

NAPOLÉON'S ACCOUNT BOOK

Some Entries Made During His Exile at St. Helena.

There was recently sold in London the last book of accounts of Napoleon at St. Helena, from 1815 to 1821. The expenses are classified by month and were kept by Pierron, the ex-emperor's maitre d'hotel, with entries by Montholon.

There are many corrections in pencil by the august exile himself, for he verified all the accounts and changed English money, where it was used, into francs. Some of the entries are highly interesting. Thus, on Aug. 15, 1819, the fete of the emperor, here is one by Montholon: "Artificial flowers, £5. Extraordinary expenses, £1 5s."

Napoleon's resources at St. Helena were very modest, but his tradesmen, as regarded their prices, never forgot that he was an emperor—though an exiled one. Among other occupations to while away the time that hung so heavily on his hands, Napoleon went in for gardening, and among the entries are found: "Four watering cans, £1 8s.; 2 pairs of pruners, £3; 2 axes, £4 10s."—prices which look as if the exile was simply regarded as a subject for fleecing. "For mending the emperor's bed" £2 is charged.

Toward the end of his life Napoleon's nourishment consisted almost entirely of chickens, pigeons, and eggs, and there are numerous entries for medicines. In March, 1821, for instance, thirty bottles of sirup, one case of prunes, two cases of Burgundy plums; in April, ten bottles of sirup, eight dozen oranges, eight dozen lemons.—London Globe.

BAD CROP YEARS.

When Birds and Animals Do Not Mate at the Mating Season.

"When birds and animals do not mate at the mating season, it is a sign that a bad year is coming," said a farmer.

"Quails, gophers, rabbits and squirrels all refuse to mate in certain years. These years afterward turn out to be bad ones. The quails are particularly weather wise. By instinct the little wild creatures know that for lack of rain or for some other reason there is to be a grass famine and a seed famine, and, instead of pairing off and mating and setting up housekeeping in little families of two, they remain unmated in the large bands in which they have down all winter, living, as it were, a kind of apartment house life. That year inevitably turns out a bad one, though the bachelor and spinster quails, with a good deal of picking and scratching, manage to get enough to eat. But to feed families of little ones in such a famine year would be impossible.

"In California the squirrels in a famine year not only do not mate; they do not even live. They become dormant. As by a miracle, they remain dormant until a season of plenty comes with the next winter's rains."—Exchange.

For Her Welfare.

Mrs. Goodheart had made up her mind that most of the so called charity of the present day was not, strictly speaking, charity at all. Whoever gave, she had concluded, did so for the pleasant sensation of seeing his or her name figure on subscription lists, and she did not agree with this ostentation.

"Here, my good man," she said one day last week to a man who had begged alms of her, "here is a threepenny piece, and please to understand that I do not give this because I hope to be rewarded for my charity some day, but because it gives me pleasure to do so."

The burly beggar looked dubiously at the tiny silver coin.

"Look 'ere, mum," he said. "In this 'ere wicked world we don't often get the chance to enjoy ourselves. Why not make it a shillin' an' 'ave a real good time?"—London Tit-Bits.

Important Correction.

Under the terror in France people learned to be excessively cautious in all they said and still more cautious in what they wrote.

An old letter is said to be in existence of the revolutionary period in which the author had at first written to a friend, "I write under the reign of a great emotion."

Then, apparently reflecting that it was dangerous to speak of "reigns" at such an epoch, he amended the sentence thus:

"I write under the republic of a great emotion."

Forethought.

"That fellow Mulkley you were engaged to at one time may have some of your old love letters, may he not?" asked the husband. "And aren't you afraid he might be cad enough to—"

"Not a bit," replied the wife decisively. "He knows I've got a trunkful of his love letters to reciprocate if he ever does."—Judge.

Helped His Ambition.

"Thank you, judge," said the prisoner sentenced to thirty days on bread and water.

Seeing that the magistrate was puzzled, he explained that he long had desired to try the simple life, but lacked the courage to begin. — Philadelphia Ledger.

An Exception.

Mrs. Peagreen—is 13 always an unlucky number?

Not when you hold all of the trumps in a game of whist.—Kansas City Independent.

Diagnosis.

Knicker—My wife says she feels like an old rag. Bocker—Then the only cure is to buy her some new ones.—New York Sun.

Town Without Horses or Wheels.

The town of Funchal, in the Madeira Islands, is a town with no horses and no wheeled vehicles. In traveling about one either drives in a sledge or is carried in a hammock. The streets and adjacent roads are paved with small and curiously smooth cobblestones, and from the first it was found that runners were better than wheels both for speed and comfort. For instance, when you come to a hill the oxen draw your sled to the top and are then unhitched. Your driver then proceeds to toboggan your conveyance gently down the other side, while the team trots on behind. Horses are not available in Funchal, as the nature of the cobblestone roads would soon ruin their feet. This is why the ox, with his flexible hoof, is the draft animal of Funchal. For expeditions into the country the hammock is used. This is slung on a pole, carried on the shoulders of two men, and is perhaps the most comfortable conveyance in the world—no jar and no need to guide it.

A City on the Cliffs.

Precisely why the town of Bonifacio, in Corsica, is built to the sheer edge of the cliff which forms the sea frontage of that part of the island is a question always asked by the traveler who views Bonifacio for the first time, and he reiterates his question when he observes, upon visiting the environs of the place, that there is plenty of room for the town to have spread out in an inland direction. The early Corsicans apparently thought that farm land was worth more than city real estate and so crowded their dwellings to the dizzy edge of their 200 foot precipice. One's first impression is that these houses, with their walls on a vertical plane with the cliff, were purposely so situated that the body of a victim of a dark vendetta murder might be conveniently dropped out of the window into the sea beneath, with no one the wiser. Certainly there is a suggestion of romance and mystery in the aspect of the town. It forms, at any rate, one of the oddest sky lines in the world.

Bear Hunting.

Bear hunting, with the assistance of guides supplied with a well trained pack of hounds, may be satisfactory if merely the killing of them is desired, but it certainly is no sport and deserves not even to be ranked with trapping bears, as in the latter case the hunter must possess at least some knowledge of the quarry's habitat and habits. Unlike a fox, a bear, when once found by the hounds, stands no chance whatever of escaping, and there would be just as much sport in shooting the animals in a park or pen as to kill a run to bay bear. And, while this truth applies to mountain lions also, there is not even the excuse of the animal's destructiveness, which is applicable as far as the latter is concerned.—Field and Stream.

The Poodle.

Why is a poodle, so called? Some one says: "Probably the natural answer would recall the old lady who said that no credit could be given to Adam for naming the pig, since anybody would have known what to call it. 'Poodle' seems so obvious a name for this dog. And, in fact, this is not far from the truth about the origin of the word. It is quite recent in English, not being found before 1864, apparently. It is the German 'pudel,' which comes from the Low German, 'pudeln,' to waddle, and the dog must have been so called, as Skeat says, either because he waddles after his master or because he looks fat and clumsy on account of his thick hair."

Coldness of Ice.

It seems strange to think that some ice is colder than other ice. The term "ice cold" always seems to signify a definite temperature. All water under similar conditions freezes at a certain definite temperature. But when the thermometer falls below that it continues to affect the ice, making it harder and colder. The test has been made by placing a piece of ice from the north and a piece of ice formed in the vicinity of New York near a stove together. The former took much longer to melt than the latter.—New York Tribune.

Viewing the Remains.

It had been a strenuous afternoon for the devoted teacher who took six of her pupils through the Museum of Natural History, but her charges had enjoyed every minute of the time.

"Where have you been, boys?" asked the father of two of the party that night, and the answer came with joyous promptness:

"We've been to a dead circus."

Rubinstein on Piano Playing.

When a pupil happened to ask Rubinstein how certain passages should be construed, he invariably showed them. But if a pupil asked, "Shall I play this in this manner or that?"—both equally correct—Rubinstein invariably replied: "Play as you feel. Is the day rainy? Play it this way. Is the day sunny? Play it the other way."

Cutting.

A certain photographer is exhibiting in his window the photograph of a young man with the following inscription attached to it: "This is the man who put his hair in curls to have his photograph taken and then can't pay for them."

It Might Have Been Worse.

Lydia—I'm just as mad as I can be with Charlie. He kissed me right before all the girls. Georgette—Well, isn't that better than if he kissed all the girls before you?

Experience is the great test of truth, and is perpetually contradicting the theories of men.—Dr. Johnson.

TENNYSON'S MOODS.

Eccentric Manner in Which the Poet Received Some Visitors.

It was an eccentric reception that Sir Henry Rosco was given when he visited Lord Tennyson. The former had been unwilling to intrude on the poet, but consented to accompany a friend, William Summers, who had a note of introduction from Sir Lewis Morris. They found Tennyson at lunch. Sir Henry writes of it: "Tennyson at once asked me to sit by him, while Mr. Summers was held in conversation at the other side of the room by Lady Tennyson. The old man began with the words, 'Your name has been before me at every meal,' at which I expressed great astonishment, not thinking that he had ever heard of me.

"And thereupon he produced a small vial containing saccharin, on the outside of which was an advertisement containing a few lines of some appreciative remarks respecting saccharin which I had made in a lecture at the Royal Institute. This notice I had never seen, and on my return home I wrote to the proprietors requesting them to stop issuing such notices, as I could not have my name used for advertising purposes, and this they did.

"In a few minutes, without further conversation, Tennyson rose and said: 'Well, I must bid you goodbye, for I must now lie down. I am going to smoke a cigar and go to sleep.' Upon which he walked out of the room, giving a distant nod to my disconsolate friend, Will Summers, who had come on purpose to interview the poet, but with whom he had not exchanged a single word."

MATCHES ON MAIL BOXES.

The Scratcher May Afterward Get a Light on Prison Bars.

Mr. Smoker, see to it that your Uncle Samuel doesn't catch you striking a match on one of his mail boxes. He'll surely make trouble for you if he can prove that a certain scratch on the metal of one of those gray boxes on the corners was made by your drawing the tip of a lucifer across it.

That's about what the mail carrier told the fellow who is handing you this advice. It was given just after the adviser had stopped, feeling "smoky" after coming out of an office where they wouldn't let him puff the stogie he had in his pocket, to scratch a match on the mail box. He was rather surprised when the mail carrier, coming up to unlock the box, said:

"Don't do that!"

"Why not?" he queried. "I've been doing it for years. It doesn't hurt the box. Other fellows and myself have scratched matches on the top of this mail box for years, and there is only a little worn patch on the metal to show for it."

"Well, go ahead if you want to," sighed the mail carrier. "But remember that, if the inspector sees you, up you go on a charge of defacing government property. And you know that if the inspector ever gets you it's you for scratching matches on the prison bars for a day or so. By-by."—Detroit News.

How the Great Penguin Hatches.

It may interest you to know that the great penguin of the southern circle standing with its head as high as a man's waist, hatches its eggs in a peculiar manner. These are not laid upon the ground and brooded on after the manner of most birds' eggs. The female lays two large eggs. The first she hands over to the male bird, the other she keeps. The egg is held on the upper surface of the large flat feet, and is pushed up under the waistcoat of thick feathers. It is there held close to the body, whose warmth gradually vitalizes the young bird. So tenacious are the parent birds of this grip that if you knock one of them over it will fall on its back with its feet stuck stiffly out, still clutching the egg to its body.—Saturday Review.

Tommy and His Pets.

The British soldier is inordinately fond of his animal pets and has also the reputation of coveting those of his neighbors, particularly dogs and mongoses. Parrots he simply adores, and it is calculated that their strength in the service is in the proportion of at least six birds a Tommy. He is supposed to teach them to be personal in their language, but as a matter of fact Tommy is for some unaccountable reason a very emotional man, and his birds as often as not have to submit to a sound musical education, hymns being as often taught them as the comic songs of the day.—Allahabad Pioneer.

The Same Old Dish.

Two thousand years ago the chafing dish was used by the Greeks and Romans. It was so popular that it was used for a table ornament, just as floral pieces are used now. Pliny relates that the tragic actor, Æsopos, had a dish worth 1,000 sesterces. No doubt then, as at the present time, the actor enjoyed his hot midnight meal filled with grateful appreciation of the chafing dish.

An Inspiration.

"Of course," said the new rector, "you hope eventually to reside in a heavenly mansion where—"

"Oh, yes," interrupted Miss Uppisch. "and I do hope it won't be too close to the heavenly huts of the poor."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Good Example.

Generous Uncle—I will make you a monthly allowance; but, understand me, I will pay no debts! Nephew—All right, uncle. Neither will I.—Meggen-dorfer Blatter.

Believe that every longing of your soul contains its own prophecy of fulfillment.—Bradbury.

A Wonderful Prodigy.

The king of prodigies died on June 27, 1725, at the age of five, after having astonished the whole world. His story is the most remarkable in human annals and is attested by evidence which has satisfied all the learned inquirers who have written about him. The infant, Christian Heineken, was born of respectable parents in Lubeck, 1721. A few hours after his birth he began a conversation, at ten months there was scarcely a subject on which he could not express an opinion and at a year and a month he had mastered both the Old and New Testaments. He was only two and a half when he was able to answer questions concerning anything in ancient and modern history, and he was also at this time an expert geographer. He spoke Latin and French, and at the age of four was speaking in the French language at the court of Denmark. All this time he was being nursed by his mother. At the age of five it became necessary for him to be weaned, and in consequence of this change of diet he died, leaving psychologists an insoluble problem.—Westminster Gazette.

The Tailor's Gardens.

Early in the reign of Louis XVI. the author of a book entitled "Le Parterre Geographique et Historique" suggested that these gardens should be laid out to represent the provinces of France. On Sept. 4, 1793, a deputation came to the national convention, and the spokesman, Anaxagoras Chaudette, said that "the eyes of republicans would rest with more pleasure on that former domain of the crown when it produced objects of prime necessity. Would it not be better to grow plants which were needed for the hospitals than to leave there statues, fleurs-de-lis, box trees and other objects which ministered to the luxury and pride of kings?"—Notes and Queries.

"Little Father" Nicholas warns his "little children" that Russia's liberty cherries are not ripe, but the greedy youngsters are prepared to take them on faith and run the chances of colic.

The Breath of Life.

It's a significant fact that the strongest animal of its size, the gorilla, also has the largest lungs. Powerful lungs means powerful creatures. How to keep the breathing organs right should be man's chiefest study. Like thousands of others, Mrs. Ora A. Stephens, of Port Williams, O., has learned how to do this. She writes: "Three bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery stopped my cough of two years and cured me of what my friends thought consumption. O, it's grand for throat and lung troubles." Guaranteed by C. A. Jack, druggist. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a petition, of which the following is a copy, has been filed in the office of the county auditor of Mille Lacs county, State of Minnesota, and that a hearing will be had upon said petition before the county board at the office of the county auditor of said county, in the village of Princeton, on the 1st day of October, A. D. 1906, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Dated at Princeton, Minn., this 5th day of September, 1906.
E. E. WHITNEY,
County Auditor.

PETITION FOR PUBLIC DITCH.

To the County Board of the County of Mille Lacs, State of Minnesota: The undersigned land owners, whose lands will be liable to be affected by, or assessed for, the expense of the construction of the proposed public ditch hereinafter described, would respectfully represent that the public health, convenience and welfare and the reclamation of wet and overflowed lands require the establishment and construction of a public ditch along the following described route in the towns of Milo and Bogus Brook (being towns 37 N., ranges 26 and 27 west), in said county of Mille Lacs, and that the construction of the same would be of public benefit and utility.

A general description of the proposed starting point, route and terminus of said ditch is as follows: Commencing at a point ten (10) rods south of the northeast corner of the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section twelve (12), in township thirty-seven, range twenty-seven, and passing over and across the following described lands, in a southeasterly and easterly direction, as follows, to-wit: The E½ of the SW¼ and the SW¼ of SE¼ of section twelve, the NE¼ and the NE¼ of SE¼ of section thirteen, in township thirty-seven north, range twenty-seven west; the W½ of SW¼ of section eighteen, the N½ of NE¼, the W½ of NE¼, the SE¼ of NE¼ and the E½ of the SE¼ of section nineteen, the S½ of the SW¼, the W½ of the SE¼ and the NE¼ of the SE¼ of section twenty, the SW¼ of the SW¼ of the SE¼ of section twenty-one, the N½ of the NE¼ of section twenty-eight, the NW¼ of the NW¼ of section twenty-seven, the SW¼ of the SW¼ and the NE¼ of the SW¼ of section twenty-two, and terminating at a point in Rum river in said tract herein last described, as its outlet, in township thirty-seven north, of range twenty-six west.

And your petitioners pray that you will proceed to establish such proposed public ditch and cause the same to be constructed as provided by chapter two hundred thirty (230), of the General Laws of Minnesota for 1905.

Dated July 5th, 1906.
Sam'l Droogsma, Jonas Norman, August Anderson, Peter J. Carlson, Christian Minks, Andrew Jorgensen, S. C. Nelson, Gust W. Johnson, Jacob Van Rhee, Svan Nelson, F. G. Magnuson, O. E. Gustafson, John Kuperus, Mrs. Josephine Johnson

The Myers Ratchet-Handle Force and Lift PUMP

This may well be called the work-easy pump. This pump has a capacity of from 500 to 600 gallons per hour, according to rise of cylinder. The handle is so constructed that the distance from the handle to the piston rod is only 3 inches, with an 8-inch stroke, as against 5½ inches on other pumps with a 6-inch stroke. When in need of a pump look this over before purchasing elsewhere. My prices are the lowest.



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feet add greatly to a woman's attractions. Coarse, clumsy shoes have the opposite effect. We give special attention to

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S. LONG,

First Street, - Princeton, Minn.

It arouses energy, develops and stimulates nervous life, arouses the courage of youth. It makes you young again. That's what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do. 35 cents, tea or tablets. C. A. Jack.