

HE IS A ROYAL SNORER.

NASAL TRUMPETING OF HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF SIAM.

It Created a Sensation—Luxurious Prison Life of a Murderer Who is a Court Favorite.

His Royal Highness Chulalongkorn, King of Siam, is never troubled by loss of sleep. No matter what hour he retires to bed or what dissipation he may have indulged in before doing so, the moment his royal cranium rests upon the pillow the King sleeps—and snores. During his round of visits to the Continental courts, the King's sleep was of the soundest, and the thought of how far distant he was from his native land seems not to have troubled his dreams. His attendants were under the strictest orders never to wake him. At Vienna one of the Archdukes—it was Ludwig Victor, the Emperor's sole surviving brother—on calling on the King at the Hofburg, at half-past eleven o'clock A. M., was told point blank by His Majesty's attendant, that he dared not wake his sovereign master, for doing so would be as much as his head was worth. The King might wake at any moment, and when awake should at once be apprised of His Imperial Highness' presence. At Dresden, writes a correspondent, on one occasion it was past twelve o'clock at noon when a royal prince demanded an audience of His Siamese Majesty. The chamberlain in attendance expressed his profound regret, but the King was fast asleep. At this identical instant

A LOUD SNORE

came through the half-open door of the adjoining apartment.

"Is that His Majesty's snore?" inquired the Prince.

"It is," your Royal Highness," came the chamberlain's response.

At the Grand Hotel at Budapest, where Chulalongkorn occupied a small suite of apartments his mighty snores are said to have penetrated along the corridors to the chief staircase, and visitors to the hotel whose time was limited, and who had missed seeing him were gratified with having at least been privileged to hear His Majesty's snore.

Out of all consistency with the dictates of justice is the intelligence reaching Vienna from Philippopolis relative to the prison life of the Bulgarian court favorite, Captain Boitscheff, who, it will be remembered, murdered a woman, Anna Simon, his accomplice being the Police Prefect Noviceles and one Wassiljeff, a gendarme. Boitscheff's incarceration, according to the same writer, is limited to his being kept under lock and key throughout the day. As soon as night sets in he is at perfect liberty to join his boon companions and frequent places of public resort, provided every precaution is taken to conceal his identity by disguising his person. He is on his parole d'honneur as an officer in the army that he will not attempt to escape "durance vile." He is now awaiting a new trial, and he and his friend the Prefect Noviceles, being in possession of court secrets of a political tendency, are convinced that they will be acquitted on the testimony of a crowd of witnesses now negotiating with the Attorney General for their release. It is even rumored among the initiated and semi-initiated of Sophia and Philippopolis society that Prince Ferdinand has himself had an interview with Boitscheff. Some declare that the Prince

WENT IN DISGUISE

met the Prince at night outside the prison walls and conferred with him at a roadside tavern. Be this as it may, society holds the Prince blameless of having taken part, however indirectly, in the disappearance of Boitscheff's victim, but it is generally maintained that the Prince is anxious to see the Captain acquitted, the latter having threatened to divulge state secrets unless his innocence of the crime be judicially established.

These secrets, it is alleged, relate to the Prince's prospects of ultimately assuming monarchical dignity which were they divulged, would not only place the Prince in an embarrassing situation, but in all probability forfeit for good and all the monarchical recognition he desires to secure on the part of the foreign Powers. (I am informed on authority I have no reason to call into question that the disreputable Captain entertains the so-called creme de la creme of Bulgarian society at his luxuriously furnished prison apartments at luncheon of a morning, and that his "cell" is the rendezvous of the fashionable world of intrigue and scandal. Shocking as all this may sound, it is nevertheless illustrative of life, not of middle class or low life, but of "high life" in an Eastern principality of Europe.)

A PARROT SENTRY.

A London painter has trained a parrot to say "wet paint." When he is working with the brush he hangs the bird in its cage on the fence or wall which is being painted, and so passers-by are warned of its proximity.

AT THE WRONG MOMENT.

Were your wife's pictures satisfactory? Good pictures enough, but not at all natural.

What was the defect? Why, the fool of a photographer took her while she was looking pleasant.

VISIONARY BEINGS.

What is your idea of a model wife? Well, she is a woman who likes to fly round and wait on her husband. And what is your idea of a model husband? He is a man who likes to jump round and wait on his wife.

SOME FACTS ABOUT BREAD.

The Amount of Flour Consumed by the Different Nations of the World.

Reports recently received give some interesting data in regard to the bread consumers of the world. They show that while a Portuguese worries through a year with an average bread supply of 176 pounds—about half a pound a day—a Spaniard, just across the border, requires 413 pounds per annum, and Spain cannot be regarded as a wheat-growing country, either. In Hungary, where waving fields of grain are common in the wheat-growing season, 361 pounds a year on an average supply a native, while an Austrian, who also raises more or less wheat, gets along with 187 pounds a year.

Only 143 pounds of flour are required by a German in a year, 165 by a Dane, while the Russians, the greatest wheat growers in Europe, eat but 99 pounds per annum per head. A native of Belgium consumes 788 pounds, the Swiss eats 418 pounds per annum, an Italian, 310, a Dutchman 283, Englishman 352 pounds, Americans about 357 pounds. The greatest flour-eater in the world is a Frenchman. He consumes nearly two pounds a day, or 705 pounds in a year. This enormous quantity consumed by a Frenchman, when compared with the 56 pounds per annum which a Scandinavian requires, revives the old theory that climatic influences have more to do with the demands of nature than education. In the extreme Northern climates, where cold is severe, flour does not seem to be the favorite food. There is not much combustion in it as in oils and animal food. The Laplander, who eats no flour at all, is sometimes known to consume seven pounds of

WHALE OR SEAL BLUBBER.

at one time. A Russian, who only eats 99 pounds in a year of the flour he raises, is popularly supposed to make up the deficiency in swallowing tall, low candles and any kind of rich fatty substance, no matter what the flavor.

The largest loaves of bread baked in the world are those of France and Italy. The "pipe" bread of Italy is baked in loaves two and three feet long, while in France the loaves are made in the shape of very long rolls four or five feet in length, and in many cases even six feet. The bread of Paris is distributed almost exclusively by women, who go to the various bake houses at 5.30 a. m., and spend about an hour polishing up the loaves. After the loaves are thoroughly cleaned of dust and grit the "bread porter" proceeds on the round of her customers. Those who live in apartments or flats find their loaves leaning against the door. Restaurateurs and those having street entrances to their premises, find their supply of the staff of life propped up against the front door. The wages earned by these bread-carriers varies from a couple of shillings to half a crown a day, and their day's work is completed by ten o'clock in the morning.

We are not apt to think of bread as an expensive article of food, and yet on bread a saving of 50 per cent. may be made by using the home made article instead of the baker's ware. In other words it costs about twice as much to buy bread as it does to make it at home, and when one considers how much more healthful the latter article is it seems strange that so many families are content to do without it.

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS' HOPE.

Believe that Some Day Turkey Will Belong to the Czar.

All the wars that have been waged by Russia against the Turks have, so far as the soldiers of the Russian army were concerned, had a religious inspiration. The idea that the cross will again take the place of the crescent on the summit of the dome of the great mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople is firmly implanted in the mind of every Russian.

And just as firmly he believes that it is the mission of Russia to plant it there. Every Russian regards it as the manifest destiny of his country, and though the day when Russian hands will tear away the crescent and substitute the cross may be delayed, he is convinced that it is only a question of time when the voice of the muezzin from the minaret calling the faithful to prayer will be heard for the last time.

When the Russian Army under the command of the Grand Duke Nicholas, the brother of the Emperor Alexander III., arrived before Constantinople in the Spring of 1878, he sent two telegrams to St. Petersburg, one reporting the state of the army, the other somewhat in the following language: "My army is in sight of the minarets of St. Sophia, we can take the city with the loss of 7,000 men."

To the first we received the usual acknowledgment; to the second there came no reply. It was by this understood that the Emperor did not sanction the enterprise, for it would have been a breach of his pledge in Europe.

In the army there was great disappointment and more than one of the Russian Generals, Skobeloff at their head, expressed their anger so forcibly that the Russian Army was withdrawn and put beyond the reach of temptation. But the feeling remained in every man's mind that the next time a Russian army came to Constantinople it would be to stay.

WELLS UNDER THE SEA.

In the garrison station forts standing in the sea at Spithead, the supply of fresh water is obtained from wells inside their own walls, which lie under the bed of the sea. It is said that the water is exceedingly cool and pure.

HEALTH.

EMERGENCY USES.

There is nothing more comforting in a household than to have a self-contained helpful man or woman who understands what to do, and goes ahead administering relief in case of sudden illness or in an emergency.

Having been reared in a large family, and my father being a physician, I have had a number of experiences, and perhaps some of them may be useful to mothers with young children.

One simple medicinal remedy that my father set great store to was borax. He had my mother keep a solution of salt water and borax constantly on hand, and if the slightest irritation or sore throat developed among us, he had us gargle three times a day, and have our mouths and tonsils freely. He thought our good health and freedom from fevers and contagious diseases was owing to the use of borax.

In the case of a burn, he had us wet cloths, dipped into a strong solution of borax water, and was very careful to exclude the air in putting them off and on. It is very cooling and healing, and a child does not rebel so much against it as with other remedies. One very great thing in its favor in using it among children is, it is so harmless, while other gargles with carbolic acid and such, are often taken by mistake, and cause great distress. I often think if every young mother only knew of its virtues, she would be thankful, and having once adopted it, would never give it up. As a disinfectant it is excellent. One should keep it on the kitchen shelf.

If you awaken in the night coughing and cannot stop, get a small portion of powdered borax and place on your tongue and let it slowly dissolve, and it will almost instantly stop the cough, as it will also relieve an ulcer in the throat.

There are a few simple remedies that are invaluable. Witch hazel is one of them. I know of nothing so helpful to a tired brain, as to bathe the eyes, and forehead, and apply a cloth wet with it, at the back of the neck. It will soothe and restore you like magic.

In emergencies such things are harmless, and yet wonderfully healing. In case of sudden pains in the lungs or side from cold I think mustard is about the best medicine. It burns quickly and gets you warmed up, and relieves the terrible pain. I keep mustard leaves, borax and witch hazel where I can lay my hands upon them in a minute in the darkest night. I have been with young mothers on several occasions where they were helpless and knew nothing whatever of medicinal remedies, and my sympathy for them and the little sufferer was roused, and it made me learn what was helpful.

IMPERFECT FEEDING.

That imperfect nutrition is the cause of that emotional estrangement in childhood which is called irritability, ugliness, viciousness, or something of that sort has been satisfactorily evidenced to the writer as the result of a number of observations which he has been able to make upon young children. The following case is typical of many others: H— was a well-formed child at birth, and continued to develop normally during her first five months. Throughout this time she slept very well, and for the most part seemed happy and contented. The constant expression on her face showed healthy feeling, and she rarely made a disturbance. At about the fifth month a change seemed to gradually come over her. She did not sleep so well; the expression on her face showed less happiness and contentment, and by the sixth month she could be called an irritable and peevish child. She who had been previously an especially happy child did not now smile often; and the things which ordinarily attract children of that age seemed to be of little moment to her. Some member of the family was now kept busy much of the time endeavoring to soothe her troubled spirit. This state of affairs continued until about the eighth month, when it was decided to make a change in the diet. She was given a food rich in materials to nourish the nervous system, and within a week it was observed by all who knew her that there was a marked improvement in her temperament. After two weeks of proper nourishment she had regained her former restfulness, sleeping peacefully a good portion of the time; and gradually the expressions of irritability and moodiness disappeared. Her face would now light up as formerly with pleasant smiles whenever any one she knew was about and once more she appeared to be every one as a very good feeling, happy child.

SEASICKNESS.

It is said that ninety-five out of every hundred persons who go to sea suffer more or less from seasickness, and taking the world over, there are probably thousands at this very moment who are in abject misery from this cause. Yet few are deterred by this fact from going to sea, even though their own previous experience teaches them that they must inevitably suffer. As with some other states of temporary distress, so with sea sickness; when once it is over, the memory of it grows dim, and we recklessly incur the risk again, realizing our folly only when it is too late to stop the boat.

Although so serious a malady to the sufferer it is very rare that death results from it. Delicate women have made voyages of several weeks' duration, suffering every minute of the way, and rejecting apparently every swallow of food; yet terra firma once reached appetite returns, and after a few days no trace of suffering remains. There would be little profit in reviewing the many conflicting theories

as to the nature of seasickness, but it is of interest to learn that physicians who have had most experience with its treatment regard it as a nervous affection, and not a stomach disorder. Almost every known drug has been tried at one time or another, but none has been found that will cure all cases.

A moderately seasick voyager should stay on deck every possible minute, as near amidships as he can get, out of the direct rays of the sun, and where the awful odors of machine oil, steam and cooking food may not reach him. Reclining on a steamer-chair or lying flat on deck is better than sitting or standing, and the best of all correctives in diversion, such as is found in lively conversation and the like.

It is impossible to fix any dietary rules applicable to all cases, and the best way is for each one to call, within reason, for what appeals to his palate. Although seasickness is not primarily a disorder of the stomach, there is no question that it is often made worse by the overeating and sometimes overdrinking, so commonly attendant upon the farewells of those about to sail. A few days of plain living before going aboard will perhaps do more than anything else to avert catastrophe.

HEALTHFULNESS OF SUNLIGHT.

Seek the sunlight is the advice of all present-day hygienists. Patients on the sunny side of the hospital ward recover sooner. The person who takes the sunny side of the street outlives his shade-seeking brother by many years. Sleep in rooms in which the sun has shed its rays all day. Bask in the sun all you can, and you will seldom need much medicine.

BABOO TOBACCO SCIENCE.

Valuable Information on the Right Mixture for Indians to Smoke and Chew.

As we see it is a most amazing extent to which tobacco has spread all over earth in these 300 years, when it was brought into England from America by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1586 A. D. In Turkey it is perpetually in every mouth. In China it is so universally practiced that a female of six or seven has a pocket in her dress to hold her pipe and tobacco. In Burmah it is smoked by persons of all ranks, even a child of two or three. In India all classes and both sexes smoke, eat and smell.

It grows in India so vigorously that we can scarcely find a town or village in Hindustan where no plot of ground would be found covered by this perpetual plant. And in the same manner there would be very few of our readers who know the processes in which the tobacco becomes suitable for our usual smoking. It would be not, therefore, out of place to draw before the public an outline of its manufacture.

When it is full grown and its leaves have begun to acquire a yellowish tint it is gathered and left on the ground to be withered one day or more in the sun.

Although we can have smoking tobacco from many different ways, but it would suffice here to mention some processes, for their suitability, current in a most famous place for the purpose in India, known as Biswan, in Setapore district.

Being withered it is brought to be cudgelled with wood so firmly as to become a dust, which is called "Ruddee" and mixed with syrup and alkali or impure carbonate of soda; it is left in balls to be dissolved.

Now a leavened or Khamira tobacco is prepared by the undergoing formula: 1. Cloves, 2. Cardamums, 3. Mace, 4. Nutmeg, 5. All-spice, 6. Cinnamon, 7. Dry rose flower, 8. Filling aoes wood, 9. Filling sandal wood, 10. Nakh, 11. Pandree, 12. White cardamums, 13. Benzoin, Of each quarter a seer, 14. Amillas. One seer.

All these except the last one which is boiled, are cudgelled and made a powder. And a next preparation is now made:

Camphor, two Chatak—Karpur; salarus, quarter a seer; betel, quarter a seer.

All these being cudgelled are boiled; and now five punsaris of Ruddee mixed with syrup are mixed with both the preparations and stirred with hand, and in this, essence of rose or keorah one tola, musk six mashes, and saffron three ma-has "being grinded," are mixed, and the process now ready is called khamira, a good one for the purpose, ever used in India for smoking.

PERFECT HAPPINESS.

A Persian king got the blues and was told by his astrologers that he would be himself again by wearing the suit of a perfectly happy man. The whole kingdom was ransacked for such a man but he could not be found. At last a laborer returning from his work was discovered to be absolutely happy and was hurried before the king. But when his coat was removed, it appeared that the man wore no shirt! One must depend upon one's self for happiness.

NO WONDER!

Irate Customer—This chicken is quite cold.

Polite Waiter—What else could monsieur expect? The poor bird has been dead three weeks.

A THOUGHTFUL MAIDEN.

Isn't that the young man you were engaged to?

Yes, auntie.

But why did you break it?

He believes in the germ theory and that kissing is dangerous.

But surely that is right and proper.

In a scientific yes; but not in a husband.

LIGHT FOR PARLIAMENT.

The houses of parliament are partly lighted by 40,000 electric lamps which number is being constantly increased. Fifty experienced electricians are employed to keep the system in order. But there is still a yearly gas bill of £2,000.

RAINY RIVER DISTRICT.

A Western Man Thinks a Good Deal About It.

J. L. Edwards, a well-known mining man and capitalist, who registers from Salt Lake City, but whose home is divided between the locations of his several gold mining properties in Montana, Utah and Colorado, was recently interviewed in Buffalo. Asked as to whether he had any intention of going to the Klondike region, Mr. Edwards said: "No, I am not going to the Klondike, but I have just come from the Lake Superior and Rainy Lake gold fields and the more I see of that surprising country, the more I feel that I do not care to go to Alaska. I think that the new country which is being opened up north of the Minnesota line and Lake Superior—the Lake of the Woods territory and the Michipicoten field—is the most promising country for paying mines that I have ever run across. I am amazed by it. I have already secured some options and have made some purchases there and am

GOING BACK FOR MORE.

"The mines about the Lake of the Woods, are showing up surprisingly. We, who have made our strikes in the west, have been rather skeptical about any mines of permanent value or of great number east of the Rocky Mountains. But my trip to that country up north and north-west of Lake Superior has opened my eyes. The Michipicoten field has not been much prospected as yet, but is making some splendid showings in the little development that has been done, and more men are going in there every day. I saw some samples of decomposed quartz there that were as rich in gold as any I have ever seen in my life. The rock is very easily workable and there will be some big pits made there on small capital."

"Did you make any investments?" was asked of Mr. Edwards.

"Yes, I bought an interest in one claim and secured options on a couple more. But as a general rule the miners there are not ready to sell for any moderate figure. They think they have a good thing, and forget that it takes money to run mines. After a time, when the first flush of rich discoveries wear off, and money is needed to work the properties, then the figures will come down. Michipicoten is a good country, for the prospector now, but it will be better for the capitalist.

TWELVE MONTHS FROM NOW.

"Up in the Rainy River and Lake of the Woods district I found the most tempting field for present investment that I have yet struck. Some of the mines there have been developed long enough to give a fair estimate of their value. Something can be judged as to the character of the developments beneath the surface showing, and this gives a chance to figure somewhat on the probable character of newer prospects in the same country. New claims are being continually found and there are many enticing looking prospects to be had there at reasonably low figures. Of course, one cannot go out there and pick up a gold mine that will pay handsome dividends unless he knows his business; but a good mining man can get hold of some splendid properties there now. I have bought two claims upon the Lake of the Woods which I will gamble on. I fancy I can trust my judgment to know a good prospect when I see it."

Inasmuch as Mr. Edwards has the reputation of never having been connected with an unsuccessful mine, his last statement may be said to go.

THE OLD-FASHIONED SOLDIER.

The day of the dashing old soldier, who did amusingly cool and brilliant things, seems to have gone by. Cool the soldier is still expected to be, but the chance of doing brilliant things is reduced to a minimum. To illustrate the ways of the old-fashioned soldier, an English exchange tells of an exploit of Private O'Shaughnessy, who was in the Indian mutiny.

Shaugh, as they called him, was one of the foremost in an attack upon a temple, or a palace, or some other gorgeous building, and had not got far into it before he came in front of a great mirror. Instantly he stopped before it, and though the bullets were whistling past him began to admire himself and twirl his moustache.

Bedad, Shaugh, he said to himself, with a grin, you're a foine figure of a man.

Just then a bullet crashed into the mirror, breaking the glass into a thousand pieces, and obliterating the reflection of Shaugh's features.

Arrah, there! he called angrily, turning back, ye've spilted the foine view that I had of mesself!

HER COMPLAINT.

Mrs. Newrocks—Merry! These bag-gemen are very careless!

Miss Newrocks—What have they done mamma?

Mrs. Newrocks—Why, they've torn and defaced the labels on our trunks, so that it is very hard for a stranger to see that we have been to Europe.

A HINDRANCE TO COURTSHIP.

Mr. Hilow—I hear that Miss Munn whom you call upon so frequently, is quite wealthy in her own right.

Mr. Hudson—So I hear.

Mr. Hilow—Any incumbrances?

Mr. Hudson—A seven-year-old brother.

THE NECESSARIES OF LIFE.

Then you haven't made very much money? asked the friend who hadn't seen him for fifteen years.

No, replied the photographer; not a great deal; but I get three square meals a day and I have my wheel.