

# The Kingston Daily Patriot

YEAR 74.

KINGSTON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1907.

NO. 163.

## COUNT FIGHTS FOR A THRONE

### The Brother of the Countess Torby Urges His Claim.

#### On the Grounds of Descent From William III of England--Effort Being Made to Have Princess Succeed Upon the Death of the Present Hereditary Grand Duke.

Brussels, July 10.—The fight for a throne, a kingdom and a fortune is not confined merely to the imagination of novelists who are always writing about the fictitious countries "back of the Balkans."

At the present moment there is a claimant to the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg in the person of Count Merenberg, and the story which is likely to be unfolded when his rights are fully gone into by the parliament of that state promises to rival in point of interest even the most delightful novel from the romantic pen of the author of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Rupert of Hentzau."

The claimant to his grand ducal throne is Count Merenberg, brother of

the male line the throne shall pass to the female line.

An attempt is being made to secure the accession of the present grand duke's third and youngest daughter, the Countess Merenberg, telegraphed a strong protest against this proceeding, which he characterized as unlawful. He at once obtained the opinions of leading legal authorities on the continent, and was encouraged to proceed with his claim.

Ever since the unsuccessful attempt during the lifetime of the Grand Duke William of the Netherlands to change the succession law the story of the Luxembourg crown has been one of surprises.

With the accession of the late Grand Duke Adolph it was thought that the question of succession would not crop up again. The marriage of the present grand duke was supposed to settle it for all time.

The issue of the recent Lippe case, and the decision then arrived at by the members of the Empire Court, has led such distinguished lawyers as Dr. Liberich, of Berlin; Professor Frish, of Bale, and Professor Hamelet, of Kiel, to the conclusion that Count Merenberg is justified in making his claim.

Directly the Chamber of Deputies in Luxembourg received Count Merenberg's protest they postponed their decision on the new regency law, which would be required to secure the succession of the grand duke's eldest daughter, until the various judgments presented have been fully examined and considered.

The Luxembourg Chamber of Deputies, having been informed of Count Merenberg's claim to the throne, have decided to fully enter into the question, and an historic legal fight is in prospect.

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"I warn you that as you have declared war to us, we shall use every weapon in our power to thwart you. In doing so, matters most detrimental to you and your family honor might come to light."

The count's immediate reply to this insulting letter was to send two seconds challenging Baron Lyberg to a duel, unless he apologized in the terms dictated by Count Merenberg himself.

The terms of this apology were as follows:

"I apologize to Count Merenberg for my letter, and regret having committed the family's honor, and beg his pardon for doing so."

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In 1814 Luxembourg became a grand duchy under the king of the Netherlands, when the Belgian Luxembourg, but it was dismembered by the revolution of 1830, and in 1839 divided between Belgium and the Netherlands.

In 1867 the grand duchy was declared neutral territory by the Treaty of London. It has belonged, however, since 1842 to the German Customs Union.

## SPIDERS' AND SNAILS' EYES.

Eight Is Spider's Number—None Ever Shut.

The next time you catch a spider try to find the eight shiny little eyes at the anterior end, some above and some put under the edge of what we may imagine to be its forehead. To examine these parts to the best advantage hold the spider in tweezers, or it may be better to use a spider killed by being dropped into a bottle of diluted alcohol. These eight eyes vary in arrangement and in relative size in various species of spiders—in some they may be arranged in two rows, in others in three; some may be very small and others large and prominent, and so on—but there they are, rather poor eyes, near-sighted, looking in several directions at once, and the spider, which can never shut any of them, is sure to see everything that approaches unless it is asleep, in which case the sight is dead. For some purposes it may be convenient to have eyes that roll up and disappear at the approach of danger. And these are exactly what the snail has, situated at the end of two long and sensitive palpi, or feelers. When all is quiet their owner extends these organs, and you can see at their tips small round knobs upon which the eyes are placed. But if you touch one of the palpi or even jar the snail a little the eyes begin to back into these feelers as the tip of a glove finger may be turned in, and they no longer see any danger that may be lurking at hand.

## The Rain.

And now descends the rain. In blessed, cooling showers. The laden clouds, their sides wet-drip, spit all their treasures as they tip. And the trees and thirsty earth are agog with mirth. And the wild rose quaffs the drops with a laugh. And the robin sings. As he tips and swings. And the grass beneath the feet of the barefoot, less. Points and rejoices that it may be. At carpet fair for each as it shies. And everywhere rises a hymn of praise To the giver of gifts, the "Ancient of Days."

## THEY DON'T DO IT FOR FUN.

But Compositors Occasionally Blunder In That Way.

"Come over and try some new soup," a lady novelist did not write; "soup" was the word. "It is a sickly 'kopie' of the real article" was perhaps excusable. It appeared in a paper during the Boer war.

These mistakes are curious enough, but they pale into insignificance before some of those that never reach the printed sheet.

"Goldfink, father" once demanded a compositor in cold type, and he was aggrieved to have to alter it to "Cead mille failithe." "Brer Fox" was made "Boer Fox"—that was also during the Boer war.

Abbreviations are at times the bane of the compositor, but he had no excuse for setting up, in an account of a Mansion House function, that among those present were "Old Isaacs and Old Treolar." He should have known that "Aid" was an abbreviation of "Alderman."

"Let the galled July wink" appeared in another first-proof, and the proof-reader wearily made it the "galled jade wince." "Dief lusty platter" has quite a transpionate flavor, but the "copy" said "Die Lustige Blatter" (a German weekly paper).

"Pigment of the enunciation" does not seem convincing; "pigment of the imagination" is better. "Petticoats long on Sunday morning is a disgrace" is all right when the first two words are read "petticoat-lane."

Spells of words of more than a final "holler," which is a classic in the printing world. "O tempora, O mores!" wrote a leader-writer at ten minutes to one in the morning. "O Moses, indeed!" exclaimed the proof-reader a quarter of an hour later, when he "caught and bowled" the compositor, who had improved the phrase into "O Tennyson!" O Moses!

If you once try Carter's Little Liver Pills for sick headache, biliousness or constipation, you will never be without them. They are purely vegetable, small and easy to take. Don't forget this.

## FOUR THOUSAND LOGGERS.

Rev. John Antie, Hospital Ship, Tella of Camps.

In the logging camps on the mainland coast and on the east coast of Vancouver Island there are at present over four thousand loggers at work, which is doubtless the number of this time last year. This is the estimate of Rev. John Antie, commander of the hospital ship Columbia, which visits all these camps that can be reached by steamer.

The Columbia arrived in port Saturday night from Van Anda via Vancouver and leaves again this morning for the north. Rev. Mr. Antie says the ship has become so small for its work and that if the mission of relieving the sick and injured in the various camps is to be satisfactorily fulfilled a much larger vessel will have to be used.

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## A RIP VAN WINKLE

HE WAS LOST FOR TWENTY EIGHT YEARS

Cut on Head Made All the Trouble—Mother Prayed For Son's Return—Sight of Old Home.

Crawfordsville, Ind., July 12.—Although it has been for years since the miraculous appearance of Dr. Byron Mahorney, the modern Rip Van Winkle, who dropped into the little town of Ladoga, ten miles south of here, as one risen from the dead, nothing has been brought to light to clear the strange mystery. The mind of this man, mourned as dead for twenty-eight years, is practically the same as the day he returned to the village of his boyhood days. The "sleep" of this modern Rip Van Winkle embraces the period between 1878 and 1906.

In 1878 Dr. Mahorney was practicing medicine in the little town of Cerro Gordo, Ill. He was married and had a little son three years old. Believing that there was better prospects in the west, he decided to visit his brother Perry, at Union Centre, Kan., with the idea of locating in that vicinity if the outlook were good. After leaving his wife and babe a fond farewell he boarded a train which was to carry him to twenty-eight years of unconsciousness. The train was wrecked and among his injuries was a deep cut in the head.

After getting his wounds dressed he went on to Kansas, where he met his brother. In spite of his injuries he appeared to be all right, but was warned that he should be careful of the wound on the side of his head. He then went to another point, and wrote back to Mahorney, that he had found a suitable place to settle. That was the last that any of his relatives heard of him for twenty-eight years. It was as if he had been swallowed up by the earth, and could be found as to his whereabouts.

John Mahorney, father of the doctor, spent a small fortune in the search for his son, but to no avail. The father died in the year 1894 and the mother in February, 1905. Both hoped and prayed until the last for the return of their lost son. About a year before the death of the mother she said she heard her son Byron crying to get into the house late one night. By the time she arrived at the door he was gone. She insisted until the last that it was Byron's voice she had heard, and believed him alive when all others had given him up as dead.

Mrs. Byron Mahorney, wife of the missing doctor, after waiting five years for her husband's return, believing that he was either dead or had deserted her, obtained a divorce, to be on the safe side, and married again. She now lives in Centralia, Wash., and has five more children by her second husband. Her son Ivan, by her first husband, also went to the state of Washington, where he now resides.

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## BROADBRIE'S

Weekly Letter From The City Of New York.

'POOR' ROCKFELLER!

'TIS NOT COMFORTABLE TO BE VERY RICH.

The Vulgar Deed of a Bank Teller—He May Die a Felon—Coney Island Reaped a Harvest on the Fourth.

Special Correspondence, Letter No. 3,472

New York, July 12.—As the years recede, the grandest holiday in our national life becomes more sacred and precious. Fifty or sixty years ago it was thought by many patriots that patriotism was dying out in our land, and that we were on the verge of that calamity that the English historian, Macaulay prophesied, when republics like ours "would perish and topple over like a house of cards. Little did he dream of the latent power and love of country that lay deep anchored in the American heart, and which only needed threatened danger to the nation's life to rouse it into action. Casting aside all other claims of life, the patriots of our Civil War left home and friends and marched to defend and preserve our nation's liberty, and on the consecrated field of Gettysburg forty years ago they followed the Stars and Stripes to death or victory. Tremendous was the sacred holocaust laid on Liberty's altar on that immortal battlefield. One hundred thousand of the flower of the Anglo-Saxon race faced each other in that terrible conflict. It took three days to decide the momentous question whether Liberty should survive or perish. The hearts of thousands of freemen of the victor, Gen. Ulysses Grant, while Gettysburg was reeking in its glorious victory on the Mississippi, Grant held Vicksburg, like a vice, and on the 4th of July Pemberton, with starving host that had not tasted food for two days, having eaten all of Vicksburg and laid down their arms at the feet of the victor, Gen. Ulysses Grant. In this city the day was exceedingly quiet in comparison with former years. The youthful patriot who generally secures a hearing was in evidence long before daylight. His dad's old revolver, that looked as if it might have been a part of Noah's armament, notwithstanding its venerable age, was placed in commission and did some excellent service. The first pop brought down the butcher's bullock; second, the large electric globe in front of Mulligan's saloon, and the third took off "Jimmie's" left thumb as neatly as if it had been done with a butcher's knife. A red-headed cop then confiscated "Jimmie's" revolver and "Jimmie" was turned over to the Gerry Society for repairs.

One reason for our unusually quiet Fourth was the tremendous exodus by land and sea. The torrid heat, which was above 90 degrees, almost created a panic and all who could possibly get away took advantage of the holiday to do so. There were steamboat and railroad excursions to every point of interest and all went crammed. A prominent paper had smart reporters on the spot and they estimated that Coney Island absorbed over 40,000 people. It is doubtful if there is another place in the

habitable globe which has no resident population, but is simply a place for the enjoyment of recreation that could boast of half that number. The opening of the Coney Island season was disastrous. The preparations for a large crowd of visitors were on a scale of magnitude never before attempted. In the expectation of a crowd, large supplies had been laid in by the hotels and restaurants which the few that did come were unable to consume; several hundred people were engaged in the different performances, which were given at a dead loss, and the hearts of the managers were sad, but the tremendous visitation on the Fourth enabled them not only to recoup themselves but to lay by a comfortable sum as a protection against future disaster. Good order was maintained throughout the day and Coney Island has every prospect of a successful season.

A sad circumstance took place early in the week. One of the most eminent of the life-taught went into a matter which he might need. He swam out some distance and suddenly those on shore saw him throw up his hands. This was repeated twice. The hundreds who were looking on laughed at what they supposed to be his antics, but with a last effort to call help, he disappeared. The man was drowned.

The evidence of John D. Rockefeller in the witness stand should be a matter of great interest to every man. Here is a man of the more than ordinary ability. This was repeated twice. The hundreds who were looking on laughed at what they supposed to be his antics, but with a last effort to call help, he disappeared. The man was drowned.

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