

ANEC DOTE

DECIINED A CROWN.

MANY HAVE DONE SO SINCE JULIUS CAESAR'S TIME.

Some of the Persons Who Have Refused to Become Kings—Thrones of Greece Went Begging for Some Time—Similar Experiences in Rumania.

It is a mean distinction to have refused a crown. There is probably not one man in a million who would decline a kingdom if it were offered him, in spite of the restless nights and fearful days that are commonly supposed to be the lot of a King. Even Cromwell is said to have refused the crown of England more from fear of others than from any other motive.

But there have been many men since Cromwell who have refused to wear a monarch's crown. Thirty-five years ago, when the throne of Greece was vacant, more than one great English statesman might have ruled over the destinies of that classic country, but the difficulties in the way were formidable. Mr. Gladstone's name was freely mentioned in connection with the crown of Greece, though, as Mr. Gladstone was a member of the government at the time, the proposal never took definite shape.

The late Lord Derby, however, who had strong sympathies with Greece, was offered the crown many years ago, and declined it. It was not the first time a man had declined to sit on the throne of Greece—Prince Leopold, the father of the present King of the Belgians, having refused the crown when Greece was declared a kingdom in 1830. Prince Leopold's reason for refusing the crown was that the boundaries of the country were insufficient, the exclusion of Crete especially influencing his decision.

One of Queen Victoria's sons, the Duke of Edinburgh, has also been offered the crown of Greece, and he has declined it. In the '90s, at the time Lord Derby declined the crown, but was compelled to refuse the office, owing to the attitude of the powers, who strongly declared their opposition to Prince Alfred being crowned King of Greece. The throne was then offered to the present King, on whose behalf it was accepted by his father, the King of Denmark.

The crown of Austria-Hungary was refused in the middle of the century by the Archduke Franz Karl, the father of the present Emperor, King Ferdinand I. In December, 1848, the Archduke, however, declined the crown, which he handed over to his son, who still wears it.

Another crown which has been refused is that of Rumania. Rumania was declared a kingdom in 1859, and the throne was offered to Prince Leopold, the eldest brother of the then reigning King. The Prince, however, voluntarily yielded his rights to the crown in favor of his son, Prince Wilhelm, the renunciation being registered in the Senate in October, 1859. Prince Wilhelm remained heir apparent for eight years, but toward the end of 1888 he formally refused to accept the crown, and his brother became heir apparent, being now Prince of Rumania. The Prince has since married Princess Marie, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria.

Not many years ago a nephew of the great Napoleon died in exile, after refusing a crown. Prince Napoleon, nicknamed "Pon-Pon," son of a brother of Napoleon Bonaparte, was invited to sit on the throne of Rumania as the first King of that country, but he declined the offer, believing at the time that he might beget the throne of France. So the bird in the hand flew away, and the bird in the bush was never caught. The man who had hoped to be crowned King of France died of that country in solitary exile. He had sacrificed one crown in the hope of receiving another, and lost both.

Early in the present century Ferdinand VII. renounced the crown of Spain in favor of his father, who again refused it in favor of Napoleon. The great conqueror had to face a nation in arms, however, and never took the throne.

The story of Lord Beaconsfield's gold crown provides us with another instance, though there was no throne with this strange crown. The man whose brain the idea of crowning Lord Beaconsfield originated is now dead, but as long as he lived he never recovered from the blow of Lord Beaconsfield's refusal of the tribute. Tracy Turnerell received subscriptions from 50,000 people toward his gold laurel wreath, but in June, 1879, when he formally offered the crown to his idol, it was refused.—Philadelphia Times.

There is one or two other agents who sell clocks on a credit want to see you right off," said the new farm hand. "Hang the agent!" exclaimed the farmer. "I don't want to see him or his clock!"

The new farm hand vanished and did not return for an hour.

When he put in an appearance he asked: "What 'bout's round' here does the coroner live?"

"Well," said the new farm hand, taking a seat on a stump and wiping the perspiration from his brow with his shirt sleeve, "I hanged him!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Useful Song.
"What shall I sing, Clarence?"
"Sing that lovely old-time song, 'Lorena.'"
"Oh, I see; you're fixing to get a good long nap."

An old bachelor says the reason he never married is because he was afraid he might neglect his wife in after years—or she might neglect him.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Number wanting the game, in case both sides are even in number of beans at the end the one who can get them in first wins the game. It will be well for some of the older people who are helping to entertain the children to stand near each of the lines to keep order, as this is a most exciting game.

"Well, dear," said his tired Auntie, "how many tongues have you got?"
"Three," quickly replied Master Dean.
"Indeed! Where are they?"
"One in my mouth and on in each shoe."

"This is Dick's description of his first flash of lightning and first clap of thunder: "Oh, mamma, I saw an angel go into heaven and bang the door after him."

FICTION STICKS TO THE TRUTH.
Cold Feet is the Only Thing that Deals with the Feet.

Professor R. G. Moulton of the English department at the University of Chicago has a way of enlivening his lectures by pointed and homely illustrations.

"Sometimes we hear as an objection to the plot of a first-class novel that it is utterly improbable," said the professor a few days ago. "Now the fact is that the only thing which is true in fiction. There is nothing so false as what we call the truth. Facts always give some loophole of escape. For instance, you know about the man who was so sure, but the man was not troubled with a conscience. The only thing that worried him was the fear that he should make a failure of his attempt to kill himself. I know myself so well that I feel sure the thing would be a success," he always declared. For thirty years this conviction was the only obstacle that stood between that man and death.

Finally he mastered up the courage one day to try to commit suicide. He went over all the details carefully and took every precaution against failure. He went to the edge of a cliff overlooking the sea near his home. With him he carried a revolver, a bottle of cyanide, and the poison having been tied one end of the rope around his neck and fastened the other end to a tree near by. Then he swallowed the poison, set fire to his clothes, fired the rifle at his head and jumped off the cliff.

Professor Moulton ended his story here and blandly proceeded to bow himself out of his class room.

"But, professor, was the man killed?" shouted the overwrought class of future novelists.

"By no means," replied the professor, in astonishment. "Exhausted and a little nervous, and his pistol shot went wide of the mark. The rope caught fire from his burning clothing, came in two in a trice, and the man fell into the water and that put out the fire. He never was a very good swimmer, and the poison having been tied one end of the rope around his neck and fastened the other end to a tree near by. Then he swallowed the poison, set fire to his clothes, fired the rifle at his head and jumped off the cliff."

Story of the Dandelion.
Once upon a time, in a tiny green camp by the roadside, lived a soldier all alone. He had traveled a long way from a dark underground country, bent on setting the world to rights.

He saw a broad field with a row of yellow banners, and he thought, "What a beautiful place I have discovered!" and pitched his tent among the green grasses.

The raindrop elves saw how tired and dirty he was from his long journey, and so they washed him with water and refreshed him with a warm bath. Through the clouds came the sunbeam fairies, bringing him a handsome uniform of green and gold and a quiver of golden arrows. Then the soldier was very happy and smiled out at passers-by, cheering many a weary traveler with a glimpse of his sunny face.

By and by spring went away over the hills, the birds had finished building their nests and the butterflies and grasshoppers came to herald summer. Then the soldier began to feel tired and weary, and he grew old. His uniform faded and the golden arrows had turned to silver, and the wind whistled about them far away. So the soldier crept down among the green grasses and his little camp was left empty. Everywhere his silver arrows fell like blossoms, and bright golden flowers—"dandelions," children called them.

Nuremberg Toys.
The quaint town of Nuremberg, in South Germany, has become the principal toy factory of Europe. The best wooden toys come from the Black Forest, and the best of these are made of a craft which is a hundred years old.

When Dickens wrote his novels there was a large toy industry in the East of London, and it did not escape the keen eye of that close observer. If he were now living, he would find it difficult to say that the craft which suggested some of the most charming scenes of his stories.

The London toy-makers have disappeared. Dolls may still be dressed here for English nurseries, but they are no longer made in England.

The bulk of the so-called French dolls, which are sold all over the world, come from Nuremberg, where the toy-makers have mastered the art of jointing arms and legs and of extracting musical squeaks and plaintive cries from contracted waists. The old town was the headquarters of the European trade in Noah's arks, lead and tin soldiers, and all the standard metal and wooden toys.

For making the little machine shown in the picture a duck's wishbone serves best. Fasten a strong piece of twine to one of the points of the wishbone; tie the twine to the opposite point and fasten it, and then carry it back to the first prong and fasten, thus connecting the two prongs of the wishbone by two bits of twine. Half way between the prongs and between the cords insert a means of a common wishbone.

HOW THE TRICK IS DONE.
The match and twist it, turning it over and over until the cords are well twisted together. Then pull the match back and out and it rests on the shank of the wishbone.

Now if you reverse the position of the match so that its loose end rests on the opposite side of the wishbone and has to be held in place to keep it from spring back, you will be ready for the experiment. When you remove your restraining finger from the end of the match it will instantly describe a complete circle, as shown by the dotted lines in the picture, but the funny part of it is that the match will not set right through the shank of the wishbone in order to get to the other side. You may do the trick as many times as you please, but the eye will never detect the match in the act of describing the circle.

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For many years the best mechanical toys were made either in London or in America. London has lost this trade entirely, and American ingenuity is left to compete with the industry in South Germany. The shops of Paris and London are now stocked with steam-engines, magnetic toys and mechanical playthings from Nuremberg and Vienna.

In the old churches of Nuremberg are to be found wonderful examples of the medieval art of wood-carvers and metal-workers. These famous handicrafts which were created for the adornment of churches, survive in the toy trade.—Youth's Companion.

Penning Beans.
This is an exciting game, and needs at least two older people to superintend it. The children are all arranged in two lines, with a small table or chair at the head of the line, upon which is placed a bowl of common white beans. There should be the same number of beans in each bowl, about 12 or 14 in all.

The child next the bowl takes out a bean, passing it to the next child, who in turn passes it on down the line, while the leader continues to take out the beans one by one until all are passed, the order being reversed when the end of the line is reached, and the beans started back again, the child at the end dropping them into the bowl.

There are sure to be several beans dropped in the excitement, and when all are returned those in each bowl are counted, the one having the greatest number winning the game.

There were distinct advantages connected with the chain-steeled shirt. When one of these garments came home on Saturday night from the washwoman the owner could feel reasonably certain that the metallic clasps at the neck and in the bosom were all in their proper places, for no washerwoman could have succeeded in detaching one without the use of a cold chisel.

If it did so happen that the washerwoman's husband had been run over by a steam roller while wearing a steel shirt belonging to one of his wife's customers, and one of the metallic fastenings had thereby been injured, the customer in question could not accuse his wife of neglect, as a demand for a knowledge why she failed to keep his shirts in proper repair.—Pearson's.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the bubbling.

Man's Hair Grows a Warning Note to the Unwashed.

Nothing can be brighter or better than to shine as one of the lights of the world.

Heavy grades need heavy engines. Affection is the best aid to memory.

Progress is the secret of permanence. Improvement reported December, 1897.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham—I wish to tell you that I am improving in health. I am ever so much better than when I wrote before. The trouble through the lower part of bowels is better and I am not bloated so badly. I was very much swollen through the abdomen before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I still have a feeling of fullness across my chest. I have used three bottles of it and am on the fourth."—Mrs. M. E. JENKINS, Box 39, Randolph Center, Maine, Dec. 11, 1897.

Enjoying Good Health June, 1899
"Dear Mrs. Pinkham—Sixteen years ago I have been taking your medicine, and am now strong and enjoying good health. I have not been so well for three years, and feel very thankful to you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I would advise all who suffer from female troubles to try your medicine."—Mrs. C. E. JENKINS, Box 39, Randolph Center, Maine, June 1, 1899.

Worms
The medicine which for the past 60 years has held the record for its efficacy in destroying all worms in the human system, is now made entirely from vegetable products, contains no opium, and is a safe, reliable, and sure cure for all cases of intestinal worms, round worms, pinworms, etc. It is sold in bottles of 25 cents and 50 cents. E. & S. FAY, Baltimore, Md.

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That Little Book For Ladies.
ALICE MASON, ROBERTSON, N. Y.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES
A Cure for Asthma, Cough, and Bronchitis.

DEATH IS EVER PRESENT.
Makers of the Deadliest Poison Ever Discovered by Science.

A factory for the manufacture of one of the deadliest poisons known is located not far from the heart of New York City and sufficient poison is being made there now to annihilate the whole population of the greater city. It is guarded carefully from all intruders and no one passes beyond its portals without a special permit and even employees have to be skilled in their work and understand the nature of the risk they take before admittance is granted them. In this factory is manufactured pure anhydrous acid, a drug that is never placed on the market in its pure state, and even in the chemist's laboratory it is handled with all the care of a poisonous reptile. If the fumes of this acid should escape the chemist would never live to tell the tale. The man who discovered it was killed by inhaling its fumes, and many another has met a similar death. From 8 to 5 per cent of this acid diluted with ninety-seven parts of water forms prussic acid. Even this poison is so deadly that inhaling its fumes would mean instant death and it is never handled except in the factory or in a few large responsible laboratories.

Probably next in importance to this acid is the cyanide of potassium, which is manufactured in the same factory, only in another part of the building, where a fire-proof and airtight wall shuts it off from the first. The fumes of this are not poisonous and one can work in the room where it is manufactured without fear, except that he must not touch it. The slightest quantity of the poison in its pure state would kill if swallowed. The fumes of cyanide of potassium have a rather pleasant odor and it is said at the factory that it has a witching effect on workmen. For all the world the finished product looks like a small amount of sugar and as you gaze on it and smell the fascinating odor there is a strong temptation to taste it. This fascination is probably much like that which draws a man over a steep precipice. At any rate the attraction to taste of the poison is so well recognized that a workman is never allowed in the room alone. In the mixing room, where the men toil before a huge caldron of molten cyanide the scene is like that of some old witch's cauldron, especially if one knows the nature of the terrible poison that the men are brewing.—New York Evening Post.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simple, pure and quite a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Commands the Red Sea.
The southern entrance of the Red Sea is commanded by the entrance of Aden and the fort on the little island of Uncertain in the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, the guns of the latter completely covering the narrow channel and the fortress dominating the entrance to the sea.

Dying is as simple as washing when you use FURZ'S PAINLESS DEER. Sold by all druggists.

Mamma (to daughter)—You should not play with your brother's toy soldiers; besides, you are getting too old to play with such toys.
Daughter—I am not playing with the common soldiers, mamma. I am playing with the officers.

The Devil's Deal.
She—Appearances are deceitful.
He—Yes; a person can never tell just how much it is going to cost to keep them up.—Puck.

For Congressman-at-Large,
Robert H. Foerster
THE REGULAR REPUBLICAN
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