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The Daily British Whig

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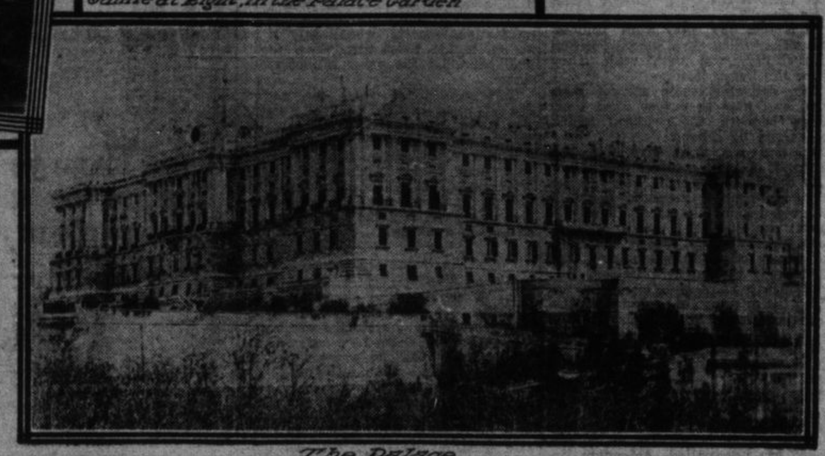
THE BEAUTIFUL ROYAL PALACE AT MADRID

The Feast Hall

The Future King of Spain at Left, Infante Don Jaime at Right, in the Palace Garden



The Palace

The King and Queen Returning From a Review

The Queen's Private Sitting Room

There is an unexplainable fascination about Madrid and everything connected with the court life at the Spanish capital. The youthfulness of the King and Queen, the doings of their attractive children and the grandeur of the great palace in which they live have a never-ending interest to the foreigner, and especially if the foreigner happens to be an American for somehow the Spanish-American War intensified rather than diminished our interest in Spain. The Spanish people reciprocate this feeling, and no country welcomes the American with more eagerness than Spain. Sightseeing is comparatively easy as far as art galleries, churches, etc., are concerned, but the Palacio Real, the home of the King of Madrid, is almost inaccessible. The King and Queen do not object to visitors viewing their splendid residence, but the Queen Mother is said to have a decided dislike to having strangers wandering through the palace, and in deference to her wishes, the king refuses a general admission. Permission can, therefore, be obtained only through one's minister making the formal request, and this is not always granted, so the visitor to whom this privilege is accorded may count himself fortunate, for the palace is one of the most beautiful in Europe—magnificently furnished and kept up with true Spanish elegance.

The first stone of this building was laid in 1737, but the building was not occupied until 1764. It belongs to the Tuscan style of architecture, the base being of granite and the upper portions of white stone of Colmenar, which resembles marble. The building forms a square of 471 feet, with a patio in the center about 145 feet square, surrounded by an open portico. The lower story is plain and massive, while the upper stories are made lighter by means of semi-attached pillars of Doric and Ionic style dividing a row of high and narrow balconies. A wide cornice runs around the top, and over it is a stone balustrade. It presents an impressive appearance from all sides, but the best view is from the Valley of the Manzanares, where the rapid slope of the ground has been neutralized by immense substructures of masonry. The cost of the palace is said to have been about $40,000,000. There is a beautiful garden attached to it which is situated in a hollow between the western facade and the Manzanares River. Here are beautiful shaded walks, rustic seats, marble fountains and rare flowers. This garden is a favorite spot with the young Queen, and here she loves to walk and wander with her children, far away from the public gaze she is a mother as well as queen. The little princes take their driving lessons in the sequestered spot, while the Queen enjoys their efforts. A tiny automobile is at the disposal of the children, but so far the Prince of the Asturias' accomplishment consists of driving a little black Galacian pony.

Guard mount is merely a change of the palace guard, and takes place every morning. This attractive military display is always witnessed by hundreds of people, for the Spaniards love pomp and show, and there is plenty of gold lace at guard mount. Promptly at 10.30 the men who are to replace the ones on duty enter the courtyard—coming from the royal barracks nearby. There is a slow, peculiar step to music which sounds like a dirge. The new men go to their posts only after each one gives the password for the Spanish government runs no chance of having a revolutionist in disguise among the king's guard. There is a change of cavalry, artillery and infantry, and the ceremony requires about half an hour. Occasionally the king appears on one of the balconies and bows to the populace. The little Crown Prince, although not yet four years of age, has developed a fondness for everything military, and is frequently brought to the window by his nurse during guard mount. Indeed, the little fellow's military ideas have already developed to a remarkable degree. A little incident illustrative of this is told by an American woman who was visiting Madrid. She happened to be leaving the Palace one morning when she saw the men go on guard, line up and stand attention. Two cavalrymen were approaching the Palace, and just behind them was a carriage, which she soon recognized as one from the royal stables. As they drew nearer she saw the little Princes and their nurses. As soon as the Crown Prince caught sight of the salute of the soldiers his tiny hand went on to his head, and he was driven through the gate and lifted from the carriage still saluting the men of the guard. The Crown Prince, by the way, is very blonde, and bears a remarkable resemblance to his mother. The second child, Don Jaime, is dark, and of the strong Spanish type. They enjoy life just as do other children—have plenty of toys of every description, and are petted and spoiled by the Queen Mother just as the child of humble birth is catered to by his grandmother. They are both healthy, sturdy little fellows. Their young sister, the Princess, however, is said to be delicate and as yet has rarely been outside the Palace.

It is almost impossible to describe the beauties of the Spanish Palace in the short space of a newspaper article, for in no other palace in Europe is there such a wealth of art in the decorations. Many of the ceilings are by such noted artists as Bayen, Mella and Valesquez. The Hall of the Ambassadors, or throne room, is the richest in decoration, and I shall never forget the barbaric splendor of its bronze and gold decoration, its wonderful ceiling adorned with Trepolo's great painting, "The Majesty of Spain," the huge bronze lions which stand guard at the throne, the rich red velvet hangings, the wonderful carved canopy over the seats of the king and queen, and the massive chandeliers which glisten like so many diamonds. The state dining room, known to Spaniards as the "Feast Hall," has frescoes by Raphael. It is lighted by hundreds of electric bulbs and will comfortably seat 200 persons at a banquet. Rare Japanese vases fill the different corners of the room. The chairs are ebony, upholstered in satin brocade bearing the coat-of-arms of Spain. The mirror salon, too, is regarded as one of the handsomest apartments of the palace. The entire wall is made of mirrors and the room seems like a great maze. The ceiling and frieze are of porcelain with the clock and statuary of the purest white marble. The furniture is upholstered in yellow brocade. The chandelier here is Venetian and when lighted has the appearance of a mass of dew drops. The floor in this room is mosaic. The Gasparina Salon is considered by art lovers to be the most perfect in delicate workmanship of its decoration and dainty coloring. The decoration of the entire room—ceiling and walls—is made of porcelain, in designs of fruit and flowers, colored from nature. Each piece is screwed on and is fitted so neatly that it can only be detected on the most minute examination. The background for the wall is pale blue satin, while the furniture is of the same shade with various designs of brocade. There are about thirty rooms on this floor, and one passes from one to another fairly bewildered with the riot of coloring and richness of decoration, for it seems that all quarters of the globe have contributed to its furnishings.

Over in the section used as living quarters by the royal family there are several very beautiful rooms. The apartments are guarded night and day by sentinels carrying long spears and wearing helmets such as we only see in pictures or on the stage. In these private apartments the queen's sitting-room is the most attractive apartment. It is furnished in blue and gold and contains many dainty, little ornaments brought from England. It is in this room that her tea is served in English fashion, and where she plays with her children. The room is elegant in its simplicity. The king's den, too, is simple with red as the predominating color. There is a handsome inlaid desk with a simple silver desk set, and a revolving chair upholstered in red moire. On the side table is a picture of the queen. The cabinet room, where the king meets his counsellors and which has recently been the theatre of stirring scenes, is no larger than the cabinet room in the White House at Washington. The walls are dark red, and the table is massive ebony. The chairs are of the same wood and are upholstered in the same color as used on the walls. Oil paintings of Spain's former rulers decorate the room, and there is a golden crucifix in the corner.

In passing through the palace one is struck by the great number and different styles of clocks, and on the day of my visit at least a dozen were giving out time, yet no two were alike. This multiplicity of timepieces in the palace is often embarrassing to people who are to have an audience with the king, for they are sure to arrive either too early or too late, according to the palace clocks.

There is a royal chapel in the palace proper, and a large number of priests are among the royal retinue. The queen mother is an especially devout Catholic, and she is sure to be found at mass every morning, and it is here, too, that the king washes the feet of several poor men on Holy Thursday. The stables and garage are almost equal in interest to the palace, for the king owns more than an hundred horses and mules and sixteen automobiles. The public may visit the stables two days of each week and any day if they are willing to give a substantial tip. The harness room, which is above the horses' apartments, contains harness and saddles of every description. The king is fastidious about his saddles, and seems to have one of the style used in every country in the world. In the stable each horse has its own apartment with its name above the door. There is the long-mained, cream-colored Aranjuez carriage breed, the fiery Cordobese barbs, and the dainty, little Shetland and Galacian ponies which belong to the Prince of the Asturias. The horses used to draw the royal coach have stalls at the far end of the stable and are large fine-looking animals. The one which was badly injured when the bomb was thrown on the king's wedding day still shows a scar on his hip, and although this occurred in 1906, the animal is still nervous and will start at the crack of a match. The king's favorite riding horse is a beautiful bay and was given to him by the queen mother. The coach house, too, is of interest, for here one may see the old and the new coaches—the uncomfortable state carriages which are sent for ambassadors when they are to call upon the king, and the splendid up-to-date victorias and broughams used by the royal family. The coach in which the king and queen rode on their wedding day has been repaired, but the marks of the explosion still show. The young queen is fond of the opera, and the carriage she uses in going to and from the palace is a fine brougham lined with blue velvet and has folding steps which when let down reach to the pavement. The majority of the automobiles are of French make. The one chosen by the king and queen on their trips to and from San Sebastian is a big limousine beautifully fitted up and capable of making racing time.

Despite the unsettled condition of Spain and the constant dread of revolutionary uprisings the Spanish court enjoys itself after the Spanish fashion. The king who seems to have made a devoted husband and father, finds time for pleasure even with his cares of state. Never in robust health he leads an outdoor life by the advice of his physician, and is especially fond of hunting and is said to be a good shot. Tennis is his favorite game. He is an excellent horseman and frequently tires the army officers by the long rides which he insists on taking with them as his companions. He rides or drives through the streets of Madrid nearly every day either on horseback or in an open carriage with the queen. Of an independent disposition and with a determination to do what is right to the best of his ability, he has many stormy scenes with his advisers. Even as a child he was known to "have a will of his own," and his admirers are fond of telling the story of how when a boy he insisted on eating with his knife. His Austrian governess reproved him by saying, "Gentlemen do not eat with their knives." "But I am a king," was the child's quick reply. "Kings do not eat with their knives, either," declared the governess. "Well, this king does," he answered triumphantly, and continued to use the knife until his mother requested him to substitute a fork.

There has always been a beautiful devotion between the Queen Mother and her son. Marie Christian is wholly Austrian, and while she has never taken the trouble to ingratiate herself in the Spanish hearts, she did her best while regent to preserve the Spanish throne. The Spanish court is full of gossip and as no two people in Spain seem to have the same opinion on any subject the life of both the queen mother and the young queen is not all sunshine, and there is little wonder that those who saw the young queen on her wedding day and again recently, noticed that the cares of Spain have left their mark, for she has lost much of her girlish beauty.

No Longer in the Dark.

A Scottish parish minister was going from home and procured the clergyman of a neighboring parish to officiate on Sunday. The parish minister's servant, who was also beadle, says the London Globe, was sent over to the station to drive the visiting reverend gentleman to the manse.

When the train arrived the beadle asked the visitor to be good enough to wait awhile, as he had some errands to do before going home. It was two hours before he returned. The minister was furious and threatened to report the beadle to his master.

"Weel, sir, ye can dae that if ye likt," said the beadle, "but he tell't me himself to wait till it was dark afore I drove ye over, for if the folk o' the village saw who was to preach gaebody wud turn out the morn."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

HELPING HUMANITY.

Viewed Conditions From Opposite Standpoint.

Twenty years ago, says the Chicago Advance, a discouraged young doctor in a large city was visited once by his old father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy.

"Well, son," he said, "how are you getting along?"

"I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartened reply. "I'm not doing a thing."

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverance. Later in the day he went with his son to the free dispensary, where the young doctor had an unsalaried position and where he spent an hour or more every day. The father sat by, a silent but intensely interested spectator, while twenty-five poor unfortunates received help. The doctor forgot his visitor while he bent his skilled energies to the task, but hardly had the door closed on the last patient when the old man burst forth:

"I thought you told me that you were not doing anything! Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as much as you have in one morning I would thank God my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it, though," explained the son, somewhat abashed. "Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully, "Money! What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow men? Never mind about money. You go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm and gladly earn money enough to support you as long as I live—yes, and sleep sound every night with the thought that I have helped you to help your fellow men."

Too Much for for Him.

New York Metropolitan.

A Wall street broker has a boy who stutters badly. One day a neighbor wanted to send a note across the city and borrowed George to carry it for him. The trip was a long one, and the boy was quite three hours. When he returned the broker asked him how much he had charged for his services.

"F-f-f-f-f-fifteen c-c-c-cents!" was the gasping reply.

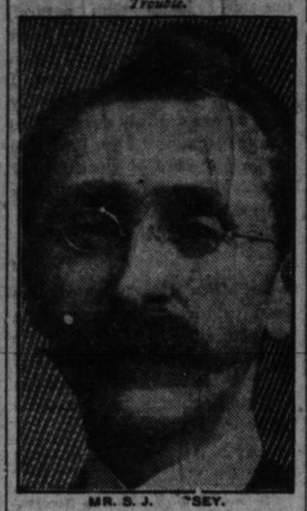
"Oh, pshaw! Why didn't you make it a quarter?"

"I-I-I c-c-c-could-couldn't s-s-say it," replied George sadly.

A fault is never so offensive as when it is somebody else's.

STOMACH INDIGESTION.

Peruna Strikes at the Root of the Trouble.



MR. S. J. MASSEY.

Mr. S. J. Massey, formerly a resident of Toronto, and a well-known business man, writes from 247 Guy street, Montreal, Quebec:

"I wish to testify to the *good results I have derived from the use of Peruna.*

"Having been troubled for several years with catarrh of the head, I decided to give Peruna a fair trial and I can truly say I have received great benefit from its use. It evidently strikes at the very root of the trouble and good results are soon noticeable.

"I have also *found Peruna a very valuable remedy for stomach trouble and indigestion.*

"I have no hesitancy whatever in recommending Peruna as a reliable catarrh remedy."

There are several kinds of indigestion. The trouble may be due to sluggishness of the liver, derangements of the bowels, enlargement of the pancreas, or it may be due to the stomach itself.

In nearly all cases of stomach indigestion catarrh of the stomach is the cause. The only permanent relief is to remove the catarrh.

Peruna has become well-known the world over as a remedy in such cases.

"CEETEE" Underwear conforms to every movement of the body.

It fits perfectly. That's a "Ceetee" feature you should know.

Perhaps your old underwear is of the "sack" variety—

Cut from the woollen fabric and sewn into shape—that sags, wrinkles or binds—a constant annoyance to grin and bear.

Enjoy the delightful sensation of underwear that fits—underwear that conforms snugly to every movement of the body.

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"CEETEE" UNDERWEAR

pleases all ages, young and old alike. It is made from the finest Australian Merino Wool, and **knit to fit the form**—combines health with absolute comfort.

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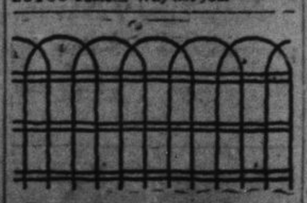
Why then continue to suffer when a box of ZUTOO will make you headache proof. You would be suprised to know how many people, who never before used a headache remedy, are now using ZUTOO Tablets. Why not you?



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If some people were as free with their money as they are with their advice, what a lot of good they might do in the world.

Speaking of oratory, many shallow remarks are uttered in a deep voice.