NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

The Incipient Hero Completes His Military Studies.

A LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY.

Poverty Compels Him to Journey to His Regiment on Foot-Social Gayeties at the Barracks-Death of His Father. First Command of Soldiers In the Field.

[Copyright, 1895, by John Clark Ridpath.] IV. -L'ECOLE MILITAIRE AND VALENCE. When Cadet Bonaparte, in the autumn of 1784, was promoted to the Military School in Paris, he was in his sixteenth year. He had now made his way by stages, beginning with his tenth year, frem his native place to the capital of France; and if of France, then of the world. Three months at Autun, four rears-and more-at Brienne, and now to the school in Paris. At the last-named place he was destined to remain less than a year. Thus far he seemed to be rising toward a career of activity, if not of distinction; but there was never a time when his pathway was more clouded than during his stay at L'Ecole Militaire.

The school at which he now became a student was the best in the kingdom. It had been reformed and renewed as a re-



NAPOLEON AT THIRTY.

sult of recent agitations; and the institution was at this time well fitted to be the finishing ground for a young military aspirant. L'Ecole Militaire de Paris held the relation to that of Brienne and the others of college to academy. The curriculum was more ample and the methods more rational in the first than those pursued in the provincial institutions. Here the academic training of Napoleon Bonaparte - as that of his younger brother Lucien afterwardswas completed. From this school he was to be delivered, as if by a second birth, to the world.

The social character of Napoleon now to show itself more distinctly. Back at Brienne he had been introduced by General Marbouf to some private families of distinction. Them he impressed as a peculiar, forceful and solitary genius, more capable of heroic dreams and boyish monologue than of polite conversation or social amenities. Going to Paris, his acquaintance was somewhat enlarged. Marbouf's nephew, the Bishop of Autun, now lived at Versailles; and that worthy was glad, after the lapse of five years, to receive his former pupil, greatly grown in intellect and person, but virtually the same in demeanor. Elise, the sister of Bonaparte, had meanwhile been brought out from Corsica, and was now a member of the Royal School for Girls at Saint-Cyr. So that the young man had now a few friends and some social advantages.

For the rest, he pursued in Paris the same self-centered life as at Brienne. He was a hard student-in his way. He still disprized the polite branches of education in favor of the exact sciences and geography. In humane inquiry, his sole endeavor was to master History. His study, however, in this field did not reach historical generalization or a broad philosophy. He stopped with the individual. He dwelt with interest and enthusiasm upon the lives of great men. Plutarch he knew almost by heart. The well-known stories which in that age passed for history he conned with the

passion of a zealot. In after life, the peculiar effect of this discipline was manifested in all of Napoleon's work and policy. Out of his history proper he branched in only one direction-politics. He became rather expert in the political platitudes and persiflage of the times. To the end of his life he was never capable of high and abstract views; but he knew all special things as if by intuition. His mind flashed out, lightning-like, in this direction and in that; the blaze of it illumined many a dark and blood-splashed place; but from that prodigious intellect there was never diffused a broad and universal light. Much of this must be attributed to his inborn character; and samething to the manner of his educa-

The year 1785 was in all respects critical to Bonaparte. His course at the Military School ended with August of that year. He was admitted to his final examination almost precisely at his sixteenth birthday. Nearly six months before this time his father, who had found a temporary residence at Montpellier, came to the final scene. The visionary and unsuccessful Buonaparte had discovered a refuge for himself at the chateau of Madame Permon, mother of the Duchess d'Abrantes of great fame. There, on the 24th of February, he expired, of a chronic malady, perhaps cancer of the stomach-most fatal premonition of what should happen to his famous

Hard was this stroke of death on the members of Buonaparte's family. From the time of his union with Letitia Ramolino-a period of twenty years-thirteen children had been born. Eight of these were living; three were in France. and five with the mother in Ajaccio. All were at the door of pennry. It is a law d nature and of man that every mother original.—Lustige Blatter.

son thirty-six years afterwards.

but Madame de Buonaparte had now to go into the fields and plant mulberry

trees for a living! Marbouf finally prevailed with the authorities to make Joseph Bonaparte also (we will now drop the Italian form Buonaparte) a military pensioner. But the father's death and Napoleon's protest countervailed the project, and Joseph was doomed to remain a cadet of the Church. For Julien, who developed a passion for polite studies and wished to be a priest, a scholarship was obtained for the school at Brienne. Such is the perversity of fate. As to Napoleon, it was agreed that instead of going into the navy, as Keralio had recommended and as Marbœuf had wished, he should become instead a lieutenant in the artillery. After his graduation, he should be assigned to the Regiment La Fere, stationed at Valence, on the left bank of the Rhone, three hundred miles away as the bird flies-far to

who bears thirteen children is a heroine;

the south. The final examination at L'Ecole Militaire was passed. Like many other incipient military heroes-our own included-Napoleon did not obtain a high rank in his classes. His papers gave him only the forty-second place from the head. Louis Antoine Bourienne, his future private secretary, had been far above him at Brienne. Des Mazis, his favorite classmate, was now graduated far below him at L'Ecole Militaire. But the grade was sufficient; and he was enabled with his commission as lieutenant to choose the artillery as his arm of the

For two months (August to October. 1785) the restraints of red tape held back Lieutenant Bonaparte from going to his place. His means gave utterly out. At last, late in the fall of 1785, he set out by conveyance from Paris as far as Lyons, Lut was then obliged, from sheer inability to pay his fare, to walk the remainder of the journey to Valence. There he arrived, and took his place in the Regiment La Fere-doubtless so called because it had no iron in it!

Great was Napoleon's surprise at the character of the discipline. By the officers and men almost everything was practiced except those exercises which tended to make them soldiers. They were gay, dissipated, frivolous. The pay was insufficient to support them in their career of pleasure and vice; but they were nearly all scions of the nobility and knew not what it was to be limited in the means of gratification. Napoleon's poverty and ambition alike held him back for a moment from this manner of life; but, strange to say, he presently threw himself into the swim, and during the winter of 1785-86 he dissipated like the rest.

Valence was a small but important city. The young military officers were welcomed by ambitious families into He looked up and saw him and said unto their drawing rooms. For the nonce, Bonaparte concluded that he must become accomplished!-that he must be a social lion and quaff the bowl of pleasure with his fellows. He had social passports from Marbouf's nephew, who was now the young Bishop of Autun.

But to a nature such as Napoleon's pleasure, however torrid, could not long suffice. The lieutenant presently turned upon himself in anger; and a sudden reform was the immediate result. The thoughtful brow and sullen manner returned. He went back gloomily to his books; recovered his vantage, and henceforth to the end of his life—though many a time he heard the Sirens singing on near-by shores-he never postponed his ambitions for the delirious dreams and fleeting hallucinations of a dissipated life.

During his career as a student, Napoleon's general reading had been in the nature of excursions along the coasts of political philosophy. The French manner caught his imagination. He talked of liberty, of the virtues of the elder Romans, of humanity in a state of nature—as revealed by Jean Jacques.

Now, in the spring of 1786-recovering himself from the winter's revel-he turned from the "Contrat Sociale," which he had begun to distrust as a ground of political life, to the "Histoire Philosophique" of the Abbe Raynal. Here he lost himself in the mysteries (and mists) of that science which is said to teach by example.

The writings of the Abbe Raynal, from being a conglomerate in which several strong hands-notably that of Diderot-had a great part, were now in the ascendant. The French mind caught them, embraced them, and adored. They were thought for the time to be the beall and the end-all of political philosophy. Behold Napoleon, whose mind had already been well stocked with the fascinating but unprofitable stories of Herodotus, Diodorus, Strabo, Plutarch, Xenophon, et id omne genus, -behold him at his candle-lighted, deal-board table in the barracks of Valence, rising in | vi, 23; Eph. ii, 8). But being saved we thought somewhat from the particulars of human story to the general laws of conduct. Be it remembered, however, that at that epoch the human mind had not yet gained the first glimpse of that universal coherence and consistency of all things which constitutes the bottom principle of the New History. As for the unfledged Jacobinism in him, that was sufficiently inflamed with knowledge that five years previously this same "Histoire Philosophique" had been burned at the stake—so to speak—in Paris, and its author driven into exile.

Meanwhile, in August of 1787, while the members of our Constitutional Convention were hard at work in Philadelphia building their ship of state, an insurrection against the French government broke out in Lyons, fifty-three miles up the river from Valence; and the Regiment La Fere was ordered to put down the revolt. On the march thither Napoleon Bonaperte, lieutenant of artillery, had his first command of soldiers in the field.

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

A Sure Sign. A. - How do you know that Maler has

come in for a fortune? B.-Why, formerly people always said he was crazy. Now they say he is

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XI, FIRST QUARTER, INTER-NATIONAL SERIES, MARCH 17.

Text of the Lesson, Luke xix, 1-10-Memory Verses, 8-10 - Golden Text, Luke xix, 10-Commentary by the Rev. D. M.

1."And Jesus entered and passed through Jericho." We have now come to the last week before the crucifixion, and the next lesson in order in the series (that for April 7) will be the triumphal entry, which seems also to be the next in the order of events. In reference to the blind men healed about this time, Matthew speaks of two who were healed as he left Jericho: Mark mentions only one and gives his name as Bartimæus, while Luke speaks of one who was healed as he entered Jericho without any attempt to reconcile these accounts. Why not take the three as we find them and simply believe that He healed one as He entered Jericho and two as He left Jericho, one of whom was Bartimæus? The simplest and least learned explanation is often the nearest to the truth. As Jesus was continually opening the eyes of the blind, it is not strange that He should do so for three different ones at this time. 2. "And, behold, there was a man

among the publicans, and he was rich." We are now introduced to one who was blind spiritually, but not physically. He needed Jesus as much as Bartimæus, but perhaps was not as conscious of that need. not being poor nor physically helpless. Of the class to which he belonged he was at the head, and as to this world's goods he needed nothing. He is one of the most interesting rich men of the gospels. The rich young ruler saddened us by his going away; the rich man who thought only of his larger barns and the good time he would have was suddenly called away from it all, and the rich man at whose gate Lazarus lay had a terrible reverse. 3. "And he sought to see Jesus, who He

named Zaccheus, which was the chief

was, and could not for the press, because he was little of stature." The opening words make us think of those Greeks who said to Philip, "Sir, we would see Jesus" (John xii, 21), and they suggest to us that the only one worth seeing is Jesus, for when we see Him we see God the Father (John xiv, 9). We are not told the motive of those Greeks in desiring to see Jesus, and, as to Zaccheus, it may have been mere curiosity, but the result would lead us to suppose something more. The hindrances were twofold-personal and circumstantial, his little stature and the great crowd.

4. "And he ran before and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see Him, for He was to pass that way." This was about as undignified a proceeding as that of the rich young ruler who kneeled down in the street, but it indicated a real desire. If we would see Jesus, we must go where Jesus is to be found, and we will be sure to find Him in His word. The Scriptures testify of Him (Luke xxiv, 27). 5. "And when Jesus came to the place

him, Zaccheus, make haste and come down, for today I must abide at thy house." He knew what was in man, and He knew the heart of this man up among the branches of this sycamore. "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth to show Himself strong on behalf of them whose hearts are perfect toward Him" (II Chron. xvi, 9), and if there is in your heart a going out to Him, a hungering for Him, be sure that He sees it there, and remember that it is written "Ye shall seek Me and find Me when ye search for Me with all your heart" (Jer. xxix, 13). Rejoice also that if there is a real desire toward Him, be it ever so faint, it is the Spirit's work, and He will regard

6. "And he made haste and came down and received him joyfully." How quickly he responds to the Saviour's invitation. It is the Spirit's work, but Zaccheus was willing to have it so. The Spirit is seeking to bring all who hear the gospel down from their pride of intellect and social standing and moral standing and self in every form, righteous or unrighteous, that they may receive Jesus and stand truly complete in Him. There must be a real coming down to a real sense of our nothingness and an honest reception of Christ. Then we become children of God and accepted in the Beloved (John i, 12; Eph. i, 6, 7). Consider how every high thing shall some day be brought down and Jesus alone exalted (Isa. ii, 11, 12).

7. "And when they saw it they all murmured, saying that He was gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner." Satan is always angry when any one receives Jesus or even looks toward Him and will surely have something to say about it, as when he spoke through Simon the Pharisee of the woman who washed Jesus' feet with her tears, or when he stood at Joshua the high priest's right hand, seemingly pointing to the filthy garments. Let not the enemy hinder you by pointing to your sinfulness, but rejoice that "Christ Jesus

came into the world to save sinners." 8. "And Zaccheus stood and said unto the Lord, Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation I restore him fourfold." Not that he had been doing this, but he would do it as an evidence of his sincerity and begin now. We give nothing to God for our redemption. It is a free gift (Rom. must give evidence of it, for a faith that does not show itself in good works is not a faith that saves. See James ii, 14, 17; Eph. ii, 10. Unless there is a cheerful and ample restitution to all whom we may have wronged as far as we have ability and opportunity and a liberal giving to the Lord, constrained by His love, our faith is questionable.

9. "And Jesus said unto him, This day is salvation come to this house, for so much as he also is a son of Abraham." Not simply a descendant of Abraham, but a true believer like Abraham, and thus and therefore a true child of Abraham and child of God, by faith in Christ Jesus. For if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed and heirs according to the promise (Gal. iii, 29). Salvation is in the Lord. Jesus Christ Himself is the salvation of the Lord, so when we have received Him salvation has come to us, and we can make Israel's millennial song our own and sing "Behold, God is my salvation" (Jonah ii,

9; Luke ii, 30; Isa. xii, 2). 10. "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." All are by nature lost (Eph. ii, 3), not being lost nor under the possibility of being some day lost, but actually lost sinners, without God and without hope (Eph. ii, 12), ungodly and without strength (Rom. v, 6). Such are all without exception until found by this seeking Saviour and by His blood redeemed, for there is none other (Acts iv, 12; Isa. xlv, 21, 22). Let your soul cry, if you are not saved, "Seek me, O Lord, for I am lost."

THE YOUNG SWEET FACE.

(The following poem, by Bishop Brooks, never before published, was found in one of his early note-books in which he jotted down thoughts and memoranda.) Along the noisy city ways

And in the rattling city car; On this dreariest of days,

Perplexed with business fret and jar. When suddenly a young sweet face Looked on my petulance and pain

And lent it something of its grace And charmed it into peace again. The day was just as bleak without, My neighbors just as cold within,

And truth was just as full of doubt,

The world was just as full of sin.

But in the light of that young smile The world grew pure, the heart grew

And the sunshine gleamed a little while Across the darkness of the storm.

I did not care to seek her name, I only said: "God bless thy life, Thy sweet young grace be still the same, Or happy maid or happy wife."

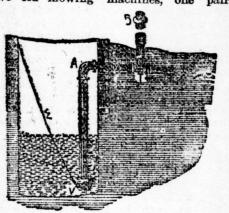
SPLENDID WELL SIPHON. Now in Use in a Quaker's Well-Conducted

Dairy Farm. During a recent visit to the home and farm of Mr. A. W. Evans, some very interesting facts came up, well worthy of mention. He is a common, practical farmer, but an air of thrift seems to per-

vade all the surroundings and efforts of

this worthy Quaker and his wife. A splendid herd of Jerseys that average in test 5.4 at the neighboring creamery, headed by a first-class, pure-bred St. Lambert bull, were ruminating lazily over the fields. A brand new silo, filled just recently, stood like a tall sentinel against the cow barn, as a manifesto that dairying had come to stay at that home. He was in the ice-house, still containing plenty of ice for use in preserving the milk over two days, thus saving a trip to the creamery except every other day, the distance being considerable. A well-balanced ration of the best grain is fed to these cows the year round, and to a very good profit, too.

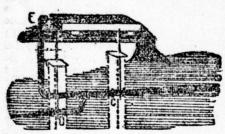
My eye was attracted by a low-wheeled truck, constructed from four wheels of two old mowing machines, one pair



higher than the other, similar to a common wagon. This truck was more used upon the farm for most of the hauling than the ordinary wagon, because of its broad tire and low platform.

The most attractive feature we have to speak of we found in his cow stable, directly in front of his cows. This was a speak of we found in his cow stable, directly in front of his cows. This was a watering device that is novel and useful. It is not possible for all to arrange such a convenient contrivance, yet very many can, and hence I shall illustrate the plan and describe it.

The whole arrangement is nothing short of a siphon from his house well to the barn, and it works like a charm, the bottom of the well being some two feet higher than the point of delivery in the stable. A pipe one inch in diameter was inserted



in the well within one foot of the bottom, elbowed at A, Fig. 1, and connected with a horizontal pipe passing through wall into a trench two feet deep. About four feet from well wall a T union was put on, as indicated in Fig. 1, with an upright pipe extending one foot above ground. This pipe is used to fill up the pipe from bottom of well to the stable, then plugged up with a tap screw, B, put in per-

fectly air tight. The point C, Fig. 2, is an ordinary halfturn stopcock with a rod extending eighteen inches above ground or floor, passing through a six-inch box which lets on the flow of water or cuts it off. At D is another half-turn stop-cock which acts as a drain pipe to keep frost from freezing water in pipe at E. This stop-cock is closed when water is to be drawn for use.

I omitted to state that a valve (V) is necessary at the bottom of pipe in well, while filling. This valve should be loosely put in with a wire (W) from top attached, to draw it up. Fig. 3 shows this valve more clearly. After the pipe is full the



opening of the cock stars the water to flow as a siphon, and it will continue to flow indefinitely, as long as the air is excluded from the pipe, until the well is drained, but subject to the will of the operator in opening the stop-cock at C, or

A device of this character, where possible to operate it, is equal to a running spring and better than a windmill. Persons once in possession of such watering conveniences in their stables are loath to even think of doing without them. They become a practical part of their profitable operations and add hours of real pleasure to their daily labors.-Ohio Farmer.

Noblesse Oblige.

"Hello, Harkaway, are you still in town? I thought you had moved out west and gone into the mining business." "No, I didn't go. That scheme fell

through." "Then you're not going to leave us?" "Oh, yes. I'm getting ready to move."

"Where are you going?"
"I haven't decided yet, but I've got to
go somewhere, Higgins. The boys in the clubs I belong to have given me half a dozen farewell dinners, and as a gentleman and a man of my word I can't stay here any longer after that. - Chicago Tri-

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

How It Was Found by a Lanark County Lady.

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From Brockville Recorder. On a prosperous farm in the township

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and Mrs. Joseph Wood, esteemed by all who know them. Mrs. Wood was born in the village of Merrickville, and spent her whole life there until her marriage, and her many friends are congratulating her on her recovery to health and strength after years of pain and suffering. When the corespondent of the Recorder called at the Wood homestead. Mrs. Wood, although not looking the least like an invalid, said that since girlhood and until recently she was troubled with a weak back that gave her great pain at times. As she grew older the weakness and pain increased, and for nearly twenty years she was never free from it. About a year ago her misery was increased by an attack of sciatica, and this with her back trouble forced her to take her bed, where she remained a helpless invand for over four months. Different doctors attended her and she tried numerous remedies said to be a cure for her trouble, but despite all she continued to grow worse. She was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but she had dosed herself with so many medicines that her faith in the healing virtues of anything was about gone. At last a friend urged her so strongly that she consented to give the Pink Pills a trial. Before the first box was all used she felt a slight improvement, which determined her to continue this treatment. From that out she steadily improved. and was soon able to be up and about the house. A further use of the Pink Pills drove away every vestige of the pains which had so long afflicted her, and she found herself again enjoying the blessing of perfect health. Eight months have passed since she ceased using the Pink Pills, and in that time she has ben entirely free from pain or weakness, and says she is confident no other medicine would have performed the wonder Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for her. She says: "I feel happy not only because I am now free from pain or ache, but because if my old trouble should return at any time I know to what remedy to look for a

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuable to women. They build up the blood, restore the nerves, and eradicate those troubles which make the lives of so many women, old and young, a burden. Dizziness, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache and nervous prostration speedily yield to this wonderful medicine. They are sold only in boxes, the trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2 50, and may be had of druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brock-

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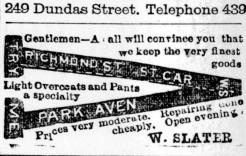


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