

A ROMANTIC CAREER.

A Bit of Romantic History in Napoleon's Eventful Life.

The names of Josephine and Marie Louise are connected with Napoleon and his fortunes, but who stops to remember that of Desiree Clary, to whom he was first betrothed? She was the daughter of a rich silk merchant of Marseilles, and the Bonapartes, who were living there in the years just preceding their aggrandizement, became acquainted with her family. Joseph Bonaparte fell in love with her, and obtained her promise to marry him when she should be twenty-one; but Napoleon, appearing on the scene, acted with his customary emphasis, and declared that Desiree must belong to him. The family were used to falling in with his decisions, and they promptly agreed, Julie, the other daughter, who had long had a liking for Joseph agreeing to marry him in her sister's place.

Desiree was a light hearted young creature, with a gay manner and a merry wit. Napoleon, according to the testimony of the Clary family, was not overattractive. One who knew him at that time describes him:

'He wears threadbare garments, and badly cleaned, broken down boots. In character, he is brusque, sulky, prone to fits of abstraction. He is born for mediocrity.'

But Desiree was satisfied with him. She found him all that heart could wish. To be sure, he was poor, but that was a disability which could be amended.

In May, 1795 Napoleon left Marseilles for Paris, whence he wrote peremptorily to Madame Clary, urging her to follow, buy a house, and live there with Desiree. The country-bred mother and daughter were aghast. Paris seemed to them the very centre of bloodshed and tyranny. They did not accede to the proposition, and a second letter from Napoleon was left unanswered.

He was now at the lowest ebb of his fortunes, and it could hardly help seeming to him that his betrothed had abandoned him. As for her, she had heard that he had, in his poverty, accepted money obligations from Madame Tallien, and that he was courting, at her house, a rich and noble lady named Madame de Beauharnais. All appeared to be over between them.

Soon Napoleon himself declared that the relations between them must be ended; his feelings had altered. Desiree wept, and owned that she loved him still; but on the advice of her family, she released him from his promise. In 1796 he married Josephine de Beauharnais, and then began the brilliant march of his rising fortunes.

Desiree also drifted to Paris, where she became immensely popular and in 1796 she married General Bernadotte, then minister of war.

The upward steps of her husband are well known. He accepted the rank of Prince Royal of Sweden, and in 1818 he became king. Desiree had preferred living in Paris, and when she heard the news of her husband's accession to the throne, she was at the piano practising a piece by Gretry. She rose, and sadly closed the instrument.

'However much I practice now,' said she 'I shall always be told that I play like a queen.'

She died in Sweden, an old lady of eighty-three. Her life had been one of varying fortunes. Monsieur Housaye says of her:

'She is intended for earthly honors. She is betrothed to Joseph then to Napoleon, then to Dupoit. She refuses Junot, and would be glad to accept Marmont. At last she marries Bernadotte. With Joseph she would have been an imperial princess, Queen of Naples and of Spain; with Napoleon, Empress of the French; with Dupoit, probably marchale and duchess; with Junot, Duchesse d'Abbrantes; with Marmont, Marchale and Duchess of Ragusa, Bernadotte, the former sergeant of marines placed the crown of Sweden on the head of this little bourgeoisie of Marseilles.'

Surface Observation.

The remarks made by a countryman when he gets his first view of the ocean are not always remarkable for depth and appropriateness.

A stoller on the beach of a Massachusetts seaport overheard the opening remarks of a farmer and his wife who had come from northern New Hampshire, as he subsequently learned from their conversation.

'Well, I feel to be glad we've come William,' said the woman, with a sigh of pleasure, turning from the sea to face her spouse. 'Would ever you have believed there was such a sight of water in one place in this world?'

'No, I wouldn't,' returned William. 'And when you consider that we can't see any but what's on top, it's all the more astonishing, Sarah now ain't it?'

Football in Siam.

Lovers of outdoor sports would find one thing to interest them in Siam. It is the native game of football. Harper's Weekly says that it is very interesting to a looker-on. It is played with a ball about four inches in diameter, hollow and strong.

The number of contestants varies, but play is sharpest when there are enough to form a circle about ten feet in diameter.

"No Eye Like the Master's Eye."

You are master of your health, and if you do not attend to duty, the blame is easily located. If your blood is out of order, Hood's Sarsaparilla will purify it.

It is the specific remedy for troubles of the blood, kidneys, bowels or liver. Heart Trouble—"I had heart trouble for a number of years and different medicines failed to benefit me. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and three bottles completely and perfectly cured me." Mrs. C. A. FLINN, Wallace Bridge, N. S.

A Safeguard—"As I had lost five children with diphtheria I gave my remaining two children Hood's Sarsaparilla as they were subject to throat trouble and were not very strong. They are now healthier and stronger and have not since had a cold." Mrs. W. H. FLECKER, Pembroke, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Beyond that, the larger the circle the slower the play.

The game consists in keeping the ball tossing in the air without breaking the circle. If a man misses his opportunity he drops out, and when but four or six remain, the work is sharp and very pretty.

The ball is struck most frequently with the knee, but also with the foot, from before, behind, and at the side of the player. A player has been known to let a ball drop directly behind his back, and then, without turning, return it clear over his head and straight into the middle of the circle, all with one well-aimed backward kick of his heel.

PETTY CURIOSITY.

She was a Great Woman but Kept her Affairs Private.

With all the fame and publicity which attached to Rosa Bonheur as one of the greatest animal-painters, who ever lived, but little is known of the artist's private affairs.

The lesson of her life to the women of to-day—and perhaps not less to the men—is the wisdom and dignity of her reticence. We know that she painted great pictures; that she went to cattle-fairs and slaughter-houses to study; that she lived to be seventy-seven years old, working until a few hours of her death; but of her love affairs, or her devotions, or her private opinions on any subject, we know nothing.

One reason why we know so little of the personal life of Rosa Bonheur is because she lived in France, and not in the United States. In this country too often the man or woman who paints a picture, or writes a book, or offers any work to the world, becomes at once the subject of curiosity and inquiry. If a man acquires a fortune, or gives a large sum in charity, particulars of his past life are eagerly sought and promptly published. Personal anecdotes—many of them often false—fill the papers. If a young girl of prominent family becomes engaged, no matter how reserved she may be or how much opposed to notoriety, the world is given a history of her love affairs, and her pictures are published in the daily papers and strown broadcast over the country.

This petty, tattling curiosity of the public, and the constant lack of privacy in American life, is not only derogatory to our dignity as a people, but is only a flagrant cause of great personal annoyance, if not actual suffering. It has brought such sharp and deserved criticism upon us from foreigners that we may well recognize the defect and try to remedy it.—Youths Companion.

Made Heir to a Throne.

Queen Victoria's sons have inherited from their father, the Prince Consort, a petty principality and throne in Germany. This is Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, a duchy with a territory of about seventy hundred and fifty square miles—three-fourths of the area of Rhode Island—and a population exceeding two hundred thousand. It is not a stronghold of power and influence, but a good deal of money goes with it, and makes it worth while to keep it in the family.

The Prince of Wales renounced his rights to the duchy because he was heir to the English throne. The Duke of Edinburgh accepted the inheritance, but he has no son to succeed him. The Duke of Connaught was the next in line, but he and his son have renounced their rights. The heir to the throne is the son of the late Duke of Albany—the Queen's fourth son.

He is a schoolboy, in his fifteenth year, and has no prospects in England. He will now go to Germany to finish his education, and will cease to be an English prince. He will owe allegiance to the German Emperor, and will probably serve his time in the army.

This inheritance has been arranged by Queen Victoria, whose will is law in the English royal family. She has provided for one of her favorite grandsons a snug and comfortable little throne on the Continent, where he will have little to do, and where his income will be large.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Old Red Cradle. "Bring down the old red cradle Joe, It's right on to seventeen year; Since Liz laid here and cried you know In her brand new baby gear. Last winter she was sweet sixteen, And I looked for no new care; There's been no more to count the years, And I feel somewhat of a scare."

'Somehow it seems to me today, As if my strength would fall; I hear a voice across the way, Inside of the mystic veil. Freddie my youngest stepped aside, And died in a foreign land; Today he seems to be by my side, And taking me by the hand.'

'All of our other ones are gone, Out on the sea of life; Making their way in the world all me, Standing the storm and strife, Up in the attic I find their things, Trinkets, and hat and gown; My soul how the time has taken wings; Bring the old cradle down.'

'Back to me over the swelling waves, Are hands stretched forth to mine; Father and mother are in their graves, And there's room for yours and mine, I'm with you yet and I mind the day, I was proud to be called your wife; And now if I should be borne away, I leave you another life'

The cradle rocks but another touch, Is moving it to and fro; The dearest on earth may suffer much, Before it is time to go. All in vain are the baby's cries, In the next room mother sleeps Silent and still, at rest she lies, It rains and the master weeps.

Flovala, Sept. 1899. CYRUS GOLDB.

The Country Editor.

All hail the country editor! the monarch of the rural world! His flag's a mark of royalty wherever it may be unfurled! To him the people bow the knee and offer homage due his rank. And envy him the hefty pile of hoarded wealth he has in bank. The sparkling gems which deck his form are worth the ransom of a king. Of costly fabrics is his dress, in cut and fashion just the thing. His ties and gloves are imports from the toniest Parisian mart. His shoes are patent leather dreams, the finest of Crispian art.

The carriage which conveys him 'round from all wheeled triumphs knocks the socks, A footman perched back in the rear, an Ethiopian driver on the box. The horses of rare whose pedigrees go back to Arab's desert sands, Their trappings wrought by men of skill far-famed in distant foreign lands. On cushions of the finest silk from Oriental looms he sits. And pulls he at cigars of brand the Prince of Wales could not afford— They cost him seven dollars each when bought at wholesale by the cord.

He dwells within a mansion fit to house the proudest king on earth; 'Tis twice as large as many days to figure up just what it's worth; Pure marble from Italian hills by sculptors carved with skill untold. With floors of rare mahogany, all bearing knobs of solid gold. The viands on his banquet board would tempt an epicurean god. Rare treasures raised by "Veritas" and "Old Subscriber" from the sod, And wines—! But here our pencil fails, the muse her wings declines to flap— Rare nectar from an age long past, and worth a heritage a drop!

'Our better half' when togged would make a Cleopatra but her eyes, And gaze upon her queenly air with envy she could not disguise! Her jewels flash as dazzling stars set in a firmament of clothes. Of satins, silks, Valenciennes, and all such nobby things as those. Ah! fitted in her queenly grace and dreamy loveliness she reigns in legal way beside her lord, the proud, imperious "We," To help him blow the golden wealth that comes to him in ceaseless floods, And see that needle-ladies keep the jeweled buttons on his studs.

His cash comes to his hand unsought, he never need present a bill. Subscribers and the men of ads, rush up to pour it in his till. And if the scribbler should be out at lunch or at the corner store They fold the green-billed bills in wads and shove them underneath the door. All hail the country editor! his life is an elysian dream! Upon the earth he proudly reigns, a monarch clothed with power supreme! Lives such a life of heavenly ease that when he hears the trumpet blow He'll watch the great procession pass, but haughtily decline to go.

Billy Answers the Lady.

Yes, you ladies, ma'am, is always A-kin' us was we 'sraid, With the fashin' 'n' the fashin' handy, And a record to be made?

For the Colonels, and the Generals, The Lieutenants and the Coos—I know nothin' of the feelin's, O! them stary, barry chaps!

It may be them way up fellers Doen't know what fearin' is, When the Mausers starts a signin' And the guns begin to fizz.

I've heard folks say a hero Was that daisy sort of cuss As plunged without no thinkin' In the thick of any muss.

Still ma'am, as you're s-s-sy'le, That ain't answerin' your remark; And coo'arain' private feelin's, You are still, ma'am, in the dark?

Well, we fellers all is skary, 'About talkin' that thar thing; And we mostly moves long, ma'am, With a whistle or a sing.

But you axes fair and decent, Theretoe' Billy's bound to tell, How we boys feel when we're bookin' Straight fer heaven or fer hell!

Thar's a thought, perhaps, of mother, Or, maybe, some other gal! Goo's a-s-sumpin' through yer heart as You just shakes paws with yer pal!

But thar ain't one in them thousands That's s-s-splinin' it that fight, As wouldn't give his head, in 'am, To be siceepin' come that night!

By Gee, we are 'sraid, 'ma'am, But, we takes it that a man, As what walks the plank, eyes open, Is a-doin' all he can.

And thar ain't a private soldier, (Speakin' truth, and not a guess), But would scorn to go it thoughtless, Or to fear it any less!

No, it may not be fer glory, And it's sartin, ain't fer pay; But to be 'sraid, 'and do it, Is, methinks, the only way. —Francis A. War Mathews.

A pure hard Soap SURPRISE SOAP MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

EFFECTS OF CHLOROFORM.

Such That Burglars Would Not Use It On Sleeping Persons.

That burglars of the more advanced type can and do use chloroform on the commission of their crimes is a belief widely held and rarely contradicted, and yet there is, curiously, little foundation for it. Indeed, those who are most familiar with the administration and effects of anaesthetics assert that there is no foundation at all for it except in the imagination of sensational writers and in the needs of people whose losses cannot safely be explained by statements of fact. The question has been raised recently by several robberies in which chloroform is said to have been employed, and opinions of the experts are strongly against the possibility of such use. One of the physicians interviewed is quoted as saying: 'As far as known chloroform and ether have never taken effect on a healthy sleeping person without that person knowing it. Both of these anaesthetics are at first stimulating and invigoration in their effect and will arouse a sleeping person. The entire system is excited, and the heart beats violently and fast. The use of either chloroform or ether or any other anaesthetic by burglars is absurd. It frequently takes physicians with their various appliances from 10 to 15 minutes to put a person under the influence of either of these anaesthetics, and often a patient will become so stimulated and active before the effect is secured that it requires several strong men to hold him.'

The idea that the mere introduction of chloroform into a room would cause unconsciousness was derided as absurd. Even if doors and windows were air tight it would take several gallons of either anaesthetic to so fill a room with the heavy fumes as to affect a sleeper on a bed of average height. And the first effect would be, not deep sleep, but excited wakefulness. The chances are, then, that when everybody claims to have been chloroformed by burglars there is something queer about the case.—New York Times.

AUTOCRATIC JUDGES.

The Expounder of Law is Often Face to Face With Great Difficulties.

No man probably can be placed in a more perplexing position than a judge who has to deal with ignorant and dull-witted jurors. A jury of this kind of men in a Western court brought in a verdict of 'Not guilty, but recommended to the mercy of the court.' The late Justice Hawkins, a learned but eccentric English judge, when the verdict did not suit him, sometimes took the decision into his own hands. After a long trial of a civil case, in which the possession of some property was contested, the jury, against the law and the evidence, unanimously found for the plaintiff. Justice Hawkins listened to the verdict in amazement, and then, with a shrug, said: 'It takes thirteen men to rob a man of his house. The suit is decided in favor of the defendant.' A certain Justice Lee in Pennsylvania, in the early part of this century, was equally autocratic in his decisions. The country was newly settled by Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, a class of just and religious, but intractable, men. When they brought into his court divorce or civil cases which had grown out of quarrels with their wives or neighbors, they were not infrequently met by a refusal to listen to their complaints. 'I will hear no statement concerning this case from any lawyer. Do you two quarrelsome tools go home, shut yourselves up together, and pray to the Almighty God to help you to see the truth. Then talk the matter over quietly alone. If you then can't come to an agreement, you may go to law about it.'

Tradition states that but a small per cent. of these applicants ever came again before him. Too Much Intellectual. The dangers of the higher education are not often exposed so nakedly as in the following letter from a New England mother to the teacher of her precocious boy, which has lately found its way into Harper's Bazar: 'DEAR MISS: Please do not push Johnnie too hard, for so much of his brain is intellect that he ought to be held back a good deal, or he will run to intellect entirely,

COLONIAL CHILDREN AT TABLE

They Behaved Differently From the Children of Today.

In a little book, printed in America about the time of the Revolution, and entitled 'A Pretty Little Pocket Book,' there is given a number of rules for the behavior of children at the table, which Miss Earle quotes in her 'Home Life in Colonial Days.' They were not to seat themselves at the table until after the blessing had been asked, and their parents told them to be seated. They were never to ask for anything on the table; never to speak unless spoken to; always to break the bread, not to bite into a whole slice; never to take salt except with a clean knife (there was one common saltcellar); and not to throw bones under the table. One rule read: 'Hold not thy knife upright, but sloping; lay it down at right hand of the plate, with end of blade on the plate.' Another, 'Look not earnestly at any other person that is eating.' When children had eaten all that had been given them, if they were 'moderately satisfied,' they were told to leave at once the table and room. In many households the children were not allowed to sit at the table, but were compelled to stand by the side of the table during the entire meal. 'I know,' writes Miss Earle, 'of children not fifty years ago standing at meals at the table of one of the judges of the Supreme Court. He had a bountiful table, was a hospitable entertainer and a well-known epicure; but children sat not at his board. Each stood at his own place and had to behave with decorum and eat in entire silence.'

In some families children stood at a side-table; and trestler in hand ran over to the great table to be helped. In other houses they stood behind their parents, and food was handed them from the table. 'This seems,' comments Miss Earle, 'closely akin to throwing food to an animal, and must have been among people of low station. Not His. There are disrespectful questions as well as disrespectful answers. 'Now, Morton,' said one of a party who had gone deep into the Maine woods in search of adventure, 'we know you've been a famous hunter, and we want to hear about some of the narrow escapes you've had from bears and so on. 'Young man,' said the old guide, with dignity, 'if there's been any narrer escapes the bears and other fierce critters had 'em, not me!'

Their Contributions.

An exchange chronicles this distressing experience, which is perhaps not so rare as it was painful: 'Were there no servants in the intelligence office?' asked the wite. 'It was full of 'em,' returned the lonely husband, 'but they had all worked for us before.'

Incomprehensible.

Handout Harry—Ain't it ridiculous? Tiepass Teddy—Wot? Handout Harry—De ideas of people think it's lun ter bathe.—New Yow Journal.

'I reckon the most useless man in this world,' said Uncle Allen Sparks, 'is the fellow who has played just enough lawn tennis to spoil him for a harvest hand.'—Chicago Tribune.

CANADIAN PACIFIC Harvest Excursion TO THE Canadian North-West. On August 29th and September 12th the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. will run two Harvest Excursions from points on their line in New Brunswick to all points in the Canadian North West. Tickets will be second class in each direction and good for return till October 28th, and November 11th, 1899, respectively. The return rates will be as follows:— TO Winnipeg, Deloraino, Reston, Estovon, Binscart, Moosomin, Cow... \$28.00 Prince, Noose Jaw, Yorkton..... 30.00 Regina, Albert, Calgary..... 35.00 Red Deer, Edmonton..... 40.00 As the above tickets will not be on sale from stations east of St. John, it will be necessary for any one wishing to take advantage of these cheap excursions to purchase local tickets to St. John, N. B., and repurchase there from the Canadian Pacific Railway Co.