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FRIDAY.....Jul 5 1912

A DUEL IN BALLOONS.

Curious Aerial Battle Fought by Two Frenchmen in 1898.

In this day of the development in aeronautics it may be interesting to recall the first duel that was ever fought in the air. It took place in 1898 and, as might have been expected, occurred in France. M. de Grandpre and M. le Pique had a quarrel arising out of jealousy concerning a lady engaged in the Imperial Opera.

They agreed to fight a duel to settle their respective claims, and in order that the heat of angry passion should not interfere with the polished elegance of the proceeding they postponed the duel for a month, the lady agreeing to bestow her smiles on the survivor. The duelists were to fight in the air.

Two balloons were constructed exactly alike. On the day of the duel de Grandpre and his second entered the car of one balloon, Le Pique and his second the other. This was in the garden of the Tuilleries, amid a big crowd of spectators. The men were to fire, not at each other, but at each other's balloon, in order to bring them down by the escape of gas. As pistols would hardly have served for this purpose, each aeronaut took a blunder buss in his car.

At a given signal the ropes holding the balloons were cut, and up they went into the air. The wind was nearly moderate and kept the balloons in their respective positions, about eighty yards apart. When about half a mile up in the air the preconcerted signal for firing was given. M. le Pique fired, but missed. M. de Grandpre fired and sent a ball through Le Pique's balloon. The balloon collapsed, the car descended with frightful rapidity, and Le Pique and his second were dashed to pieces.

De Grandpre continued his ascent and terminated his aerial voyage at a distance of seven leagues from Paris. History does not state whether he was rewarded by the hand of the lady for whose sake the duel had been fought. —New York Herald.

SPOKE HIS OWN DOOM.

In Spite of His Caution an Innocent Remark Condemned Him.

The father of Gueau de Reversaux had been a distinguished lawyer, and through his influence he held important offices under the government. When the revolution began he gave up his office at La Rochelle and retired to Chartres.

From the time that the revolution began Gueau de Reversaux devoted his attention exclusively to preserving his own safety. He wrote no letters. He would receive no visitors. He saw no visitors and paid no visits. He spoke to no person and allowed no one to come near him. It would have been impossible to be more prudent than he was.

However, he wanted some sheds built on his farm near Chartres and ventured to consult a carpenter. The carpenter told him that he could not undertake the work immediately, as Gueau de Reversaux wished, because most of his workmen were drafted to join the army at once.

Gueau de Reversaux replied: "The workmen need not go. They can send substitutes."

This remark was heard by the workmen, but only the first phrase made any impression on them. They reported everywhere that M. Gueau de Reversaux, who must be good authority, had said that they need not go. The news went to headquarters that Gueau de Reversaux declared that the drafted workmen need not obey the government. This was considered to be a conspiracy, and he was condemned to death and executed.

Who He Was.

A traveler saw a woman take a man by the collar, yank him up the steps into a railroad car, jam him down into a seat, pile up a valise and two big brown baskets with loose covers and long handles at his feet and say:

"Now, sit there until I help Mary Jane on the car, and don't move till I come back."

When the woman reached the door the traveler said to her:

"Is that man your husband?"

"Naw!" roared the woman. "He's my daughter's husband, and she hasn't spirit enough to say her soul is her own."

Wouldn't Work Nowadays.

The Egyptians had a very remarkable ordinance to prevent persons from borrowing imprudently. An Egyptian was not permitted to borrow without giving to his creditors in pledge the body of his father. It was deemed both an impiety and an infamy not to redeem so sacred a pledge. A person who died without discharging that duty was deprived of the customary honors paid to the dead.

Not in the Contract.

"Have you anything to say for yourself?"

"Not unless I can get a rebate from

The Architect

He Worked Harmoniously With the Decorator

By F. A. MITCHEL.

A girl—twenty or thereabout—was walking through the halls and rooms of a country mansion. It was all very dingy, and some parts were dilapidated. The furniture was old, and there were a few valuable antique pieces. In her hand the girl carried a notebook in which from time to time she made memoranda, looking at walls, ceiling, corners, window curtains.

While thus engaged there came a rap on the old brass knocker without. No one was in the house except herself, so she went to the front door and threw it open. A man in a dirt colored suit stood on the porch with his back to her, evidently surveying the place which had been obviously neglected. The smaller trees and shrubbery had not been trimmed for a long while. The walks were overgrown with weeds, and here and there a broken limb was hanging from a tree. Hearing the door open, the man turned and, seeing a young woman in the opening, instinctively raised his hat.

"Beg pardon," he said. "Is the caretaker about?"

"There is no caretaker."

"What—no caretaker?"

"Not that I know of."

The man stood thinking for a few moments, the girl waiting for him to proceed.

"I'm going to look over the house with a view to certain changes."

"Sent by the agent?"

"No; the owner."

The girl didn't like to admit him without a voucher, and she didn't like to refuse him admittance.

"I am commissioned," she said, "to lay out a plan for decoration and superintend the work. If you are to do the same with regard to the changes in the building I suppose that is no reason why you should not take advantage of my being here to let you in."

"Thank you very much. We may gain something in the matter of effect by looking the house over together."

"How?"

"Why, there should be harmony between the construction and the decoration."

"I see. Perhaps something may be gained, as you suggest."

They entered the main hall, passed through the lower rooms, then upstairs, then down again, the man looking for spaces fitted for enlargement, the woman laying out a scheme for decoration.

"I presume," said the man, "that you are acting professionally here."

In reply she handed him a card on which was engraved "Edna J. Strang, Decorator."

They fell to talking of a scheme for the principal suit of rooms on the main floor. She laid out one, and he asked her how another he suggested would do—dark green for one room, a golden tan for another. She said the effect would be too somber. "Not with white woodwork?" he insisted. She caught his idea and looked at him surprised.

"I thought you were merely an architect," she continued.

"Didn't I tell you that architecture and decoration go together?"

She pouted. She had been engaged to decorate the house, and this "builder" had suggested a scheme of colors that she felt obliged to adopt. Another faculty she noticed in him that proved his artistic taste. As they passed through the rooms he pronounced the pictures hanging on the walls dabs. One or two he pointed out as exceptions, and Miss Strang knew he was right.

The architect finished his inspection and went away, but the next morning he reappeared with a roll of paper on which he had laid out plans for alterations. For awhile he busied himself with these plans, at the same time inspecting the places where the alterations were to be made, making notes and changes. Then he joined the decorator to suggest the color scheme for the rooms opening into those he proposed to add. In every case she was surprised at his knowledge of the subject and his taste.

Then she found herself sitting in an easy chair while he sat in another in one of the big drawing rooms listening to him while he talked of art, of music, of sculpture, of painting, indicating by his words that he was an adept in all. He admitted to have been abroad, and she was astonished at the variety of information he had picked up on his trip. Then they fell to talking again of the owner of the place.

"I have heard," he said, "that he is fixing up this place to settle in; that he is tired of wandering; that his tastes are really domestic and he is going to marry. I think there must be something in this, for I can't see why he should care to live alone in a place like this."

"Did you hear he is engaged?"

"No, but I did hear that he didn't propose to select a wife from among the high fliers with whom he has been accustomed to hobnob."

"I should think he would wish one of his own class."

"It depends upon what you mean by class. I am told that women we consider the very highest of the high drink cocktails and smoke cigarettes, some of them because it is expected of them by the set in which they move, others because they have formed the habit of drinking and smoking just like men."

Miss Strang shrugged her shoulders.

"They say that Blakeslee, the owner of the tumbledown place, has sickened of all that. He wants a home, a wife of the same grade of purity and refinement as his mother, and children whom he may train up to be a credit to their country."

"I shouldn't think a man with such admirable feeling would be satisfied to be a globe trotter."

"That's what I hear about Blakeslee. They say he has come to that age—about thirty—when rich young men either begin to occupy themselves in some life work or become dissatisfied, disgruntled, miserable men."

"What can they do? They have no incentive to action."

"They can work for others if not for themselves. I'm told that Blakeslee is coming home to take an active part in the amelioration of the condition of the poor—that he has plans for their improved manner of living, plans for locating friendless boys on farms, finding homes for girls in families where they are needed. They say his head is bristling with such plans, and he has the means to do his part in carrying them out. He needs a wife with something of the same inclination. A man may possibly not need a woman's help to succeed in business or a profession, though her sympathy and encouragement are always beneficial, but in assisting the poor it seems to me a helpmeet is almost necessary."

"Really," remarked the decorator, "you have quite interested me in this Mr. Blakeslee. But I am not working. I must be up and doing."

She arose and resumed her work.

In a few days the decorator had laid out her schemes and, being ready to apply them, summoned workmen for the purpose. The architect perfected his plans for the renovation and enlargement of the house, and masons began to lay the necessary foundations. He and Miss Strang met every day, and when the additions were well under way they were continually working together to effect a harmony of construction and decoration.

"Nature works," said the architect. "In doubles, in complements—what you like. In animal life all is in pairs. In our joint efforts here the owner of this property will derive such complementary results. If when he comes to live in it he brings a woman fitted to act with him, as you and I have united our artistic faculties, doubtless he will pursue a successful career—a career for which he will be envied."

There was something in his tone in referring to the owner of the place deriving a benefit from a union of the architect's and the decorator's tastes that made the latter lower her eyes. For the first time it occurred to her that he was using this man Blakeslee to illustrate what he had in his own mind and that he was thinking of a mingling of their two careers.

As the house was growing in beauty so grew that something—friendship, companionship, mutual interest and, lastly, love. The man was right in predicting that the two professions were correlative, but it was doubtless this commingling of hearts that furnished the inspiration for the beautiful interior which was gradually forming. Miss Strang felt obliged to admit that those suggestions resulting in the greatest perfection were made by the architect. But the realization of this did not come when the suggestions were made, for at their inception her collaborator had the art to invariably cause her to think the idea was her own.

At last the work was finished, and it was a veritable "thing of beauty."

"I am sorry to leave it," said Miss Strang. "I have so enjoyed its development."

"I have enjoyed the work because of my collaborator. But if you will we may continue to work together."

"As partners in architecture and decoration?"

"As partners in every respect."

She turned away her face, and he, advancing, unfolding her, plead his cause with a warmth and vigor that, considering his previous apparent unobtrusive nature, surprised her. She would have expected from him philosophic reasons for their union, but he broke away from his usual analysis and told her simply that he loved her. When they left their work that day they were engaged.

Soon after this the architect told his fiancée that the owner had arrived and was coming to inspect their work. He would be at the house the next morning by appointment at 9 o'clock. When that day and hour arrived Miss Strang entered the stone gateway and walked to the house. A number of persons were there, the central figure of whom was the architect, who was showing the beautiful interior.

"Where is Mr. Blakeslee?" asked Miss Strang.

"I am Mr. Blakeslee," said the architect. Then, turning to the others: "This is Miss Strang, who has produced these effects with which you are so well pleased. I take pleasure in introducing her as my decorator and as my promised bride."

When all were gone except the newly engaged couple they stood looking into each other's eyes, the woman's moist with emotion.

"I told you," said the man, "that nature works in pairs. This is but preliminary to the great work I trust and believe we shall do together."

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