OREGONIAN, PORTLAND, JANUARY 29, 1903.

GOING TO WED, DESPITE HER ROYAL SIRE

Princess Clementine, of Belgium, Determined to Marry Prince Victor Napoleon

dr.

RUBBELS, Jan. 12-Oppeial Corres-There was a ruthor last year that. Trincess Clementine, the youngest daugh-ter of King Leopoid of the Beigians, had become engaged, in spite of her fathers to Princess who has lived for years a very retired if-e-did not isave Lasken through-out the whole of the past warm Summer season. By the King's orders she was converted to relincation her control the ward to relincation her control the terms to Princess who has lived for years a very retired if the fathers season. By the King's orders she was as head of the Bonaparte family, would be Emperor of France today if the Napoleons had managed to stick to the throne. That rumor was promptly and vigorously denied before the sublic fairly had a chance to consider the significance and interest of och an alliance

I have authority which I consider unquestionable for saying that, whatever may have been the case when the rumor was first denied, it is now an absolute fact, and it begins to look as if the efforts of King Leopoid to prevent the match would be futlie.

Prince Victor has just been making a Frome There is a courts of Europe, with many of the various courts of Europe, with family opidien on the matter, and every where, it is reported, the proposed ulti-tar provides to business to intrude on my arrow how he on received with fawor. It is recognized that the Prince cught to marry, and no letter wife could be find, in the estricted sincle of royalty, than the stately, general Princess Clementine. In every respect she is worthy to mate with a repestative of the Napoleonic dynasty, and to be, perhaps, the mother of one who may all upon the throne of France, even if the Frince himself should never attain what the French imperialists consider his

rightful goudth One reason King Leopold is so strongly opposed to the match is that he fours the mity of the French Republican party, who would see in the marriage & source of strength to the Bonapartists. Not to he alise to escape constantly to Paris would be a matter of great annoyance to the Belgian monarch, who, when there, love aside all that chilling, distant manter which grates so much on the suscepsthillities of the democratic Beigtans, And besides, the King is interveted in many business ventures which would suffer if last the triendship of the French gov

Tried to Eject Her Father's Guests. is no secret that the King and Prinwas Ciementine do not live happily togeth-

or, the Princess greatly resenting certain

nally brings ber into contact with people she considers undesirable.

A story is told which explains why the compelled to relinquish her usual visit to Outend as a punishment for a little "con-tretensys" which occurred one fine morn-ing in the Spring, when the Princess was taking a stroll in the park at Lacken. She saw likers, to her surprise, two women who appeared to be as much at home there as hereal. One was a young and very beautiful girl, the other, evidently the

privary." "Ch," sneered the younger of the women, toming her head, "but perhaps her royal highness is not aware that we are staying at the palace as the guests of the King. who is most gracious to both of us, and has given permission that we shall do whatever we like." The Princess was threatening to call the

guard and have them turned out when the King came on the scene, and the Princes sepended to him. "These ladies are my guests," said the

King wrathfully, "and are welcome to go anywhere they please. Go to your apart-ments at once, and do not leave them un-th I send for you, and do not interfere

MACE W BRUDSE CLEMENTINE HAS BEEN NEPTA TESS

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beautiful girl, the other, evidently the mother, though older, was equally hand-some. The Princess, with that gracious manner which is rehowned throughout Eu-rope, went to them, and thinking they were unintentional intruders, said. "I beg your partion, Meedannes, but perhaps you do not know this is private ground." The women isolaed her squarely in the eyes and the mother replied. "Oh, yes we do, but we like to walk here."

has a right to dispose of his immense private fortune as he likes, or whe foer he is not bound by his marriage con ract with the Queen to leave a certain portion

LATEST AND BEST

PHOTO OF PRINCESS

THE BELGINS

Prince Victor is 42 years old, and it is high time, his friends and political sup-porters think, that he settled down to a poleon. His weapons and decorations name fing Leopoid as os strongry at o chas action de so strongry at os chas action de col lavar them unit i send o not lavar them of the Present Republican party. It is send for you, and do not interfere. The as matter of great annoyane for the transfere while service and southers of the two web area means of the Consult in the second form and the construct in a second form and the damper in the second form and the second form and the transfere second for the transfere second for the second form and the transfere second for the transfere se legitimate family fife, which would insure

It is only in prosperity that we

The ideas that benefit a man are seldom welcomed by him on first pres-

Men toll and sweat and struggle

and chase seasons round the globe. To escape the Winter they go to Florida;

to get away from the Summer they go to the North Cape and Alaska.

throw our friends overboard.

entation.

The a right is dispose on the fait is not obtain some right of the source of them, he is endown is a starting to the source is not obtain some sururate is not obtain s

press Eugenie. The house is a mausoleum, are arranged about in glass cases. Among other mementoes in the collec-tion are the cashmere shawl worn by the General in Egypt; his elaborate uniform as First Consul; the cane chair

South Africa in 1879, the chieftainship of the Bonapartist family and of the Im-perialist party was assumed by "Pion-Pion," who had oftentimes openly de-clared his contempt for his cousin, the "Man of Sedan." A bitter family feud now took place. Eugenic and the whole papal section of the Bonapartists rejected "Pion-Pion's" pretensions and opposed to him his class chief of the family and party in the young Prince Imperial's will. And when, on ob-taining his majority, Victor claimed the

Far less fortunate has been her of sister, Princess Louise, whose rec-escape from a luncatic asylum set all Europe talking. Her husband, Princes Phillippe of Saxe-Coburg, isn't dead yet. The stories told of the crueitles and indignities heaped upon her by him are well nigh incredible. Among the least outrageous of them is that in the presence of several servants. A the palace he flogged her with a rid-ing whip until the blood streamed down her face and shoulders. For long years, according to the tales told by her friends, she endured insuits, ig-nominy and torture. It is said that only after she had repeatedly in vain appealed to her parents to consent to a divorce suit did she take steps where a divorce shill did she take steps what she thought would compel her husband to sever the ties that bound them. But her elopement with Lieutenant Kegle-

He was a great

Uniformly capable, courteous even to that chivalrous deference which ever goeth to the heart of woman, we read in them a mastery of self and of elemental condi-tions before which book lore is mere bal-

PRIME VICTOR NUPOLEON UNIO UDULLO BE ENPERAN OF FRANKE IF THE NUPPLEANIC DYNASTY USRE RETURNED

TERE RETTIENED TO POLIER

LITTLE SERMONS BY ELBERT HUBBARD Aphorisms From the Pen of the Editor of The Philistine S OCLETY does not punish those who | tempt paresis; money that they may | Hawkins recorded this observation con-go to Saratoga and have peace, they cerning Dr. Johnson: "He was a great go to Saratoga and have peace, they cerning Dr. Johnson: say. Peace? There is no peace unless enemy to the present fashionable way ceal not cleverly. you sit down and wait for it to catch of supposing worthless and infamou up! of supposing worthless and infamou persons mad." Evidently the human Don't be selfish. If you have some thing that you do not want, and know someone who has no use for it, give tarian notion that no same person c When two men of equal intelligence commit crime is not so modern as and sincerity quarrel, both are probis supposed to be. Evidently, too, the it to that person. In this way you ably right. plea of insanity was promiscuously used as a defense in criminal cases be-fore the advent of the present generacan be generous without expenditure or self-denial and also help another to It is a great and beautiful thing to be patient if wrongfully accused; to be so strongly girded round with right do the same. Dr. Johnson, for all his pomposity, br. Johnson, for all his pomposity, was a pretty clear-headed man. Many of his observations show remarkable insight into human motives and char-acter. None shows more than his opin-ion as to the absurdity of considering worthless and infamous persons insane Americanitis is on the increase, the that you can meet slander by slience, wise ones say. Americanitis comes from an intense desire to "git thar" and calumny with a smile. and an awful fear that you cannot. Churches, like department stores The ounce of prevention is to cut down carry the wares that are asked for. your calling list, play tag with the Rabbits are very much like folks in children and lat the world slide. East Indian Matrimonial Notice. that they are really never so happy Lahore Tribune. as when they are mis'ble. If rabbits Many a man's reputation would not Labore Tribune. WANTED-A match for a childler widower of 33 years. He is very re spectable and wealthy, making abou four hundred rupees per mensem an Agarwal Valsh by caste. Apply with particulars to RAM CHANDARSAFFAI. Deputy Collector Budges haven't any real, sure-enough troubles, they always chew the cud and conjure forth a few. know his character if they met on the street. The mouth indicates the flesh; the Wisdom of Dr. Johnson. eye the soul. Kansas City Star. More than a century ago Sir John It is doubtless true that stupid men Deputy Collector, Buda by remaining quiet may often pass for men of wisdom; this is because no man can really talk as wise as he Writers seldom write what they They simply write the things think. they think other folks think they think. People are always asking me to folow their advice, but they are never willing to tell which way they went. The recipe for perpetual ignorance WITH is: Be satisfied with your opinions and content with your knowledge. Be gentle and keep your voice low. To be famous is to be slandered by people who do not know you. Science has explained many things, but it has not yet told why it sometimes happens that when 17 eggs are hatched, the brood will consist of 15 barnyard fowls and one eagle. Women under 30, seldom know much, unless Fate has been kind and cuffed them thoroughly.

ALONG HEADLANDS OF SOUTHERN OREGON Thoughts Awakened by Close Communion With Old Ocean, by Alma A. Rogers

nice might well draw thithe all the tourists of all the world tretches over the middle portion of the ingen coast between the Sizalaw River and Yaquina Eay. The lotus land-those great, wells reaches of yellow send beach, where Nature holds her honey blossoms your lips and bids you dream, is left ischind. To be loosed from the world, to anne all else unreal eave ara and may and altered to hold speech with the winds that play in the deep holidws of the or high with striging whips the concrime hump-backed places; to watch the sun shut the golden gate of the west at eventug and hang a rese-and-purple curtain in the cast at down; to lean your heartheats to the licartheat of the sea and listen, listen, to eatch some faintest whisper of its infinitudes-all this you have felt and done, bound in the spell of that enchanted land.

But now before you opens a door, there where the first headland lifts its giant enouiders straight up from foamy swells. Though this to a fair country, may not berkom in one more fair? And so, taking counsel of hope and roawakened deutre, pour passe ern.

A marriage was solemnized here-per-bupe to that for cycle when the morning stars first sting together. The molden beach, her yellow halr impearled by glinting sun-rays, renounced her estate to the long of the headlands and, cought up as it were in his arms, forever rests her sets in the soul of her lover.

Hendeforth, for many miles, you shall hear only the roar of sort duating against imprognable effits. Glassing a cartious eye over diray providers, you shall look on jagged block, volcante rocks, washed found and successed by something sea toni four and remain or arrange builders and there creeping seaward with extended jams, where tooth have hit into the heart of many a stout ship since the Spanish harques first spied out the land.

Where before was melting beauty that same as sumphing in the woul, now reights a wild and terrible spiendor, beautiful indead, but of thist type which away and stills the spirit, as when a traveley in the this str of high mountain passes transks in inverses the footsteps of his God. Esvend each lofty shoulder, introd to the winds of heaven except for close-linging said, rounds another another and yet another. In endless leads. Between each pair a canyon cuits its gathered streamlets cascading to Pinned to the eastern skirts of the heads are the footbills, undulating in heavily woulded spure. Above is a sky or rolling missis, or it may be of therpest, purent have. To the west the lowed, dark purrest have. To the week the level, dark line of the bortaon cheaves Occident from Orient Juss over the line you know be the islee of the little, mighty prople who are positing out a libation of heart's theod to stay the progress of the Russian Bear. But war is horrible. Your mind reverts for relief to flower fetce, wherein the beauty-worshipping spirit of these relincarizated Greeks finds expression, and almost for you wount the fragrams of pink cherry blooms bere from Spring featihorne from Spring festicals across the greet swells. A pa-

('HAIN of hesidinods whose mag- steamer interrupts the vision. In the descent into the ridiculous-although a steamer interrupts the vision. In the black vortices pouring from its twin fun-nels you try to think back to the first vertex when out of the uncreate two contrary forces met and whiried, and life was been of their meeting. Out of the void thus awakened the orbited stars swing to being. From that first tiny forces that one day played a great game on this coast when who had a great game to the land of the bridal dower. As epital were loosened, too, inose mighty forces that one day played a great game on this coast, when the land scored against the sea. You wish you, an inde-structible atom of consciousness, might have watched R, polsed overhead. You recall the longing that has always possensed you to lean over a secting crat-ter's edge and spy on the molten ele-ments at their work of mountain-building. But this had been better. Yes, you would like to have even these hills upheaved these waters swept back where He holds them in the hollow of His hand.

A dark blot has long been creeping up the curve that Columbus set out to prove. Now come pinnacles of masts, and before twilight falls you have seen a merchant. nan in full flight, her white wings epread in glory. It is a dream of the see, and the smoking steamer appears hideous by contrast. When your ship comes, to bear you away to those magical isize that lie within the zone of the Self, you know its another day dawns on the heads, your spirit soars high, and when night comes you are again imprisoned in a feather tick before you are aware. How we longed for the couch that gave us pleaswithin the none of the Self, you know its sails will be filled and shining. At noon-day under their cooling shade you shall repose and by night the stars will teach you of those mysteries that ile beyond the realm of sense. And after you have sailed many, many years, and visited strange countries, and accepted of all men whatsoever they have offered, and have proven that out of the bitter springeth the sweet and that only by the chart of puln and travail can your apirit posses ant dreams at the Cottage-by-the-Sea. hay grown within sight and smell of the ocean and pungent with its brine.

pain and travail can your spirit possess lis own, you will come to the land of the Real, where desire born of the soul is satisfied, and the heart no longer cries out for the many-colored fruits of de-lusion. All that has give before, the sorrow and the struggle that none can bear for another, shall fall away as though it had never been. Then your eyes shall if to far purple peaks edimailing to un-tifs to far purple peaks edimailing to un-dreamed shores. And in place of the bark that has carried you through many storms a sliver ship will softly rise and fall upon a flowing tide. On its deck awaits one who as by an unseen thread hath led you to this part, and at last your soul who as knoweth its own.

The Silver Ship.

A silver ship on a silver asa. Waits in the offing for you and me, To bear us away to Lotus Land Heyrod the prolen circle's strand. Where wooding wares and yielding shore Twine lowers' arms forevermore.

O hasts and away, for the calmbas spars Finsh in the light of the peeping stars. And the swelling axis of resid-bed pear Filled by the smith wind nove unfurl. U hasts, O hasts, and bear away Err gold of the circle pales to gray?

Toss and surge, O foaming even, We ride on your swell to the Islands Bless Where every vanished dream returns And love its altared fire burns. Ah, who would not leave a world like this In a silver ship for the bless of bilas! Bo you dream, and still the heads rise out of the sea, and the blue distance beckone on and on.

To drop from the sublimity of the h lands to feather beds may appear a sheer the m

last. If the lady novelist who is scouring our Coast in search of a hero, which, re-port says, she is driven to collect piece-meal, will wend her way to the by-paths these papers memorialize. I promise her material worth her while, The sprinkling of solitary men in the onely cabins is noticeable. The age of hermits has not passed with the tatttered robe of the medieval recluse. Why are they here? We ponder, and wish we might American girl who dickers her millions politely cull the debris of their past. Love

American girl who dickers her millions for a title-a husband counting not so much. But the cosy corner of the mod-erns sounded its knell. From voluminous depths pillows welled up and overflowed onto couches, chairs, piazzas. We had thought that not one remained, unless of land or love of woman-speculation inclines to the latter, though we are not without some conception of the grip of mammon-"Goodes." Everyman puts it-on the human heartstrings. through that not one remained, interest perchance a specimen were preserved with other time-stained relies, an object les-son for the instruction of youth in the domestic customs of a bygone age! But Still, there is marrying and giving in marriage in this country. Upon occasion a shivering cupid is taken in out of the wet and his wings dried at the newly-kindled hearth. One bachelor we wot of was brought to repentance by a bonnie Scotch lassie of the Valley, black-haired down here where Progress takes long naps, only waking up for meals, they cling to it. The spring mattress has not yet evolved. Hospitality is open and hearty. Every door stands ajar to the belated and blue of e'en. Not on a bull white as milk and wreathed in flowers did this ploneer bride ride in state down the trail. But John Alden, modernized by rubber wanderer and the best is put at your service-which is to say, the feather bed. arryon-which is to say, the relative out Night after night you mount its billows and roll as helplessly in smothery hollows as a waterlogged schooner in the trough of the sea. You rise early and declare boots and oliekins, strode at her horse's head. A new cabin looks out over the sunset seas. And here we leave them to years and substance and abiding joy. that never again will you endure.

But All this while we have ourselves been on the trail. We meant not to stop until we reached the mallcarrier's ranch, where the | can look. adventure befell that still wakes us out of

sleep o'nights to wonder if it really was, But the way has beguiled us and dusk is growing over the mighty heads that loom The world of traffic, whose faintest runstill taller in even-shrouds. It is a preble is as effectually shut out from this cious time. In the last burst of sunset Coast as though it lay thousands instead glow a belated band of sheep winds in of three score miles away, has many

single file, clasping like a string of pearls the headland's dusky throat. The molten sea cools to sliver, tipped with palest gold. You rest your eyes from its ceaseless roads. Here there is but one, alike the main traveled and sequestered. The United States mallcarrier is its only regular patron. Three times a week, in storm or shine, he leaves the town of Florence at heaving and throw yourself face upward on the stiff twigs of sallal that bear weight like colled springs. Now you watch the celestial iamplighter at his work, the wagon road sliced out of the tall sides of the heads, he transports the papers and letters that bind the scattered ranchers dome "all purple to the stars." You re-member Walt Whitman climbed a hill one morning before dawn and had great thoughts, and you wish that he had stood to the human family. By stage in Summer, on horseback in Winter, he covers the 30 miles of his service, returning on al-ternate days. Nor does he murmur if the on this headland, and at evening, when he said:

I ascended a hill and looked at the law of neighborty kindness, here so potent, adds a few extras to his pack. The stops of Mercury, the fleet-footed, were not more golden to the gods than are his to the trail. Unlike his brother of stone paveled heaven. "And I said to my spirit, When we be-

come the enfolders of these orbs, and the pleasure and knowledge of everything in them, shall we be filled and satisfied then? "And my spirit said. No, we but level ments, he is not uniformed, nor does he give much thought to the correct crease of his trousers. They are apt to be tucked

that lift to pass and continue beyond." ALMA A. ROGERS.

Why Hermit Kingdom.

the unconventional when you study his face. Purpose is written there, a sturdy resolve. Courage, too, of the kind that Century. Oppressed by her neighbors for cen-turies and overrun with war; her people decimated; her cities, her temples, and her libraries sacked and destroyed; her nobles and maidens driven off to China, and her artisans to Japan; the most am-bitions and unscrupulous of her subjects constantle stirrigue and connot only scorns danger, but is quick of thought and action before it. His eye is both weather-gauge and tide-table. He knows how far the elements may be de-

Among all the varied types whom we Among all the varied types whom we met in that primitive environment, which literally forces one to stand out from the "mush of concession" and be an in-the "mush of concession" and be an in-the "mush of concession" and be an in-the "mush of concession" and be an inthe "mush of concession" and be an in-dividual, none were more interesting than the men of the United States mail service. Sectually barred the way to all progress. Money is the thing for which they

away in high boots, and are decidedly baggy at the knees. You quickly forget the unconventional when you study his

fied and when to yield.

