

THE FALL OF NATIONS

How Great World Powers Have Passed Into History.

MOST HAVE DIED FIGHTING.

The Struggle Between the Empire of the East and the Empire of the West. Venice, Its Secret Three and Its Long Reign of Terror.

Most countries which have died have one down fighting. The Roman empire perished like that, and by the only of fate the power of the Caesars came to an end far away from Rome.

After it had existed for centuries the Roman empire became so vast and unruly that it had to be divided into two, the empire of the west and the empire of the east. The capital of the former was Rome.

The empire of the west became so weak at last that it could make no stand against its enemies. Rome was sacked by the barbarians and eventually became not the capital of a vast empire, but the city of the popes, over which the pontiffs reigned as kings.

The temporal power of the popes lasted till 1870, while the capital of Italy was first Turin and then Milan. Finally the city was taken without a real fight by the soldiers of the king of Italy.

The empire of the east had its capital at Constantinople. For centuries it was the greatest power in the world. But it became honeycombed with vice and enervated with pride and luxury; also it grew old and weak.

In 1422 the Turks made a tigerish spring on Constantinople and took it by storm. The last of the Greek emperors died sword in hand, and his descendants are living in England today in very humble situations.

Egypt, once so powerful and so famous under the pharaohs, was conquered by Rome and was afterward swamped by the Moslems. The crescent was supreme in the land of the Nile, and the aforetime haughty Egyptians were slaves for a thousand years.

The great moguls used to reign in India. In the days of Queen Elizabeth the mogul—or emperor of Delhi, as he was sometimes called—was so powerful that he thought it a vast condescension on his part to receive an embassy from the maiden queen.

But as time went on the great rajahs, or tributary kings, rebelled against the moguls. India was rent asunder by the wars between rival rajahs. This gave the Europeans a chance.

France at first held the upper hand and nearly conquered the land, but then England drove France back and seized the empire of the great moguls for herself. The heir of the moguls, by the way, still enjoys a pension given by the British government as a compensation for the throne lost by his ancestors.

Poland used to occupy a big place on the map of Europe. At one time it was much larger and stronger than Russia. The czar of Russia and the emperor of Austria were only too glad to be on good terms with the king of Poland, and there was no king of Prussia in those days.

Noble adventurers from all parts of the world flocked to the Polish capital at Warsaw, eager to serve in the Polish armies. The Duke of Monmouth, son of King Charles II. of England, thought of doing this.

But Poland perished through her own faults and follies. The mass of the common people were slaves in all but name. They were not allowed to move from one part of the country to another without leave, they could not own a foot of land, and they could never be sure that they might not be sold by the great noble they served to a new master; hence the nobles and the people never stood together in times of danger or disaster.

Poland was a big country, but it was divided against itself, and Russia, Prussia and Austria combined were more powerful. They all three joined hands, and each took a large share of Poland in 1772. That was the "first partition of Poland." The Poles submitted tamely, for they were still divided.

In 1793 the trio of robbers made a second swoop. Only the ghost of Poland was left. Another year saw the end of the tragedy. The last remnants of Poland were swallowed up by Russia, Prussia and Austria.

The fate of the republic of Venice is one of the most dramatic in all history. For hundreds of years the City of the Lagouos was one of the most powerful states in the world. Its doges ranked as the equals of the proudest kings. Its alliance was coveted by the greatest powers. Its government was one of sheer terrorism. The doge was hardly more than a splendid figurehead. All real power rested in the hands of the dreaded council of ten and the secret three. The latter were a trio of living mysteries and were known by name to practically no one in Venice.

Sometimes a man was one of the secret three and his own wife and children never dreamed it. Their most dreaded servants were masked mutes. If a Venetian, no matter how high his rank, was denounced by the council of ten or the secret three, he knew he was no better than a dead man. So the government of Venice was a terror to its own people and the outside world. Then Napoleon came upon the scene, and "the lion of St. Mark licked the dust."—Pearson's Weekly.

"I have generally found that the man who is good at an excuse is good for nothing else," said Franklin to a servant who was always late, but always ready with an excuse.

STONING A TIGER.

The Punishment of a Man Eater That Killed a Tibetan.

Fifty years ago tigers were very common even in the high hills of western Tibet, writes C. A. Sherring in his account of that country. At the present time, however, owing to the increase of population and the general spread of cultivation, they have become rare, and the appearance of a man eater who carried off a poor old woman on the slope of Chlipa created consternation.

On the following day there were gathered together a hundred grim men, armed only with axes and stones, for they had not a gun among them.

Fortune favored the brave, for the tiger was found asleep under a rock. At once each man dropped silently into the cover of the brushwood and piled a heap of stones near to his hand, while one of the most trusted of the party was commissioned to stalk to the top of the rock and drop a huge stone on the sleeping brute.

So well was the work done that the stone fell true on the tiger's back, and immediately, with a roar, the wounded beast sprang up and, seeing his enemies, who leaped from their cover, charged the line.

But a hundred men, desperate as to consequences, throwing stones with might and main, are not to be awed or turned from their purpose lightly. The stones broke the tiger's teeth and went into his mouth, and his body soon became a mass of wounds.

Turning, he tried to escape and took his pursuers up hill for a mile, but wherever he paused and whatever he did he could not escape the pitiless rain of missiles. The blow on his back, first given, effectively checked his speed, and finally, worn out, he came to bay under a great cliff.

The rest was easy. He was immediately hemmed in, and the stones were showered on him thicker than ever and hurled with redoubled energy. As he sank down the villagers rushed in and dispatched him with their axes.—Youth's Companion.

A RHETORICAL TRIUMPH.

Sheridan's Speech in Connection With the Hastings Trial.

Answering a correspondent who asked about the speech of Sheridan in connection with the Warren Hastings trial, the London News says:

"That immense oratorical triumph was certainly not reported in the notes in question, for the Oude speech was not delivered during the trial. Sheridan pronounced it in the house of commons in the year before the trial in moving that the Oude charge should be one of the articles of the impeachment.

"No speech recorded in our history ever had such a reception. The entire house and all in the galleries violated the traditions of parliament and set a precedent that remains recorded by clapping furiously and continuously. Pitt, fully conscious of the extraordinary state of excitement disclosed by this breach of decorum, moved the adjournment on the unparalleled ground that 'the minds of members were too agitated to discuss the question with coolness and judgment.' Sheridan had spoken for five hours and forty minutes. No full report of the speech exists. The best appeared in the London Chronicle for Feb. 8, 1787.

"The fame of the speech was such that when the trial came on £50 was gladly paid for a seat in the hall on the day of Sheridan's speech as a manager of the impeachment. Macaulay's account of that speech, which is both misleading and inaccurate in several respects, at least permits us to know the fact that the speaker was publicly embraced by Burke on resuming his seat. At a later stage in the trial—six years later, in fact—Sheridan delivered another speech which was described by one of the auditors as an extraordinary rhetorical triumph."

Invasions Crowded Dowie's Bier.

Chicago, March 14.—Rachel Fisher, 26 years of age, was seriously injured in the crowd of persons who thronged around the bier of John Alexander Dowie at Zion City, in the hope of being cured of their ailments. Miss Fisher, who is suffering from locomotor ataxia, kissed the hem of the shroud, and believing she was cured, tried to walk. She fell down a flight of stairs and was seriously bruised.

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Regulate the Liver

An Elopement.

(Original.)

When a girl of eighteen is in possession of a fortune, she is very fortunate if she does not become a target for some person or persons desirous of relieving her of it. Bessie Crapo had been tenderly brought up until she was seventeen years old, when she had the misfortune to lose her father and mother in rapid succession. Her mother's sister, Miss Barbour, a spinster of forty, was called in to take charge of the house and the young girl as well. The estate was administered by Arnold Atwater, an attorney, also in middle life and unmarried. Mr. Crapo had conceived a high regard for Mr. Atwater's shrewdness and had left him sole executor of his estate.

A pretty girl and a couple of hundred thousand dollars were too tempting a prize for Mr. Atwater's integrity. Winning the confidence of Miss Barbour, he succeeded in keeping the heiress a virtual prisoner with a view to prevent her marrying—that is, unless he could succeed in marrying her himself.

All this is an old story. The interest in this yarn lies in an effort made by young Bob Allison to get the maiden out of the hands of the designing attorney. Bob and Bessie had grown up together and had plighted their childish troth long before either knew anything about worldly goods. But Bob was to be the architect of his own fortune, and Miss Barbour, who, in her present position, was in better circumstances than she had ever been before and had no wish to leave it, made the young man's poverty a convenient excuse for opposing him. So it was Bob and Bessie versus Atwater and Barbour.

It did not take the young couple long to discover that there was but one way to win, and that was to gain for Bob the legal control of Bessie, which would also give him the control of her fortune. To do this marriage was necessary, and the only way to effect marriage was an elopement.

Now, in elopements it is far easier for the runaways to make a start than to avoid capture. Teverton, where these people lived, was a way station on a great railroad. In the event of the girl being missed the first place those desiring to capture her would look would be the Teverton station. The exigencies of the case required that the couple should take to the turnpike. But how? An automobile has for enterprises requiring swiftness taken the place of horses, and Bob in laying his plans gave the fact due consideration.

One morning there was a sharp ring at Mr. Atwater's telephone, and the crisp voice of Miss Barbour informed him that Bob Allison had come to the house in an automobile; Bessie had evidently been expecting him, for she was dressed for a ride; she had run out and jumped into the automobile before she could be prevented, and they had sped away at a furious pace. This information was communicated in a few fragments of sentences. Atwater threw down the receiver, seized his hat and in two minutes was in an automobile garage offering any amount for the use of the fastest machine in the place. One was immediately placed at his disposal, and, proceeding to pick up Miss Barbour, he sped along in the direction she indicated.

Twice only he was obliged to slow up before getting on to the main road to make inquiries if an automobile had gone that way; but the answers being definite and satisfactory, he was not obliged to ask again, for there was but one road in the vicinity on which an automobile could make progress, that beside the railroad.

Sundry vehicles were passed on the way, and all, hearing a ferocious snorting behind, pulled out to the side of the road. But one old trap of a station hack jogged along without paying any attention to the coming clatter. Atwater was obliged to slow up, attempting first to get by on one side, then on the other, the hack driver taking up most of the road. Atwater, who was of a suspicious nature, suspecting that the man might be in league with the fugitives to delay him, threatened to run him down if he did not get out of the way. This brought the driver to his senses, and he drew up on one side while the automobile whizzed by like a cannon ball.

The delay was but slight, and, the power of the automobile being tremendous, the pursuers forged ahead at the rate of forty miles an hour. Since there was no machine to be had at Teverton that could do better than thirty Atwater felt confident of success. Indeed, in turning the next bend in the road he saw ahead a cloud of dust that he knew concealed an automobile.

It was a mad chase, a dangerous chase, but from the first it was evident that the automobile ahead was no match for the one behind. Every mile passed by the former resulted in half a mile gain by the latter. The dust concealed the fugitives, but Atwater had no doubt whatever that they were there, for their machine was putting on all the speed of which it was capable in an evident attempt to distance him.

In due time the fugitive machine was overtaken, but what was the pursuer's surprise to find in it no one but a chauffeur.

After deliberation the twain returned to the house to find Bob Allison at the door.

"I'm the husband of the owner of this property," he said, "and have no use for either of you."

"For land sake!" exclaimed the aunt. "How did you do it?"

"We were in the hack you passed on the road."

NELLIE EDNA CURTIS.

The Veiled Future.

(Original.)

There was once a man whose name was Chiacas. He had been born a peasant, but from the day of his birth had manifested wonderful precocity. He walked with a sturdy step before he was a year old and was possessed of a man's vocabulary before he was two. His bent was in two directions, study and activity. He was sent to school, where he soon surpassed his masters, while in athletic sports and feats of daring no one could cope with him.

When Chiacas was seventeen years old a neighboring king invaded the dominions of his sovereign, and the boy enlisted in the army. At the first battle he rallied his legion (or regiment, as we call it now), it having been driven back and its commander killed. This made him prominent. He rose rapidly in the military service and eventually as general of the army drove back the invader. He was accorded a triumph, receiving the thanks of his sovereign and his countrymen.

Unrest seemed to drive him onward, and he begged permission to march against one of the neighboring states with a view to its conquest. He was given a reluctant consent and, leading forth an army, within sixty days had annexed the territory to his own country. From this starting point he proceeded with other conquests till he had subjugated every land of the continent on which he lived, and together they formed an empire.

When there were no more conquests for Chiacas he was made prime minister and as a lawyer proved himself as great as a soldier. His king died childless, and the legal heir to the throne being a weakling, the people demanded that Chiacas assume the crown. He deferred to the unanimous call, and the government was made perpetual in him and his family.

Up to that time Chiacas was the greatest man that had ever lived. He was imitated later by Caesar, who was both general and lawyer, and in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries A. D. by Napoleon Bonaparte. But, unlike either of these men, he was not ambitious for himself. He loved his people, and his only wish was to make them great and prosperous. This he achieved. From a petty kingdom with no markets for their products except within their own borders he made them an empire, with the neighboring nations tributary to them, and forced purchasers of what they produced. All he desired from them was their gratitude, which they lavished upon him to his heart's content.

When Chiacas had mounted to the pinnacle of fame and could climb no higher, a soothsayer came to his dominions and foretold many wonderful things. King Chiacas was seized with a desire to know what would be his end. He sent for the soothsayer and asked him to give him a picture of himself in his last days.

"O king," said the prophet, "you ask what is not for your good, the good of your people or of the world. Heaven has wisely concealed our future, the hour of death. Were these revealed the affairs of the people of the earth could not go on. Do not ask me to reveal what is in store for you."

"I," replied the king, "am superior to the detriment such revelation would occasion in another. Show me myself as I will appear at my final day."

Then the soothsayer touched the king, who straightway fell into a deep slumber. And he dreamed a dream. In a desolate place he saw a hut, and in the hut on a rude cot, covered with ragged bedclothing, lay an old man dying. There was no one to minister to him, no one to hear the groan he gave when his spirit left his body.

The soothsayer touched the king, and he awoke.

"Interpret the dream I have dreamed," he said to the soothsayer.

"O king, know that the old man is yourself. Your subjects shall rebel against you, and a foreign ruler shall dispossess you of your dominions. You shall die in exile, with no one to sound your praises or to give you even a crust of bread."

From this moment King Chiacas was changed. The ingratitude of his subjects rankled in his breast. From loving them he grew to hate them. Instead of redressing their wrongs, he took no interest in them. From then he began to oppress them. Gradually that love they had borne him abated and at last turned to animosity. This antagonism between the sovereign and his people led to many troubles for both. Taking advantage of the opportunity, one of the strongest of the subject nations rebelled, and Chiacas, having to oppose it with an army who disliked him, could not fight them with the same effect as formerly. The rebels were successful and achieved their independence. This rebellion was followed by others till every subject province had become free.

Then a neighboring king who had been growing strong while Chiacas had been growing weak determined to make war with a view to subjugating the man who had been so great. This he succeeded in doing and annexed his territory to his own dominions. Chiacas fled with a number of his adherents, but he had no means of retaining them about him, and they gradually dwindled away till the ex-king was alone. He wandered from one place to another and finally built him a hut on a desolate island. There he lived alone, till death relieved him of his sufferings.

The story of Chiacas teaches the wisdom of our future being kept hidden.

F. A. MITCHELL.

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THE KELSEY HEARING.

Superintendent Will Be Examined by His Counsel This Afternoon.

Albany, March 14.—Superintendent of Insurance Otto Kelsey will be examined by his counsel, former Supreme Court Justice Edward W. Hatch, this afternoon before the senate judiciary committee, which took up yesterday Governor Hughes' message recommending Mr. Kelsey's removal from office. The afternoon session of the committee was taken up by the preliminary statement of Judge Hatch in which he outlined the proposed defense in Mr. Kelsey's behalf, and pleaded with the committee to give the superintendent an opportunity to prove by witnesses that he had shown due diligence and good judgment, especially in retaining in office, at least temporarily, First Deputy Robert Hunter and Chief Examiner Isaac Vanderpool, in spite of the fact that both were severely criticised by the report of the Armstrong insurance in-

vestigating committee.

In the course of his argument Judge Hatch made the assertion that Mr. Kelsey's action in this matter was in accordance with the advice and wishes of the late Governor Higgins. He made a special point of the suggestion that had Superintendent Kelsey ignored Governor Higgins' alleged desires in this matter, he might have been subjected to the proceedings now instituted against him for opposite reasons.

Judge Hatch consumed more than an hour in his argument before the committee, every word being listened to attentively by an audience completely filling the senate chamber and galleries.

Senator Davis, chairman of the committee, in answer to Judge Hatch's request, expressed the opinion that it was unnecessary to examine witnesses other than Mr. Kelsey himself as to the conduct of the insurance department. Mr. Kelsey, as superintendent, would be in a position to give the com-

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mittee all the facts necessary.

Several other members of the committee were inclined to agree with Senator Davis that the calling of witnesses would give the matter the appearance of an inquiry, whereas it was simply a hearing, and Mr. Kelsey and counsel were there by the courtesy of the committee.

Judge Hatch held that to deny Mr. Kelsey's request to place all the facts before the committee was to deny him a chance to justify his conduct of his department and that such action on the part of the committee would send Mr. Kelsey to private life practically disgraced.

A long argument ensued over this point, resulting in the committee going into executive session. Later Senator Davis announced that the committee would allow Judge Hatch to examine Superintendent Kelsey before the committee, but that decision as to

permitting the examination of other witnesses would be deferred until the question was reached.

Rivers Are Rising Rapidly.

Pittsburg, March 14.—The Monongahela, Allegheny and Ohio rivers are rising rapidly. A stage of 26 feet has been reached in this city and by tonight 28 feet is anticipated. This stage is six feet over danger mark and will inundate the lower portions of the city. Reports from up-river points are alarming. A great part of many towns in the Monongahela valley are submerged and many persons narrowly escaped with their lives. The damage is heavy. It is raining heavily all over Western Pennsylvania and West Virginia.

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