wildly for the survival of the fittest. Luckily, while we are saving the diseased and criminal, we also incline to preserve the hale and honorable. We are not minded to let good men be slain for the whimsies of the code. We leave dueling to the stark ignorance of mountaineers, to the viciousness of thugs in city gangs and to the antiquated habit of the finest gentlemen of Europe.

OLD ROYAL HOUSE

Chateau Bonnetable Dispenses Hospitality to Beau Monde.

Ancient Palace of Noble House of La Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville, Near Paris, Scene of Many Aristocratic Gatherings.

Paris.—The present generation of the old nobility of the Faubourg St. Germain, with the fathers and grandfathers, have found the most sumptuous hospitality of country life at Bonnetable, the chateau presided over by the duchess of La Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville, generally spoken of simply as the duchess of Doudeauville, to distinguish her from her cousin by marriage, the duchess of La Rochefoucauld, who was the American Mattie Mitchell, daughter of a United States senator.

Bonnetable is in the Sarthe department and is easily accessible from Paris. It was rehabilitated by the late duke of Doudeauville, who died in 1908, shortly before his eighty-fourth birthday, a wonderful old man who spent many years of his life in the work of reconstruction and then in making the chateau the center of a society life which brought together the leaders of the ancient nobility. He had a large family of children and grandchildren and he lived to see them all make exceptionally brilliant marriages.

His eldest son, the present duke, married Princess Louise Radziwill, and the other sons married Princess La Tremoille and Marchioness Colbert, while one of his daughters became the wife of the prince of Ligne and the other married the duke of Harcourt.

The late duke was a famous ambassador during the time of Napoleon III., being many years at the head of the French embassy in London, and he always invited the American ambassadors in Paris out to Bonnetable along with the other members of the diplomatic corps.

Otherwise few Americans were included in his house parties. He was a royalist of the old school and did not approve of Americans. When his kinsman married Mattie Mitchell the old duke considered it a terrible misalliance. He said:

"The young man's father married his housekeeper, so what could you expect from their son?"

But the present duke of Doudeauville and his duchess have extended their invitations to Bonnetable to a small number of Americans, who consider it the crowning achievement of society "climbing" in Paris to be asked to join that exclusive circle. The duchess of Doudeauville likes Americans and frequently goes to their houses herself.

One of her cousins, Prince Albert



Chateau Bonnetable.

Radziwill, married Dorothy Deacon, both of whom will be guests at Bonnetable this season.

FIND MANY ANCIENT BONES

London Police Refuse to Investigate Into the Death of "Adam's Aunt."

London.—The skull and other remains of a woman believed to be of great antiquity have been unearthed by some workmen excavating for clay in the Fletton yards of the London Brick company at Peterborough.

The bones were found in the superficial gravel, and are in a good state of preservation. Local paleontologists believe that they may equal in age the skull of the primitive woman which was discovered last autumn in a pit at Pitdown common, Sussex, and which evoked so much interest in the scientific world.

The discovery was reported formally to the police, but the local superintendent facetiously stated that he had no desire to inquire into the death of Adam's aunt.

Ends Her Hunger Strike.

Philadelphia, Pa.—A plate of ice cream and strawberries ended the "hunger strike" of seventeen-year-old Julia Morgan of Pottsville, Pa., who was held by the local police until her relatives could be found. Miss Morgan had fasted more than two days.

No Farm Life for Wife.

East Orange, N. J.—Life on a farm did not appeal to Mrs. Max Walther of this city, who left a note to her husband in which she declared she would rather die than go to Wisconsin. Walther, who had bought a farm in the western state, set out alone.

IN SUCH PAIN WOMAN TORE HER CLOTHES

Testifies She Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Malone, N. Y.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has certainly done me a lot of good. I first heard of it when I was a girl and I always said that if I ever had female trouble I would take it."



"I suffered from organic inflammation and would have spells when I would be in such pain that I would tear my clothes. One day my husband got the neighbors in to see what the matter was but they could not help me. My first thought was for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I sent my husband out for it and took it until I was entirely cured. I am a woman of perfect health and my health and happiness came from Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine. You may rest assured that I do all I can to recommend your wonderful medicine to my friends."—Mrs. FRED STONE, Route No. 3, Malone, N. Y.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the standard remedy for female ills.

DEFIANCE STARCH

is constantly growing in favor because it Does Not Stick to the Iron and it will not injure the finest fabric. For laundry purposes it has no equal. 16 oz. package 10c. 1-3 more starch for same money. DEFIANCE STARCH CO., Omaha, Nebraska

Legal Opinion.

"A cat sits on my back fence every night, and he yowls and yowls and yowls. Now, I don't want to have any trouble with Neighbor Jones, but this thing has gone far enough, and I want you to tell me what to do?"

The young lawyer looked as solemn as an old, sick owl, and said not a word.

"I have a right to shoot the cat, haven't I?"

"I would hardly say that," replied young Coke Blackstone. "The cat does not belong to you, as I understand it."

"No, but the fence does."

"Then," concluded the light of law, "I think it safe to say you have a perfect right to tear down the fence."

Gone Forever.

Mother (to little Ethel sobbing as if her heart was broken)—"Well, well, what is the matter, dear?" Ethel—Tabby got lost. Mother—Never mind, darling, we'll advertise in the papers for tabby. Ethel (still sobbing)—She'll never, never come home 'cause she can't read.

It seems the Same Game.

"It seems strange that he could plunder a great corporation like that for years without being found out." "Well, you see, the corporation was pretty busy itself."—Chicago Journal.

Misplaced.

First Cider—Why so angry? Second Cider—I've been wasting time in a glass eye.

Wild Beastie.

"Have you ever owned a horse?" "Not for long. I had a nightmare once."—Boston Evening Transcript.

A Triumph Of Cookery—

Post Toasties

Many delicious dishes have been made from Indian Corn by the skill and ingenuity of the expert cook.

But none of these creations excels Post Toasties in tempting the palate.

"Toasties" are a luxury that make a delightful hot-weather economy.

The first package tells its own story.

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