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THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY.

Oh, the nursery is lonely, and the garden's Over there my boat is milling, all alone full of rain, And there's nobody at all who wants to I must hurry back before she blows

play. But 2 think if 1 should only run with all my might and main

my might and main 1 could leave this dreary country of To-

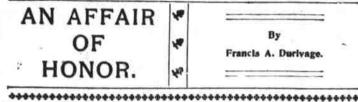
day. For it can't be far to cross it, since I came myself last night-

When I went to sleep they brought me all the way-

And Tomorrow's very near, they say it's almost in our sight, Bo I soon could come sysin to Yesterday.

And arbuild flowers are trailing in the pleasant fields beyond. With the other little, lovely flowers of May. And the trees are white with blossoms, and the air is bright with song And the children all are happy there and so gay. Oh, I want to go to find them now, and you may come along. If you'll show me, please, the road to Yesterday.

-Caroline McCormick, in Harper's.



When I was last in Paris, I had a in the breast of Madame Victorine d letter of introduction to the Countess Grantier. de Clairmont, who lived in a venerable

mansion in the Faubourg St. Germain near the ancient abbey church. I found her to be an aged lady of a very old family, a very devout churchgoer, and a bigoted legitimist, believing in "divine right" and the Count de Chambord, and fully expecting that he and his white flag would rule the destinies of France, when Orleanists, Bonapartists and Republicana would be forgotten. Apart from dogma and politics she was, however, a very charming and interesting person. She had evidently been very handsome in her youth, and even in her old age retained a little coquetry and much spirit. At the recital of some deed of daring and heroism her black eyes would flash and sparkle, and her lips tremble with emotion. It was like going back to a past century to sit in her dim drawing room, with its quaint old furniture. rich and religiously preserved, hung with portraits of her ancestors, and hear her talk of warriors, priests and nobles, whose bones were long since dust, whose miters and swords had decayed, and whose moldy and motheaten banners, waving in church and chapel, are but tattered rags, with the blazonry illegible.

One day I was looking at the portrait of a lady so lovely, with a sweet and melancholy beauty, that even the disfiguring costume of the previous century, especially the abominable high bead-dress, could not mar its effect, for you looked only on the face and forgot the accessories. It was from the pencil of Madame Lebrun, the favorite artist of Marie Antoinette, who has left the such touching souvenirs of the unhappy

"That lady, I am sure, had a story." ank if the original

for Beaugenard rang the sell and feft her quaintances. Her daughter, named FACTS ABOUT NORWAY. peace until this year, when, during an Claudine, had grown up a beautiful giri, the picture of health-a bright CAUSES WHICH LED - UP TO ITS cover to bloom in the almost conventional gloom of her mother's house. SEPARATION FROM SWEDEN. The only frequent visitor was the

gung Chevaller de Hauteville, a cousin History of the Union Now Brokenof Claudine, and strange to say, a per-Norway to Be an Independent Nafect image of the girl-the same heigh tion for the First Time in More features and complexion. The gossipa Than Five Centuries. of the neighborhood said they were born for each other, and predicted a

If the Norwegians hold to their acmarriage between the parties. But the servants of the family asserted that the tion, Norway will be an independent nation for the first time in more than old lady would never, for some reason five centuries. In 1376, when the crown of her own, probably that of nearness of the little Norse kingdom fell to a of blood, permit the alliance, and that Danish ruler, she passed under the the young people rarely if ever met. sway of that country and was only a It was observed that whenever Claud-Danish province, although an unruly ine had gone to church, the chevalier and independent one, until 1814, when was sure to make his appearance, and she was passed over to Sweden.

Maltravers? No one knew, but no one | national assembly from viking times, and maintained it through the five confor a century. The causes of the crisis go far back

> into the past. Late in the fourteenth century, Margaret of Norway, a remarkable figure in Scandinavian his-Norway and Denmark. Albert, a weak king, was on the throne of Sweden. Margaret sent an army against him,

Eric crowned king of the three kingdoms in 1397. Through a stormy century Sweden, although often in rebel-

Norway. The power of this dual kingdom was gradually vested in Denmark.

"Claudine!" I exclaimed, in utter astonishment, when the old countess had come to this point of her narrative. "Yes," she replied; "the Chevalier de Hauteville and Claudine de Grantier were one and the same person, Madame

> tury Finland, long a Swedish dependency, went with the rest, and Sweden was a third-class power. It was in the reign of Charles XIII.

curious acts of managesion in his ry. It was the age of vars.

"But what became of Claudine? shal of the empire. The son of a country lawyer, Bernadotte had risen from

abdication made necessary by his age and illness, the Norwegian Storthing passed the bill creating a separate consular service. The king returned to

his throne. The Norwegian Council of Ministers presented the bill for his signature. He vetoed it, as he was expected to do. The Ministers resigned as they were expected to do. The king

asked them to reconsider, making it plain that there was no immediate way of forming a new Ministry. They refused. Neither would they sign a protocol of the preceedings; and this refusal, by the peculiar constitution of Sweden and Norway, made the king's veto void. At this point in the affair all Scandinavia understood that the break had practically come.

Norwegians of New York rather incline to the opinion that in asking for "a Prince of the house of Bernadotte" the Norwegians have their eve on Oscar, the king's second son, who had to renounce his right to the dual throne when he married for love a commoner, a woman of patrician though not of noble blood. He has

always been popular in both kingdoms. Bernadotte married a descendant of the old Swedish dynasty, who had also a strain of old Norwegian royalty in her veins. The children of Oscar and his wife thus unite three royal lines with plain Scandinavian. This and the poetic justice of giving a crown to a man who renounced a crown for love is said to appeal to the literary men and sentimentalists, who are strong in the Norweglan movement for separa-

FIREPROOF THEATRE CURTAINS

struction. In America the opinion prevails that

the best kind of curtain to prevent the spread of fire from the stage of a theatre to the auditorium is one made of asbestos. The material is flexible and comparatively light, and offers great resistance to flames. Germany was awakened to the wisdom of interposing a similar barrier in the same place years before Chicago's unfortunate experience startled the world. It appears from a consular report that con curtains are in service in almost all large German theatres.

Criticising their use, an expert writes to the Health Engineer, questioning the dependence to be placed in working them, as so far no perfect contrivance has been invented. Hydraulic, electric and manual power have been employed, but experience at almost every theatre shows that, from unknown causes the curtain on many occasions fails to move. After the Iroquois theatre fire in Chicago the police authorities in Frankfort, Germany, ordered the iron curtains to be lowered once or twice during interssions in performances, expecting eater assurance of their working

properly in case of danger. The order may be reassuring, but the experience is fresh in the public the mind where the iron curtain at the Berlin Opera House was lowered and could not be raised again, so that the

erformance had to be

audience.

ly

THE PULPIT.

N ELCQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. CHARLES G. AMES.

algect : The Glory of Shuple Rectifud place.

Easton, Mass .- The following helpful ermon was delivered Sunday by the ev. Charles G. Ames. It is entitled "The Glory of Simple Rectitude," and was preached from the text, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after "When the soul to sin hath died, righteousness, for they shall be filled." -- Matt. v. 6.

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after rightcousness, for they shall be filled." The man who says that has a claim on the reverent and

grateful attention of all mankind. He gives voice to the universal reasor and conscience; he inspires the highest and hollest hope. Heaven and earth may pass away, but the words that give life are themselves immortal. Like the uticraters of the sibyl they are "simple, unadorned, unperfumed, and reaching through the ages, because of God.'

Here is one sign of truth. It affects us like a part of the permanent with of things: it is all of one stuff with like a part of the permanent order the word and with our own proper nature. It has the ring of reality Like sunlight it carries its own evi-dence; and to the same mind it reeommends itself as sunlight does to the healthy eye; but it is concealed from our grossness by its own simplicity and transparency. Who realizes this splendid miracle of the common day? In the same way we have become too with some of the most obfamillar vious and important aspects of spirit-ual truth. These Beatlindes of Jesus

may seem to be worn smooth. We have heard them from our intimacy; their force and beauty appeal to unrespond ing hearts, If we could have stood, one day long

ago, among the Syrian peasants, on the slope of a hill in Galilee, and listened to these sayings as they fell fresh and clear cut as newly minted gold from the living lips of the new prophet, perhaps we, too, should have "astonished at the doctrine," we should have "wondered at the gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth." Did not seem as if Nature herself had at last found a volce, and as if voice were speaking straight to that her children, saying clearly and cheerfly, yet soberly and solemnly, what all men vaguely think or feel, but can rarely put into words?

these Beatitudes are remarkable Yet for what they do not say. The sen-tences of Jesus seldom run in the grooves of old commonplace. He does not sit there, like the scribe of the synagogue, complacently reclifug. 10 ones that make men sleepy, the viras if it were enough to have Abraham for a father and Moses for a lawgiver. He pronounces no blessing on religious respectability, decorous con-formity, doctrinal soundness, loyalty to the standard, fidelity to the traditions, or even diligence to the routine of observance and devotion. Any priest in the sudience must have felt slight was put upon his great

if the speaker had forgot honor. The temple, the sacred books

NUMBER 34

GEMS OWNED BY THE SULTAN. o Value More Than Sufficient to Pay

phires. There were also some pearls,

rubles and other minor precious

stones. The estimated value of this

The turbans, official paraphernalia

and arms of the former Sultan are

There is also a writing desk on

For example, there are many cof-

fee, tea and other drinking sets made

of gold, porcelain and a variety of

other fine materials, beautiful in form,

style and workmanship, whose decorde

tive figures are worked out in a

profusion of the most precious jew-

els, diamonds, sapphires, emeralds and

rubles, the edges of the cups, mugs or

tankards, as the case may be, being

embossed with diamonds in such a

manner as to make them complete

To enumerate all the priceless ob-

jects which the Sultan's treasury con-tains would require a small library of

books. Suffice to say that our party

of tourists was of the opinion, ex-

pressed then and there, while viewing

the treasury's contents, that what we

saw with our own eves was of suffi-

cient value, in dollars and cents, to

pay off the entire Turkish debt, and

that such an exhibition of splendor

was a sad commentary on the general

status of the people there, a large part

of whom lived in abject squalor and

want close to the very doors of the

Oriental splendor as experienced

and illustrated by the Sultan of Tur-

key is no myth, but a distressing real-

ity indulged in at the expense of his

wretched people. Wherever he is

there are the same lavish and expen-

sive luxury and splendor. His palaces

finest materials, of most beautiful

treasury.

circles of glittering splendor.

saddle, sword and scepter.

be so; for our highest interest is to be found in seeking the completeness of our own being in and the harmony or the National Debt of the Country. sightness of our relations with all other A party of American tourists saw beings and with the laws and forces the jewels in the Sultan's treasury of the universe in which we find our place. Everything worth having or worth desiring is involved in characrecently. The royal throne of Persia, captured by the Turks in 1514, about ter, in being simply and soundly right. half the size of an ordinary bedstead, The world comes right when the man comes right. What it is to each one and the footstool accompanying it, were covered with beaten fine gold, of us depends on what we are and how and the entire surface of each was ve take it. We make our own hells, thickly studded with precious jewels, we can make our own heavens. chiefly diamonds, omeralds and sap-

True and beautiful and sound Then all carth is sanctified, Upsprings paradise around."

were indifferent, we cannot afford to

A rough-cast man rose in a country throne and accompaniments alone is seeling-house to rell his experience \$20,000,000. It was in the north country, when he snow lay deep on the ground, that Lord God found out Jonathan also there, glittering fith enormous linckley and converted his soul, And precious jewels of every kind in every part. The throne of S elman II. is the leafless trees gave praise to God." Is there one among us who might not eport to himself something like this also there, resplendent with the most appy convert's story? Who has not valuable of precious jewels. at some time felt sure of his place in the great order, and seen all the world bradiated with a light which really

secretary of ordinary size of the same character, and hundreds on hundreds shone from within the mind? man has lost his faith in God of other minor objects or public and If a private character, made of the finest and still holds fast his own integrity. well for the man. But, in this very materials, most perfectly, and decoratoncern to be true to the highest law ed in every part with the same kind knows, he is unconsciously a worand quality of most precious jewels, shiper. Blessed is the man who hun from a finger ring and a pipe to a gers and thirsts for rightcousness, for

already he holds in his soul the richest of all treasures. We who believe in od need not be seriously troubled about the fate or state of hor elievers, for we may count their very honesty as a sign of the real present and the finest inspiration. Once accept the principle of duty

and all life becomes an honorable dis-cipline and a steady advance. There is no higher rank on earth or in heaven than the rank of personal goodness; and he who loves it, seeks it, and practices it for its own sake is surely moving, however slowly, toward the moving,

perfect life. Here also is the cure, and the only cure, for our restlessness and selfdissatisfaction. "No man can serve two masters." But he who fails heartily in love with virtue is no longer distracted by a divided allegiance. He has nothing else to do but himself with learning and doing what is right and reasonable. Having settled the central principle and leading purpose of his life, every step onward and upward makes the next easier; and the law of babit continually operates to confirm this deep hearted choice. He is no longer driven by the lash of conscience; he is no more a servant, but a son, and the Father's house is his happy home.

Here too is the secret of victory wer our trials and depressions. When shall we half realize the grandeur and glory of simple rectitude Let again repeat a tale of real life. Years ago, and far away, I knew a woman of most fine and excellent qualities whose deeply shadowed life was like a long crucifixion and martyrdom. In one of het letters she said "My youth costly character, constructed of the is gone, my hope is dead leart

lef as the pange of death to listen to aken at the same age, which a reduced copy of Macame charming picture.", for no other purpose." ber walls, and sobs, and shricks; but Lebrun's charming picture." she, too, had been weeping hitterly,

in the habit of rising without disturbing her, dressing and then taking a ride on horseback. But he always returned to breakfast, which was served punctually at eleven o'clock in the orenoon. When, therefore, it came to be nearly noon, and he did not make

One morning when she woke up she missed her husband from her side, but this caused her no surprise, for he was

his appearance, she was naturally uneasy. His horse was very spirited, and might possibly have thrown him, she thought. But on inquiry, it appeared

that the shimal was in his stall, and antagonist. that Monsieur de Grantler had left the house on foot. Madame de Grantier ordered the breakfast things removed, after making a slight repast, and then took up book to while away the time until her husband's return. At one o'clock a visitor was announced-Capt. Paul Beauregard, an officer in the French guards. He was an intimate friend of travers?" De Grantier, as well as of the lady.

and scarcely a day passed without their seeing him. "My husband! Have you seen anyfather!" thing of him?" she asked. "I have been with him all the morn

ng, madamé. "Where is he? Why did he not return with you? How has he been en

gaged? Capt. Beauregard replied to the last question:

"In an affair of honor, madame." "A duel?"

"Yes; and he has been wounded. I thought it best to prepare you for the accident.

"He is dead!" shricked the unhappy lady, as she fell back in convulsions, for she had read the terrible truth in the captain's face.

of her hind, while he went er room. It was agony bit-

when he was in the drawing room she was always absent. Whether this was arranged by the mother, or whether tals young woman and this young man, so strangely alike, cherished an antipathy equally strange, was a mystery like almost everything else in that mysterious household.

Had the widow, folled in her plan of vengeance by the sex of her offspring, forgotten or forgiven Raoul ever heard her pronounce his name.

Meanwhile Raoul Maltravers had left the sea, not being particularly fond are more conservative. The national of the music of heavy guns, for, though brave enough on the duel ground, because he was the best blade in France, and always sure of victory, he was

really a poltroon. He had married a very beautiful heiress, and lived in great splendor. He had more than one affair of honor after his marriage, tory, made her son Olaf king of both with, in each case, a fatal result to his

One day the Chevaller de Hauteville besleged him in Stockholm and seized made a morning call on Madame de his throne. She had her grandnephew Grantler. He found her in her boudoir,

which was draped with black, and lighted with wax tapers. "You know this is a sad anniversary," she said. Then she added, with lion, was a vassal of Denmark and a sharp fook of inquiry: "Raoul Mal-

When, in 1523, the Swedish patriot "Dead," was the reply. Gustavus Vara organized a successful "Come to my heart!" cried Victorine. rebeliion, Norway remained under claudine, you have avenged your Danish control.

Under the dynasty founded by Gus tavus Vara Sweden became the great power of northern Europe. Gustavus Adolphus was the champion of Protestantism in Europe. Charles XII., who died in 1718, defeated a coalition of Denmark, Poland and Russia, He de Grantier had reared her daughter reached too far, however, and before like a man, and trained her to arms his death had lost nearly all the Swe in the solltude of her old provincial dish territory on the mainland. In manor house, where a wondrously the beginning of the nineteenth censkilled professor of the sword, an Ital-

ian, gave her lessons daily. You must not think too harshly of the memory of Victorine de Grantier. I am now positively certain that the death of who yielded up Finland to Russia, that her husband turned her brain, and that the Swedish Diet passed one of the

during all her years of widowhour was a monomaniac. That she inspir her daughter with her fanatical ide

vengeance is natural-the mother Napoleon's most serious rival in France was Jean Bernadotte, a mar-

"She is still living at an advanced age, a widow," replied the countess. the ranks to be the second soldier of Doubtless. harrowed by remorse for

The differences between the two little nations have a vital basis. The Norwegians, living in a rough, mountainous country, with long seacoast and deep bays, are by nature sailors and mountaineers: the Swedes, inhabiting the fertile part of the peninsula, are farmers and city dwellers. They differ

in language and to a certain degree in blood. The Norwegians are democratic by instinct; they were governed by a turies of their subjugation. The Swedes feeling of Norway, encouraged by an active liberal party, has been growing

tion .- New York Sun.

Germany Using Iron for Their Con

"And the lady was-"Pardon me," said the old countes "I will tell you her story at full length. he captain.

It is an old family history, but it is thought to have some of the elements of romance. Perhaps it may be of fulected. ture use to you as a story-teller in your own country. So arm yourself half asserted.

with patience, cousin, and bear with an old woman's garrulity." The old lady called me "cousin,"

cause at some far-away period there was a matrimonial aniance between our families, long and long before my grandfather emigrated to America. I will not attempt to relate the nar

rative in the language of my hostess, but condense it and tell it in my own

The original of Madame Lebrun's husband." picture, then, was Victorine de Grantier, wife of Hector de Grantier, a gentleman of wealth and family. The marriage was an exception to the general rule of French marriages, being a love match. The parents of the lady had permitted her to choose a husband for herself; and though among her many suitors were some more eligible in point of fortune and opportunities rising in the world than Hector, she gave him her hand because she could bestow her heart with it.

De Grantier was handsome, gentle and warm-hearted. He had no vices, and but little ambition. He was a poel and a painter, though not a professional one, and he was in easy circum stances, although not reckoned a man of wealth.

Never was there a happier couple and when the bride's father and mother, who died within a few days of each other, left the world almost and in hand, the certainty of leaving their daughter the partner of a man devoted to her, heart and soul, soothed their last moments.

There was a shade of melancholy in thought to herself that her married life was too happy-that it was like a of sunshine, so heavenly, that weather seers pronounce it too lovely to last, the precursor of a devastating storm.

And the storm that wrecked the happiness of Victorine was near at hand. Among her rejected suitors was a wild, id man, named Raoul Maltravers, an

neign in the royal navy, of a very distinguished family high in power at court, who might well look forward to have appalled an observer had there the prospect of seeing the broad pennant of an admiral float over his own quarter-deck. But, with all the qual ities of a noble race, he was stained with many vices. He was a gameste a duelist and a libertine; prodigal with his gold, cruel with his sword, false in loves, and fatal in his bates.

Although his rejection was couche in the most respectful terms, it roused his worst passions, and he swore to wreak a deadly vengeance on the rival who prospered where he had failed. nd he could not win him ould never be clasped in wedlock b another's. In this temper of mind he went to sea.

roject of vengeance was a secret seked in his own heart, to be divulged in action, not in words. me months after the returned from his

to say that Madame de Grantie having shed human blood? was calmer, and desired to speak with

The officer found the lady white as narble, but strangely quiet and col-"Hector is dead?" she half asked

Her friend drooped his eyes. nswer was sufficient.

"Now tell how this happened," said the lady. "Hector was kind, and geptle, and courteous. He had no enemyhow could he have, for he never vronged a human being." out a long, old-fashioned rapier' and "That did not prevent his having an enemy-a mortal foe-who last night publicly insulted him, even struck him.

rust. and thus forced a challenge from your "Ay, honor compelled Hector to draw the sword. But the name of that vil-

atn-the murderer?' "Raoul Maltravers." "He! The man whose hand I rected! Oh! My poor, dear murdered

Hector! Why did we ever meet? Fatal was the hour in which you saw and loved me! Often have your lips told me that I had made you the happlest of men. Little did you dream that would give you death as well as love."

"I implore you, madame," said the aptain, "not to view this tragedy in that light. An unforeseen calamity has fallen on you, and my heart bleeds at sight of your distress. But I can do nore than pity; I can and will avenge Hector. Raoul Maltravers dies by my hand!

"Hold!" cried the widow, with sud den and startling energy. "I forbld you to espouse this guarrel. I have my own purpose of vengeance, and no man, not even you, shall be permitted to stand between me and my predes tined victim. He has robbed me of

nore than life, but I will punish him I was a fond, weak, gentle, loving, Victorine's nature, and she often happy girl. They who know me hince forth will know me as a tigress thirsting for human blood. But no word of bright summer day, so perfect, so full this to others. Be my friend in this extremity, and as you were his true and loyal friend to the last moment, I and regard it with shaking heads, as wish you to conduct the funeral rite You see how calm I am when I can

death.

speak these words without convulsions.' When Victorine was alone with he dend, she had a wild outburst of pas-

to a calmhese so stern that it would been witnesses in the chamber of "Hector de Grantier." she said, ad

reasing the cold clay, "if my Creator spares my life, your son, whom you eyes were never to behold, shall be your avenger. I will rear him strong, valiant, skilful, and teach him to look for no happiness, no rest, no employ-ment, until he has slain the man who

has robbed you of life, me of a hus-band, and himself of a father." Two months after the funeral the friends of the family were apprised that the widowed lady was the mother

of a-daughter! Shortly after this event, she retired with her infant child to an estate in Brittany. Sivies years passed away,

teen years paused away, and then rine de Granthier, still wearing a low's weeds, again resumed her resiin Paris. lived in a fashvas sch rter, but in TOMAD'S BIT

the Grand Army. He was made Mini "It caused her great suffering for ears, but the clergy whom she consulted told her that the circumstances

absolved her from all moral guilt. She France. vas an irresponsible agent of her mother-her judgment deliberately per verted by one, who herself had lost he power of reason. Yet were many hours of bitter sorrow and penifence passed by that unhappy woman. And now let me show you a sad relic.' The old lady rose, walked to an bony cabinet, and unlocking it, took

bade me draw it. I examined the blade and remarked that it was covered with "These darker stains are the lifeblood of a man," said the old lady with a heavy sigh-"for that was the sword with which I killed Raoul Maltravers." "You!" I cried. "Yes: for before I became Countess

de Clairmont, I was Claudineide Granier."-New York Weekly.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A bolt of lightning which struck the barn of Joseph Jaggard, at Almonesson, Pa., recently, tore a hole through the roof, passing through the haymow and out the side of the building. Neither the building nor the hay was trouble. set afire.

The man who built a house and forot to put in the stairs has been overhadowed by the Swansea Corporation. They are building a fire brigade staion and have just discovered that they have forgotten to provide for the orses!-London Builders' Journal.

One of the greatest curiosities amon he domesticated animals of Cevion is breed of cattle known to the zoold gist as the "sacred running oxen." They are the dwarfs of the whole on family, the largest specimens of the pecles never exceeding thirty inches in height.

The Swiss town of Zurich has take step toward the municipalization of nedicine, and puts a poll tax on all the population over sixteen years age sufficient to make up an income of \$100,000 to pay the doctors. Forty docsionate grief, but it rapidly gave way tors will get \$2,500 each, and for this um they must give all needed atten

tion to all citizens of the commun young or old. Near the Tonga Islands, in the Pa tific, some time ago a fish net was su

wenty-three thousand feet below the arface. That is the deepest haul eve nade. It took a whole day to sink th aet and raise it. Life was found even at that depth, over four miles, the temperature was just above frees ing, and the pressure nine thousand ounds to the square inch.

> in 1890, the agitation for a separate Minister of Foreign, Affairs for Nor-A woman was arrested in Paris fo fting not long ago, and it wa ticed that she carried a bright loo way, with a separate cons ing King Charles spanlel on her arm The police happened to examine the pup rather carefully, and were sur They had some reason above the gen-ral desire to create friction, for Norway is a free trade country and Sweised to find that it was trained t en has protect help the woman at her trade. The do Oscar II., the present king, called the ablest crowned ruler of Europe, has had his hands full with the Norled to snatch a ple mouth and then hide its hear

ter of War during Napoleon's absence in Egypt, and in that capacity he reorganized the army. Napoleon feared him more than any other man in Swedish noblemen taking part in th Napoleonie wars had encountered this Bernadotte. His ability, personality and ambition made a great impression

upon them. His rivalry with Napoleon was a matter of common knowledge. Charles XIII. was childless. The succession became a matter of concern to the Diet. The collateral branches of the royal line had no strong candidate. A coalition of nobles startled Europe by proposing Bernadotte, a Frenchman who had never even seen Sweden, as Crown Prince and successor to the throne. They won their point. Bernadotte accepted, and became at once virtual ruler of Sweden. He silenced

qualifications that the proportion dectors is small.

and again refused to vote ad

funds for the army and navy.

tried to replace the regular mi

those Swedes who feared that he would hand them over to Napoleon by joining a coalition against France. With the help of England, Bernadotte forced Denmark, in 1814, to hand over Norway to Sweden. In return Sweden ceded parts of Pomerania, her last possessions on the mainland, to Denmark. Norway's Diet formally fe

inologia

fused to submit to the change of rule. Bernadotte led an invasion at once. and conquered Norway with very little When, in 1818, Bernadotte came to

the throne as Charles XIV., he established the union of the two countries. Each kept its old code of laws, with a Recamier and Madame de Stael, the few slight modifications to make the joints fit. Each kept its national assembly, with power to legislate for its own territory, subject to royal veto. Both were represented in the Cabinet. From the very first Norway was inwhich he replied:

dependent and sullen. A strong liberal party arose, in which there grew up in "Ah! Madame de Stael knows m undercurrent of sentiment for indepenlence. As the Nationalists in Ireland have tried to create national feeling by encouraging the study of Celtic, so cer

tain liberals tried to make a literary language of the Norse dialect by the ame de Vernon. ensants, modified Danish being the official and literary tongue of Norway. ward, Talleyrand remarked, in

> "I hear that both you and I appear in your new book, but disguised as has rightly reverenced the decrees of conscience, he has heard the Voice; women."

having an income of more than 300 croner are voters. In Sweden the franchise is so limited by property legend of St. Bren Saint whose day is May 16. Accou The fight was carried on in the last half of the nineteenth century over through their liberal majority, again establishment by a militia on which they could depend in case of actual separation. Failing in this, they opened, 18-century Portugal

s also questioned whether th noise created by the lowering curtain does not tend to alarm th It has been proposed to make obligatheir tory the possession of two iron cur expecting the tains to make more nearly certain that one at least will work in a crisis. Should both be used, all the better. The expense for these curtains would probably be less than for the increase in the number of theatre firemen late demanded by the police. Where the construction of the theatre makes it impossible to install a second iron curtain, an asbestos curtain with an iron filling should be added.

This idea has been-advanced by Fire Director Reichel, of Hanover, and it is hoped will be acted upon in the construction of new theatres. The expert proposes that there be

self

rust.

God.

space of 39 to 58 Inches between the two curtains, and supplied with strong ventilators at the top, so that smoke and polsonous gases cannot penetrate to the auditorium. This space would also be of great service to the firemen in fighting flames.

The Critic and the Lady.

Talleyrand, the noted Frenchman ossessed wit of so high an order that it has stood well the test of time, and his jokes are still good. The author of "Juniper Hall" gives two of his sayings to Madame de Stael He was a great admirer of Madame

one for her beauty, the other for her wit. Madame de Stael asked him one day, if he found himself with both of them in the sea on a plank, and could only save one, which it would be, to

many things doubtless she knows how to swim." When "Delphine" appeared, it

highest, and which bioscome scribed herself as Delphine, and that wice to the lowest? Has not our clear-Talleyrand was the original of Madest conception of the divine ever be an expansion and idealization of the best qualities of the human? The on-Meeting the authoress soon after

most gentle tone of voice: we look deep enough and honest enough, we shall find the revelati and witness or God. For, when a man

Sinbad's Alleged Prototype.

with his own nature, he has seen th The story of Sinbad the Sailor in Face. elieved to owe a good deal to the There are times when I feel entirel ndan, the Kerry satisfied with this inward proof of realities. There are high moments ing to the legend, St. Brendan sailed the ocean for seven years in search of the island that had once been Adam's Eden. During that time he reg-ularly revisited the Island of Sheep, when there is need of no alive. And there are times when the sight of a good map, cr something see in the face of a child, or some stir is where the sheep are as large as or en; the Jsiand of Birds, that are real Nature that effects me like a fosts nee. ly fallen angels, and another island always the perception that goods what I am made for. Not even a which is geally a big fish named Jas con trying to get his tail into his mouth. St. Brendan used to encamp on the fish on Easter day, and go on to the birds on Easter Monday. He found the Eden island at iast, but no one has seen it since, though it appeared on 17th-century maps and in

took this legond with them to the east in the

world's vulgar ju Blessed are the pros lar, the cultivated and the cable." But no. The lips that In blessing made them shrink as if H and uttered a curse. Every world fell lke a blow on their idols The vir ues which had strutted so proudly he long before God and man began to unmask as ugly vices as He went on to say: "Blessed are the men of humble mind. sweeter that rightcous of benevolence. The right is always the men of good will, the merciful, the in heart. Yea, blessed are they the good. Hence the ethical passion who hunger and thirst for righteouskindled from the heart of Jesus has ness, so that for the sake of being right they dare and hear all losses and pains, and willingly let their flamed out in abhorrence of wrong and evil, and has lent support and vigor to every movement for reform and welfare. "It is a spurious virtue names be cast out as evil. that can contentedly see vice thriving by its side." The gospel is no gospel

No comfort here for the self-right-cous, the self-satisfied, the self-willed, the self-seeking. But scattered through the company were men and women who feit their empliness and poterty who took no credit for their anerstry their accomplishments or their social standing, who hardly dared so m

Here was indeed a messenger of

ood tidings. Here was a doctrine

hought of our own time still trav

thing better than a righteonand

when he has really made acqualy

nce of God than the fact that I an

Along with this feeling con

ve given lielps to virtu

to lift up their eyes to heaven. Yet, as they listened, all the world above. Do Not Helay. To-day is a good time to mend your around, within, seemed to change. The awful Jehovah, whom they had life where it has need of it. Take the step into your Father's service. thought of as thronged afar in threat-ening majesty, seemed a smiling in genuine houesty and faith. uibble with your doubts. Father who wished His children to b trust yourself. Don't forget that Jesus near Him and to be as perfect as Himis looking on. Don't wait any longer They drew in deeper draughts The door is open. You can enter. can do it now. To-morrow may be too of the country air; their very emptiness seemed to make so much more room late.-Rev. I. Mench Chambers. for God and goodness. Their, inward need changed into childlike

OLD MEN WITH YOUNG WIVES. Propensity of the Times, as Noted by

if it does not turn the hearts of

toward eac's other as well as toward

God. It is no gospel if it does not unite all believers in wise, well-considered,

and earnest movements for the chans-

as worthy of man as it was worthy of Insurance Agent. "Strange statistics," said an insur And does not all the best ance agent, "are collected in my busithis way? Has the weary search of ness. I have been recently collecting nankind through the ages found any statistics as to the comparative ages which is rooted in sonship to the of husbands and wives.

"This is what I have found: I have found that the more times a man r.rries, the younger, in comparison with himself, he wants his wife to be For instance, his first wife, on the fact which we most certainly know is our own existence; and that fact, if average, is four years younger than he. His second is top. His third is twenty or thirty. "What do these statistics prove?

Do they prove that, as a man gains in years and experience, he finds that it is best for many reasons to be alnost as old as his wife's father, or do they only prove that as men approach old age they are more foolish han they were in youth?

"Old X. aged 70, with a third with or 23, said on this head the other day: You can't marry a girl to young. The younger she is the longer she'll keep her health and strength and beauty. Furthermore, the older you are the more respect she'll have for you. She'll reverence you obey you as she would her own father or grandfather."

oung wives rejuvenate old hu bands" the insurance agent ended. "They make these old fellows dress ager, talk younger and feel your Youth is contagious, like

oung w band's life. If a of 70, insured in my company, sho marry a girl of 20, I'd consider h

day passes but the cruel compe waxes florcer and hotter, New lands, new markets, must be foundthe social pressure in the older nations demands it as a prime necessity, Therefore comes it that states are no longer "engines moving slowly." On the contrary, they move very rapidly; and as all the fat lands of the earth have already been appropriated, future trouble seems not improbable. John Bull, early in the field, worked hard painting the map red, and now it is not possible to get far away from one or other on his frontiers. The British colossus has many imitators; but these started in the game late, when most of the prizes had

been won .- "Story of the Congo Free Do it Don't State," by Henry Wellington Wack, Don't mis

Japanese Goldfish Farms,

Although the goldfish occurs in a wild state in Japan, it is probable that China some 400 years ago furnished the stock from which the wonderful varieties of Japanese goldfish have been bred. It is reported that in feudal days, even when famine was abroad in the land and many people were starving, the trade in goldfinh was flourishing. The demand at present appears to be without limit the output shows a substantial crease each year. Many thousa people make a living by growing gold fish for market, and hundreds of ped

lers carry the fish through the structs and along the country roads in wood tubs suspended from a shoulder bar. The leading goldfish centre is Koreyama, near the ancient capital of Nara Here are 350 independent breeding establishments, whose yearly pro runs far into the millions. One farm which I visited was started 140 years ago. At first it was conducted me for the pleasure of the owner, but eventually became a comme terprise and is now very profitable. National Geographical Magazine.

Antiquity of Cheatin

False weights were found in ruins of the eldest city that has been exhumed. And false we will probably be consumed wi earth drops into the sun and seavens are rolled together scroll. Ancient records and a statute books are full of evid every new practical device-from italistic and labor monopolics, bates and majority ing minority owners. erations and erooked set

before the m is the old inbe the interch of grou

out of the sky could tell me more plainly that the Holy Being wills that I, too, should be holy. Along will the reproof comes the encouragement and along with the hunger for right councess comes the promise that the hunger shall be satisfied. appose the Creator indifferent t ral character and welfare of Hi tes is esse

treaty between Spain Frobably Irish monks indifferent. He must have

said that Madame de Stael had de-Norwegian legislation has always been more liberal than that of Sweden. Nor-

way had a constitutional government from the first. Sweden gained its full constitution only in 1860. In. Norway all adult males and all adult females