

THE CZAR ON HIS HOLIDAY.

How the Ruler of a Hundred Millions Lives When Believed of the Cares of Government—He is Preparing to go on His Annual Visit to the Tomb of Hamlet—Life at Fredensborg.

The above despatch, taken presumably from English sources, is printed verbatim. This is done to show how the cable nowadays has become a transmitter of lying dispatches to an indescribably idiotic extent. Imagine, if we can, the exiled Jews going to Denmark to wreak vengeance upon the Czar! The Jews have been emigrating from Russia voluntarily for the past year and a half, basing their hopes on a good future elsewhere on the promises (so far unfulfilled) of the Baron Hirsch Fund. The Czar may be a terrible despot, but so far as the present exodus of the Hebrews is concerned he has nothing at all to do with it.

The districts from which they are emigrating are at the present time suffering from a terrible famine and they should be happy to be away. The Czar arrived at Copenhagen on Tuesday, and was met by King Christian of Denmark, the Crown Prince Frederick, the King of Greece, the Queen of Denmark, the Crown Princess, the Princess of Wales, Prince Waldemar, Princes Hans and Wilhelm of Glücksberg, the King's two brothers, the diplomatic corps and the civil and military authorities of Copenhagen. He was enthusiastically cheered by the people.

THE CZAR IN DENMARK.

In spite of the grim stories told about the Autocrat of all the Russias the Czar is personally, and especially on this annual Danish trip of his, a fascinating personality and no one would imagine, watching him enjoying himself with his sons and tenderly escorting the Czarina, that he is the man who, according to such able dispatches as the above, sends yearly thousands of poor souls to Siberia and other thousands of his Jewish subjects into the cold, cold world, where they are battle-dored about from land to land, the Lord knows where.

In Denmark, however, the ruler of nearly a hundred million people can enjoy life like any other honest man, can throw off the cares of State and help his boys to make ducks and drakes on the smooth surface of the lake in front of Fredensborg, just as he used to do in all probability when he was a boy. When in Denmark, the guest of his father-in-law King Christian, the Czar occupies a little retreat built for him near to the old castle of Fredensborg. Fredensborg itself has pleasant memories for the Czar, for there it was that twenty-five years ago (Oct. 28, new style) he wooed and won the Princess Dagmar, after she had scarcely recovered from the grief caused by the death of his elder brother.

It will be remembered that when the Czar-witz Nicholas, the present Czar's brother, died, in April, 1865, at Nice, from the effects of a fall from his horse, the direct succession to the throne of Russia devolved on the Grand Duke Alexander, who, accustomed to see the heir full of strength and health, on the eve of a prosperous marriage, had never dreamed of such a contingency. No two brothers had ever been more unlike morally and physically; Nicholas was tall, pre-eminent handsome, his clear chiselled features the counterpart of his mother's; he had received an almost Spartan training, and, intellectually, a complete and advanced education under the direction of Count Sergius Stroganof, head of the Moscow University. On his deathbed, in the presence of the Emperor and Empress, he placed the hand of the weeping Dagmar in that of Alexander, saying to her: "Marry my brother, he is true as crystal." After the first uncontrollable anguish and mourning, the young people obeyed the Czarowitz's dying request, and were married in October 1866; the bridegroom was 29, the bride 19. They had hoped only to meet with mutual respect, trust, confidence, and they found more ardent love than usually falls to the share of wedded couples. So far the love story.

MEMORIES OF FREDENSBORG.

It was there on the morning of leaving the old castle the bride and Czarina scratched the words: "Farewell, beloved Fredensborg, farewell." To Fredensborg both Czar and Czarina love to return occasionally to live over again the days of courtship and to forget for a time the troubles and dangers of imperial existence. Near to Fredensborg the Czar built himself a few years ago a retreat on the brink of Lake Esrom, where he spends the portion of his time he does not give to the Czarina and his family. It was built by an architect named Stillman. Mr. Stillman had many opportunities of seeing the Czar. "I confess," he once said "the much-persecuted monarch will find

himself pretty safe within the walls of his retreat. One has to run a gauntlet of Imperial Guardsmen, bodyguard Cossacks and a ferocious Russian bear dog before you can approach the Czar himself.

"Sentinels armed with muskets patrol the ground around the hermitage by day and night. In the vestibule there are six Imperial Guards under command of a trusted officer. In the anteroom leading from the vestibule to the Czar's bedroom two Cossacks armed to the teeth keep incessant vigil, and directly inside the bedroom door in front of his couch is stretched the most savage specimen of a canine that Russia can boast. So you see any intruder would meet with a rather rough reception. In addition to all these safeguards there are electric devices of various sorts and a secret communication with Fredensborg Castle. But in his bedroom there is an absolute paucity of civilized comforts. In one corner stands a camp cot with blankets and one pillow; an oak chair and a desk complete the appointments. So restless is the Czar's disposition that he frequently arises two and three times during the night to write cipher dispatches, which immediately are taken by mounted couriers to the nearest Government telegraph stations and thence wired to St. Petersburg. He has likewise given imperative orders that dispatches must be delivered to him without a moment's delay, no matter what hour of the night they arrive.

THE CZARINA'S RESIDENCE.

Fredensborg proper, the residence now of the Czarina, is not a very imposing structure. There, in fact, all the imperial Russian and royal Danish guests will be housed for some time to come. The schloss consists of a central pavilion, with a long suit of wings, the whole crowned by a dome or cupola of zinc. At the entrance are stationed two guards dressed in most picturesque blue costumes. The second story of Fredensborg contains the family apartments. To reach this one must mount a wooden staircase, painted white and covered with a well-worn carpet. Long, narrow corridors lead to tiny rooms, devoted to the ladies in waiting of the visiting princesses. Wandering about these corridors it is very easy to imagine oneself on a transatlantic steamer. At the left of the staircase is the royal ante-chamber and the private secretary's office. A gallery leads to the King's apartments. From the windows the view is more than beautiful. The Czar and Empress of Russia have two rooms overlooking the park, one a bedroom, the other a *salon* furnished in pale blue silk. The dressing room, which is like a closet, contains only a toilet table, covered with gray cloth. The Czar himself is a very irregular member of his family. He is often so busily engaged with dispatches that he misses the dinner hour altogether. But when he is at Fredensborg, an orchestra of sixty-two musicians plays during dinner, going to and returning from the castle by rail; otherwise the domestic arrangements of the imperial pair are very unpretending. Of all princely personages in the castle, the Emperor is the first to rise. When breakfast is served at 9 o'clock, in the rooms of Queen Louise of Denmark, the Emperor usually returns from a long morning walk. After breakfast he joins the ladies and children; while the King of Greece, or one or other of the King's brothers, plays billiards or rides out. The youngest members of the family—Danish, Greek or English—are unanimous in calling their imperial uncle the best of all uncles, and constantly gather around him. In the evening the Danish Queen and her daughters sing and play. On Queen Louise's birthday the Emperor sang last year with a few hundred children, and even led the song when the Queen desired it to be repeated. Of course, the wicked people will say that the Czar in this musical taste of his bears a striking resemblance to Nero. However, it may be said that he is a skillful player on the French horn, and is a member of his own private orchestra at Gatchina in which he takes his place like an ordinary musician and plays with intelligence.

THE GUESTS AT FREDENSBORG.

It would be quite a task to give the names of all the relatives of the royal Dane who will have to be packed into Fredensborg this year. Last year the guests, all of whom were related to King Christian in some way, were the King of Greece, with his wife, sons, George and Nicholas, and daughters, Alexandra and Maria; the Greek Crown Prince Constantine, Duke of Sparta; the Prince and Princess of Wales, and their daughters, Victoria and Maud; Maria of Orleans, young wife of Prince Waldemar, and her little sons; Princes William and Hans, the Danish King's brothers; the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark with their seven children; the Russian Emperor and Em-

FOR THE WEARY

And worn mothers and wives—how many such there are! Not worn with age—few of them have reached middle life—but with exhausting work and worry. For the majority, it is impossible to escape these hard conditions; but the means of successfully facing them are within the reach of every one. To sharpen the appetite, aid digestion, enrich and purify the blood, build up the system, and make the weak strong, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best of all medicines. Mary Henrickon, Park street, Ware, Mass., testifies: "For over twelve months I was afflicted with general debility, headache, and loss of appetite, followed by chills. I was scarcely able to drag myself about the house, and no medicine helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Since taking this remedy I have entirely recovered my health and strength."

"I was sick for nine months, and finding the doctors were unable to help me, I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills. The result has been a rapid and complete restoration of all my bodily powers."—Mrs. Lydia Randal, Morris, W. Va.

"I use Ayer's Sarsaparilla with great satisfaction in my family, and can recommend it to all who have the care of young and delicate children."—Mrs. Joseph McComber, Elton st., near Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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press, with the heir to the Russian throne, Grand Duke Nicholas, and Grand Dukes Michael and George, and any number of minor stars of various magnitude, King Christian, the host, and Queen Louisa, the hostess, at Fredensborg are more famous through their family connections than for royal wisdom or other distinguished traits. They have been enabled to marry their daughters in the families of the most powerful of Europe's sovereigns. Alexandra, his eldest daughter, is the wife of His Royal Highness of Wales. Princess Thyra, the youngest of King Christian's daughters, is married to the exiled heir apparent to the Kingdom of Hanover, which Prussia confiscated at the end of the Austro-Prussian war of 1866. Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark linked his fate about twenty years ago with the Crown Princess Louise of Sweden-Norway, and a large element of the people hope that some day this may bring about a union of the three Scandinavian peoples. George, the next oldest of the Danish Princes, became, through an agreement between the leading European powers, the ruler of Greece. For more than twenty years he had resided in Athens, and once every few years visits his royal father in Copenhagen. Prince Waldemar, a lieutenant in the Danish Royal Marine and the youngest son of the King, is married to a daughter of the Duke of Orleans. Last, but by no means least, King Christian's second daughter, Dagmar, shares the throne of the White Czar, having changed her name to Marie Federowna. To mention all the relatives of the Danish royal house would necessitate half a column from the "Almanach de Gotha."

THE ANNUAL VISIT TO ELSINORE.

In a few days the imperial and royal families of Russia and Denmark will go on their annual pilgrimage to the Castle of Elsinore, the "authentic tomb of Hamlet and the parapet where the Prince of Denmark met his father's ghost." The view from Elsinore is a very lovely one, and Elsinore in Sweden is only half an hour's distance across the sound. The Czar and the Czarina love dearly this yachting trip of theirs along the romantic shores of the Danish isles. What the imperial and royal visitors will see may be gained from a perusal of an account of Hamlet's castle, written some time ago by an unbelieving American. "The first objective point of interest naturally is the 'platform of the Castle at Elsinore,' the spot where, according to Shakespeare, Hamlet first had the pleasure of meeting his father's ghost and learning from his ghostship various interesting, if rather startling, facts. Possibly Hamlet on that particular evening had indulged in an extra glass of Danish bottled beer which had rendered him

THE CZAR'S RETREAT.

unusually susceptible to the subtle influences of spiritualistic phenomena. As to Hamlet's grave. Succeeding generations have been very kind to Hamlet in taking such pains to build him a grave and keep it in repair. It is necessary for the would-be visitor to this spot to pass through a garden and pay a small fee, after which he may wander at his own sweet will among the great trees in a pretty grove on a little ridge.

In the furthestmost rear corner is a pyramid of stone roughness, about which a sickly ivy struggles for existence. That is all there is of it; Hamlet doesn't seem to care for much style in this matter; he probably finds this rustic affair amid the trees more to his taste. Over the wall, down in a little dell, they have named a trickling stream 'Ophelia's Spring,' inasmuch as that maiden did not consider it quite the square thing that Hamlet should have a grave and she be left without any such little remembrance." It is to this "historic" spot that the Czar will go in a few days in his yacht.

Women's Good Work.

It is a good work in which the Countess of Aberdeen and her associates in the Irish Industries Association are engaged—the development of a demand in England for the genuine work of the convent and cottage in Ireland. The association has opened a depot in London for the sale of Irish work, and the goods are sold for the benefit of the workers. Besides this direct dealing between producers and consumers—or if not absolutely direct, at least without the interposition of middlemen—the scheme is an encouragement to the continuance of hand labor, spinning, knitting, weaving, lace-making and embroidery; and in each of these pursuits, with the exception of spinning, there is chance for the development of an artistic taste and of an individuality in expression which no machine-made goods can accomplish. The beauty and delicacy of Irish laces have been abundantly recognized by connoisseurs. In less fanciful fabrics, table linen, for instance, the hand looms of Ireland have long held the lead for chasteness of design as well as for excellence in weaving.

Dear Countess of Portsmouth, how the children should love her. It was her Ladyship's happy thought to send round her brake to the Shelter, in London where little victims of cruelty are taken in and nursed back to health by the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. This was done several days towards the end of the season. Each time the children were taken for a splendid drive in Hyde Park. The coachman knew his business, and behaved nobly. When the children wanted to stop, he stopped; when they wanted to go on, he went on. The children adored the Countess, and loved the coachman. By general consent the good fellow has been christened "the Children's Coachman." What waves of joy rich people could set in motion, if they would follow this lovely example. It is such a little thing, but so wise so thoughtful, and so sympathetic. It costs no money, but is worth more than a three figure cheque, as a purchasing equivalent of happiness and goodwill.

Little Girl—"I don't like this boarding-house. There is never anything to eat. They always say it's all gone—the nice desserts I mean."

Nurse—"That's because you eat at the second table. I always get plenty."

"Do you eat at the first table?"

"Oh, no. I eat with the cook and other servants at the third table."