

KEPT IN A GILDED CAGE.

THE PECULIARLY SAD FATE OF THE CZARINA OF RUSSIA.

Queer Stories From the Court of St. Petersburg About the Unhappy Princess Who Was Forced Into a Political Marriage.

Queer stories from the court of St. Petersburg have been heard in Berlin in the last few days. They have been brought by the Russian noblemen coming from the capital for their annual visits at the German springs, by minor officials from German consulates in the empire of the czar, and by two or three embassy officials who are home on leaves of absence for their summer holidays. From one or two of these roundabout channels the gossip would have little color of truth and would find little credence, but when coming from one and all without variation except as regards details, it is bound to be heard and accepted as approximately correct. The subject concerns the family affairs of the Romanoffs, and might be left to the Romanoffs as part of the inevitable family chronicles were it not for the strong influence which the matter is exerting over the politics of Europe, Asia and Africa.

As the world has known, ever since Alexander III. lay, stricken with death, on his bed of suffering in Livadia, the Princess Alix of Hesse, most beautiful of Queen Victoria's descendants, was forced gradually, against her tearful and angry protests, into her marriage with the flabby, immoral and unnatural czarowitz, now Nicholas II. She was a vigorous, vivacious, high-spirited type of healthy womanhood, with very distinct ideas of the manly qualities indispensable to the model husband, and she was quite beyond the attractions of the czarowitz's peculiar personality, adorned though it might be with the purple and scepter and the iron crown of unlimited power. When England and Germany, in their determination to get a clutch upon the Russian court, inserted that the marriage must be, the Princess Alix entered the bonds resignedly—resignedly, but not hopefully, as she remarked to her English companion of years, just before joining her betrothed to go to the altar:

"Whoever enters here must leave all hope behind."

CZARINA IS NOT HAPPY.

The words were not idle, for the young Czarina of Russia has had hardly a glad moment since she first sat on her imperial throne, just a little lower than her husband's. It is noteworthy that even the official chroniclers of court fetes and imperial functions have never used that familiar stock phrase of their kind:

"The czarina appeared to be in excellent spirits and smiled graciously on all sides." Even the Russian court chroniclers know degrees of fulsome and truth, and none of them has had the hardihood to say "the empress smiled." Behind the omission of these three commonplace words lies a story of domestic sorrow and pain, desperation and conscious degradation such as the palace may bury as well as the house of the merchant prince, or banker, or butcher, or baker.

To the young girl, reared in the homely traditions of the Darmstadt court and in the cold, clear air of Osborne House and Windsor Castle, to a sudden transfer to the side of a perverted Romanoff in the midst of an intriguing, frivolous and scandal-loving entourage, was a shock to be withstood only after the most careful preparation. She had the preparation and withstood the shock. The beauty, submissiveness and apparent devotion of this foreign princess at first fascinated young Nicholas, whose associations with women had been limited. He was charmed in her presence; he listened to her advice; he gave her his confidence. His mother was distracted by this turn of family affairs. She wished to see her son happy, to be sure, but she did not wish to let slip from her own hands the reigns of power which she had held during her husband's life. She feared that the carefully spun web of intrigue between St. Petersburg and her Danish birthplace was to be torn asunder; and this beautiful interloper from western Europe would reknit the bonds between her adopted land and the country which had cut Schleswig and Holstein from her father's soil; that her weakling son would be molded into a docile husband, upon whom would fall unheeded the words of motherly warning and exhortation.

MOTHER-IN-LAW MAKES TROUBLE.

There is no doubt that the Princess Alix's resignation and studied self-control would have given out sooner or later under the burden of her husband's personality. So, it is only fair to acquit her mother-in-law of all except hastening the domestic catastrophe. This she did with the quickness and recklessness of an envious woman. She told her son that Princess Alix treated him with indifference, was inclined to smile too fondly on young men of the court, was scornful of Russian ways and devoted to the customs of foreign courts, and had brought him completely under her thumb. The sting in this last reproach rankled the czar, who had showed a fondness up to that time for the English and German ambassadors, without the slightest forewarning, snubbed them both, compelling poor old General von Werder to get out and return to Germany. He informed his wife gruffly that he wanted to hear nothing more of her pretty relatives and their impotent little court in Darmstadt. He told her one day that her most august relative, the Prince of Wales, was a coward, and her other most august relative, Emperor William, was a cad and a bore. In a general condemnation of the court of London he remarked that the Guelphs were a lot of tea-drinking old women, and the queen was the worst of them all.

Three times the czarina burst into tears at the breakfast table and hurried away leaving the deposit of Russia to think how cleverly he was taming her. But, after leaving him the third time, she de-

termined to let him vent his spleen elsewhere. For weeks she

TOOK HER MEALS ALONE.

inaccessible to the appeals from her mother-in-law at first, and finally from Darmstadt and Berlin and London. To communication reaching her from the German embassy, that Emperor William would regret to lose her high regard and friendship, she replied, briefly, that, if this was a reference to her influence for peace between Russia and Germany, the emperor must not deceive himself longer, as she was a mere cipher at the Peterhof, and could not get a court-martial discharged against the will of the dowager empress.

Since the day of her confinement has been drawing near the young empress' mask of resignation has fallen off entirely. She has been embittered by seeing her husband perversely intent upon rebuffing every one of her friends and recalling every act which he performed at her suggestion during their honeymoon. He has seen her but twice a week since June 1. His calls have been brief and sometimes stormy. But a few days ago she became hysterical after he accused her of various indiscretions at court, and ordered him to leave her. He remained, however, to continue his reproaches, until her physician arrived, and with Russian gruffness announced that he would never enter the palace again unless the czar departed instantly. The czar objected that his wife's nervousness was the sole cause of the scene. The doctor's reply was:

"If you have no mercy on her majesty, at least consider your future heir and go at once."

ALL HER FRIENDS BANISHED.

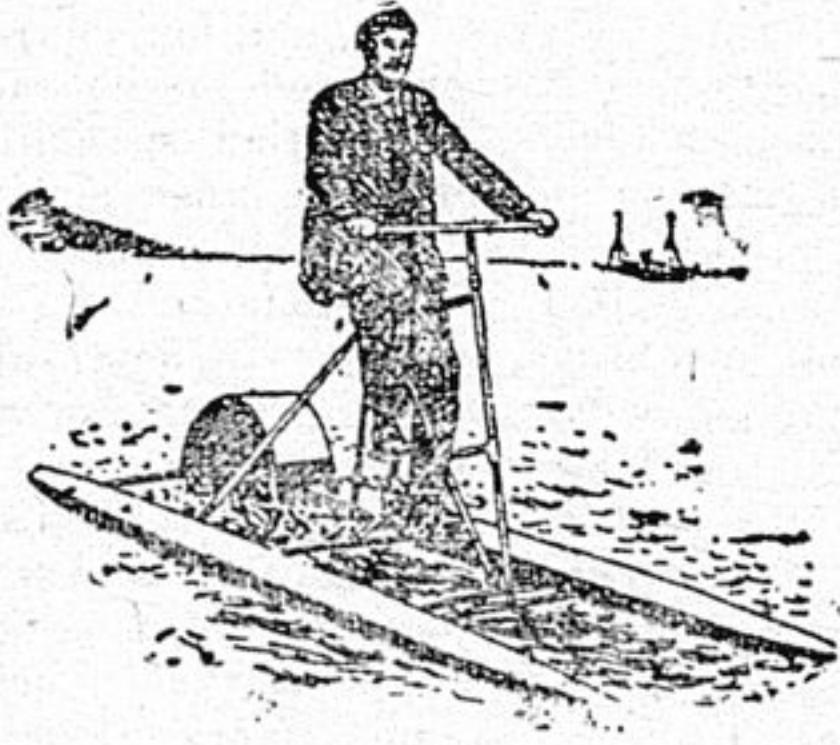
The czar went. In the last three weeks he has visited his wife once. The last two times he went to her apartments she begged to be excused from seeing him and he did not insist upon entering. The last vestige of her influence over him disappeared weeks ago. In pure contrariness of spirit he now endeavors to undo all that he once undertook at her instance or with her approval. In this he is helped by his mother, who is resolved to destroy completely the czarina's power, even in the court circle. The result has not only been roughshod politics in the Balkan, Turkey, East Asia, and Africa, but also a sifting and upsetting of the whole list of attendants and officials at the Peterhof. The young czarina's English and German servants have been sent away; her English companion has been banished from the palace; the few court officers who were known as her advocates, or friends have been transferred to distant posts of duty.

When this unfortunate wife of Nicholas II. shall rise from her childbed to sit again beside her monarch and husband, she will find herself entirely alone and neglected, at a strange court, still holding all the insignia of an empress consort's power, but not allowed even a lackey of her own choosing. She may submit tamely but she is more likely to raise a breeze of protest, which will bring her flabby spouse about on a new tack, with all its incidental bearings in international politics and domestic economy.

A NEW TREADLE BOAT.

Don Ramon Barea, of Spain, Invents a Novelty in Water Cycling.

Our illustration represents the latest departure in water cycling, which is proving very popular in some of the large parks of Germany. Treadle boats are not of such very recent invention, but the peculiar



NOVELTY IN WATER CYCLING.

construction of this latest contrivance and rapidity of motion which it affords is worthy of notice.

First of all, the new design is not in the shape of a boat, and does not admit of the carrying of passengers. The machinery is just above the surface of the water, only the wheel comes partly beneath it.

The position of the man in the boat is exactly like that of the rider on his bicycle. The weight of the entire apparatus does not exceed fifty kilograms. It is asserted that a ride on the lake on one of these machines is exceedingly pleasant and exhilarating, and in smooth weather more than ten miles can be covered in an hour. The inventor is Don Ramon Barea, of Madrid, Spain.

A Family Matter.



Mrs. Perkins (calmly reminiscent): Jonathan, we've bin married forty years next Tuesday an' never had a cross word yit.

Mr. Perkins: I know it. I've stood yer jawin' purty well.

Mrs. Perkins: Jonathan Perkins, you're a mean, hateful, deceitful old thing, an' I wouldn't marry you agin fer love ner money!

Not As It Used to Be.

Times have changed since the days of long ago, when one church member went to another with this offer:

I know you are very busy, Mr. H., but I will take your little boy to the circus for you if you cannot go.

Not much I responded Mr. H., warmly; not much. I have been waiting seven years myself for this boy to be old enough to take. You go borrow a boy out of a family where they've got more than one.

BRITISH ELECTION FUN.

LAUGHABLE INCIDENTS IN THE RECENT CAMPAIGN.

A Bride's Tears Wins Over Votes—Col. North on Deceased Wife's Sisters—John Burns Resents an Epithet—What Causes Drunkenness—London Bus Driver's Ignorance.

A seat in the British Parliament as a wedding present is a novel departure, and one of the many incidents which go to relieve the bitterness of the present English electoral contest. The Hon. George Allsopp was the Unionist candidate in the city of Worcester. He had arranged to be married in London on Wednesday, and the chivalrous Mayor of Worcester fixed upon the Monday preceding the wedding as the polling day. Mr. Allsopp's popularity and the moving picture of his bride in tears on her marriage day were too much for the susceptible hearts of the voters of Worcester, and when Mr. Allsopp took his bride to church two days later he was a Member of Parliament, elected by a handsome majority.

Politics and love may combine, but it would seem from the Rev. Robert Thomson's experiment that politics and religion will not mix. This divine announced himself as an independent candidate for one of the divisions of Glasgow. He held his election meetings in his own church, and put "D. V." ("Deo volente; God willing") prominently in his invitations to the voters. It is said that he inserted the same letters in the manuscript of an address which he had printed, but the proofreader, thinking that V. D. should be in small capitals, put the letters "S. C." (small capitals) in the margin for the printer's guidance. The latter misunderstood, however, and substituted "S. C." The address appeared in this way, and his opponents at once declared that the letters meant "Satan consenting."

A bill making it lawful for a man to marry his

DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER

has long been a matter of Parliamentary dispute. Col. North, the nitrate king, in a recent speech at West Leeds expressed his views of it by saying: "If my deceased wife's sister was as good as my wife, I should like to have her, and should wish to have the law altered."

Some one in the audience next asked him how he got his vast wealth. He answered that it had been gained by hard work. He got up at half-past five in the morning and worked until half-past five in the evening for years. Then he went abroad, and had common sense and happened to strike the right place. "When you've got it," he added, "you want to know how to keep it." To the question: "Are you in favor of workmen as members sitting in the House of Commons?" he replied: "What am I but a working-man?" which was received with a burst of applause.

Col. North's remarks about his deceased wife's sister just escaped being as unintentionally funny as what Mr. Archibald Groves the Radical candidate for North West-Ham, announced as his wish: "England is a paradise for the rich and a hell for the poor," he shouted at an election meeting. Then he took breath and added: "Gentlemen, I want to reverse those conditions." The prolonged laughter which followed awoke Mr. Groves to the meaning of his words and he spent the next five minutes in explaining what he meant.

Sir Wilfred Lawson, addressing a crowded company in the Bath Theatre, asked: "Gentlemen, what is the cause of drunkenness?" "Drink," promptly responded one of his hearers, thereby causing the speaker to almost lose his self-possession.

POLITICAL EXCITEMENT,

like charity, seems to cover a multitude of sins, in East London especially. Carried away by enthusiasm and alcohol, one Fred Jones was induced to hustle Mr. Wootton Isaacson, a candidate, and to take a fancy for Mr. Isaacson's fine diamond scarf pin. Jones was arrested, and before the magistrate he pleaded that the political crisis and the drink had got the better of him. He was allowed to go free with the caution from the justice that he had better keep away from political meetings if he could not attend them without being tempted.

One London paper devotes ten lines to telling how Sir William and Lady Harcourt were driving home in an open carriage the other evening, after having attended a meeting, and how, passing through one of the rough quarters of Derby, they were beset by a mob who showered them with eggs, cabbages, tufts of grass and other rubbish.

Mr. John Burns severely chastised Mr. William Sawyer for having called him a "Battersea coughdrop," and Mr. Burns was arrested. The Court finally decided that to be called a "Battersea coughdrop" was undoubtedly a grave provocation, and he therefore discharged the prisoner.

At election time every voter is beset by scores of canvassers. One freeholder was so annoyed by them that he finally put up the following notice on his gate: "The proprietor is not at home. Any visitors will be received by the dog. He is not on the register, but he can howl as well as any platform speaker, and his bite is worse than his bark. Will canvassers who call kindly oblige by being fat men. The dog is fond of a cut from the leg, and is partial to 'plumpers.'"

Another—this was a Welsh elector—objected to the candidacy of a master of the hounds, on the ground that politics in that region should not be allowed

TO GO TO THE DOGS.

"Heckling" is the name given to the work the canvasser does in persistently following the wavering or obstinate voter whose support he wishes to win. "Hecklers" are the particular detestation of servant girls. "When will your governor be at home?" asked a heckler of a horticulturalist's maid in Chapham the other day. "After he leaves the gardens," she answered. "And you don't know how he's going to vote?" "That I don't," replied the girl, "but I don't think he'll vote for you, because I fancy I heard him say he was a Conservatory."

"I suppose your company allows me a few hours to go to the poll," remarked a benevolent passenger to a bus driver the other day. "What poll?" asked the man in surprise. "Why the polling for the elections, of course?" "Didn't know there was any elections," replied the driver. "What's its for—School Board, or something in the city, or what?"

ROYAL SPONSORS.

The Salvation Army Has the Sanction of Crowned Heads.

Queen Sophia, of Sweden, whose fiftieth birthday has just been celebrated with much pomp and ceremony at Drottningholm Castle, Emperor William proceeding thither for the express purpose of tendering his congratulations and good wishes, is one of the most enthusiastic friends and promoters of the Salvation Army, a distinction which she shares with her niece, the Queen Regent of Holland.

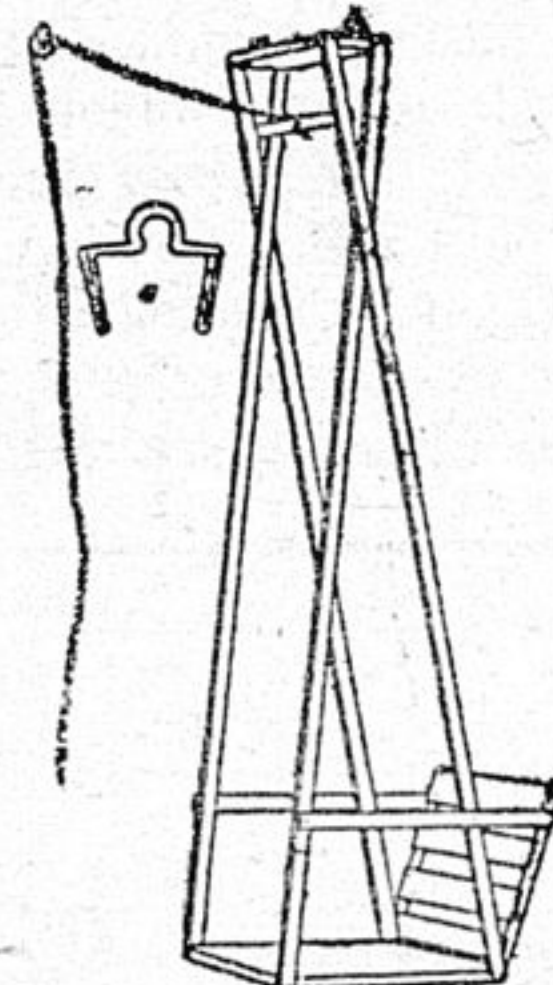
Both queens publicly countenance and patronize the work of General Booth, sending liberal subscriptions to his various funds and expressing the opinion that on religious and political grounds it is wise to encourage a form of worship which seems to suit the masses and finds the way to their hearts. Queen Victoria has as yet refrained from following suit, although it is well known that she approves of the work accomplished by General Booth.

But the Empress of Germany, and the Emperor, too, give evidence of the most undisguised hostility to the Salvationists, their army having been by imperial order subjected to annoyances and persecutions by the police. This is all the more strange as the consort of Emperor William professes a greater degree of interest in evangelical work among the masses than any other royal lady in the world. Neither she nor her husband appears to bear in mind the axiom which King Frederick the Great used to boast was the keynote of the Hohenzollern rule—namely, that every Prussian should be at liberty to save his soul in the way that suited him best.

In contrast to this narrow-mindedness at Berlin we find the Salvation Army receiving tokens of imperial favor at St. Petersburg. Among the most cordial responses sent by Czar Nicholas in person to the messages, first of condolence, then of congratulation, which he received from abroad at the time of his father's death and his own marriage was one which he addressed to General Booth in London. Unless the Salvation Army movement declines on the death of its founder and moving spirit, General Booth, it will eventually—thanks to royal support—become just as popular with the rich and educated classes as it is with the masses.

For the Children.

All children enjoy swinging and a swing on a porch or in an outbuilding furnishes a delightful pastime. The sketch shows one that is perfectly safe and easily operated by the child in it. The construction is so simple and so plainly shown as to need but little explanation. The long stripes should be of tough, straight-grained wood, ash for instance, one inch by one-half, and



in length to suit the position selected. Let the top board be six inches by two feet and the seat board the same length and 18 inches wide.

In order to make it perfectly safe, have a metal piece, a, made from a half inch rod. This passes over the top board and down the side pieces and is made fast with screws. A sort of eye or similar loop is fastened to a joist or the ceiling. Near the top is a crosspiece from which a cord runs forward over a pulley and hangs down within reach of the child, who by pulling on it operates the swing.

Prompt Examples Necessary.

The fact that most of the murders which have recently disgraced Canada have been committed in rural districts does not say much for the idyllic peace and calm of country life. It also suggests that measures are needed to give more adequate police protection to rural districts. It is usually the case that people who are likely to commit crimes of violence are well-known in the neighborhoods in which they live, and they are scarcely kept in check by the country constable. If these bad men knew that they were liable at any moment to the descent upon them of members of a flying squadron of trained detectives they would possibly have a little more regard for human life. In the recesses of the way-back farms these ruffians feel tolerably at ease, and frequently conduct themselves in a way that would not be for a moment permitted in a city. A few prompt examples of punishment for assault might save us from some murders.

Saved.

Oh, she said, your conduct is enough to make an angel weep!

I don't see you shedding any tears, he retorted, and his tact saved the day.

Idea are ofttimes shy of the close furniture of words.—Tupper.

HEALTH.

Stye.

Stye is an affection of the margin of the eyelid. With its first appearance the entire lid becomes swollen and painful, and the inflammation may increase until the whole side of the face becomes involved.

This inflammatory period usually lasts three or four days. At the end of that time the inflammation may subside gradually; but in most cases a minute point appears near the edge of the lid which has every appearance of being what a stye really is—a minute boil.

The swelling and pain caused by a stye are relieved by nothing so well as by heat, and upon the first appearance of the trouble we should lay cloths wrung out of hot water over the closed eyelid, whether or not there is evidence of its "pointing." At night it is well to apply some simple ointment, like pure vaseline along the edge of both lids, in order that they may not become glued together in sleep. Salt pork and similar old-fashioned remedies are of no avail, and should not be resorted to.

Immediately upon the appearance of pointing, the skin at the summit of the elevation should be punctured with the point of a needle, or better still, a little slit may be made with a sharp knife. This will allow the matter, and especially the stagnant blood, to escape. We may use pressure to squeeze out this waste material, but only very gently, since it is useless to attempt to expel the "core" of the boil until it has thoroughly detached itself from its connection with the surrounding healthy parts.

When the core has finally fully separated, it can be easily removed, and frequent attempts should be made until this has been accomplished. A little vaseline is all that will then be needed to establish complete recovery.

If there appears to be a disposition to a repetition of the annoyance, the family doctor should be consulted, as internal treatment is called for.

Perhaps the worst feature about a stye is the fact that in some persons the occurrence of the attack seems to establish a tendency, so that often such a comparatively short time elapses between the successive attacks that the lid becomes chronically inflamed. In this event it is especially advisable to consult a doctor.

It is often possible to prevent pointing by touching the lid with caustic.

A stye is not contracted by simply looking at an inflamed eye, as is sometimes thought.

Keep the Water Pure.

If a pitcher of ice water is set in a room unshaded, in a few hours it will have absorbed the perspiration gases of the room, the air of which will have become purer but the water unfit for use. This depends on the fact that water has the faculty of condensing and thereby absorbing nearly all the gases. Hence water kept uncovered in a room a while is always unfit for use, and should be often removed, whether it has become warm or not. Impure water is as injurious to health as impure air, and every person should provide the means of obtaining fresh pure water for all domestic uses. An hour's intelligent examination of the water supply at a proposed country home would in a large majority of cases prevent the risk of fevers and diphtheria. Take in your dressing case an ounce phial of saturated solution of permanganate of potash. Mix six or eight drops into a tumbler of the drinking water that is supplied. If it turns brown in an hour, the water is, broadly speaking, unfit to drink; if not, it is not especially harmful. If a country hotel sewage system is confined to cess pools, within a hundred feet of the house, and near the water supply take the next train. These matters should force themselves on one's personal attention.

Effect of Happiness on Health.

It should be remembered that happiness and health are most intimately, if not indissolubly, associated. The man who is happy, not by transient gleams of spiritual sunshine, but by casual gay surface-coloring of his existence, but by a blessedness all through his body, is not, in the proper sense of the word, diseased. The radical idea of the term disease is inconsistent with this state.

Let us remember that life, blessedness and health are one. He who is not blessed, who is not happy, does not really live. He does not realize the idea of what we call life. The wheels of life move, if they move at all, with friction and labor and effort. All action in the line of duty is an up-hill exertion and not a spontaneous vivacity.

An unhappy man can not, in the full sense of the word, be a healthy man. Much of what physicians treat as physical disease is only a mental unhappiness. It follows from this that the best physician is he who blesses others, who makes other souls happy by the divine sunshine of his words and presence. The sphere of his beneficent life is a contagious peacefulness and undisturbed tranquillity. He ministers to minds diseased, calms their fears, allays their anxieties, solves their doubts, quiets forebodings, removes the gloom of despair, supplants their self-condemnation by a sense of pardon, and aims to pluck from the heart every rooted sorrow.

A Good Disinfectant.

The best disinfectant for a sick room where patients suffering from diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles, or similar diseases are confined, is said to be equal parts turpentine and carbolic acid. Half a teaspoonful of the mixture put into a kettle of boiling water and kept at a boiling point, will give relief to the sufferer, and prevent the spread of the contagion.