Interesting Gossip About Notable Men and Women.

BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

Ireland's new secretary and representative in the Balfour cabinet, Walter Long, is the most complete antithesis of his accomplished and courtly predecessor at Phoenix that it is possible to conceive, and while an honest, straight riding, country squire of the Tory persuasion, he cannot lay claim to any of the intellectual gifts or charm of manner of George Wyndham. He is a hard hitter rather than a persuasive speaker and must be included among those members of the present administration whom Winston Churchill described the other day at Manchester as "cabinet pygmies," mediocrities, whose public utterances not even the newspaer organs of their own party consider it necessary to print for the benefit of the public.

It is difficult to understand just why Long has been chosen for this perticularly delicate post of Irish secretary unless it be that no one else could be induced to accept it. For he is chiefly known in Ireland in connection with his violent quarrels in the house of commons with Dr. Tanner, the pugnacious but warm-hearted nationalist member for Cork, who usually came off victor in his encounters. Moreover, Walter Long has earned widespread unpopularity through his responsibility for the severe dog muzzling and dog quarantine laws now in force throughout the united kingdom. While it cannot be denied that the measures in question has brought about an amazing decrease in the prevalence of rabies, yet the laws rigorously applied, are looked upon as a particularly cruel hardship by all dog lovers, the chief objection being to the act preventing the bringing of any dog into the United Kingdom, no matter after how short an absence abroad without undergoing a six months' quarantine. Indeed, petitions covered with hundreds of thousands of signatures have been presented to the late and present premiers calling upon them to eliminate from the cabinet Walter Long, in one word to muzzle the "dog muzzler."

Walter Long is married to one of the sisters of the Earl of Cork, still plays a fine game of cricket, and in times gone by achieved some celebrity in sporting circles as a particularly daring steeplechase rider.

King Edward, in announcing that there are to be no ceremonial gifts exchanged between the great Indian princes and dignitaries and the Prince of Wales on the occasion of the latter's tour through Hindustan next winter, does not mean that the heir apparent will not present to friends and acquaintances in India souvenirs of his visit and receive from them in return momentos of his stay in India. Indeed, the court jewelers in London are already at work preparing an immense number of scarf pins, bracelets, sleeve links, cigar and cigarette cases,adorned with the jeweled cipher and crown, both of the king and of the prince, to be given away by the latter.

What is meant by Edward VII.'s announcement is that there shall be none of that species of official and compulsory gift offering which is part and parcel of Indian etiquette. It has always been expected, and indeed exacted, from the Indian semi-independent rulers, rajahs and princes, subject to the English crown, that whenever there was any ceremonial exchange of visits the oriental should offer some more or less magnificent present, which was accepted in token of fealty and recognized by some return gift of corresponding importance, but not necessarily of analogous value. Sometimes, indeed, the return gift took the form of an advancement in rank, in the concession of new titles, or, what was prized more highly than anything else, an addition to the number of guns accorded by way of salute. The gifts offered by the native princes were not permitted to be retained by the viceroys, the governors, and the British officials to whom they were presented. They were treated primarily as the property of the sovereign and, according to some, as the property of the crown.

When King Edward made his memorable visit to India as heir apparent just thirty years ago the Indian princes vied with one another in the magnificence of their offerings to their future king. It was not considered prudent at the time to discourage them, as it was believed that they would misunderstand any attempt to interfere with their long established customs. Indeed, parliament went so far as to vote a sum of $700,000 to be devoted exclusively to the purchase of presents to be given by the then Prince of Wales in return for those which he received. Large as was the amount, it proved ridiculously inadequate, since some of the Indian rulers individually spent four and five times that amount in entertaining their future emperor, and several times that sum in mere gifts. Indeed, the Prince of Wales returned to England literally laden with treasures, and those who visited the Paris world's fair of 1878 may recall the oriental looking pavilion, designed by Sir Casper Purdon Clarke, the new director of the Metropolitan Art Museum in New York, and in which all these gifts received by the prince were displayed. Consisting of swords, shields, helmets, all of them studded with immense diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and other kinds of precious stones, jeweled and ivory furniture, golden and jeweled thrones, saddles, bridles, and elephant howdahs, they constituted one of the features of the great exposition, and after being exhibited for several years in the South Kensington museum and other national institutions of the same order for the inspection of the public they have at length found a resting place at Sandringham, where they adorn the walls of the king's Indian ballroom, parliament having turned a deaf ear to the pretensions of those who claimed that the presents in question belonged to the nation and to the people, and decreed that they should remain in the possession of the prince as well earned by the success with which he had contrived during his visit to India to promote native loyalty to the British crown.

Since then, however, the situation has changed. Most of the vassal rulers of India have visited England, and been entertained by their suzerain there, notably in connection with Queen Victoria's two jubilees and the coronation of the king, and on these occasions there has been no such ceremonial exchange of gifts. Some of the princes, indeed, have been educated in England, have visited English universities, and are men of the world, in the western sense of the word. They understand, therefore, that these ceremonial exchanges of gifts are not customary among civilized people, and savor of old fashioned, oriental barbarism.

Moreover, there is the question of expense. All these rulers derive their revenues from taxing their subjects, and the spending of colossal sums of money on presents to royal visitors from England means merely an increase of those exactions from their subjects, which the English government is always endeavoring to diminish without undue interference in the internal administration of the native semi-independent states. So, bearing in mind that under any circumstances the vassal rulers will devote large amounts to the mere entertainment of the Prince and Princess of Wales when they go to India in November, it has been decided to inform the oriental potentates that the prince will neither consent to receive nor will he give any of the official ceremonial gifts.

Sir William Lawrence, by the bye, has been selected by the King to act as the chief of staff of the Prince of Wales, as his adviser and mentor, throughout the tour, subject, of course, to Lord Curzon, having served Lord Curzon until last year as his principal private secretary at Calcutta and at Simla. The position of private secretary to a Viceroy of India is an important one and highly paid, for he is virtually the principal lieutenant and alter ego of the governor-general. Lord Cromer, it may be remembered, was private secretary to the late Lord Northbrook when viceroy; "China" Gordon, who perished at Khartoum, was private secretary to Lord Ripon, and Lord Curzon's new private secretary is a Jewish civil servant of much distinction, of the name of Nathan, brother of Sir Matthew Nathan, the $40,000 a year governor of the important English colony of Hong Kong. He is the first professing Jew, I may add, to hold a position of this kind under the British crown.

One of the most unpleasant features in connection with the scandal caused by the fight between the court of Dresden and the former Crown Princess of Saxony for the possession of her youngest child, Princess Anna Monica, and one which I have not yet seen mentioned in any of the dispatches, is the fact that her aunt, the old Archduchess Marie Louise of Austria, widow of the late Prince Charles Ysemburg-Birstein, who had accompanied her to Italy last fall to act as her chaperon and as her duenna, has felt herself compelled by her niece's conduct to part company with her, and to decline to have anything further to do with her.

The old archduchess, who is a sister of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, father of the ex-crown princess, had, like many others, felt profoundly sorry for her unfortunate niece, taking the ground that she had not been responsible for her actions, owing to the condition of her health, at the time when she fled to Geneva. So last year the archduchess, having obtained the consent of Emperor Francis Joseph, took charge of the ex-crown princess and of the latter's little girl, and left with her for Florence, where everything seemed tending towards, at any rate, a partial reconciliation and rehabilitation of the princess.

Then came the death of old King George, the ill-advised and premature demand by the sympathizers of the princess in Saxony for her return, the angry announcement by the Prime Minister of Saxony, who had always been particularly bitter against her, that reconciliation was out of the question, and, after that, the ill-advised trip to Dresden and her public repulse, turned away from her children's door by the police. All this seems to have contributed to impair, if not her mental balance, at any rate her good resolutions.

Of course, it may be argued that her enemies will put the worst construction upon everything that she may do, and that the detectives by whom she is constantly being watched, are obliged to give play to their imagination at her expense in order to prove their usefulness and that they are worthy of their hire. But the fact remains that the King heard that old Archduchess Marie Louise, who had been full of the most tender sympathy and affection for the ex-crown princess, has considered herself obliged to leave her and, in short, to abandon her to her fate.

What the end of the entire affair will be it is impossible to predict. Dr. Koerner, the lawyer of the King of Saxony, treated the ex-crown princess with so much brutality on the occasions of his meeting with her at Florence, and acted with so much bad judgment in his unsuccessful attempts to secure possession of the child by force or abduction, that he has excited popular sympathy throughout Italy in her behalf, and it is on this account, among others, that the King of Italy has declined to interfere in the matter, declaring that the princess, as long as she remains on Italian soil, can be deprived of her child only by virtue of a decree of the Italian tribunals. For the present the Italian courts would be unlikely to give any such decree against her. But it is to be feared that her abandonment by her family, who seem to have cut completely adrift from her, and the strain on the nerves due to the constant fear of losing the child, will completely wreck once more the princess' reason, and lead her to commit such foolish extravagances that the Italian courts will have no alternative but to pronounce her insane, or at any rate unfit to retain the guardianship of the child. In fact, just at present there is but little hope of the scandal being quieted down. On the contrary, there is every prospect of its becoming more acute before being finally brought to a more or less tragic close.

Meanwhile King George's brother, Prince Maximilian of Saxony, who is a Roman Catholic priest and professor of theology at the famous Roman Catholic University of Friburg, in Switzerland, is at Rome, and almost daily at the Vatican. Although he is closely related to King Victor Emmanuel, whose grandmother, the old Duchess of Genoa, is a sister of the late King George of Saxony, he has not called upon his cousins at the Quirinal nor given any sign of life there. He is understed to be at Rome for the porpose of invoking the intervention of the Pope in the scandal by annulling the marriage which still exists between the ex-crown princess and King Frederick Augustus of Saxony, in the eyes of the Roman Catholic Church, which does not recognize their divorce. But it is difficult to see on what canonical grounds the Vatican can possibly decree the dissolution of the marriage, no matter how anxious it might be to comply with the wishes of Prince Maximilian of Saxony, and it is doubtful whether the Pope will see his way to do anything whatever in the matter.

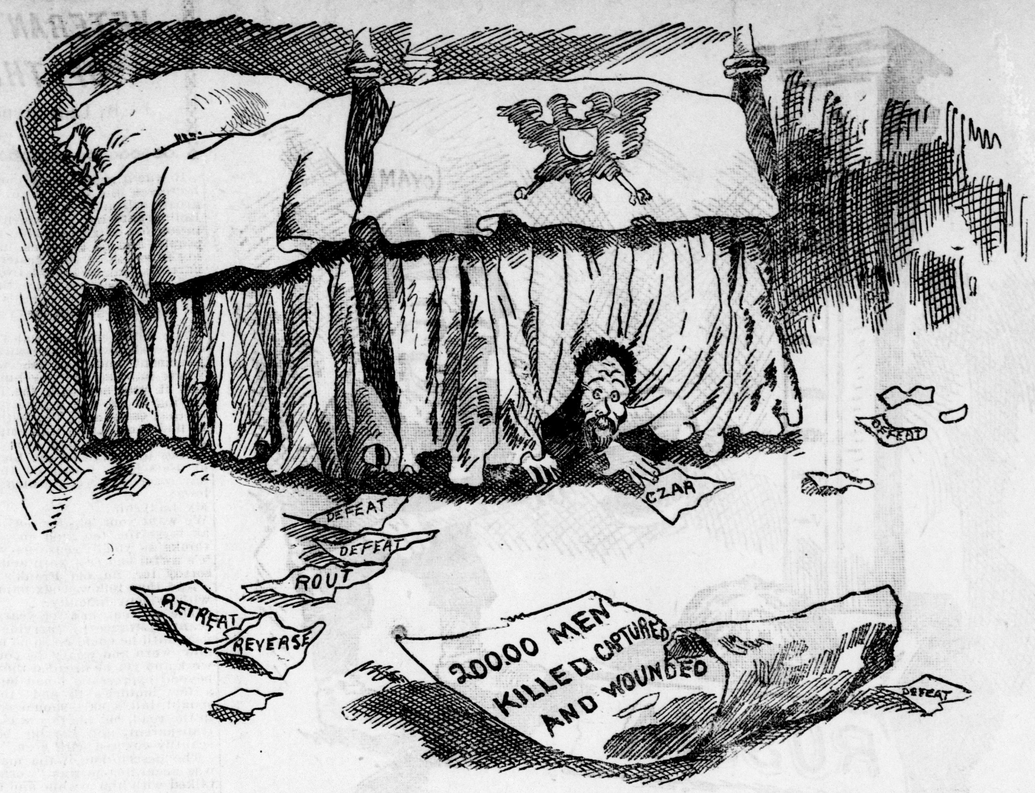
The prince, by the way, entered holy orders as the result, it is said, of an unfortunate affaire de coeur, having up to that time been a brilliant cavalry officer. He has persistently declined all ecclesiastical honors—bishoprics, arcnbishoprics, and even the hat of a cardinal having been already offered to him. He spent the first two years of his ministry doing missionary work in the Whitechapel slums of London. Afterward, for a short time, he acted as mere curate of a church at Nuremburg, and then, finding that he could not escape in Germany the honors due to his rank as a prince of the blood, sought and obtained the professorship of theology at Friburg, in the Swiss Republic, where his royalty goes for nothing.

The medical men and specialists designated by the French tribunals and the court of Vienna to determine the question of the sanity of Princess Louise of Coburg, eldest daughter of the King of the Belgians, have now about completed their work, and have come to the conclusion that while the princess is inclined to prodigality, and easily influenced, yet she is, on the whole, capable of managing her own affairs, and certainly not in a condition of mind as would warrant any interference with her entire freedom. In fact, the alienists, by whose verdict the princess, her husband and the court at Vienna have agreed to abide, declare that the princess is entitled to her liberty, and that her detention for so many years in an insane asylum at Dresden has been unjustified. The verdict will be officially proclaimed after it has been submitted by the Austrian ambassador at Paris to the court at Vienna.

Princess Louise of Coburg is at the present moment still living at the Hotel Westminster, on the Rue de la Paix, at Paris, with two companions, at the rate of $60 a day, which rate, if continued long enough, will soon exceed the allowance of $15,000 a year which her husband, Philip of Coburg, contributed to her support while she was in the insane asylum, and which he has been obliged by Emperor Francis Joseph to continue to this day. As soon as her future is definitely decided, after the official publication of the diagnosis of the examining physicians, pronouncing her to be in possession of her reason, she will take an apartment in some less expensive quarter of the French metropolis, which she will make her headquarters, spending her winters in the south of France.

While she does not forget that she is a royal princess and the daughter of a reigning sovereign, yet she has profited by her bitter experiences of the past, and declining all offers of credit on the part of fashionable couturiers, who are aware that at her father's death she will be entitled by law to a part of his colossal fortune, this woman, who formerly thought nothing of spending $20,000 and $30,000 for a single dress, now gets her frocks from the Louvre, just like any little Partisian or provincial bourgeoise. It is probable that her father may add to the allowance which she is now receiving. For he cannot but appreciate her conduct in absolutely declining to join her sister Stephanie in the latter's recent unsuccessful lawsuit against him for the possession of their mother's fortune. Indeed, the relations between the two sisters are, to say the least, strained, and Louise neither forgives nor forgets the fact that during all the time that she was locked up as insane, Stephanie, although she knew her to be in her right mind, never made any attempt to see her, or manifested the slightest sympathy or interest in her fate.

Two Germans have discovered a method by which they can hear plants grow. In the apparatus the growing plant is connected with a disk, having in its center an indicator which moves visibly and regularly, and this on a scale 50 times magnified denotes the progress in growth. Both disk and indicator are metal, and when brought in contact with an electric hammer, the electric current being interrupted at each of the divided interstices of the disk, the growth of the plant is as perceptible to the ear as to the eye.



VOICE FROM UNDER THE BED: "LET THE WAR GO ON!"

IS THE ROYAL BENGAL TIGER THE KING OF BEASTS?

BY S. O. D. IN CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

The lion and the royal Bengal tiger are the largest and most formidable members of the cat family, and men who have hunted both usually regard the tiger as being, contrary to the popular notion, the more ferocious and dangerous beast of the two. There is not much difference between their average sizes. Both usually weigh from 200 to 500 pounds and measure from eight to ten feet from tip of nose to tip of tail, and both have massive muscular development, the tiger being, perhaps, on the whole, the more powerful of the two. The tiger seen in zoological gardens is usually a long, lithe animal, whose muscles, from lack of exercise, have grown flabby, but the tiger in his native jungles is bulky, and his muscles stand out all over his body, showing the effects of his nightly pursuit of and struggles with his prey.

Like the lion, the tiger seldom attacks men unless they first attack him. He usually tries to avoid them, and if he accidentally meets a man he commonly passes by without paying any attention to him, or retreats into the forest. A little more than twenty years ago, near Bhundra, in the Jubbulpur district, there was a large, powerful tiger which had stolen 500 of the natives' cattle, but which never had been known to molest man, woman, or child. Most tigers prowl about only at night. This one was so bold he went about the neighborhood at all times of the day and night, robbing cattle pens whenever he wished. He often met men, and even women and children, alone. When this happened he passed without any show of hostility, although he was hunted by officers, civilians, and everybody else for fourteen years. The bold depredator was at last killed by the great hunter, Sir Samuel W. Baker.

However, when the tiger is attacked by man he will usually turn and defend himself; and then he becomes one of the most dangerous of all wild beasts. Hunting the tiger is regarded in India as the noblest, as well as the most perilous, of sports. If a tiger is thought to be in the neighborhood a live bullock is put in the jungle as bait for him. The bullock had best not be tied by the neck, for the tiger might then suspect a trap and refuse to attack him. He is usually tied by the leg. The bullock must also be in good flesh, for unless the tiger is extremely hungry he will not kill a skinny animal. Having killed the bullock and sated himself, the tiger lies down somewhere not far from it to sleep.

Early next morning the hunters go out on horses or elephants and "beat up" the jungle. When his repose is broken, the tiger ferociously assails man or any other animal, including even the lordly elephant. He attacks the elephant by leaping up and seizing the upper part of its trunk firmly with claws and teeth. The elephant is usually more than a match for him, in a fair fight, but if the tiger gets a good hold the pain he causes the elephant quickly brings the larger animal to its knees. If there is a good shot in the party he, about this time, takes a hand and ends the contest.

The tiger does not, like the lion, strike a heavy blow with his paw. When he leaps upon a man he claws him terribly upon the head, and seizing him with his jaws in the region of the shoulder drives his long, powerful teeth into both back and chest until they meet in his victim's lungs. In attacking a bullock the tiger leaps upon the animal's forequarters and with jaws and paws gives his neck a twist which usually breaks it. The tiger's weight, coupled with the velocity of his leap, gives him a momentum sufficient to overthrow almost any animal he fights with except the elephant. His strength is so great that, like the lion, he drags off full-grown cattle, and can leap a fence with a good-sized bullock in his jaws. However, he sometimes meets his match not only in the elephant but also in buffalo bull. Wild bulls often beat a tiger off single-handed when the stealthy animal fails to take them by surprise, and in some parts of India a tame bull may sometimes be seen chasing a tiger up a hill, as a cow chases a dog, apparently relishing the sport.

The tiger feeds principally on cattle, deer, wild hogs, pea-fowl, etc. As already stated, it seldom attacks man unless attacked first; and even when it kills a man it often does not eat him. It sometimes happens, however, that a tiger which has got a taste of human flesh turns "man-eater." The man-eater is usually an old tiger or tigress which has become unable to catch game, and has therefort taken to hunting villages for women or children who may venture forth unprotected. As cunning as it is cowardly, it flies precipitately before an armed man. But not all man-eaters are of this sort. Several years ago an audacious, powerful, and ferocious tiger posted himself on a road near Mandla and adopted the practice of dragging the natives from their carts and devouring them in the adjoining wood. When two or more carts were together the tiger made off with the driver of the rear one. The English superintendent of police tried to trap the animal. He put a sawdust dummy in one cart, and taking a seat, gun in hand, in another, drove past the tiger's lair. The tiger was on hand, as expected, but the ox teams became scared and ran away, the superintendent failed to fire, and the tiger got away with the dummy. A short time later the dangerous beast was killed by a native hunter. In three years 546 people and 6,882 cattle (including asses and pigs), were killed by tigers in Central India alone.

The tigress gives birth to from two to six cubs. The cubs remain with her until about 2 years old. She has been known to desert them when hard pressed and even to eat them when hungry; but she usually guards and instructs them with great courage and maternal care. When they begin to require other food besides her milk she commences to kill for them and to teach them the art of hunting and killing. They first practice on deer, calves, and pigs. While training her young the mother sets them a ferocious and bloodthirsty example. At other periods neither male nor female kills more game than is required to save its hunger, but at this period the female destroys with wanton cruelty every living thing that comes near or that she can find. The male tigers kill young male cubs when they get a chance, and many family fights take place over the children.

The true tiger is found nowhere except in Asia and Asiatic islands. Its habitat extends from the Territory of Amur on the north to the Islands of Java, Sumatra, and Bali on the south.

SUDDEN TRANSITION from a hot to a cold temperature, exposure to rain, sitting in a draught, unseasonable substitution of light for heavy clothing, are fruitful causes of colds and the resultant cough so perilous to persons of weak lungs. Among the many medicines for bronchial disorders so arising, there is none better than Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Try it and become convinced. Price, 25 cents.

Vegetable silk, made of cotton and collodion, is to be manufactured in Mexico on a large scale. The cost is only one-fifth to one-fifteenth of real silk.

TO DISCERN and deal immediately with causes and overcome them, rather than to battle with effects after the disease has secured a lodgement, is the chief aim of the medical man, and Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is the result of patient study along this particular line. At the first appearance of a cold the Syrup will be found a most efficient remedy, arresting development and speedily healing the affected parts, so that the ailment disappears.

Women of the Spanish aristocracy have given jewels valued at £15,000 to make a new crown tor the reputedly wonder-working silver image of the Virgin in Seville Cathedral.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARGET IN COWS.

About 1,000,000 telegrams are sent over the world's wires daily. In 1903 the total was 364,848,474. England sent 92,471,000. United States was second with 91,391,000. Germany, Russia, Austria, Belgium and Italy followed in the order named.

How the Stomach and Kidneys Depend on the Inside Nerves

Every day medical science becomes more simple—and MORE CERTAIN. Simplicity and certainty go hand in hand. For science has learned that while there are many diseases, yet there are but few real CAUSES of disease. That is, there are many names by which we know aches and pains and disorders. But most of these ailments spring from a common cause.

For instance, indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles—diabetes, Bright's disease and other kidney disorders—heart troubles, liver troubles, bowel troubles, nervousness, fretfulness, sleeplessness, irritability—all of these ailments are due to this single cause. Painful, disagreeable and dangerous, though they be, they are not separate diseases—and they are not to be treated as such. They are merely OUTWARD signs of INWARD trouble — NERVE trouble.

Understand first that we have two entirely separate nerve systems. When we walk, or talk, or act, we call into play a certain set of nerves—nerves which obey our mental commands. That is why the arm can be raised, or the mouth opened, or the eye shut, at the slightest desire. That is why your fingers can delicately pick up a pin one moment, and hold a heavy hammer the next.

But these are not the nerves we are to consider here.

There is another set of nerves which manages and governs and actuates the heart and the stomach, the kidneys and the liver and all of the vital functions. You cannot control these nerves. By no supreme effort of mind can you make your heart stop or start—nor can you even make it vary by a single beat a minute. And so with the stomach and the liver and the kidneys and the bowels—they are automatic—they do their work at a certain set speed whether you are awake or asleep—whether you want them to or not.

It is on these INSIDE nerves that life and health depends. So long as these nerves perform their proper duties we are well and strong. When they fail, we know it by the inevitable symptoms—stomach, heart, liver, kidney troubles. And these troubles have no other origin, ever, than in these same nerves. For the stomach, the heart, the liver, the kidneys, have no power of their own, no self-control. They owe their every impulse to the inside nerves. The nerves are the masters. The organs their slaves.

These automatic nerves are sometimes called the "sympathetic" nerves. This name is given them because of the close bond of sympathy which exists between all branches. This explains why stomach trouble often develops into heart trouble—why indigestion brings on nervousness—why diseases become complicated. It explains, too, why ordinary medical treatments are wrong—why medicine so frequently fails.

For, despite the discoveries of science, the common remedies of the day are designed to treat the organ, not the nerve—the SYMPTOM instead of the cause.

Don't you, though you may not know medicine at all, see that this is wrong? That it is mere patchwork? That while the suffering organ is enjoying its temporary relief, the nerve that is really sick may be getting worse and worse? Does this not explain to you why relapse so frequently follows a supposed cure? Does this not account for the uncertainties of medicine?

More than thirty years ago this thought came to me:

"If life and health depend upon perfect heart action, upon proper stomach digestion, upon correct kidney filtering, why does not life itself depend upon these life governing power nerves—these inside nerves.

I realized, too, that all ailments which result from one cause may, of course, be cured by one remedy. I resolved not to doctor the organs, but to treat the one nerve system which operates them all.

For those who treat only the symptoms need a different remedy for each. Such treatments are only palliative; the results do not last. A cure can never come in disease of the stomach, heart, liver or kidneys, until the inside nerve power is restored. When that is done, Nature removes the symptoms. There is no need of doctoring them.

My remedy—now known by druggists everywhere, as Dr. Shoop's Restorative—is the result of a quarter century of endeavor along this very line. It does not dose the organ or deaden the pain—but it does go at once to the nerve—the inside nerve—the power nerve—and builds it up, and strengthens it and makes it well.

There is no mystery—no miracle. I can explain my treatment to you as easily as I can tell you why cold freezes water and why heat melts ice. Nor do I claim a discovery. For every detail of my treatment is based on truths so fundamental that none can deny them. And every ingredient of my medicine is as old as the hills it grows on. I simply applied the truths and combined the ingredients into a remedy that is practically certain.

In more than a million homes my remedy is now known, and relied upon. Yet you may not have heard of it. So I make this offer to you, a stranger, that every possible excuse for doubt may be removed. Send no money—make no promise—take no risk. Simply write and ask. If you have never tried my remedy, I will send you an order on your druggist for a full dollar bottle—not a sample, but the regular standard bottle he keeps constantly on his shelves. The druggist will require no conditions. He will accept my order as cheerfully as though your dollar lay before him. He will send the bill to me.

Will you accept this opportunity to learn at MY EXPENSE ABSOLUTELY how to be rid forever of all forms of nervousness—to be rid not only of the trouble, but of the very cause which produced it? Write today.

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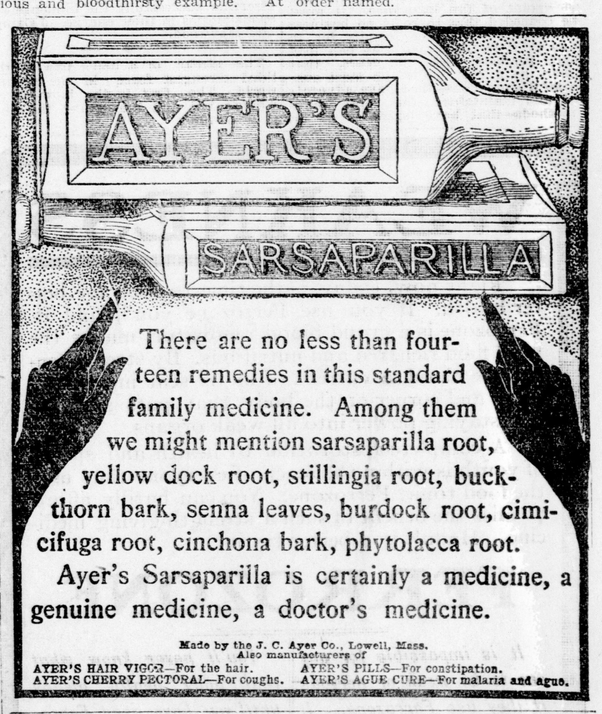
C. I. SHOOP, M.D.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative



There are no less than fourteen remedies in this standard family medicine. Among them we might mention sarsaparilla root, yellow dock root, stillingia root, buckthorn bark, senna leaves, burdock root, cimicifuga root, cinchona bark, phytolacca root.

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