

## DUELLING BY THE INDIANS

In Some Tribes This Meant  
Death to Both.

### AN AWFUL TEST OF NERVE

An Eyewitness Describes the Famous  
Dual Between Indian Chief Car-  
penter and a White Named Price. A  
Wonderful Shot, After Being Des-  
perately Wounded.

"What is the Indian method of duelling?" asked the deputy sheriff.

"That depends upon the tribe. There are some tribes where a challenge to a duel means inevitably that both men must die. When an Indian feels aggrieved he demands a combat. The day for the same is fixed far in advance and is made the occasion of a little celebration. The entire tribe assembles. The braves sit in a circle, behind their squaws and the young bucks.

"The offended man is armed with a rifle or a shotgun. The challenged principal is unarmed. At a word, both men arise and face each other, the unarmed man baring his breast to the bullet of his adversary. With eyes riveted on the little round hole at the end of the barrel pointed at him, the doomed man must face the protracted ordeal of expecting death at any instant without the least sign of weakness. The executioner may hold his gun as long as he pleases in order to try to break down his enemy. He may raise it and lower it or hold it steadily on the man under the frightful strain. But not even with an eye lid must the unfortunate betray his anxiety. At last the gun cracks and the bullet speeds its way and the victim lies dying. The slayer hands the weapon to a relative or a friend of the deceased, and is put through the same ordeal.

"Some of the tribes have learned to fight according to the code of the white man, however, among these the Choctaw or Cherokee, which reminds me of the famous duel in July of 1883, when the celebrated Choctaw chief, Carpenter, fought near the Pine Creek Indian agency with a white man named Price. Chief Carpenter was a splendid type of Indian, tall and straight and comely, and he had been well educated and had natural talents and natural instincts that put him head and shoulders over his Indian associates.

"As usual, this trouble was started by a disagreement over some trivial matter which caused a dispute and ended in that the white man called his red brother a liar. Throughout the trouble the big Indian had remained perfectly calm although considerably angered, and as the insult fell he gazed coldly into the eyes of Price and said: 'Your blood shall wash out that word.'

"Whenever you're ready say the word," cried Price. "You can do your washing right here and now, if you please."

"Not now, sir, but to-morrow morning when the sun peeps over the top of that wild plum tree you must be here, and without fail."

"The report of the duel spread far and wide, and at an hour considerably before sunrise a large crowd had gathered on the duelling ground to witness the encounter. Price was the first on the field and for a time it looked as if there would be no Carpenter. But true to his Indian blood the chief declined coming too soon at the appointed place as much as he would have feared coming too late, and it was just as the first rays of the sun stole over the top of the tree that the red man stood in place. Not a word was spoken by either man. Both drew their pistols and, raising the weapons, they fired almost simultaneously. Carpenter reeled, but with a mighty effort checked a tendency to spin round and, staggering, fired as the crack of his opponent's pistol sounded for the second time. This time Price jumped high in the air and landed on his face, stone dead.

"With a wild shout the crowd pressed forward to surround the lucky chief, but before aid could reach him he fell senseless. Price had been shot through the heart, clean as a whistle, a remarkable shot considering the condition of the Indian when he made it; and a shot Carpenter could have made in the first place, without a doubt, had he been as determined to kill as Price proved himself when his bullet buried itself in the Indian's breast."

#### Diplomacy Speaks English.

The question raised at The Hague international court as to the language in which the Venezuela arbitration is to be conducted marks the steady progress of English speech. A couple of centuries ago there would have been no such question. Latin as the international tongue would have been used as a matter of course; it was the acknowledged medium of statesmen, scholars and travelers. Then, in the eighteenth century, by reason of the pre-eminence of Louis XIV., French succeeded Latin and reigned as the language of courts, diplomacy and travel. Its international status was first challenged at the Berlin congress in 1878, when Disraeli, prompted by his insufficient French, proposed and, with Bismarck's support, made English the medium of the deliberations. At the Ozar's peace congress English was widely used, and now in the Venezuela arbitration Great Britain, Germany and Italy maintain that the documentary pleadings shall be in English. The last commercial treaty between China and Mexico was also in English.—London Chronicle.

## OUT OF THE PAST.

Every fact has two faces. The face, that is the world's opinion of it, that is the false face, and that which the persons concerned know, that is the real face.—From Gordyef.

"It's a matter of a few hours with Chandler. I saw him this morning," said Harry Carston, meeting Arthur Gilmer at the club.

"M-m-m!" said Gilmer, with masculine expressiveness.

"Yes. The poor devil is past speech now. The last words he spoke but one, were a jest. He laughed in the face of death and said: 'Well, I've had my fling. I guess we're about even. Life is a joke.' It's gratifying to see a man die game."

Gilmer smoked affirmatively, then reflectively. At last, his cigar having burned out, he said: "What was the last word?"

"A woman's name."

"Mrs. Cryder's?"

"Heaven, no! He tore up her card and threw it at his valet."

"Any reason why I shouldn't know who 'tis'?"

"None at all. By gad! There she goes now. Come to the window."

Gilmer saw a tall woman wrapped in dark furs speeding past in a sleigh. Her fine, firm profile silhouetted against the late afternoon dusk, might have been deemed a shade too strong had not the roundness and childish frankness of her gray eyes and the archly smiling lips depreciated the charge. She was chatting gaily with a quiet, ordinary man beside her.

"Miss Grayling," said Gilmer.

"Mrs. John Armstrong now," corrected Carston. "They were married while you were in Europe. He is a Virginian."

"Rich?" asked reflectively and monosyllabically Gilmer.

"Only moderately. He hasn't half her fortune."

"Clever?"

"Not at all."

"Why did she do it?"

"It was in pique, after a quarrel with Chandler."

"She doesn't look as though she regrets Chandler."

"No, they are very happy."

"And Chandler?"

"Oh, he went the pace for a year and pretended to be getting a lot out of life. As a matter of fact, though, I think it killed Chandler."

John Armstrong helped his wife take off her furs. A card lay on the mantel. "Millington here from Richmond!" he exclaimed. "And at suite D. He's here on that railroad deal. I think I'd better run over to see him at once."

"I know, you grasping man that you are, chaling to get some poor corporation's money. So run along, but don't be gone long, will you, dear?"

"No longer than I can help, you know."

"I know," and the man and woman looked at each other with an expression rare in human eyes, that of perfect understanding.

The door closed behind him and she carried the evening paper to the window where she might read it by the last glow of the winter sunset.

"Sad Death of a Popular Clubman and Bon Vivant," she read, suppressing a yawn. I wonder who it is. The cold has made me drowsy. "Edward Chandler Dies Alone!" Ah!

"If it were possible for a golf girl to get tired I should say I were almost tired tonight," she was saying, smiling brightly. "It is well it is you who are so delightfully entertaining and—everything—who survives that crush. If you were a bore I think I should faint. When we are married I think I shall have just two 'at homes' a month. You know there are about two congenial persons out of one hundred we meet. Fifty are up-mitigated bores, and the other forty-eight are—well—antagonisms. One of the antagonisms followed me about and was dreadfully insistent."

"A male or female antagonism?"

"A male or female antagonism?"

"Female, you silly!" Mrs. Cryder.

"Do you know her well?"

"Rather," he said, indistinctly.

"I beg your pardon."

"Yes, I believe I do."

The man was silent. He waited while the bijou mantel clock struck six. He looked at the girl's white gown, and fidgeted with the gauze ribbon that had fallen across the arm of the tete-a-tete.

The girl's clear eyes looked her surprise and demanded an answer.

"I know her husband. I was their guest at Southampton at several house parties. That was several years ago."

"How many?"

"Perhaps four. I met them long before your time, dear." He looked into her steady eyes with affection and with a slight deprecation.

"Mrs. Cryder was particularly anxious to know when we met. She purred loud in her anxiety," the girl continued. "I told her it was in the summer of '98, at Newport, just after I left school. She seemed a little taken back, and I saw she was making some sort of calculation. Then she asked if we had been engaged long before the announcement was made. I was going to say 'nearly a year. Mother did not want it announced till our mourning for papa was over.' But she was in such a flutter over it that I said instead, 'I didn't know you were in the employ of the newspapers, Mrs. Cryder.'"

"You polished her off well," the

man said feebly. Then, with something like anger, "I would have nothing more to do with her if I were you."

"Why?"

"Please tell me about it, Ned; every bit. There must be no secrets between the engaged, you know."

The man was a fool!

When the recital was finished and he dared to look into her face he exclaimed at the change in it. She had grown old in a quarter of an hour. Her lips, habitually curving into smiles or laughter, had taken on the straight, unlovely line of resolution. Her eyes were averted. She arose.

"I am very tired. You must excuse me now."

"Eleanor," the man faltered. He put out his hand as though for support, but he dared not touch straight young figure in white.

"I—I told you because I wanted to allay your suspicions. You are so clever. It was really nothing, as the world goes. And you have changed all that forever."

"It is the time that concerns me," she said with an abrupt little laugh. "Like Mrs. Cryder, I find dates absorbing."

"You will not be quixotic, dearest," he said beseechingly. "You will be your just, generous self in this."

"Yes," she promised, giving him her hand and turning her cheek for his kiss.

Edward Chandler ran up the steps of the old-fashioned home on lower Fifth avenue with the eagerness of a boy. He rang the bell twice impetuously, and old Brown, the butler, smiled indulgent welcome.

"I know your ring, sir," he said.

"Miss Grayling is waiting for you in the library."

"She is giving me a minute of blessed privacy, dear girl," he thought. I knew I could depend upon her sense of justice." Old Brown smiled as he hurried to the library.

"No, please," she said, putting out her hand to prevent his embrace. "I have something to tell you. Take your favorite chair. You must be cold. How raw the weather is!"

"Did you get my letters while you were in Virginia? I wrote every day of the month you were gone, and have not heard a line from you."

"Yes."

"Eleanor," he pleaded.

"Yes, I shall tell you at once," she said steadily. "I went away because I wanted to escape mamma and her arguments."

"I wanted to think about it alone, to let my decision be an unbiased one."

"I never cared about that part of your life before we met, and even before we loved each other." She frowned slightly at this trap that memory had set for her voice and went steadily on. "But there are beliefs, needs, I might call them, that are fundamental. You have yours and I have mine; they are no less indispensable because they are different."

"Don't idealize, Eleanor. Come back to earth and to me. You may trust me."

"Possibly," she said, gazing into the fire, "but I cannot forget. You may minimize the intrigue with Mrs. Cryder as you like. Suppose it had lasted but five minutes. It continued after you say you loved me."

"I did love you," almost shouted Chandler. "You knew the circumstances. You know that woman—"

"Never blame a woman for your vacillation." The girl's lips curled slightly, her nostrils dilated. "The intrigue continued. I care not how long or short a time. And this was while I was thinking of you with all a girl's first romance and ideality."

"Forgive me, Eleanor!" There was no mistaking the love in the man's eyes, and the girl looked away from it and out upon the stream of equipages on the avenue.

"Forgive you? I could, and I do. But don't you realize that I could not forget? Don't you know that she would walk beside us, if not between us, in silence?"

"Fudge!" said Chandler weakly and irritably. "I love you. Isn't that enough?"

"You didn't love me enough at the beginning to be literally true to me. That is a small thing to you, perhaps. It has stopped the flow of my affection for you forever."

"You are too proud to ever be happy," the man flung at her miserably. "My husband should be my king." The girl returned rising, "but I shall be his queen. I shall have dominion over that part of his life which I have entered."

"I will wait as long as you like. That foolish incident will fade from your life."

The woman who had been upon the heights became a girl as usual again. "I—please consider me your friend," she said while she looked abstractedly at the portieres.

John Armstrong, indisputably plain, unquestionably self-conscious, pushed them aside and entered. The same look was in his eyes that was in Chandler's, except for its misery.

"An revoir, Miss Grayling," said Chandler.

"Goodby," said Miss Grayling. "I am so glad to see you again, Mr. Armstrong."

"Alone in the dark, dear," exclaimed Armstrong. "I am sorry I was gone so long. I had to tear myself away from Middleton as it was."

"Never mind. I was sitting here thinking how happy we are, and I didn't notice it had grown dark. And, John! Let us go home as soon as we can. I am homesick for the big white pillars on the veranda, and the Jerseys, and the darkies, and the dogs, and, John—with a catch in her voice—"for old-fashioned loyalty and truth."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

## The Rambler Two-Step

The musical score for "The Rambler Two-Step" is presented in a standard two-staff format. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The score consists of 16 measures, divided into two systems of eight measures each. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The music is a simple, catchy two-step dance tune. The copyright notice "Copyright New York" is visible at the bottom of the score.