e Chatham Daily Planet.

MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

CHATHAM, ONT., SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1904

(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

uels of Note Fought in Europe

The Bloody and Protracted Encounter In which Victorious Over Lagarde Was

of the most desperate duels in ring the reign of Henry IV. n Legarde Valois (a gambler The former had stabbed a ed Chretien, whom he had ated to rob, at a restuarant; and g the melee, Bezarisr, a friend of oung nobleman, precipitated himmto the room just as Valois was ng his exit. Despatching a doctor a surgeon, Bezarier took, Dretien's hat, with its rich osplume, and attaching a slip of r to it, with the words, "thouse-accurated coward, Valois, meet Bezarier, and wear this hat, if larest," he sent it by his own a, to Valois' lodgings, and then compared the surgest of the Three Brothers," residence of his friend Chretien, had only proceeded however, as the melee, Bezarier, a fries had only proceeded however, as as the Church of the Sacred Heart the saw approaching him Valois elf, with the identical hat on lead. It was a lonely road, and was ample room there for two are was ample room there for two sparate men bent on fighting a duel the death. In an instant their ords were drawn and they sternly inted each other. The next instant e blades crossed. For some minutes of man feinted and lunged in turn, it did his utmost to discover the rength of his adversary's resources, ien there was a quick pass or two, sen an involuntary pause. "We meet boner than I expected," said Valois, is face aglow with the delight of attlle. "I knew the Sieur Bazarier ould keep his promise to meet me, ut I did not expect to see him before unset." "You are a lair and a cur," etorted Bezarier, sternly, "and may unset." "You are a lair-end a cur, "etorted Bezarier, sternly, "and may shink yourself fortunate that I conlescend to cross swords with you.
Shake not your head in that way man; I know you! Him you did breakfast with, and play with wine and afterwards rob, he was my friend, and I am about to be his avenger.
Therefore, make your peace with heaven, for short is the abrift I shall allow you." "Fool," retorted Valois, with with rage. "Who are you this, ton the repute of a few chance encounters with obscure men, would face the beet swordsman in France? I hurly your defiance back in your teeth. Have at you now." With that he raised his sword, and with a quick and nimble rush broke over Bezarier's guard and wounded him in the forehead.
Bezarier made no answer, but quietly with a before willy torted Bezarier, sternly, "and may Begarier made no answer, but quietly wipling the blood from his face, smiled lisdainfully wipling the blood from his face, smiled disdainfully and advanced to the attack. Again the swords crossed. In mere skill and dexterity the combatemits were pretty evenly balanced but Valles was the most active and by far the stronger of the two. Twoce had the point of his sword swept like lightning within an inch of Bezarier's heart and only by the merest good fortune did the latter escape untouched. But his coolness and resolution, his patience and pertinacity, never left him fiven these tokens of his adversary's superiority failed to provoke him to be indiscreet. He parried Valois' impressons sents with a adversary's superiory superiory and versury's superiory voke him to be indiscreet. He parried Valors' impresses onsets with a calm courage that left nothing to be desired. For the third time they closed. The Bezarier was bleeding freely from the wound he had received, he bated no jot of his vigilance—

and hand were equally firm closed. Tho' Bezarier was bleeding freely from the wound he had received, he bated no jot of his vigilance—eye, foot and hand were equally firm and true. Evidently it was his design to tire out Valois before he attempted any serious effort on his own account. Of this Valois soon became aware, and his curses were frequent and deep. Once more he made a savage rush, and tho' Bezarier parried it, the exertion seemed to tire him, and he irung longer on the other's blade than was altogether safe. Valois moticed this. Quick as thought he disempaged, and with a straight and deadly thrust, ran Bezarier thru the body. The latter staggered, but stood his ground without falling. "That is for the hat!" cried Valois, mockingly. And again he came on. Two quick feints, two nimble parries and once more Valois pierced his enemy. "For the feathers fair sit!" he said. No treply, Mute and grim, deadly pale and bleeding profusely Bezarier fought on. The tenacity of the man was wonderful. There was no signs of yielding about him and it was evident that he would surrender only with his life. Another minute and Valois for the third time in succession broke down his opponent's guard, and as his sword went thru him, exclaimed exultingly." And that for the loop!" Then Bezarier death, sith and led him powerless. Then he stabed Valois in the throat and breast and forchead, again and again—fourteen gaping wounds in all. Then Bezarier planted his tone upon his chest and held him powerless. Then he stabed Valois in the throat and breast and forchead, again and again—fourteen gaping wounds in all. Then Bezarier planted his fune upon his doed enemy with his foot, walked quietly back to the irm. And it may be stated, in conclusion, that, sithpough Bezarier was run thru the

TEARS INSTEAD OF BLOOD.

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A general officer of the British army, who had been forty odd years in the service—and as Irishman at that—and who used to boast that he never sent or accepted of a single challenge, used to relate the manner in which he was wont to meet and satisfy demands of this sort. "I once provoked the resentment of a brother officer, who was much respected and beloved by all the corps. His behavior upon some occasions I esteemed in a slight degree reprehensible in the expression of which I used a term of more opprobrious import than I apprehended. Fired at the supposed affront, he retorted first the injurious words, then quitted the company and sene me a challenge. I returned him word that I hoped upon explanation he would not compel me to fight, yet would meet him immediately, according to appointment. I went, attended by all the witnesses of my unguarded expression; and before these I readily took the shame to myself and apologized for utterances that ought not to have been made. But as I began to assume an air of expostulation, in my turn, he reddened, hesitated a moment, then drew his sword, adwanced and obliged me to defend myself, which I did, against a desperate thrust, with mine in the scabbard. He no sooner perceived that circumstances than he surprised us all by throwing his sword away, bursting into a flood of tears and all by throwing his sword away, bursting into a flood of tears and throwing himself on his knees, in speechless agitation of mind. I at once raised him and embraced him, which affectionate act he returned cordially, and forever afterward we were perfect friends." THE FAMOUS DE PILES BROTH-

ERS.

It is said of the renowned Frenchswordsmen, Ludovico de Piles and his
brother, that one day while journeying toward Paris they stopped over at
an inn at Valence, and seeing a spit
turning, ordered supper. "I can only
give you crackers and cheese," said
the landlord. "Only crackers and
cheese!" cried Ludovicoo, in anger
and surprise; "pray, sir, whose meat
is that on the spit?" "It belongs to
four French officers." "Tell them
that two French gentlemen will join
them." The landlord carried out his
instructions, but soon returned with
a reply that "the officers decline."
"They do? Ah! bring us some crackers and cheese, and have an apartment prepared for us for the night."
The brothers arose early the next
morning and were soon on their way
toward Paris. All of a sudden Ly. The brothers arose early the next morning and were soon on their way toward Paris. All of a sudden Ludovico stopped and said to his brother: "I have left my purse at Valence. I will return for it, while you go your way slowly, and I'll overtake you before evening." He then hurried to Valence, challenged the four officers and killed them all, one after the other. He rejoined his brother just before dinner time, but didnot mention the episode we have despribed. Indeed, it was a year before the latter heard of it, and then it was from Cardinal Mazarin. These brothers De Piles fought many duels, but were never hurt.

POETIC DECLINATION. In 1826, at Andover, Eng., Messrs. Fleet and Mann, attorneys, fell out artest and Mann, attorneys, fell out at a meeting under a commission of bankruptcy and on July 24 the form-er (a bachelor) sent the latter (a married man) a challenge, which was poctically declined as follows:—

I am honored this 'day, sir, with challenges two, The first from friend Langdon, the second from you; As the one is to fight, and the other

As the one is to fight, and the other to dime.

I accept his "engagement," and yours must decline.

Now, in giving this preference, I trust you'll admit

I have acted with prudence, and done what was fit,

Since encountering him, and my weapon a knife,

There is some little chance of preserving my life:

serving my life; Whilst a bullet from you, sir, might take it away, And the maxim, you know, is to live

while you may.

If, however, you still should suppose
I ill-treat you I ill-treat you By sternly rejecting this challenge to

meet you. Bear with me a moment, and I will adduce Three powerful reasons by way of ex-

In the first place, unless I am grossly deceived.

I myself am in conscience the party aggrieved;

And therefore, good sir, if a chal-lenge must be, Pray wait till that challenge be tendered by me.
Again, sir, I think it by far the more sinful

Is not, 'I imagine, too, too deeply rooted,)

Would prefer that it's fruit. sir, the kind on record. rooted,)
Would prefer that it's fruit, sir,
whate'er it may yield,
Should appear at "the table," and not
in "the field."
And lastly, my life, be it never for-

got, ssesses a value which yours, sir, does not; So I mean to preserve it as long as I

can, ng justly entitled "a family Being justly entitled "a family Mann."
With three or four children (f scarce know how many),
Whilst you, sir, have not, or ought to

have, any.
Besides, that the contest would be too

unequal, I doubt not will plainly appear by the sequel;
For e'en you must acknowledge it
would not be meet
That one small "Mann of war" should
engage a whole fleet.

HIS SEVENTY-THIRD MAN.

HIS SEVENTY-THIRD MAN.

The Chevalier d'Andrieux, who flourished during the reign of Louis XIII., at the age of 30 had killed 72 men. Upon meeting his 73rd adversary, the latter said: "Chevalier, you will be my 10th man." "And you will be my 73rd," answered d'Andrieux; which proved to be true, for his antagonist was laid on the grass dead in a minute. A notorious fellow named Gautier, after disarming his men and then offering them their lives if they would renounce their throats, for the purpose, as he claimed, of killing them body and soul. Baron d'Aspremont once fought and killed three men in one day. Once, in a duel of three against three, Baron de Ripon killed his man and

DUEL WITH BILLIARD BALLS

On September 4, 1843, in the commune of Maisonfort, France, two young men named Lenfant and Melfant, quarrelled while playing at billiards and agreed at last to settle their disturbance by a duel with billiard balls, after which they drew lots to see which one should get the red ball and throw first. Melfant won the red ball and the first throw, and the two at once took their posiwon the red ball and the first throw, and the two at once took their positions in a garden at measured distance of 12 paces from each other. Melfant, when the signal was given to throw, made several motions, saying to his adversary: "I am going to kill you at the first throw." And he hurled the ivory sphere with deadly aim and effect, for it struck Lenfant in the middle of the forehead, and he dropped dead without uttering a word. The survivor was arrested and tried for wilful murder, and convicted of manslaughter.

DUEL IN THE DARK.

DUEL IN THE DARK.

Rossi was playing Hamlet one night Casala, when a party of young Italians of both sexes, who had dined too copiously, spoke so loud that the actor was obliged to stop. "Til keep quiet until you do," said the tragedian, quietly folding his arms. The public applauded and demanded the expulsion of the disturbers, but after the performance Signor Rossi found a card left with the stage doorkeeper. The owner of it insisted upon satisfaction for the insult. Signor Rossi pulled a long face. He did not mind a duel, but he was expected next night at Milan, and was bound to start at 8 o'clock in the morning.

Lady Now Visiting in the Fatherland.



Above is a scarlet hat of crepe de chine with an underbrim of cockatoo pink silk.

The fall of crepe over the brim has a beautifully emrboidered edge. Scarlet plumes de corate the upper and under brim.

This hat is essentially designed for early spring wear.

then went to the assistance of the others on his side.

The great d'Israeli once made himself the laughing stock of England by challenging Morgan O'Connell, son of Daniel O'Connell, for words utsuch the laughing stock of the challenger, whom he found enhanced in the challenger, whom he found enhanced in the laughing stock of England of pictors on an iron plate Tixed in the wall. He explained the situation to him. "The rumor of a duel because the laughing stock of the control of the laughing stock of the challenger, whom he found enhanced in the laughing stock of England to the challenger, whom he found enhanced in the challenger, whom he found enhanced in the challenger, whom he found the challenger is the challenger in the chal then went to the assistance of the others on his side.

The great d'Israeli once made himself the laughing stock of England by challenging Morgan O'Connell, son of Daniel O'Connell, for words uttered by the latter in the House of Commons as follows: "I cannot divest my mind of the belief that, if (this fellow's genealogy were traced, it would be found that he is the lineal descendant and the heir-at-law it would be found that he is the lineal descendant and the heir-at-law of the impenitent thief who atoned for his crimes upon the cross." Still, the name of Benjamin d'Israeli is today one of the most brilliant and prominent in history.

After John Byrne was wounded, in Ireland, by Lord Mountgapet, some friends asked him how he felt when the bullet struck him, and he replied: "I felt just as if I had been punched by the mainmast of a man-of-war."

A LOVE AFFAIR.

Two gentlemen—one a Spaniard and the other a German—who had been recommended, by their birth and services, to the Emperor Maximilian II., both fell in love with and paid court to the fair Helen, the emperor's daughter, Scharfequinn, whome each sought in marriage. After a long delay Maximilian one day informed the two lovers that, esteeming them equally and not being able to bestow a preference, he should leave it to the force and address of the claimants to decide the question. He did not mean, however, to fisk the loss of the one or the other, or perhaps of both, and could not, therefore, permit them to encounter with offensive weapons; but had ordered a large bag to be produced, and had decreed that whichever succeeded in putting his rival into the bag should obtain the hand of his daughter. The two gentlemen expressed their willingness to engage in even or idiculous a contest for so superior a prize, and fought in the presence of the whole court, the contest lasting more than an hour, the Spaniard finally yielding, having been put fairly into the bigg by the German. Baron Ebernhard, who took it and its Castilian contents upon his back and very gallantly laid them at the feet of the young lady, to whom he A LOVE AFFAIR.

tween us has already gone abroad; the gendarmerie are sure to prevent us in the morning. I have a very spacious apartment at the hotel, Will the gendarmerie are sure to prevent us in the morning. I have a very spacious apartment at the hotel. Will you come and settle our quarrel there? We are not likely to be disturbed, especially if we can manage to slip in unnoticed." So said, so done. They repaired to Signor Rossi's hotel; the conditions had been arranged and they were just about to begin when there was a knock at the door. It was the host, who, seeing a light so late, feared that his visitor was ill and would not accept his assurance to the contrary for an answer. "There is but one way out of the difficulty—we must blow out the candles and take aim by the glow of our cigarettes we're going to light." The condition was accepted; Signor Rossi hit his adversary in the shoulder, but the discharge awakened the whole house. The tragedian had got from the frying pan into the fire, for he was conducted to the juge de paix. In vain did he consult his watch; the hands pointed to 7. To make matters worse the magistrate received him with a crushing speech. "You deserve five years' imprisonment." he began. "But now that the man of the law has spoken," he continued, suddenly changing his tone, "the playgoers must add a last word. I was at the theatre last night; you acted like a god and you did well to chastise this good-for-nothing. I know that you are expected at Milan, and take this ring as a remembrance of how I fook upon your conduct."

A HOT DISH. Many clever stories are told of Pat Power, of Ireland, who was not only a famous shot, but a charming chiv-alric fellow. He was fat and intem-perate and as full of mischief as an egg is of meat. Among many of his affairs of honor was one with Bill Brieva, When taking aim he said he had still a warm friendship and a

Continued On Page 10.

Entertaining Letter from a Maple City Young

Whitsuntide in Germany

At Whitsuntide all schools in Germany are closed for five or six days. Fen days ago we expert at the sorth or Ascension Day. I supposed twould be kept as a church festival, and was very much surprised of Potadam. Ten days ago we celebrated Himmelssorht or Ascension Day. I supposed val, and was very much surprised when the whole school, instead of going to church, took a long walk in the woods, and ate lunch in a farm

suntide vacation together with a German friend in Potsaam, the "City suntide vacation rogether with a German friend in Potsaam, the "City of Palaces," bristling with reminiscences of Frederick the Great, otherwise of Frederick the Great, otherwise and the proper William, the first, or "the old Emperor William, the first, or "the old Emperor," as the people always call him. It is an utter impossibility for me to give you an adequate idea or description of San Souci Park. It was a bright, warm May morning; the sun shone through the trees on the many beautiful statues, which reflected back its rays; the lilac bushes and chestnut trees were in full bloom, and everywhere was a wealth of rhodendrous, peonies, illies-of-the-valley, pansies and forget-me-nots. Little fear of ever forgetting Sans Souci after seeing it under such conditions.

The natural beauty of the place perhaps doesn't give it so much charm as its historical interest. Soon after entering the park we see an

The natural beauty of the place perhaps doesn't give it so much charm as its historical interest. Soon after entering the park we see an equestrian statue of Frederick the Great, which reminds us that he was the first sovereign to build a palace here. In fact, he spent the most of his time in Sans Souci, and died, sitting in a chair near a window looking out on the park. His rooms are still preserved almost unaltered.

I have always hated frederick William I., the father of Frederick the Great, who treated his son with as great severity as ne did his subjects, but it was probably this very discipline that made him what he was. He could not understand Frederick's taste for music and art, and his one fear was that his som would never become a great general. The latter, in despair, attempted to escape to Rengland, but the plan was discovered, and he was imprisoned, tied and condemned to death. The King was finally induced to spare the life of the Grown Prince. It was this same burly sovereign who used to wield his cane with great vigor when things didn't please him. It is said that the people used to run off the the street when they knew he was coming, and he would erry out. "You love me; you should not fear me," using German, of course, instead of English words. Still it is to Frederick William I. that Prussia owes so much, for he prepared the way for his filustrious son, and he, too, before his death, appreciated "Fritz's" ability. His last words were, "Thank God, I die content, since I can heave so worthy a son and successor behind me."

With such stories in my mind I.

mill which the miller refused to sell because it had been in his family so long. We were shown through the palace by a guard, who pointed out the different things of interest. The first rooms we saw were those occupied by Voltaire, the French poet and friend of the monarch. In another room is the clock of Frederick the Great, which is said to have stopped the very minute of the King's death, '2.20 in the morning. This same clock was carried off by Napoleon to Paris, and it was with great pride that Blucher brought it back to its proper place. When here I can hate Napoleon almost like a Prussian. To think of all the humiliations he thrust upon the people he conquered, the little regard be showed the beautiful Queen Luise when she entreated him to spare her country. Even her goodness, charm and beauty had no effect on him; but Prussia had her day of revenge—as my German friend said—the day of the battle of Sedan, 1871, when NaPoleon III. stood opposite the old Emperor William and "Our grand Bismarck." Queen Luise was not slive, but her son rode as victor into Paris, and was proclaimed Emperor of Germany. Would that she could have welcomed him back to Berlin!

This is going ahead too quickly. We saw the room where Frederick used to play the flute — his really greatest enjoyment. In the room where he died is a marble statue representing him in the chair by the window with his two faithful greyhounds beside him. His death was lomely, as his home life had been, as for many years he had lived separated from his wife, and he had no children; but he had the love of his people, and the respect and admiration of the world. We passed on into the library, containing eighteen hundred books, all French. Yes, that's the only thing we have against him. His admiration and love for the French literature and art were so great he couldn't appreciate his own, aid a German, who was in the party. In fact, it is said he couldn't write a good German letter and, of

of Potsdam.

The New Palace, erected by Fred. the Great, after the seven years' war, is the favorite home of the present royal family. As the Emperor was at Potsdam for Whitsumtide we were at Potsdam for Whitsumtide we were not able to see the interior. Here Emperor Frederick III. died in 1888, after reigning ninety-nine days. He is buried in a mansoleum near one of the churches and beside him rest the remains of the unhappy Empress Frederick, our Princess Victoria of England. Her life has been perhaps one of the saddest in modern history, for she was hated and mistrusted by the people, and even her own sen, the present Emperor, disappointed, her husband's death left her stranded and alone; she retired and lived od and alone; she retired and lived quietly, and later a reconciliation took place between her and her son. I am sure death came as a relief to

Babelsberg was the favorite home of the "old emperor." It was erected in 1835, and stands in a beautiful park looking down on the Havel. From almost every window you can catch glimpses of the water through

God, I die content, since I can leave so worthy a son and successor behind me."

With such stories in my mind I walked up the broad flight of steps, 66 feet fin height, which leads to the Palace of Sans Souci, erected by Frederick the Great in 1745. Just behind it stands the historic windmill which the miller refused to sell because it had been in his family sol tong. We were shown through the ed their hats and the women made

deep courtesies.

It seemed such a mark of con-It seemed such a mark of consideration to the people for them to show themselves in this manner, for the walk was dusty and lasted at least twenty minutes or longer. I saw no policemen and no attendants; if there were any they were dressed in civilian costume and not to be recognized. The friendliness and democracy of it all pleased me greatly. I left Potsdam with regret. On

recognized. The friendliness and democracy of it all pleased me greatly.

I left Potsdam with regret. On the next day there was to be a great soldiers' festival, and the Kaises was to address the troups. The Whitsumtide celebration lasts three days, and it is a favorite time of the year for excursions, etc.

I really haven't time to write more now, although there are many things I should like to tell you about. It has been impossible for me to keep up my correspondence, but it will not be long before I am home again. If I carry out my present plans I shall leave Germany in July, go directly to Belgium, where I shall meet my Evanston friend, and then we shall go together up the Rhine, spend a month in Switzerland, some time in Paris, and then back to London and Liverpool. I hope to get back home to the "Land of the Maple" some time in October. The home-coming will be far from the least enjoyable part of my trip.

Very sincerely yours,

EDITH M. NORTHWOOD.

Ebenwalde, bei Berlin, May 23, '04.

FADETTE'S FANCIES.