SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE

BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria has removed the ban of his government from the corn-flower. This is a piece of news which stands in need of some explanation. In Europe political societies and factions frequently have recourse to flowers for emblematic purposes, and for a number of years past the ultra-German element in Bohemia and upper Austria—that element which resented the favor shown by the imperial family of Hapsburg, and by the Vienna government to the Czechs, and to the other non-Teuton nationalist parties—adopted the corn-flower by way of protest. To understand the significance of this, it must be borne in mind that the blue corn-flower was the favorite flower of the late Emperor William, the one which he prized above all others; and the Germans in Bohemia wore it at first by way of giving expression to their declaration that sooner than permit themselves to be subjected by the Hapsburgs to the domination of the Czechs, they would prefer to give their allegiance to the family of Hohenzollern, and would endeavor to unite the kingdom of Bohemia to the German empire. Naturally, under the circumstances, the government in Vienna forbade the wearing of the corn-flower in Bohemia, and indeed anywhere in Austria, seeing in it an emblem of sedition. The fact that it was forbidden endowed it with new attraction, and the desire to wear the corn-flower became universal among all the anti-Czech and pro-German parties in Bohemian and Austrian politics.

Emperor William of Germany and his consort visited Vienna the other day on their way home from Corfu to receive the thanks of the Austrian ruler, government and people, for the support which Germany had given them during the crisis of last winter in the Balkans, in connection with Herzegovina, Bosnia and Servia. It was shortly after the departure of William and Empress Victoria Augusta from Vienna that Francis Joseph gave direction that the ban on the corn-flower should be removed, as an indication of his conviction that the family of Hafsburg had nothing to fear, but everything to gain from the sympathy of its subjects for the Hohenzollerns, and their chief, Emperor William. The order of Francis Joseph has been received in the light of a charming and altogether unlooked-for compliment throughout Germany.

Francis Joseph has not seen fit, however, to lift the ban that still rests on the Marguerite, or field daisy, in the Italian-speaking provinces of the empire, where its wear is sufficient to invite unpleasant attention on the part of the police if by a foreigner, and fine and imprisonment in the event of being a native. This is due to the fact that the field daisy is the floral emblem of the great Italia Irredenta Society, which, comprising among its members Italian statesmen of the highest rank, generals, admirals, senators, and high judicial dignitaries, openly aims at the "liberation" from the rule of Austria, of the latter's annexation to Italy. One of the grievances of the court of Vienna is that this Irredenta society should have been allowed to assume the flower which bears the name of Queen Marguerite as its emblem.

While in the case of the corn-flower and of the Marguerite it is possible to trace the reason for its selection as a political emblem, it is almost impossible to do so in the case of certain other flowers. Thus, one would have to go far to find some plausible cause for the use of the violet by the Bonapartists as their floral badge, and of the white carnation by the French royalists who look to the Duke of Orleans as their future king. Equally mysterious is the origin of the primrose as the emblem of the conservative party in England; for this most modest of field flowers was about the last that would have appealed to a statesman so fond of peacocks, and of everything else that was loud and gaudy-colored, as Beaconsfield, to whom the adoption of this badge of the Tories is attributed.

Good looking young floorwalkers and salesmen in drygoods stores should study the career of old Chauchard, who has just died in Paris as the multi-millionaire founder and owner of the drygoods emporium knowns as the Grands Magazins du Louvre, and has been laid to rest with all the imposing military honors due to a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Legion of Honor. That is to say, several battalions of infantry, batteries of artillery and squadrons of cavalry from various regiments of the garrison, were present at the obsequies, under the command of a full-fledged general. Chauchard, who was the son of a village gardener, entered the drygoods store known as the "Pauvre Diable" (Poor Devil) as a salesman, at the salary of $12 a month; and while there, managed by his good looks, and above all by his politeness and attention as floorwalker, to win the favor of Baroness Lepic. The baroness, whose husband was one of the oldest and most trusted cronies and aides-de-camp of Napoleon III., and who was herself the most elderly but most dashing of the women that formed the entourage of Empress Eugenie during the first decade of the empire, took a great fancy to the young fellow; so much so, that he was able to take advantage of the fact that she represented in the Tuileries the interests of the banking interests of the Pereides to induce them to lease to him a portion of the ground floor of the building now occupied by the Magazins du Louvre, and which had then just been completed. Chauchard had practically no capital, and the Pereires would never have dreamed of allowing him to rent any of the ground floor stores of their new building, had it not been for the pressure which Baroness Lepic had been able to bring to bear on them. Chauchard's venture succeeded, and he died a multi-millionaire.

It is a curious coincidence that at least three other of the greatest drygoods emporiums in Paris were founded by good-looking and clever young salesmen and floorwalkers, who had managed to win the favor of elderly feminine customers, whose wealth and influence, political, social and financial, enabled them to start those enormous enterprises which have since become a feature of the French metropolis.

None of them, it is true, acquired quite the same degree of success that was achieved by Chauchard. But then none of them were quite so cruelly and inordinately selfish; a selfishness so extraordinary that he had become an object, not merely of popular ridicule, but also of popular execration; while even the beneficiaries of his will seem to be ashamed of their legacies, and to be endeavoring to atone for them by large gifts to charity. The bequest of his valuable collection of paintings to the nation has in no way palliated the popular indignation created by the daily revelations of his almost incredible acts of meanness, except where advertisement of his gifts was sure to follow; and in spite of all his pains and ingenuity to secure lasting fame as a philanthropist, he has signally failed in this respect; being less fortunate than Baron de Monthion, whose virtues and generosity are each year lauded to the skies by the Academy of France, in connection with the Monthion prizes which he founded and endowed for various scientific, literary and philanthropic enterprizes, and also for feminine virtue.

Few of those who have listened to the speeches delivered by the members of the academy, in distributing each year the Monthion prizes, realize the fact that if the baron was able to leave a fortune at his death sufficiently large to endow all these memorials of his name, it was because in life he was the most cruel and rapacious of landlords.

When George Montagu, former member of Parliament for Huntingtonshire, married Alberta Sturgis, stepdaughter of Francis M. Leggett, millionaire wholesale grocer of New York, he was under the impression that he would inherit not only the earldom, but likewise the ancestral estates of his father's elder brother, Earl Sandwich, who is a bachelor. Sandwich has, however, now announced, that owing to the revolutionary budget of the chancellor of the exchequer, which strikes more severely at the owners of landed estates than at any other class, he will be unable to preserve the family estates, which extend over 20,000 acres, and that he intends to convert them into cash, by means of sale, either to his tenants, or to anyone else who would put up the money for them. The earl will undoubtedly put his threat into execution, unless Francis Leggett comes to the rescue, and makes some financial arrangement for the sake of his stepdaughter, to whom he has always been devoted.

Such an arrangement would be peculiarly appropriate, in view of the fact that if Leggett made his millions by means of groceries, the principal title to fame of the earldom of Sandwich is that the fourth earl figures in history as the inventor of sandwiches. It is said that he invented them for the purpose of being able to refresh himself without leaving the gaming table, and it was this which inspired the lines about himself and his contemporary fellow card-player, Earl Spencer, to the effect that

"The one invented half a coat,
The other half a dinner."

He used to go by the nickname of "Jemmy Twitcher," and was one of the members of that "Hell Fire club" which used to assemble at Medmenham Abbey. In his closing years his fondness for ancient music led him to found a little theatre in Tottenham street which eventually became famous in the Victorian era as the Prince of Wales' Theatre.

The great Huntingdonshire property of Earl Sandwich is known as Minchingbroke, and the earl's home is a genuine Elizabethan mansion, built by Oliver Cromwell, uncle of the protector, on the site of a Benedictine convent, which had been granted by Henry VIII. to Thomas Cromwell, his gentleman of the privy chamber. Sir Oliver Cromwell entertained Queen Elizabeth and King James I. with such an amount of splendor, and at such lavish cost, that he was obliged to sell the place, which was thereupon purchased by Sidney Montagu, father of the first Earl of Sandwich, and a cadet of the family of which the Duke of Manchester is now the chief. Sidney Montagu's son was a distinguished namal and military commander, one of the most notable figures at the coronation of James II., who created him Earl of Sandwich, and he was blown into eternity, with his flagship, the "Royal James," in the great naval battle with the Dutch, off Southold Bay, in 1672. Part of the old Benedictine convent remains, incorporated in the mansion built by Sir Oliver Cromwell, and there are some grand old stained glass windows, adorned with the Cromwell arms, a number of old family portraits, and a magnificent library, in which of course the diaries of Samuel Pepys, a near kinsman and intimate friend of the first earl, have a conspicuous place.

The present Earl Sandwich is in somewhat feeble health, and formerly served in the army. His next heir is his brother, Victor Montagua, an admiral of the navy and a Crimean veteran, whose wife, Agneta, a sister of the late Earl of Hardwicke, is a lady-in-waiting to the King's sister, Princess Christian. They are the parents of George Montague. Both Sandwich and Victor Montagua are great favorites at court. Neither of them as much so, however, as their brother, the late Col. Oliver Montagu. He was one of the most intimate friends of King Edward and greatly admired Queen Alexandra, while she in turn entertained the warmest friendship for him, according him her fullest confidence, and appreciating in its loftiest sense the chivalrous high-minded nature of his devotion. Indeed there are few names that are held in more kindly and affectionate remembrance by King Edward, by his son and daughters, and in particular by Queen Alexandra, than that of Oliver Montagua, who died 12 or 14 years ago, nowhere more deeply mourned than in Sandringham. It was this indeed that led Queen Alexandra to consent to act as godmother to the infant son of his nephew, George, the husband of Alberta Sturgis.

While King Alfonso of Spain was prevented by tradition and by popular sentiment among his subjects from giving beforehand his official consent to the marriage of his cousin and namesake, Prince Alphonso, eldest son of the Infanta Eulalie, to the Protestant Princess Beatrice of Britain and of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, yet there is no doubt that he will speedily give the sanction of the crown to the marriage and will pardon the Infant for having married the princess last week at Coburg without his permission. Not only has he always been fond of his cousin and former playmate, who is about his own age, but Princess Beatrice is the most intimate girlhood friend of her first cousin, the young queen of Spain. Indeed, from the time when Princess Beatrice took up her residence in Germany, on the succession of her father, the sailor duke of Edinburg, to the throne of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, she spent at least four months of each year in England, as the guest of her aunt, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the latter's daughter, Ena, now queen of Spain.

The young couple will be well off and quite independent of the Spanish treasury. For although Infanta Eulalie is, like her mother, Queen Isabella, terribly extravagant, and often in straitened circumstances, yet her husband, Prince Anthony of Orleans, duke of Gailliera, from whom she is separated, is colossally rich, is fond of his two boys, is providing for them during his lifetime, and will divide his fortune between them at his death. He inherited not only most of the wealth of his avaricious old father, the late Duc de Montpensier, but also benefited largely under the will of the late Duchess Galliera, widow of the multi-millionaire Genoese railroad and dock contractor, whose title he now bears.

Princess Beatrice, too, is in affluent circumstances. For, in the first place, she is entitled to an annuity from the crown property of the duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, as a daughter of the late duke, and she is also destined to inherit in course of time a considerable share of the property of her Russian mother, who was the only daughter of Emperor Alexander II., and his particular favorite. Princess Beatrice is therefore a granddaughter of the slain czar, and also of the late Queen Victoria. Prince Alphonso and his bride will from henceforth make their home in Madrid, where he holds a commission in the Spanish cavalry.

DAY SPENT WITH A "DOWSER"

How a Man Discovered Water 50 Feet Underground With Forked Twig.

For the first time in my life I have seen a man discover water fifty feet underground, in a plowed field, after walking about for an hour and holding in his hands a little forked twig of white thorn. He is what is called a "water diviner," though the old-fashioned term is "dowser." It is said that there are not a dozen men in the whole of the country who have this faculty, and it is a singular thing that nine or ten of them hail from Wiltshire. The diviner I met was a Wiltshire man, though for the last eight or nine years he has been living in Huntingdonshire, where he owns and works a farm of a thousand acres. He has been finding water for twenty years, and has travelled not only through the whole of England and Wales and IFeland, but was asked to go to South Africa to pursue his calling. In one of the very driest regions of Africa he discovered water after the local authorities had spent £7,000 in futile borings.

Until I met him I was rather skeptical. I had read the subject up, and the fact that the local government board refused to allow local authorities to spend public money in fees to water diviners strengthened my natural disbelief. On the other hand, there was the fact that in a score of cases—nay, hundreds, water had actually been discovered by these diviners, and the published testimony of men like Lord Salesbury, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Selborne, Sir Henry Harben, Sir Edward Fry and others, that they had employed water diviners and been quite satisfied with the discoveries made, could not be overlooked. All the same, there lingered in my mind a feeling of doubt, a wish to see for myself, to cross-examine the diviner and scrutinize his methods; and hence an invitation to watch the Huntingdon man find water was too good an opportunity to be lost.

The estate which was to be the scene of operations belongs to a peer who has possessions in three counties. His chief agent is a member of the county council, had was formerly an inspector under the board of agriculture—a shrewd man of the world, not at all likely to be taken in by claptrap or chicanery. He had employed the water diviner exactly a dozen times before the present instance, and in each instance water had been discovered on the spot indicated. "Once," said the agent, "I thought he had failed me. We bored 50 feet deep than he had told us, and found nothing, so in despair I gave it up and ceased boring. We covered the hole up. Six months laer I took off the boards and looked casually, and found the place full of water.

"We began using the water, and the yield has never failed us since. We must have bored a few inches out of the line he had indicated, and so missed the spring, but later the water broke through the shallow earth and filled the hole. Since then I have had the most complete confidence in him, and should never think of building property where water is wanted without first taking his advice."

In the present instance the agent was going to cut up part of a big farm and provide two small holdings under the terms of the recent act. He had staked the land out and marked the site of the two cottages, but it was then seen that there was no water supply within half a mile, where a corporation main passed along the high road. To purchase water from the main meant expense, and to lay the necessary pipes meant further expense, and it was to see whether a nearer supply on the estate could be found that the diviner was sent for. He was told what was wanted, and he at once set to work. He removed his overcoat, put on a cap, took a smal forked twig of white thorn and began walking over the field. He held the twig so that a fork rested in each hand, and the junction pointed downwards. He tramped at a vigorous pace all over the field, now in circles, then in diagonal lines, then backwards and forwards in his own tracks, until he was some hundreds of yards away from the site of the proposed buildings. Finally he reached the hedge dividing this field from another. "This will never do," said the agent; "we want the water here, not yonder. If he finds it in yon field it will be 400 yards away, and we should have to lay pipes. If he can't find it in this field we must alter our plans altogether." So we followed the diviner and took stock of the situation. He told us the field was as dry as a bone. There was no water anywhere, except in the corner near the hedge, and that seemed to him like a very small stream which came into this field from the next, but lost itself, as though in a sponge.

Remembering that the field was absolutely bare, with no vestige of water anywhere, it seemed almost uncanny to hear a man talking about underground springs in this positive manner. He suggested to the agent that he should go through the hedge and try the next field. "Very good," said the agent; "but if you find water there I shall have to alter the site of the houses and bring them there."

The diviner now entered on the second half of his work. He tramped the whole of the plowed field, and as the earth was soft and lushy it made walking very heavy. He appeared to have a clearly-defined idea of what he was doing. He stood in one spot a moment or two, and then he walked steadily away; then he came back and walked on another line of his own; and then, for the third time, he came back and started on still another line. All the time he was intently looking at the ground. He never hesitated, never seemed lost. He walked at a rapid pace, as though he knew where he was going to, and it was quite clear he was making discoveries. Finally, after he had been at work an hour and ten minutes, he called us to him. We went to what I will call the converging point, and there, indicating a spot on the dry earth, about ten yards from the hedge, he said, "There is water there. It is about fifty feet deep, and I estimate the yield at about three thousand gallons a day. There are three distinct streams of water beneath this field. I have tracked them all. They converge here, where there is a well, or spring-head. There is a slight overflow from here, and it passed underneath the hedge and into the next field, but it is very small, and it soon loses itself and cannot be traced. You will be all right here. Sink a well, and you will have three thousand gallons a day."

He and the agent spoke of it in the most matter-of-fact way, as though there was nothing peculiar in a man saying he had found water when there was no external sign of it, and nothing in the figuration of the land to indicate it. The agent, indeed, took it for granted, and at once called his assistant and told him to have the boring plant at work in a few days, and meanwhile to cancel the site in the next field and have the cottages for the holdings built here. They laughed at my look of amazement. "There is no doubt about it at all," said the agent. "If he's been right twelve times, why not the thirteenth?"

At my request the diviner did the whole thing over again for me. I have said there were three distinct streams. We walked to the beginning of one, and as soon as we reached it the twig in his hands started moving. He held it pointing to the earth, but as he walked along the course of the stream it gradually rose up until it was horizontal, with the angle of the fork pointing to the spring-head. As we neared this point the twig rose higher and higher, until it was vertical, pointing upwards, and a moment later, when we stood over the head of the spring, it actually twirled round and round in his hands with just the same action as that with which a child twirls a skipping-rope. We walked over the whole three watercourses, and in each case the result was the same—at first the twig pointed downwards, then it rose, until it went round and round as we stood over the spring-head. I took hold of it in his hands and felt the force which moved it. He himself could not arrest it, and when he asked me to do so I gripped it tight and it wrenched itself out of my hand. A second time I gripped it, while he held it quite loose, and this time the twig snapped. To show me that any twig would do he cut a small branch of thorn from the hedge, and as soon as he stood over the spring-head it twirled just as the other had done. When I held it there was no motion at all, but as soon as the diviner put his hand on it I felt the twig begin to move upwards. To my mind the thing was beyond suspicion. The diviner had some power, some faculty, which made his body sympathetic to the presence of water, and as soon as he came in contact with it the influence was communicated to the twig. He said he could tell the presence of water without the twig, but the latter was necessary to enable him to follow its course and to know when he reached the head of a spring. Moreover, the pressure exercised by the twig gave him an idea of the depth at which the water was situated, and also of its volume.

From henceforth I, at any rate, am a confirmed believer in the divining rod of the water finder.—Manchester Guardian.

LLOYD-GEORGE'S LAND TAX PROPOSALS

Chief Secretary Birrell Defends Budget Schemes of Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Continuing the series of meetings on the budget to be addressed by members of the Government, Mr. Birrell (chief secretary for Ireland) addressed a large and enthusiastic audience in the Blackburn town hall.

Mr. Birrell said that of Mr. Lloyd-George's proposals for raising the thirteen millions of increased taxation which he required, most had been heard about the proposed new land taxes. As to the proposed increment duty of 20 per cent on the increased value of land, he should have thought after the talk not only of Liberals, but of Conservatives during the last 25 or 30 years, that if they could have agreed upon anything it was that there could have been no fairer tax than that upon land, the value of which could be proved to be due to the exertions of the community where the land was situated. He defied anybody to dispute the essential justice of such a tax. (Cheers.) In the north of England we were all acquainted with such instances of the unearned increment. He was a Liverpool man, and he could remember his grandfather saying that he had walked over what was then a sort of rabbit warren at Bootle, but was now part of a crowded city, and was producing an enormous rent roll for the fortunate proprietor. Would there have been any harm in the past in saying to the Lord Derby of that day that Liverpool had converted the former rabbit warren without his paying a brass farthing from land which had been almost worthless into land which was at most like banknotes, that he should contribute a small portion of that increased income to the taxes of the country? (Cheers.)

We were told with regard to this increment tax on land that the difficulties in the way were so enormous that we could not really do it, that between the interests of the freeholder and the leaseholder and the sub-lessee, and the tenant, no human being could say what the value of the land was. Well, let anyone try to buy it. (Cheers.) It was the old story. He wished people would read the history of taxation. To his mind it was far more interesting that the history of war, and yet they were much the same thing. They were the two sides of the shield. (Hear, hear.) When Mr. Gladstone first proposed the succession duties in 1853 there was the same outcry. Everybody said it was impossible. The Tory lord chancellor said it was a monstrous thing, because it would cause the landlords to show their deeds to the state. We had got over that. They had to show their deeds, although they did not like it. He did not believe for a moment that the difficulty which was talked about was in any real sense a difficulty at all. (Hear, hear.)

Valuation Needed.

Let them consider the hardships already borne by other portions of the community. The income tax, which brought in £33,930,000, was levied upon the profits of all persons carrying on trades and occupations, and this tax was largely swollen not by the enormously rich, but by comparatively poor people. (Cheers.) It was the people with great interests behind them who raised this contemptible difficulty and asserted that the thing was impossible. This was the only point that had yet been made against the unearned increment tax. Some people seemed to be very undesirous that there should be a complete valuation made of all the land in the country. (Hear, hear.) It would be a just thing that we should know the value of the land, its site value and the value of the buildings put upon the land. The landlords asked to what use we were going to put this knowledge. Well, as a statistician, he said he was interested in the pursuit of truth. (Laughter and cheers.) Everything else had been analyzed and valued. He often wandered at the patience of quite poor people in this country. We heard of landlords saying that if this increment and other taxes were imposed on land value they would have to go and live in cheap "pensions" in Geneva and elsewhere. He said that poor and middle people paid more than their full share of all the taxes. (Cheers.) These taxes of Mr. Lloyd-George were not recent. The increment, the undeveloped land tax, were no noveltes in other countries. (Cheers).

After a reference to the death duties in force at the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, and the ingenuity in taxation of our ancestors, Mr. Birrell went on to point out that in regard to purely agricultural land, which did not benefit from the proximity of towns, Mr. Lloyd-George had given assurances which were satisfactory. A good deal of fuss had been made about the question of appeal to the law courts, but in Mr. Birrell's view it could only be by calling in valuers that the judges could decide what should be the proportion of the tax levied. As to the incidence of the taxation proposed, he declared the difficulties would vanish the nearer the problem was approached. In the future no one would pay more unless the value of the property had risen. Nobody, of course, liked to be mulcted in 20 per cent, any more than he liked to be mulcted in ninepence in the pound for the income tax, or to pay more for tobacco or beer. Taxes were necessary evils, and it was an unpatriotic thing for anyone to refuse to pay his quota.

The Question of the Lords.

The action which would be taken by the House of Lords was as yet purely problematical. Everyone knew that by the constitution, although the House of Lords had a bare right to throw out a finance bill, it had no power to amend or alter. It had to be borne in mind that at this moment we were collecting taxes which had no other authority than the resolutions passed in the House of Commons. It would be seen that in regard to taxation it was only the chamber that represented the people which had any voice or say in the matter. (Cheers.) He did not ask his hearers to assume that the House of Lords would be guided by the constitution; it was a revolutionary body. (Laughter.) One thing was certain. The House of Lords had constituted the Tory party, and it was forming its judgment on how the country would take the matter. The House of Lords were not going to act on their own authority, to do what was beneficent, unless they were thoroughly satisfied that on going to the polls the people would say they did right. (Hear, hear.)

We had to face the fact that the chancellor of the exchequer had to raise thirteen millions more money out of somebody's pocket. We knew that in the future someone would come into office who would make the foreigners pay. (Laughter.) The Germans would pay—not only for their own army and navy, and they did not seem to know how to do that—but, in addition to that, under tariff "reform," they would have to pay for ours. (Laughter.) That would be a perfect millennium—for us. (Laughter.) It would be a purely British, not a German, millennium. (Laughter.)

All to Bear a Fair Share.

We might be satisfied that if the thirteen millions of money required did not come in the way Mr. Lloyd-George proposed, it would come more directly out of the pockets of the people, out of the sugar, the tobacco and the alcoholic liquors we consumed. It might come out of the temperance drinks that some of them were supposed to be so fond of. (Laughter.) Not only the burden of the thirteen millions but that of others loomed in front, because of the expense of carrying on this country, making the people well educated and well housed, and all this would cost more as time went on. If we closed the door on the land taxes, and would have nothing to do with them, we were only forging our own chains for the future. No one ought to quarrel with the principle of all bearing a fair share of the increasing expenditure, and he was sure, as the proposals of the budget were better understood, they would be approved. (Cheers.)

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF.

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INFLUENCE OF THE MIND.

The power of the mind over the body, as demonstrated in all forms of faith healing, was recognized in the seventeenth century by Richelieu's physician, Citois. Summoned to attend his master's constant fits of depression, Citois would call solemnly for a sheet of paper, on which to write a prescription; and almost invariably after his departure the prescription would prove to consist of the words: "One drachm of Boisrobert." Boisrobert being a poet of small talent, but possessed of high spirits and wit. In those days, when the common remedy was bleeding, when it is known that Voltaire, the poet, was bled to death, and the Princess of Conti, suffering from apoplexy, was beaten till she died, in the hope of rousing her from her lethargy, it is no wonder that a humane and a human physician like Citois should have been successful.

The famous frequenter of the French salons, Fontenelle, is, however, the best example of the power of the spirit in retaining life. At the age of 95 he fell when picking up a lady's handkerchief, and made the historic remark, "Ah, que je n'ai pas encore mes quatre-vingts ans." A certain callousness marked his determination not to die, as on the occasion when, a friend dying beside him at the table, he requested his man to remove him, and continued his conversation. He managed, nevertheless, to survive to within a month of his hundred years, and then complained that he would have lasted much longer had not the outbreak of war "put a stop to pleasant conversation."—London Chronicle.

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