

# A PAIR OF FIRE EATERS

## The Principals in the Longest Duel on Record.

### IT LASTED NINETEEN YEARS.

The Way the Quarrel Between These Two Hot Headed Frenchmen Began in 1794 and How it Was Continued Until Finally Settled in 1913.

The following does every possible striking contrast to those we are accustomed to hear and gives us some idea of the character of those dueling honor societies by whose aid Napoleon became the scourge of Europe.

In the city of Strasbourg at the close of the eighteenth century soldiers of all ranks had ample opportunity of picking quarrels whenever they wished. A captain of hussars named Fournier indulged in this amusement to his heart's content and became celebrated for his aggressive temper and his aggressions with arms. Strasbourg had to reproach him for the loss of her sons, and especially for having challenged without any plausible reason a young man named Blume, whom he killed without the slightest pity.

On the very day of Blume's funeral General Moreau gave a ball, to which were invited all the members of the high bourgeoisie. It was desirable to avoid the scandalous scenes which could not fail to take place between the fellow townsmen, perhaps the relations of the unfortunate deceased and the aggressor, who was styled his murderer. General Moreau therefore desired his aid-de-camp, Captain Dupont, to prevent Captain Fournier from entering the ballroom. Dupont stationed himself in a corner of one of the antechambers and immediately he caught sight of him accosted him abruptly.

"What are you going to do here?" "Ah, is that you, Dupont? Good evening. Parbleu! You see what I am doing. I am come to the ball."

"Are you not ashamed to come to a ball the very day of the funeral of that poor fellow Blume? What will his friends and relations say?"

"They may say what they please; it is all one to me. But I should like to ask what business that is of yours?"

"It is everybody's business. Everybody is thinking and talking about it."

"Everybody is wrong, then. I don't like people to poke their noses into my affairs. And now, if you please, let me pass."

"You shall not go into the ballroom." "Indeed! Why not?"

"You must take yourself off. The general orders you to return to your own apartments."

"Am I turned out of the house?" Dupont shrugged his shoulders.

"Are you aware of the consequences of turning Fournier out of doors?"

"I don't want to hear any of yourrodomontades. Just have the goodness to take yourself off."

"Listen!" said Fournier in a fury. "I cannot have my revenge on the general because he is my superior officer, but you are my equal. You have presumed to take your share in the insult, and you shall pay for the whole of it. We will fight."

"Listen in turn," said Dupont. "I have long been out of patience with you. I am disgusted with your bullying ways, and I hope to give you a lesson you will long remember."

Fournier would have gone mad with vexation had he not been consoled by the hope of killing Dupont. But the result of the combat was not what he expected, for Dupont gave him a frightful wound.

"You fence well," said Fournier as he fell.

"Not badly, as you see."

"Yes. But now I know your play. You won't catch me another time, as I will soon show you."

"You wish for another encounter?" "Parbleu! That's a matter of course."

In fact, after a few weeks' nursing Fournier for the second time was face to face with his adversary. It was now his turn. He gave Dupont a home thrust, with the comment: "You see you hold your hand too low to parry properly. After your lunge you gave me time to stoop three inches of cold iron between your ribs."

"This is only the second act," cried Dupont. "We'll come to the catastrophe as soon as possible."

At the third meeting they each received a trifling scratch. So these two fire eaters, annoyed at such a negative result, agreed to recommence the struggle until one of the two confessed himself beaten. They therefore drew up a treaty to this effect, and whenever the madmen were able to meet they fought. Their persons were marked with numerous scars, yet they continued to cut and slash at each other in most enthusiastic style. Fournier used to observe now and then, "It is really astonishing that I, who always kill my man, cannot contrive to kill that devil Dupont."

After these encounters had continued some years Dupont, now promoted to the rank of general, received orders to join the army of the Grana. He was not expected and was trying to find a lodging when he perceived a mist, through whose whiffs a light was gleaming. He knocked at the door and entered. A man was writing at a bureau. He turned his head, and recognizing his opponent said before the other could cross the threshold:

"Ah, is that you, Dupont? We will have a little sword play."

"With all my heart," said Dupont to Fournier, who chanced to be the occupant of the mist and they set to work, "handing between the passes."

"I thought you were engaged in the interior," said Fournier.

"The minister has promised me to be the Fourth corps."

"Treatment! What a vulgar compliment!" I continued the duellist there. And so you have come just to meet me as I am delighted?"

At last General Dupont's sword after piercing General Fournier's shoulder struck the wall.

"Bastard!" shouted Fournier. "You didn't expect that?"

"On the contrary, exactly I left my guard I knew I was caught. But the man who don't expect what is going to happen?"

During the little dialogue Dupont kept Fournier pinned to the wall as a naturalist would a butterfly.

"Well, what will happen?" "The moment you see I shall give you a thrust in the belly. You are a good man," said Fournier.

"I shall parry your thrust." "Impossible."

"I shall keep you pinned till you throw down your sword."

"I shall not do that. I intend to kill you."

Fortunately the noise made by the two generals was heard by some officers, who separated the combatants.

Dupont, the more reasonable of the two, sometimes thought of the absurdity of a quarrel which still went on after so many conflicts and at last decided to make an end of the matter.

One morning he called on Fournier.

"Are you come to fix a day for a match?" inquired the latter.

"Yes, but first of all let us talk a little. Listen. I intend to get married, and before doing so I should like to be done with you."

"Oh! Oh!"

"Our quarrel has now lasted for nineteen years. I do not wish to continue a style of life which my wife might consider not exactly comfortable, and therefore I am come to propose a change in the mode of the combat. One of my friends has at Neully an inclosure planted with trees, surrounded by walls with two doors, one at each end. At the door agreed we will go to the inclosure separately, armed with our two holster pistols, to take a single shot with each. We will try which can find the other, and whoever catches sight of the other shall fire."

"That's a droll idea."

"Ten o'clock on Thursday morning—will that do?"

"Agreed. Adieu till Thursday."

They were punctual at their rendezvous, and as soon as they were inside the inclosure they sought each other stealthily. They advanced slowly, tucked pistols in their hands, eye on the watch and ear all attention. At the turn of an alley they perceived each other. They threw themselves behind a couple of trees and waited.

At last Dupont resolved to act. He waved the tail of his coat just outside the tree which protected him; then he protruded his arm, drawing it back instantly. Immediately a bullet sent a large piece of the bark flying. Fournier had lost a shot.

After a time Dupont recommenced the same maneuver on the opposite side of the tree trunk without however drawing his adversary's fire. Then, holding his hat in his hand, he displayed it as far as the brim. In a twinkling the hat was blown away. Fortunately there was no head inside it. Fournier, therefore, had wasted his second bullet.

Dupont then sallied from his fortress and marched up to his opponent, who awaited him in the attitude of a brave man for whom there is no further hope. When Dupont was close to him he said: "I can kill you if I like—it is my right and my privilege—but I cannot fire at a human creature in cold blood. I spare your life."

"As you please."

"I spare you today, but you clearly understand that I remain the master of my own property, of which I allow you the provisional enjoyment. If ever you give me any trouble, if ever you try to pick a quarrel with me, I shall take the liberty of reminding you that I am the lawful owner of a couple of bullets specially designed to be lodged in your skull, and we will resume the affair exactly at the point where I think proper to leave it today."

So ended a duel begun in 1794 and finished in 1813.—Chambers' Journal.

Which Did He Mean? Slysoke (introducing friend to his private closet)—Now, mind, not a breath of this before my wife!—Puck.

The End Came Another Way. A distinguished actor was one time engaged at one of our leading provincial theaters in a drama in which he attempted an escape from a convict prison, first by getting rid of his fetters by means of a file and lastly by getting over the prison wall. In the act of doing this he is shot at by a warder and killed.

One particular night the drama had run its wonted course up to the point where the actor attempts the escape over the prison wall. The warder, as usual, presented his rifle, but instead of a loud report nothing but a faint clicking sound was heard. The rifle was lowered and after a brief delay again pointed, but with the same disappointing result.

The audience now began to hiss and jeer. The disappointed actor then got off the prison wall and, staggering toward the footlights, exclaimed: "It's all up—I've swallowed the file!" and fell prone on the stage amid the laughter and applause of the audience.—Pearson's Weekly.

Bachelor Seal Skin. "This skin," said the farmer, "came from a young seal bachelor, a youth ignorant of love and of life." "How do you know?" the lady asked. "By its fineness, its perfection," he replied. "The skin, you will note, is like close cut velvet. Only bachelor seal skins have such a pile."

"The bachelor seal," he went on, "has a rather sad life. The big bull seals in the seal islands have each a household of fifteen or twenty wives, but the young bachelors must herd by themselves. Let one of them attempt to marry and straightway a bull slays him. Not till he is big enough to fight and conquer a bull—not till he is fourteen or fifteen years old—can he know the delight of settling down in a home of his own."

"He leads a hard, ascetic, celibate life, only in the end as like as not to make a lady a very fine coat. All the very fine coats, I repeat, are made from the unhappy bachelor seals."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Jack Tar and the Actor. A famous Irish actor of the eighteenth century named John Moody early in life, before he went on the stage, had been to Jamaica and worked his passage home as a sailor before the mast. One night some time after he had been engaged at Drury Lane when he was acting St. Paul in "The Tempest" a sailor in the front row of the pit got up and, standing upon the seat, hallooed out: "What cheer, Jack Moody—what cheer, messmate?"

This unexpected address rather astonished the audience. Moody, however, stepped forward and, recognizing the man, called out: "Tom Hullett, keep your jawing tacks aboard. Don't disturb the crew and passengers. When the show is over make sail for the stage door, and we'll finish the evening over a jug of punch. But till then, Tom, keep your locker shut." Moody, it is related, was as good as his word.—Cornhill Magazine.

Exchanging Amenities. A blatant sample of the loud voiced, self-conscious, look-at-me variety of man took his seat in a bus and called to the conductor: "Does this bus go all the way?" "Yes, sir," responded the conductor politely.

"Does it go as far as Oxford street? I want to get out there."

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Well, I want you to tell me when we get there. You'd better stick a stamp on your nose or put a straw in your mouth or tie a knot in one of your lips, so that you won't forget it."

"It would not be convenient for one in my position to do so," said the conductor courteously, "but if you will kindly pin your ears round your neck I think I shall remember to tell you."—London Scraps.

The Sins of Matters. If any tradesman has a lot to answer for it is surely the hatter. He will most unblushingly tell you that a certain type of hat is suited to your particular style of beauty, knowing that the information is false, and all the while you have a dull suspicion that you don't look well in it. Yet you are obliged to believe him. His persuasive powers are so cultivated that I firmly believe he would make a dwarf think himself "a fine figure of a man."—Fry's Magazine.

May Do It Now. "In the olden times it is said that it was possible for a man to render himself invisible."

"Pshaw! That's not at all remarkable. Men in this country are doing it every day."

"You don't say so! How do they manage it?"

"By marrying famous women."

How It Was Being. "That dress is becoming, my dear," said the man who thinks he is a diplomat.

She looked at him coldly for a moment and then replied: "Yes. It is becoming threadbare."

## When You Want

Goods delivered, or hauling of any kind done;  
A nice buggy or carriage to take a drive;  
A good saddle horse for a canter or exercise, call

## The Coats Stables

Dogs, Guns and Guides Furnished for Hunting Parties.  
We can send drivers with you if you wish.  
Horses are boarded and well taken care of.  
Transients fed at any time

## J. G. COATS & CO.,

PHONE NO. 188. NEAR DEPOT.

## MOTOR BOAT SUPPLIES

At Liberal Discounts.  
You cannot beat them in New York or Boston.  
Lamb Engines finest and best engines built  
Palmer Engines for transoms and launches  
Catalogues Mailed

## Everything for Boat or Engine

Brass Pipe and Fittings up to 2 inches, Carburetors, Spark Coils and Wire, Stop-a-ffe Batteries, Dry Cells, Dynamos, Ignition Wire, Automatic Cut-outs, Deck Fittings, highest grade Manila Rope, Toba

Bronze and Brass Shafts, Rods and Plates, Brass Bolts.

## EVERYTHING VERY BEST AND IN STOCK

## W. C. SNEDEN, Jensen, Fla.

## FAY-SHOLES TYPEWRITER

Acknowledged the best machine on the market Equipped with

## UNIVERSAL KEYBOARD

Has Tabulator on every machine.

Lightest shift, lightest running. The champion speed writers of the world use the Fay-Sholes. More Fay-Sholes in use in Florida than any other machine.

For sale by

## R. C. DAVIS & Co.,

Jacksonville, Florida

## Concrete Houses

CHEAPER THAN BRICK—MORE DURABLE THAN STONE

A fire-proof building without enormous cost. The best material at the lowest price. Estimates furnished for concrete or lumber buildings. See or write

## A. J. BREWER

Contractor and Builder. Fort Pierce, Fla.

## Furnished Rooms for Rent

With or Without Board  
Located right on the Indian River near the Inlet and the best fishing.

## The Riverview Hotel

S. W. JENNINGS, Proprietor

The NEWS for Commercial Printing