

## TWO REMARKABLE DUELS.

If Count Boni and the French gentlemen of his class thirsting for each other's gore really wish to know how to fight for honor's sake let them visit Medicine Hat and hear the story of the "Bulldog" Kelly and Mahone, the stockman, fought for their, says the Chicago Times-Herald. It is only necessary to say of Kelly that once in his life he figured in a celebrated international law controversy which the then secretary of state, Thomas F. Bayard, ended. His mother was a friend of John A. Logan, and one of his sisters was recently, if not now, a school teacher in this State. Mahone was nothing more nor less than a frontier cattleman. He met Kelly first at Calgary, where, in a dispute over cattle, an enmity arose between them. Subsequently they clashed in the Medicine Hat country, and Mahone wrongfully accused Kelly of stealing stock. Kelly would have killed him then and there but for the interference of the Canadian mounted police. Subsequently one of these policemen suggested to him that he challenge Mahone to a duel, and that they have it out alone. Kelly, evidently, thought well of the suggestion, for a day or two later, meeting Mahone in an isolated and abused town, Medicine Hat, he quietly told him that he would meet him the next morning as the sun rose on the Tortured trail, and he to him with a gun that he was not a thief. Mahone nodded his head in acceptance of the defiance, and that was all there was to the challenge.

Kelly slept in a ranch house that night, but was up before dawn, saddling his horse. He carried for arms two six-shooters and a short blitted bare knife. He rode away from the ranch in the heavy darkness before daybreak, headed for the Tortured trail. He was a six-footer, sandy haired, heavily jawed, and called "Bulldog" because he had once pitted himself against an animal of that title and whipped him in a free fight. His courage was extreme from the brute point of view. He listened to this, years after this event when he was on trial for his life in a murder case, he was instructed by his attorney to kill one of the witnesses against him in the courtroom if he attempted to give certain testimony.

"You listen to him," said the attorney, "and if he tries to testify as to certain things let him have it."

**COWED BY KELLY'S GAZE.**

Kelly, as a prisoner, entered the court room with a knife up his sleeve, and as he sat all through the proceedings with his eyes on the proceedings, to watch, the latter grew restlessness and when he took the stand broke completely down, and did not aid the prosecution at all. He divined without knowing it that if he testified as the prosecution believed Kelly would quit then and there end him. And this all took place not in a frontier court, but in a court of the United States government.

Well, Kelly rode down the trail as gay in spirit as a man of his nature could be. He did not whistle, for whistling men are rarely brutal. But he abused his horse, and that was the best of evidence that he felt well. He watched the dark hang closer and closer to the plain grasses, the stars grew less brilliant, until suddenly in the east it was as if a curtain was drawn up and the day came with the call of wild birds and a wind which rose from the west to meet the sun. He glanced toward Medicine Hat, and from that point out of the black and gray of the horizon, red medicine, appeared as the light of day. They were a mile apart when they reached each other. Kelly reined in his horse and waited. Mahone came on. No surgeons nor seconds were in attendance. Medicine Hat was asleep. Mahone drew nearer, moving a little to the left, as if to circle about Kelly. The latter suddenly dropped under his horse's neck and fired. His bullet just clipped the mane of Mahone's horse. Mahone gave a wild whoop and fired back, riding as Kelly was, Indian fashion, and looking for an opening. Both horses were now in motion and the shots came thick and fast. Kelly's animal went down screaming from a bullet through his lungs. His rider intrenched behind him. Mahone made a charge and lost his own horse, besides getting a bullet through his left arm. He, too, intrenched, in a few moments one of his shots cut a red crease across the forehead of Kelly and filled his eyes with blood. He wiped himself off and tied a handkerchief over the mark.

**WITH KNIVES AND PISTOLS.**

Each was afraid to start out from his horse, but in the course of half an hour their ammunition was exhausted, and then they threw their pistols from them and came toward each other, through the grass, with their knives out. Kelly now shot three times. They visibly staggered as they played for the first chance to close in. At last the knives crossed, and Kelly got the first thrust and missed for which awkwardness Mahone gave him a savage cut. They hacked and stabbed at each other until neither could move, and the small population of Medicine Hat, getting wind of what was going on, rode out and brought them in for medical attendance. Kelly, besides his bullet wounds had fourteen knife cuts, and Mahone had fifteen. They were put to bed in the same room and the same doctor attended both. For days they lay almost touching each other, and neither spoke. Medicine Hat had been unable to decide which had the better of the fight and it seemed as if it would be resumed if both lived to recover. But one morning Mahone raised himself painfully from his mattress, and he put out his hand to Kelly and said:

"You ain't no thief. You're game."

And Kelly covered the hand with his own and shook. That settled their feud. They were under the doctor's care for three months, and when able to ride away from Medicine Hat together, the best of friends.

That was a real fight, the only kind of a fight that a real man goes into if he is going to fight at all. It was a pity that Kelly did not hold his courage afterward for better use. He became involved in one of the most brutal murders known to the Calgary region, escaped the hangman's noose by technicalities, and finally in Nebraska or Wyoming fell off a horse one night and was ground to pieces by the wheels of a transcontinental freight.

Mahone never fought again.

**SAN FRANCISCO ARGONAUT.**

The duel between Count Boni de Castellane and Fernand de Rodays, fought in the Parc des Princes in Paris on Saturday, March 16, in which the famous editor of Figaro was wounded, recalls a tragic duel which occurred at Nantes in 1853, and is graphically described by Maurice Mauris.

Olivier Fontaine, lieutenant in a light infantry regiment stationed there, belonged to an old Toulouse family. His mother, to whom he was devoted, had educated him in the most orthodox fashion. He fulfilled his religious duties in the regiment as regularly as though he had been a monk. He was a perfect type of a cavalier, who in his youth had been a cavalry officer, used to say that Lieut. Fontaine would have made a better bishop than himself. He was a good, active and dutiful soldier. He was idolized by all his fellow officers excepting one, Lieut. Trouillefou, who owed his commission to the Revolution of vulgar and ignorance and a declared enemy of all that was noble, delicate and refined.

He continually boasted of a slight wound received in a fight at the barricades. In his eyes there was no glory beyond that gained in revolutionary wars. Like most ignorant men, Trouillefou wanted to pass as a learned man. His historical blunders were without parallel. One day, while the glories of the French army before the Revolution of 1789 were being discussed by a group of officers seated at a table of a cafe, the name of Marshal Saxe was mentioned.

"What do you talk about?" interrupted Trouillefou. "Marshal Saxe was not before the revolution." The officers looked at each other in astonishment. "Don't you know that he was killed at Marenco?"

"True," Fontaine replied; "but at Marenco the name of De Saxe was pronounced Desaix."

From that day Trouillefou's hatred for Fontaine increased. He never missed an occasion to insult the religious feelings of his comrade. He called him a canting priest, a nun, and similar names. Fontaine for a time bore good-naturedly these idiosyncrasies, but at last requested Trouillefou to stop them. Trouillefou complied with the request, and Fontaine, forgetful of his unpleasant remarks, treated him with cordiality. Two months later, several officers were gathered around a table in the same cafe. One, recently returned from a trip to Switzerland, was speaking of Thorwaldsen's monument to the martyrs of the Swiss Revolution of 1772.

"The poor Swiss!" exclaimed one of the party. "Really they have always had luck. Even in our revolutions they generally receive our first blows."

"It is true," added Fontaine. "It was also against them that, in 1855, the Parisians, under the Duc de Guise, constructed their first barricades."

Lieut. Fontaine had hardly uttered the word "barricades" when Trouillefou, who was smoking at the next table, and apparently perusing a newspaper, arose from his seat and struck the speaker in the face. The blow was great. Trouillefou was so angry that he had struck his comrade. With flushed face, bloodshot eyes, and foaming lips, he said: "He has spoken disrespectfully of barricades, for the purpose of again insulting me. No one shall insult me without a blow."

Fontaine was as white as a sheet. He trembled. Two large tears stole down his cheeks. He kept his eyes on Trouillefou; at his nonsensical remark he wiped his head with his military cap, hurled at Trouillefou the words, "You are an ass and a coward," and left the coffee house. Comrades offered to accompany him, but he declined their offer. He walked straight to the Chapel of the Virgin, fell upon his knees, and buried himself in prayer. There he remained two hours. When he left the church he was as calm as though nothing had happened. Nearly all the officers of the regiment offered their services as seconds. He thanked them but declared that he had sought advice from one "whose wisdom and love had never deceived him," and that he had irrevocably determined not to challenge Trouillefou. The officers were astounded. Some remarked that military honor required that he should fight. He replied that Christian honor forbade it; that Jesus had set an example of forgiveness that no Christian ought to disregard. Warned by others that he would be suspected of cowardice, he answered that he believed he could offer better evidence of his courage by obeying God than by yielding to human prejudice. If the army and the world misjudged his motives, he did not care, for God read his heart.

Although esteemed and loved by all his comrades, Lieut. Fontaine could not convince them of the correctness of his views. His refusal to fight created such a commotion in the regiment that the colonel deemed it prudent to interfere. He summoned the officer to his presence. "Is it true," he asked, "that you have been slapped in the face by Lieut. Trouillefou?"

"Yes, colonel," he replied.

"Have you asked for satisfaction?"

"No, colonel."

"You must ask for it without further delay."

"I shall not, for three reasons," was the reply.

"Because dueling is opposed to human law, to divine law, and to common sense."

"Is that all?" the colonel inquired.

"Yes, colonel."

"Well, Monsieur Fontaine, if before the end of the week you do not challenge Trouillefou to a duel I will expel you from the regiment."

Fontaine remarked that only soldiers guilty of some crime deserved expulsion. The colonel rejoined that to stain the uniform of a regiment with cowardice was a crime and repeated his threat. Fontaine left without flinching in his determination.

The general then intervened. As he loved the officer dearly, he entreated him to fight for the honor of his regiment. The lieutenant firmly replied: "Order me to give up my life in behalf of my country, of society, of religion, of any noble cause, and I will willingly encounter death. But ask me not to disobey the gospel."

Fontaine, however, could not resist the treatment of his comrades and subordinates. He tendered his resignation. The minister of war replied that it could not be accepted under the circumstances. He could only be dismissed in disgrace. That filled the measure. One evening Fontaine again walked into Cafe Camborne, where his comrades were assembled.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you were witnesses of the insult received from Lieut. Trouillefou. I intended to forgive it, because my religion teaches me to forgive. You will have it otherwise, and I obey you. God has witnessed the struggle of my heart, and will allot to each his share of responsibility for what may happen. You force me to fight. I will fight. I make two conditions. First, that all who were present at the outrage shall witness the reparations; second, that the latter be proportionate to the offense. I want a duel to the death, with pistols, and only one of them loaded, the distance to be fifteen feet. Do you accept, Lieut. Trouillefou?"

The latter hesitated, but finally stammered, "All right."

"Tomorrow, at 6 o'clock in the morning, in the forest of Chavandiere, by the cross road of the Trois-Louards," said Fontaine.

A roar of applause greeted his words. The officers crowded around him to congratulate him upon his determination, and to protest their friendship.

"Wait until tomorrow," gentlemen," the lieutenant replied. "You have suspected me of being a coward. Before protesting your friendship, you had better see me on the ground," and he withdrew.

At the appointed time the officers of the regiment were at the Trois-Louards. The colonel loaded one of the

pistols, enveloped them in a silk handkerchief, and requested Fontaine to choose a weapon, as he was the insulted party. The combatants were placed fifteen feet from each other. The officers silently formed in two lines, on the right and left of the duelists, and the colonel gave the word.

Trouillefou was the first to fire. His pistol carried no bullet. He staggered as though already wounded. Fontaine could not forgive. But his Christian feeling had given way under the pressure of bitter sarcasm. He calmly leveled his weapon, fired, and Trouillefou fell, with a shattered skull. There was a cry of horror. The spectators rushed toward the dead duelist. But before they reached him Fontaine was at his side. He dipped his hand in the blood of the dead officer, and with that blood washed the cheek upon which he had been struck, exclaiming: "Well, gentlemen, do you think the insult sufficiently washed away?" Then, running like a lunatic, he disappeared in the forest, and was seen no more at Nantes. Years afterwards he was discovered in a monastery at Rome, where, under the religious name of Fra Pancrazio, he was still praying for the remission of his sins, and for the eternal salvation of the man whom he had killed.

**BY THE NAME OF HENNESSY**

**Campaign Joke That Reacted on Its Maker at the End.**

A good political campaign story is related by Arthur Stanwood Pier of the Youth's Companion in his clever novel, "The Sentimentalists," recently published in Messrs. Harper & Brothers' One-a-Month Contemporary American Novels series. "Becky Sharp," a sort of American "Becky Sharp," tells the story to some magnates whom she has invited to dinner for political reasons.

"What!" cried Mrs. Kent, "you never heard about O'Brien and the German vote? You have, Mr. Proudfoot? You have, Mr. Morris? Nobody? Well, well, it's not a very savory story, but this is so nearly a stag dinner that it may pass."

"In one section of the candidate's district," began Mrs. Kent, "the German vote was decisive. O'Brien advertised a great speech and chartered an excursion train to the picnic ground. In the afternoon he gave out prizes he'd provided for the winners of the athletic contests. Then he began his speech."

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I am pleased and proud to be here as one of you, for I feel I am among my own people. I am of Prossian blood. My mother was a Schneider."

"Her name was Hennessy," called a voice in the crowd.

"The German people are the salvation of the country," shouted O'Brien. "I am one of them, partly by blood, wholly by inclination."

The next day he spoke in a small mining village composed mostly of Italians. To these he said: "My name is Irish, but I am an Italian at heart. I glory in the epithet of Dago applied to me as I walk upon the streets. My mother was a Schmitt, and I am proud to be of the blood of your gifted and maltreated race."

"Your mother was a Hennessy," came from the voice that had before interrupted. But, as before, O'Brien passed it by.

Three days later he addressed a camp of laborers on the railroad. They were mostly Hungarians. He said: "In beginning permit me to say that my sympathies are with the people of your blood. Foreign though my name is to you, it is my proudest memory that my mother was a Lithuanian peasant woman."

"By the name of Hennessy," interjected the familiar voice.

"In this country you begin by being the people of the pick, and you end by being the pick of the people," continued O'Brien. "I am proud to count myself one of you, and I hope when it comes to counting you will each of you count for me."

O'Brien closed his campaign before a native American audience. I am glad to think, though my name is Irish, my mother was of a good old New England family."

"By the name of Hennessy," the fatal voice reminded him.

"This time O'Brien lost his temper at the persecution."

"I'll knock the scoundrel down that says a word against my mother's character," he roared. "But if that fellow down there knows her name as Hennessy, then he's the man that was with her when she left me hanging in a basket on Mike O'Brien's doorknob, and I'm ashamed to own him as my dad—I'm ashamed to own him as my dad!"

**Whooping Cough.**

A woman who has had experience with this disease, tells how to prevent any dangerous consequences from it. She says: Our three children took whooping cough last summer, our baby boy being only three months old, and owing to our giving them Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, they lost none of their plumpness and came out in much better health than other children whose parents did not use this remedy. Our oldest little girl would call lustily for cough syrup between whoops. Jesse Pinkey Hall, Springfield, Ala.

Children who are weak, fretful or troublesome should be given a few doses of WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE. They will then become strong, healthy and active, have rosy cheeks, bright eyes, will be happy and laughing all the day long. Price, 25 cents. Z. C. M. I.

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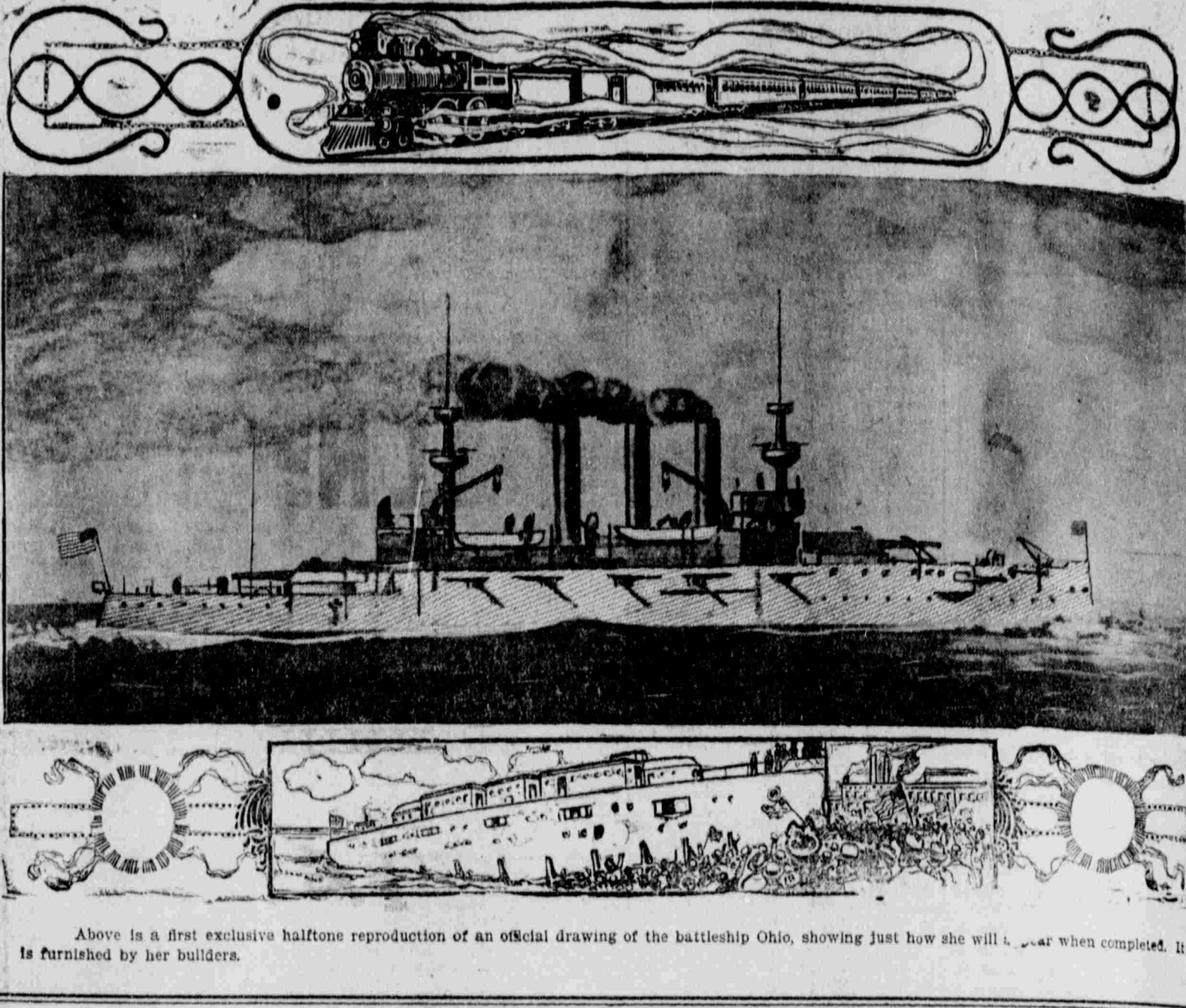
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