SOME FAMOUS EXILES.

Interesting Events in History Which You May Have Forgotten.

Grotius wrote many of his best works in exile.

Voltaire passed a great part of his life in what was practically an exile.

The Earl of Clarendon wrote his famous historical works while in exile.

All the Princes of the Bourbon family have for a long time lived in exile from France.

Buchanan, the Scottish poet, while in exile and prison wrote the famous "Paraphrases of the Psalms."

The exiled Marius, sitting among the ruins of Carthage, is a spectacle that has moved many a school boy to oratory.

Maggi, the great Italian scholar, wrote several of his best treatises while in exile and captivity among the Turks.

It is said that at this time there are twenty-two ex-sovereigns residing in different parts of Europe, none of them in the countries they once ruled.

Pius IX., the late pontiff, was driven from Rome during the stormy days of 1848. He fled in disguise to Gaeta, and remained there until restored by foreign aid.

The Emperor Charles V. lived in voluntary exile during the last years of his life. His chief occupation in his retirement was devising new viands to tempt his gluttonous appetite.

A great many of the Popes have been forced into exile, generally by emeutes among the turbulent Roman populace. A few were restored, but most of them died in exile.

Jerome Bonaparte remained in exile from 1815 to the revolution of 1848 when he was restored to his military rank and made Governor of the Invalides. He died in Paris in 1860.

Marie de Medici, the mother of three Queens, was driven into exile by the influence and address of Cardinal Richelieu. She lived in great poverty, often wanting the necessaries of life.

Whole families have sometimes been exiled at one time. The Stuart family was twice driven from England, and at different times the Bourbons and the Bonapartes have been expelled from France.

Ex-Empress Eugenie lives in England as the guest of Queen Victoria, who is her warm personal friend. She often goes to the Continent, and is said on one or two occasions to have visited Paris incognito.

After the downfall of Napoleon, his mother, Mme. Bonaparte, went to Blois and thence to Rome. She returned to France during the Hundred Days, and, after Waterloo, went back to Rome, where she died in 1836.

Descartes was obliged to flee from France to Holland, and then from Holland, where he first published his opinions. He was accused of atheism, and would have been burned at the stake had he not escaped from the country.

Isabella II. of Spain was exiled by her long-suffering people in 1870. She has since lived in Paris, and while in by no means good repute with respectable people before, she has been much less careful of her conduct since her enforced retirement from the throne.

The Count de Mirabeau, the father of the famous revolutionist, had so pleasant a time with his family that in the course of his married life he took out no less than fifty-two lettres de cachet against his wife and her people, and had most of them exiled or imprisoned.

Louis Napoleon was taken prisoner by the Prussians September 2, 1870, and imprisoned in a German castle until the close of the war. He was then allowed to depart, and, going to England, took up his residence in Chiselhurst, where he lived quietly until his death, January 9, 1873.

Louis XVIII, spent most of the years of his exile in England. He took a house in London, where he lived quietly, and, it is said, was much more concerned with the quality of his dinner than the nature of the news from the war which was waged for his reinstatement on the throne of France.

Caroline Bonaparte hated Maria Louisa, and, being ordered to appear no more at Napoleon's court, she joined her husband, Murat, in intrigues against the Emperor. After the empire had fallen she was expelled from Naples, but was permitted by the Emperor of Austria to live near Vienna.

When Voltaire wrote his "Candide," in which occurs the bit of satire about the eight tramps meeting at an inn, most of them without money enough to pay for their dinner, there were at that time, no less than eight dethroned monarchs wandering about Europe, some of them in great poverty.

Pauline Bonaparte was exiled by Napoleon himself because of her rudeness to Marie Louisa. Her banishment was only from the court, but she went to Nice, where she established what was practically a salon of the demi-monde. After Napoleon's fall, she went to him at Elba and made many efforts to obtain permission to join him in St. Helena.

Ex-King Milan of Servia, who was chased out of his kingdom a few years ago by his indignant subjects, spent most of his exile in Paris, where he rarely lacked for companions. The Servian Government in some way became responsible for his debts, and after paying them several times found the burden too heavy, so recalled Milan and gave him a job in the army.

The widowed Queen of Charles I. of England, when an exile in France, had a pension allowed her, but it was so small and her credit became so poor that she was often reduced to the greatest straits. On one occasion, when the Cardinal de Retz waited on her, she told him that her daughter, the Princess Henrietta, was obliged to remain in bed for want of a fire.

Diocletian lived in retirement rather than exile after his abdication. He was born at Salona, in Dalmatia, and after laying down the reins of empire he removed to that place, where he had a palace whose magnificence still astonishes the antiquarian. He lived for eight years after his abdication, and was highly esteemed by the people of his native province.

Louis Philippe had great difficulty in escaping from France during the revolutions of 1848. He fled from Paris to Havre in disguise, under the name of Smith, and was taken from Havre by a vessel sent by the British Government to his aid. He went immediately to London, where the Government assigned him Clairemont palace as a residence, and he lived there until his death, in 1850.

Cornelius Agrippa, the famous classicist and general scholar, was forced to flee from his native land because of having performed in public some simple philosophical experiments now familiar in every school room. He was not entirely orthodox, and ventured to deny the common belief that St. Anne had three husbands, upon which he found himself an object of horror wherever he went.

FAMOUS BRITISH PREMIERS.

They Have Done More Work for Amusement Than Most Scholars Do During a Lifetime.

One would think that if any class of men had their mental powers so fully occupied by their necessary affairs as to be precluded from other intellectual effort it was the statesmen who have not only to fulfil the old duties of monarch, and that over by far the greatest and most complicated empire the world ever saw, but who have also to manage political parties and carry the majority of the nation with them in all they do. Yet the premiers of the British empire have done more great brain work for amusement than most great scholars do of the staple work of their lives. Lord Derby translated Homer while premier, Mr Gladstone did that and a hundred other things. Lord Beaconsfield was a novelist of high grade. Lord Salisbury, the leader of the Conservative party, and England's alternative premier, is a great scientist. He is a worker n the field of chemistry, his laboratory, one of the best private ones in the world, being the scene of the recreation in which he takes most delight. He is this year the president of the British Science Association, and delivered his inaugural address at the last meeting. It is said to be one of the most interesting and by far the wittiest ever delivered before the association. Lord Salisbury was one of the foremost writers for the 'Saturday Review' when that paper was noted for the keenness of its satire and its literary brilliance. He was then a poor man, who gained his living by his pen. His wit has never grown musty and his satire is as biting as ever. There is no mistaking his meaning, and therefore his address, though it deals with scientific subjects, is easily comprehended by ordinary readers. Its purpose is to show how the greatest enigmas in nature are still unsolved by science and how little promise there is that science ever will solve them. It seems that most of these enigmas, like that of the great central mystery of life, the action of life upon ordinary matter, is, after all, outside of the sphere of science. Perhaps the most interesting conclusion reached by the Marquis of Salisbury in his address is that science itself is almost convinced that "natural selection as an explanation of the origin of species has broken down, and that the only satisfactory, the only possible, explanation is design, the influence of will upon nature, the dependence of all living things upon an everlasting creator and ruler."

IN DEATH VALLEY.

A United States Government Official Tells of its Horrors.

Special Agent H. B. Martin, of the United States land office, Washington, has returned from Death Valley after four and a half months' absence. He went to do some surveying and for information regarding claims of private citizens of a portion of the country. Mr. Martin and his party examined the country for sixty or seventy miles to the south of Tule Canon. The sandstorms prevailed almost daily and the heat was intense. Part of the time they could not get water and they had to bring it a distance on pack horses. "Our main stock of meat was bacon," said Agent Martin. "We could not get a particle that was fresh, so we ate the big lizards of the desert, which the Digger Indians eat and are known as chawallahs, and they tasted a good deal like frogs. All our potatoes rotted as soon as we got in the desert and we had no vegetables of any kind. The only thing that helped us out was canned fruit. The ordeal was so severe that each man lost some fifteen or twenty pounds of weight and all grew weak. Before I would go into it again I think I would resign. It was a trip to try the nerves. I will never forget it and I never want to traverse that tract again."

Smoking Theatres.

There are two "smoking theatres" in England, and all efforts to reform them and banish the cigars and cigarettes of the people who patronize them have been in vain. One of them is in London and the other is in Brighton, and they have both been enormously successful from a financial standpoint since their owners decided to permit smoking during the performance. Smoking in music halls is common enough in England, as it is here, but smoking in theatres is new. It is now claimed with insistence that a smoking theatre is a certainty of the future, and that men will insist upon having a cigar or cigarette during the performance of plays in the future. There are two parties to the discussion in Great Britain. One seeks the abolition of the practise on the ground that smoking is disagreeable to many amusement seekers and out of place, and the other insists that the smoke kills the germs of disease in the atmosphere, prevents contagion, and adds materially to the comfort and gayety of life. At the present moment the latter party seems to be in the ascendency.

At Predimost, in Bohemia, where many mammoth skeletons have been unearthed a prehistoric family has lately been found. The skeletons of the man, woman and children are complete, the man's being of enormous size.

CAN A MAN FLY?

A Committee of German Experts Decisively Say That it is Impossible.

Can a man fly? Learned professors of the science of æronautics agree that he cannot, and a formidable commission of experts appointed by the German government to investigate into the possibilities of ærial navigation have finally and decisively and officially said that it is impossible. Still an ingenious and observant German of the name of Otto Lilienthal, after a long series of experiments and in the face of the decisions of the eminent scientists, has succeeded in proving that a clever man can fly, and fly for considerable distances, too. Prof. Lilienthal, like most men who have solved difficult problems, has gone clear away from the principles to which other men have found limitations. When he decided to fly, in other words, he left the possibilities afforded by the balloon entirely out of his calculations. Balloons, said he, are crude affairs, dangerous, not to be depended upon, nondirigible, and clumsy. There is nothing in nature built upon the principle of the balloon, yet there are things in nature which can fly, and fly much better than the best balloons. Those things are birds. To the birds, then, I will go for the model of my flying machine. And to the birds he went.

From these same birds it was that Prof. Lilienthal learned the true principles of aeral navigation, which principles he has succeeded to a degree in adapting to the uses of man. He first learned that it is the concave shape of a bird's wing that enables it to soar, rising or falling at will without muscular exertion in the teeth of a high wind. Then he learned that a bird's wing bones are constructed similarly to those in a man's arm. Knowing these things he built his flying machine, or, to be more correct, his soaring machine. He made for himself of light but impervious cotton cloth and split willow wands two immense wings twenty-three feet from tip to tip, and a practicable if not highly ornamental rudder or tail. He preserved in their construction as nearly as possible the form of a bird's wings and tail, increasing the parabolic curve of the bird's wings to the exact proportionate degree for his larger ones. These wings and the tail, weighing in all only twenty-five pounds, are so constructed as to fold up, like the wings of a bat. Having completed them, the professor adjusted them to his arms, took a run along a hilltop, and calmly and confidently jumped over the side, spreading his wings as he did so. He soared some distance and alighted in safety and comfort. He repeated his experiment many, many times, learning how to control his apparatus, how to change direction, how to rise or descend at will. He improved his wings and tail and kept on practicing until now he can soar for several hundred yards, rise to a much greater height than he started from, and fulfil most of the functions of a big bird, save only that of propelling himself in still air and starting his flight from level ground. These two things a man is not strong enough to do, the bird possessing much greater strength for its size and weight than the most muscular man. But what Prof. Lilienthal lacks in strength he has made up in ingenuity, for he has now constructed a little motor, operated by carbonic acid gas, which, while it adds scarcely anything to the weight of his flying apparatus, is capable of developing continuously two-horse power, or more than enough energy to work the wings. Indeed, in the first trial the little motor developed too much strength and broke the wings, putting a stop to further experiments for the time.

If Prof. Lilienthal succeeds in perfecting the great invention, the practicability of which he has already demonstrated, and in making aerial navigation on the simple principles favored by the birds safe for mankind, he will have achieved a notable triumph over the wonderful forces of nature, as well as the world's greatest scientists. And he seems very likely to succeed unless he should grow careless in handling his experimental wings, and, perchance, fall victim to the awful fate which overtook the lamented and legendary Icarus, the first man who attempted to fly.

NO SENTIMENT IN BUSINESS.

Business Does Not Include Those Finer Feelings of Charity and Self-Sacrifice.

It is trite to say that there is no sentiment in business, but the fact needs to be often reiterated for the correction of loose thinking upon important subjects. The professional reformer finds it easy to promulgate theories of improvement which promise to reduce the philosophy of trade to a basis of emotional unselfishness; but the application of such theories to actual conditions is impossible. A man who expects to thrive in any financial or commercial enterprise can not afford to put himself at the mercy of his benevolence or his sympathy with human weakness and misfortune. The pressure of competition is such that he must be quick to seize every chance and to make the most of it, regardless of considerations of personal kindness and liberality. "Business is business," as we say, in the sense that it does not include those finer feelings which find expression in deeds of charity and self-sacrifice. It is a constant struggle for advantages in which some win and others lose, and in which the only way to be a winner instead of a loser is to put sentiment aside and take account only of the practical aspect of things. This is the secret of all business success, whatever may be said against it by the theorists and dreamers whose personal failure is a standing refutation of their teaching.

There are times, of course, when a man can obey an impulse of generosity without damage to his business; in fact, there are times when his business can thus be benefited. It is to the credit of human nature, as well as human sagacity, that these opportunities are mostly improved, and that the profit of them is properly distributed. Instances of this kind are familiar in every community. They represent a tendency that is a part of the ethics of business, a proof of the fundamental virtue of the system to which they are related. The manufacturer who reduced the wages of his employees during a panic, and then voluntarily paid them the full amount when his trade turned out to be better than he had expected, was under no legal obligation to do such a thing, but it seemed to him right and fair, and he did it in a spirit of regard for the obvious equities of the case. There is no lack of business men who are capable of thus manifesting the right sort of feeling. It is not true, as is frequently asserted, that business has its own code of morals, by which everything is permissible that can be done in avoidance of the law. Our business men are honest men, as a rule, and would not succeed if they were otherwise, since there is nothing more certain than that a course of crookedness defeats itself sooner or later. The laws of commerce are entirely consistent with justice and integrity, and to say of a thing that it is simply a matter of business does not signify that it may be dealt with in a dishonest or questionable manner.

YEH A YELLOW TERROR.

He Is China's Most Plucky General Officer.—Like Napoleon He Goes Ahead of His Men and Finds Victory Ahead.

In General Yeh the Imperial Chinese Army now operating in Corea seems to have a treasure. Every one who knows anything about Chinese soldiers knows that all they require is good officers to lead them. In that case they will fight to the death, for they don't mind dying, as to die is simply to be removed from this world of toil and hardship to a heaven of rest and pleasure that it is well worth dying to reach.

When you read about Chinese soldiers running away from the battle-field it is, without doubt, the fault of the officers, not the soldiers. As long as their officers stay on the field the troops will remain. Sometimes, however, when a soldier is promoted and has become rich by robbing the men of the money sent him to pay them off, he wants to enjoy himself here before testing the pleasures in store for him in another world, so he leaves his men in the line of battle while he takes a bird's-eye view of the field from a hilltop in the rear. No soldier will be steady under such circumstances.

Low Wing Fook, the famous commander of the "Black Flag" army in Tonkin, always remained in the front line with his troops, and his officers also set a becoming example to the men under them; the consequence was that the large French Army sent into Anam in 1883-4 was unable to conquer this little band of warriors, and the command is now in the service of the Governor of the Two Quangs, generally known as the Viceroy of Canton.

General Yeh seems to be made of such stalwart stuff as the veteran leader of the "Black Flags" and naturally his little command of 4,000 gives good account of itself wherever engaged.

Yeh first attracted the attention of the outside world by the wonderful celerity with which he crushed the rebellion in Mongolia about a year or so ago, but he has had the confidence and appreciation of the Viceroy Li Hung Chang for a long time. He has again earned distinction by his brilliant achievements in Corea.

A despatch from Tien Tsin on the 25th of August to the London Times says:

"General Yeh's force of four thousand men joined the main body of Chinese troops at Ping-An on the morning of August 23. The retreat from Asan was a brilliant feat. The heat was intense and the route lay through a difficult country. In addition to these obstacles the column was harassed along the whole distance by bodies of the enemy. But notwithstanding all this the march of three hundred and fifty miles was effected in good order, the Japanese lines at Chung-Chew being broken."

For this achievement and his subsequent victory over the Japanese Army at Ping-An, after the junction with the main body was affected, General Yeh and 100 of the officers of the Imperial Army have been rewarded by an Imperial edict.

General Yeh is not the commander-in-chief of the army in Corea, that function devolving upon General Liu Ming Chuen, who was Viceroy of Formosa during the time of the Franco-Chinese war. Liu is looked upon as the probable successor of Li Hung Chang in case of that statesman's removal by death or Imperial edict. At least he is the most prominent candidate for the succession now in the field.

Coxey's Original Canvas.

The most picturesque political campaign ever planned in the United States was inaugurated in Massillon Saturday, before a large crowd, by Jacob S. Coxey. Mr. Coxey was nominated for congress by the people's party of the eighteenth district of Ohio, but the candidate is making his arrangements in his own way. The circus tent in which he proposes to speak daily will seat 10,000 people. It will require forty men, twenty horses and a brass band to move Mr. Coxey from town to town. There is more fiber to the Coxey movement as a practical appeal for votes than is popularly supposed. The enterprise is not wholly a picnic party.

The Human Voice.

One's surprise at the fact that no two person's voices are perfectly alike ceases when one is informed by an authority on the subject that, though there are only nine perfect tones in the human voice, there are the astounding number of 17,592,186,044,415 different sounds. Of these fourteen direct muscles produce 16,383 and thirty indirect muscles produce 173,741,823, while all in co-operation produce the total given above.

Admitted.

Tillinghast—"What a bashful girl Miss Elder is!"

Gildersleeve—"Yes, she's on the retired list."

TO UTILIZE THE FALLS.

Eight Hundred Thousand Horse-Power to be Developed at Niagara.

The Niagara Falls Power Company is three or four years old, but by many it has been regarded very largely as an experiment. Now, however, the dreams of the capitalists seem to be nearing realization. The members of the company say that soon the electric power developed by them at Niagara Falls will supersede steam power in the cities round about, lighting them and running their street cars, and will probably be used to a large extent in the manufactories of New York city. The company has transformed the appearance of the place. In the latter part of 1890, Niagara Falls was a quiet little village. Now it is incorporated as a city, having a population of 17,000, a mayor and council. The company also bought up 1,000 acres of land round about in anticipation of the raise in the price of real estate. The working premises of the company extend for two and a half miles along the river front and then run eastward for a mile. One of the most notable buildings is the great limestone power house, which is over the wheelpits containing the turbines and shafting for the electrical dynamos. An inlet canal has been dug from the Niagara river, about two miles above the Falls, 1,500 feet long, 180 feet wide and 12 feet deep. After passing through the turbines and driving the immense machinery the water will return to the river below the Falls by a tunnel 7,300 feet long and twenty-one feet high.

One of the largest paper mills in the United States has been erected on the spot and is already in operation, deriving its power from the Power Company's canal.

A New Nose Made Out of a Finger.

A few months ago a young noseless man asked the authorities at a London hospital whether they could obtain a real nose for him. To oblige the applicant an amputated finger of another patient was grafted on to his face, but it was found that amputation had caused the finger to die, and it failed to "take". The noseless man, nothing daunted, then agreed to the surgeon's suggestion that one of his own (the patient's) fingers should be cut off to furnish the nasal organ, but, in order that the finger should not be wasted in the event of this operation being unsuccessful, the patient's arm was encased in plaster, and for four weeks he had to hold his finger to his face in the hope of taking root. This it did and the finger was then taken off the hand and now remains fixed as a nose. It has been manipulated so that it is no longer to be recognized as a finger, and the process of shaping it is being proceeded with.

Asleep on the Bottom of the River.

A strange incident in connection with the work of clearing away the debris of the recently wrecked bridge at Louisville, Ky., is related of the submarine diver whose duty it is to descend to the bottom of the river and fasten chains about the heavy iron work, besides placing dynamite charges in spots where the most desirable results may be had. Yesterday he remained beneath the surface for more than an hour. There was no response when signals were made, and there was uneasiness felt. At length the diver who goes on as a relief reported for duty, and he was at once sent down to ascertain what was wrong. In a few minutes both men came up. The diver was found seated on a pile of iron fast asleep.

Hard on "Sweet Sixteens."

The sweet sixteens and boys of the same age belonging to this city, would never submit to live in Newberg, Ore.

The town papas that make up the Council have built an ordinance forbidding "any person under the age of eighteen to wander about the town after 7 p. m., between April and November, and after 8 p.m. during the remainder of the year, unless bearing a written permit from or being in company with parents or guardians." There are penalties attached to this ordinance for violations.

According to the Echo des Mines a new explosive has been accidentally discovered in an unexpected quarter by M. Rassel, a French chemist, who has found that a mixture of aluminium filings and sodium dioxide took fire with explosive violence when in contact with a little moisture. The preparation of the explosive is very dangerous, as when it takes fire fiercely burning particles are projected in all directions, the heat being great enough to fuse copperwire.

Hard to Bear.

Mrs. De Style (fond of novels)—"Did you do as I directed, and tell everybody who called that I was engaged?"

Domestic—"No one called, mum."

"What! Not one?"

"Not a soul."

"Mercy! Such heartless neglect is outrageous."

That Tired Feeling

The marked benefit which people overcome by That Tired Feeling derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves that this medicine "makes the weak strong." J. B. Emerton, a well known merchant of Auburn, Maine, says: "About five years ago I began to suffer with very severe **pain in my Stomach**, gradually growing worse. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, being convinced that I was troubled with **Dyspepsia** complicated with **Liver and Kidney** troubles. I improved at once and am certainly very much better and feel more like working.

Mr. J. B. Emerton.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

always gives me relief and great comfort. It is a **God-send** to any one suffering as I did."

HOOD'S PILLS cure Habitual Constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.