PROCLAIMING THE KING

Forecast of the Great Ceremony Which Will Take Place at Delhi, on New Year's Day, 1903

It is early dawn upon the Ridge. Like Aladdin's magic palace, a city of pavilions, white and blue and scarlet, has arisen upon its luxuriant green, as in a single night. Beneath it, toward the rising sun, still slumbers the Imperial City, writes A. Saraph Kumah Ghosh in London Express.

A thin, white mist glimmers like a mystic light above its golden cupolas and marble minarets. Then in the center of the veil there comes to being a luminous disc, pink and orange, fringed with rays of blue and violet. A moment later the veil has vanished in the air, and like a radiant god the golden sun sits enthroned upon imperial Delhi, embracing the earth in 10,000 arms.

"Il-lalla! Allah illa! Allah Akbar!" An eastern voice floats in the stillness of the morn from the topmost minaret of the Jumma Musjid, awakening the city from its slumber.

"Boom!" answers the Ridge in the deep voice of the west. "Boom!" And 10 seconds later another. A hundred and one guns herald the day from Aladdin's magic city.

Ere the last reverberation has died away along the Jumma valley the old city has risen up to go forth and join the new upon the Ridge.

It is the supremest day in the annals of the Indian Empire. For it is to witness an event that combines in itself the coronation and the proclamation of the first emperor of a mighty country.

WHITE-TUSKED ELEPHANTS.

Thus a vast throng will fill imperial Delhi on that supreme day. A hundred white-tusked elephants will be arrayed in cloth-of-gold, and upon each a silver howdah, incrusted with gems of a thousand hues.

Each tusk is encircled with three rings of gold; each broad forehead covered with a silver shield, chased and embossed with heraldic devices. On some it is the blazing orb of day, embossed in gold, to tell the world that the prince that sits upon the silver howdah beneath the canopy of crimson brocade claims descent from the sun.

On others it is the full moon, chased in silver—for the children of the lunar race.

A gorgeous cavalcade comes behind them—mail-clad warriors upon champing steeds. Each is armed with sword and lance and battle-axe, with tiger-claw daggers in his belt. Upon the steeds are trappings of gold and silver, and upon their heads plumes of bright-hued feathers.

Along the cavalcade the eye catches the glint of gold and silver, even upon the visor and headpiece, and of incrusted gems upon the sword hilt. For, indeed, to this day, India still remains the land where the "Arabian Nights" were once begotten.

A vast multitude on foot comes in its wake, radiant in many colors. Grave-faced Sikhs and grinning Gurkhas; big-boned stalwart Jats, and little wiry Mahrattas; mild, clean-shaven Bengali pundits, and fierce, black-bearded Pathans — all come forth to participate in the glory of their Emperor.

IN THE AMPHITHEATRE.

And now a dense throng fills the amphitheatre on the Ridge—tier upon tier of raised seats that hold 10,000 of the choicest nobility and gentry of India. In the vast plains beyond 300,000 of the populace stand in serried ranks, a sea of human heads crested with rippling waves of turbans, yellow and green and pink.

But all eyes are turned to the dais. Above it there floats a crimson canopy of Dacca's loveliest brocade, embroidered in gold and silver with the rose, the thistle, the shamrock and the Lotus of India — fit symbol of the union of England and India, of which this very Durbar is the noblest emblem and the truest credential.

Beneath the canopy there stands a crystal throne, inlaid with golden effigies, draped in costly cashmere. Reposing upon the velvet cushion is the imperial crown, a glittering mass of diamonds, rubies and sapphires.

By its side reclines the golden sceptre, scintillating sparks of fire from its diamond tip. The Emperor of India is not there. Would that he were! But instead his imperial emblems sit upon his throne.

Suddenly the heavy curtains behind the dais are parted, and a tall figure in blue and scarlet emerges therefrom; raising a silver trumpet to his lips, he sends forth a loud blast to the west. From the west the answer comes, for suddenly another trumpet has appeared across the amphitheatre. Then another from the north, and another from the south.

IN WHITE AND CRIMSON.

While yet the echoes are mingling in the air the curtains behind the throne are flung asunder, revealing two rows of stalwart men in white and crimson that hold their swords aloft to form an arch. From beneath it there steps forth the viceregent of India's emperor, arrayed in the full insignia of the Star of India.

A long-drawn blast from a solitary trumpet—and a hushed silence falls upon the assembled host. The solitary figure of the chief herald stands before the dais, facing the amphitheatre.

What words of omen are these he reads? Whence this echo of another proclamation whose sweet recollections still linger fondly in India's memory?

"* * * In your prosperity will be our mightiest strength, in your contentment our deepest security, in your happiness our highest reward."

With the last lingering word a strange stillness comes over that vast multitude. Their hearts, full of newborn love in that awakened memory, are too full for spoken words.

Suddenly the spell is broken.

"Jai! Jai! Kaisar-i-Hind!" shouts a brazen throat from the topmost gallery.

"Edward, ke jai!" Four score voices take up the cry from tier to tier. What cry is this—"Jai! Jai!" To whom do they give that salute that may be given but to gods?

Jai! Jai! Kaisar-i-Hind!"

It is the roar of 300,000 men from pit to gallery, from gallery to the Ridge. All along the plains, the Jumna bank, to the heart of the Imperial city the echo swells like a mighty avalanche. It is India gone mad with joy because of her emperor's gracious message.

Boom! The roar of a thousand cannon responds to the salute. Forty thousand rifles crash together in a feu-de-joie. Through the crash and the roar there arises the mingled harmony of martial music. Ten thousand voices in the amphitheater catch up the anthem. Ten thousand glittering swords leap in the air. Ten thousand—

But a solitary figure stands before the imperial throne. He holds in his hand a crimson banner, upon which is embroidered in gold the sun in splendor. It is the viceregent of India's emperor.

To him a stalwart form, all abiaze in gems from brow to heel, steps out from before the dais. Who is he? The Hindua Sooraj! The doyen of India's royalty. The lineal descendant of the divine Rama.

The heir of a hundred kings, whose noble forefathers had scorned the alliance of the Moghul emperors, saying that they were "low caste upstarts." It is he they call in England Maharana of Udaipur.

But now, in token of fealty, he faces the imperial throne and presents the hilt of his sword to the vice-regent, who touches it lightly with his right hand in the name of his august master. Then, amid the hushed silence is heard, the message of the Emperor to his vassal:

"In the name and on behalf of his Majesty the Emperor, I present your Highness with this banner, on which are blazoned the noble traditions of your dynasty. May it never be unfurled save to remind your highness of the close union between the throne of England and your highness' loyal and ancient house!"

Then the rulers of India file past the imperial throne—the Chohan, the the Hindu, the Moslem. All men, Rahtor, the Maharatta, the Sikh, save one—the Nawab Sultan Jahan, a woman that has a man's name! She is the Begum of Bhopal, the sole princess of India in her own right.

And, now, after yet another trumpet call, the Hindua Sooraj replies to the message of his Emperor on behalf of all his brethren:

"Shah-in-Shah Padishah! Maharaj-Adhiraj-Parameshwar! The princes of India bless you, and pray that your sovereignty and power may remain steadfast for ever. God bless the Emperor!"

Then 10,000 voices within, and 300,000 without, take up that cry. The roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry respond through the lengthening echoes.

THE HEATHEN CHINESE.

Here is a good story apropos of a well-known characteristic of the Chinaman, which is never to understand anything he does not wish to understand. No man on earth can be denser than John when he chooses.

It was not so long ago, in a police court in Melbourne, that a Chinaman was summoned for being in possession of a tenement unfit for human habitation. The case was clearly proved, and he was fined £1.

But in no way could John be made to understand that a fine had been inflicted. He sat there with unmoved stolidity, and all the court could extract from him was : "Me no savvy—no savvy."

After saying this in a voice devoid of all hope, he sank again into silence.

Here rose a well-known lawyer. "With your worship's permission, I think I can make the Chinaman understand," he said.

He was permitted to try.

Striding fiercely up to the poor Celestial, he said to him in a loud voice : "John, you're fined two pounds."

"No fear—only one !"

About the ....House

PREPARING POTATOES.

First, the peeling should be carefully done. For this a sharply pointed knife is requisite. Holding the potato firmly, cut out each eye. This is readily done by the point of the knife. Cut as deeply as is necessary, but remove the entire eye. This done, peel evenly the rest of the potato.

Authorities differ about the thickness of the peeling. Some claim that there is a poison close to the skin, but the weightier opinion is that potatoes do not differ from other vegetables and fruits. That is, the poorest part is next to the core, and the best close to the skin. Therefore, peel thin. This not only secures the best flavor, but it is more economical.

Fill a pan with cold water. Put the potatoes into this pan and rinse them thoroughly. Frequently two or three waters will be necessary before they are quite clean. Let them stand in pure cold water until put in to boil.

When they are put into the pot lay the largest potatoes on the bottom, otherwise the small ones will be overcooked. Be sure that the water is hot, but let it come to a boil rather than be boiling when poured over the potatoes. In this way they become heated more evenly. Add salt when the potatoes are about half done.

Try them when they have been boiling twenty minutes. If they are not done watch them closely. The moment they are well boiled through pour off all the water, set the saucepan back on the range and shake it constantly for three or four minutes, during which time raise the cover at intervals to let out the steam.

The potatoes will now be found to be like balls of dry snow and would tempt the veriest epicure.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Pineapple Sandwiches—Cut white bread in thin slices, remove crust and spread lightly with layer of mayonnaise dressing. Chop some nice pineapple very fine, drain off juice (for use next day) and sprinkle fruit on bread over the dressing. Cut them into strips and serve.

Maple Cup Custard—Two eggs, two tablespoons scraped maple sugar ; beat very light, add one pint milk, a few grains of salt. Put two or three small lumps of maple sugar in bottom of each cup, pour in custard and bake in pan of water until creamy. Serve cold.

Cream of Asparagus Soup—Take two bunches of fresh asparagus, cook the tips in salted water, cook the remainder of asparagus about twenty minutes in a quart of salted water. Put through sieve; add to this one and one-half pints of rich cream sauce and the water the asparagus was cooked in; last add the tips, let come to a boil and serve.

Date Pie—One pound dates stewed in little water three hours; put through colander, add yolks of three eggs, three cups milk, a pinch of salt and a tablespoonful of sugar ; lastly, the stiffly beaten whites. Bake with one crust. This will make two pies.

Green Corn Fritters.—One dozen ears of green corn, grated ; yolks of six eggs, well beaten; one teaspoonful of salt, half teaspoonful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls flour. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and bake like pancakes on a hot griddle. Delicious.

Philadelphia Potatoes.—Boil small new potatoes in their jackets, and after they are cool pare and cut in thin slices. For three cups of the potato, make a white sauce in this fashion : Stir one heaped tablespoonful of flour into one heaped tablespoonful of soft butter and thin with one and a half cups of milk. Season with salt and pepper. Butter a shallow dish, put in half the potato, season well, add half the sauce, then the rest of the potatoes Pour the remainder of the sauce and over all pour a well-beaten egg. Bake in a quick oven until thoroughly heated through.

Peach Dumplings.—Peach dumplings are delicious. Make a rich biscuit crust, roll it one third of an inch thick, cut in six-inch circles, put a peeled peach in the center of each, pinch the crust round it securely, lay in a flat buttered pan, some distance apart, and bake 40 minutes or steam half an hour, then put in the oven to dry off and brown. Serve with sugar and cream, or a hard sauce made by creaming two tablespoonfuls of butter and then beating into it a cup of powdered sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla. A peach shortcake is also delicious. The fruit should be very ripe, so ripe it will mash, or it should be steamed till very tender.

WELL WORTH KNOWING.

Flour sprinkled on burning oil will at once extinguish the flames.

Don't use butter for frying purposes. It decomposes, and is unwholesome.

Equal parts of vinegar and paraffin oil make a better polish for a piano than any furniture cream.

Stained knives may be cleaned by dipping a raw potato into brickdust and scouring them with it.

A sponge should never be used unless it be sweet and clean. After washing it, dry in the air and sunshine.

A few drops of ammonia to a pint of water sprinkled on the roots of house plants will produce an abundant growth.

In bottling pickles boil the corks, and while hot you can press them in the bottles, and when cold they are sealed tightly.

Hint for an Emergency.—In a case of choking, instantly put your finger into the throat and feel if the substance be within reach. If it be food, force it down, and thus liberate the breathing. Should it be a hard substance, endeavor to hook it out. If this be impossible, tickle the throat with the finger or a feather, to promote vomiting.

To Restore Colors.—Alum water will restore almost all faded colors. Brush the faded article thoroughly to free it from dust, cover it with a layer of castile soap, rinse with clear water, and then with alum water, and the color will be usually much brighter than before.

Stair and room carpets should be swept with a wet stiff broom. This will prevent the dust rising, and cause the carpets to look fresher and brighter than when done with tea leaves.

Keep butter cool in hot weather by putting it in a small basin and standing it in a large bowl of water. Then cover the butter with a piece of muslin, letting the four corners just touch the water underneath.

A refreshing drink which is very beneficial to the health.—Peel one lemon, removing all skin and pips ; the juice of this, with one teaspoon of cream of tartar and a pint and a half of boiling water; sugar it to taste.

ROYALTY HAS ITS LABORS.

The King and Queen Have Their Duties to Perform.

Before Mayfair is astir the King is at his desk, dictating through telephone messages to his secretaries at work in another room, writing such letters as demand an autograph reply and attaching his signature to those documents which are ever present with the monarch, says the London Mail. It used to be the boast of William IV. that he never retired for the night until he had signed everything which awaited his signature each day, and he would persevere in his task even when forced to allay the cramp in his fingers by bathing them in hot water.

King Edward is not less conscientious than King William and signs documents with extraordinary despatch. Indeed, His Majesty does everything quickly and promptly, and will see through a thing before the other people have begun to discuss it. After state documents and correspondence have been dealt with the King receives Ministers, Ambassadors and official personages in audience, or there may be a levee to hold or a function to attend. The afternoon and evening frequently bring public duties and always social ones, while in between whiles the King manages to dovetail a little purely family life. Too much emphasis cannot be placed on the fact that the royal family preserve a real home amid all the calls of state and public duties.

It is less easy to tabulate the various demands on the Queen's time and thought than to describe the details of the King's working days. In palace, as in villa, it is the many littles which occupies a woman's time and make her day arduous. Apart from those hours which the Queen must give to matters of dress she undoubtedly may claim to be a hard-working woman in virtue of the unfailing graciousness with which she accompanies the King to all public ceremonials, the ready ear which she has for the demands of philanthropy, and the kindly patronage she extends to art, music and the drama.

The Queen must often perform her social duties in London when a rest at Sandringham amid the simple country life which she loves so well would be more agreeable. But duty first must ever be the royal watchword. It is not easy to be always bowing and smiling and saying the gracious thing, even though the body may feel weary and the head ache, and I think it must be in justice admitted that the Queen and all the princesses show a fortitude in this matter which few women would care to emulate.

SHIP THAT REPAIRS SHIPS.

It is satisfactory that the British Admiralty are anxious to make the fleets and squadrons as independent as possible of their naval bases. The recent experiments in coaling at sea are proof of this; but shortly a new departure will be made. There is now at Chatham dockyard a vessel, well named the Assistance, whose duty will be to act as a floating workshop for repairs. The Assistance will be able to undertake almost all kinds of repairs at sea. Electrically driven machinery is being installed. The vessel will also be capable of providing some 150 tons of distilled water a day. In all probability the Assistance will go to the Mediterranean when commissioned.

Mrs. Harriss (looking up from a letter)—"I'm so glad we sent Harry to boarding school. I knew he would make his mark. He says he is considered one of the best scholars." Mr. Harriss—"Let me see that letter. Why, that isn't 'scholars,' it's 'scullers' !"

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

The London city police were supplied with white helmets this summer.

Victoria railway station is to be enlarged by the Brighton Railway Company.

The London fire brigade will have a motor fire engine at work in a few weeks.

In a London sale room £245 was paid for a copy of "Robinson Crusoe,' issued in 1719.

The sum spent in London for seats to view the coronation was over a million sterling.

Manchester's new Thirlmere water pipe is being laid at the average rate of 340 yards per week.

A printer in Liverpool is said to be 103 years old. He has made so many typographical errors during his career that he is afraid to die.

The area of the Channel Isles is but 75 square miles, while the Isle of Man has 227 square miles. Yet the former have 95,000 to the latter's 55,000 people.

Lord Stanley, as heir of the Earl of Derby, will in the ordinary course of events rule over nearly 70,000 acres of land and occupy a seat in the House of Lords.

The London and Northwestern Company's Birmingham to London express steamed 115 miles in 113 minutes. This beats all previous English records.

Dr. David Melville, senior canon of Worcester Cathedral, has resigned his appointment. He is 89 years of age. The canonry is worth £750 a year, with house.

The market for Lipton shares has fallen upon evil days, as few are to be found among the investing public who care to buy even at a depreciated level.

The death is announced of Lieut.-Gereral Sir Edward Newdegate-Newdegate. The deceased officer served in the Crimea, and also took part in the Zulu war in 1879.

Holloway Castle, that outwardly picturesque retreat of recalcitrant debtors, first-class misdemeanants and distinguished prisoners, is shortly to become a female prison.

To their great dismay the employes of a Kingston brewery who went to Folkestone the other day for their annual outing were compelled to dine at a temperance hotel.

The £10,000 voted by the Lancashire County Council for the permanent celebration of the coronation is to be devoted towards the establishment of a new consumptive hospital.

General Sir John French was presented with the freedom of the Cutlers' Company of London and a sword of honor in recognition of his distinguished services.

Great Britain has well maintained her lead over her two most probable adversaries, and now counts 29 first-class battleships ready for action, against 17 for France and Russia combined.

The Duke of Northumberland has notified his intention of providing a site of two acres of land at Isleworth, at a nominal rent, for a secondary school. He will give the sum of £4,000 to build it.

Upwards of 2,000 troops from South Africa reached Southampton on the 3rd ult., including Grenadier Guards, Scots Guards, the 2nd Black Watch, and the 3rd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

The war in South Africa cost £268,000,000, which is three times the cost of the Crimean War. The people have borne it without a murmur, and this enormous expenditure has no whit impaired the credit of the United Kingdom.

During July 19,922 persons left Britain for the United States, as compared with 14,824 in July of last year. During the seven months ended July 31st no fewer than 123,612 emigrated, as compared with 101,154 during the corresponding period last year.

OPIUM CURSE IN CHINA.

The statement that a German firm has offered the Chinese Government $15,000,000 annually for the exclusive rights to sell opium throughout the empire is significant for the evidence it affords of the hold which the opium curse has upon the Chinese people. It is quite as consistent for the Germans to secure a monopoly of this miserable stuff in the future as it was for England to force it upon China in the first place, but in neither case is the transaction creditable to a professedly Christian nation. The use of $15,000,000 worth of opium per year will go far toward offsetting all the good that all the missionary forces of other nations can do in China, and the fact that a traffic in the drug of such dimensions can be carried on successfully is not a hopeful augury for the future of the Celestial empire.

Among the wilder tribes of the Caucasus every child is taught to use the dagger almost as soon as it can walk. The children first learn to stab water without making a splash, and by incessant practice acquire an extraordinary command over the weapon.