

CRAZY KING OTHO THINKS HE IS A MUSICIAN.

In Which Respect He is not Unlike Some More or Less Sane Folk.

The mad monarch of Bavaria, King Otho, is a man of many moods. That he is permitted to remain upon the throne and exercise the prerogatives belonging to his station, although to a certain extent held in restraint by the parliament and ministry, is somewhat surprising, and has placed his kingdom in a somewhat anomalous position among the nations of continental Europe.

It is fifteen years since King Otho was retired from the world because of his mental aberration. At times he was violently insane; at other times he was in a state of deplorable animalism. He retained some of those about him, as he is known to be absolutely unintelligent. But of late he has given evidence of returning reason, a fact which is attributed to the soothing influence of music. "Music hath power to soothe the savage beast," says Shakespeare, and in the case of Bavaria's mad ruler the declaration has received striking proof. Possessing a voice of remarkable quality, he has devoted himself of late to the study of operas that pleased his fancy, and has succeeded in rendering some of the parts in a truly artistic manner.

A Craze to Sing. "When the craze to sing first seized his majesty," said another inmate of Castle Furstenreid, "he ordered the leader of the orchestra to his room, and, remember, no one had heard him utter an articulate sound for years before. Yet he said to the professor, somewhat slowly, perhaps, but pronounced each word accurately: 'I attended Haley's 'Guido and Ginevra' last night, and think the music enchanting. Whole arias stuck in my memory, though I never saw the score or book.' Then he stepped back a few paces, struck a stage attitude and sang, 'A Heavenly Being is Approaching,' the song which remained a favorite with him ever since then.

"When His Majesty had finished the kapelmester congratulated him on his musical ear and perfect execution, but Otho did not seem to hear him. He stood in the centre of the room, lost in thought, occasionally wiping his eyes and cheek with the flat of his hand. Then he turned upon the musician, and bade him to play the aria upon the piano. As the professor knew the piece by heart he acquitted himself with honors, and Otho was highly pleased.

"I will recollect again," he said when he dismissed the kapelmester. Otho sat down at the piano and tried to play the aria himself, but, not having touched a piano for fifteen years, he struck only discordant notes. That put him into a terrible rage, and a bronze statue he began to belabor the sounding board with keys, and after wrecking the instrument in this manner continued the work of destruction with china vases, spinneys, picture frames, fireirons, chairs, everything within reach. When the physician arrived on the scene he was tearing the strings of the instrument with his teeth.

An Audience of One. "A few days later he ordered a grand vocal concert, of which he desired to be the sole attendant, after the manner of his insane brother Ludwig. A high-priced prima donna was engaged, and the thronging room prepared for the entertainment, but she never appeared. Otho went to bed, and it wouldn't have been safe to disturb him. When he awoke he asked whether the singer had received the barrel of gold he left for her on his writing desk, and the lackey answering in the negative (contrary to instructions) Otho ordered his ears to be cut off. We had to show him a pair of ears cut from a freshly killed pig and properly trimmed before he quieted down.

On another occasion Otho attempted to shoot the kapelmester, because the poor man had been allowed to sit down at the piano out of respect for the majesty, happened to strike a false note.

Physicians can't understand how a madman, who falls upon his food with mouth and fingers and frequently, for days in succession, lolls on the floor, belching and vomiting, and kicking up his heels, how a person seemingly woefully devoid of finer sensibilities, can retain a sharp ear for music, but Otho does no professional playing. He has a finer perception than any small matter like the sounding of a false note is liable to turn him from an interested listener into a raving maniac, who insists that he must see blood.

Upon the occasion referred to he enticed for his pistols, and to quiet him he was given a blind-loaded revolver, with which he banged away after the fleeing musician, until assured that the professor was dead. As a further consequence of striking

a false note the leader of the orchestra at Castle Furstenreid had to resign his position and return to Munich, where the government now employs him in one of the royal theatres.

Some weeks ago he rang the bell early in the morning and demanded to see his brother, King Ludwig. The servant took the message to the physician on duty, and the medical man had a hard time explaining to Otho that His Majesty couldn't be seen.

"So he is again trying to avoid me," retorted Otho, angrily; "what a cowardly thing—to be deadly afraid of the sight of one's successor. For I am his successor," he cried, wildly, stamping his foot—"I am Bavaria's future king. Ludwig better look out. If he persists in humiliating me I shall bury his carcass in a dung heap instead of reserving a monument for him in Walhalla."

A Violent Spasm. "In vain did the physician endeavor to persuade the king that it was all a mistake and that the audience sought for would soon be granted. Otho worked himself up into a towering passion and smashed things until the room was a shambles, and the incident related probably gave rise to the report in a sensational Paris weekly—namely, that King Otho had entirely recovered and was preparing to assume the reins of Government.

When he had quieted down the poor maniac was placed in bed and after awhile fell asleep. Awakening toward evening he called for his mother, the late Queen Marie, and caused a purple mantle to be thrown around his shoulders "that Her Majesty might not perceive his negligence." Then he sat up in bed, keeping both eyes fastened upon the door for two long hours, and when, after waiting in vain, he at last gave up hope, he buried his face in the pillows and cried bitterly.

Otho's behavior toward his physicians has also undergone a marked change of late. After regarding the Aesculap as air for twelve or thirteen years, never deigning to greet them by word or look, or to answer any question they put to him, he has now thrown off some of his puzzling apathy and occasionally listens to what they have to say with a show of understanding. A week or so ago he took one of the inmates' expert advice and asked him why the dragon gnawing at his vitals was not killed. "If you don't slay him he will soon attack my heart, and then all will be over," he cried toward the physician, "it's a kidney disease that is troubling you."

Thereupon the king dealt him a blow in the face. "Blackhead," he thundered, "have you no eyes? The Dragon is Plainly Visible in my chest. I can see him in yonder mirror." With that he stepped before the looking-glass, regarded it for some time, and then kicked it into smithereens.

On another occasion Otho informed the doctors that "the animal within him was quite harmless unless it be teased to anger." His physicians are said to regard the king as a mere animal, even though in their reports they call him "majesty," and speak of his mad pranks as "all-highest psychic manifestations."

Their language accords with the policy the Bavarian court has pursued ever since it allowed the mad Ludwig to be succeeded by the madder Otho. Think of it, Otho's portrait took one of the inmates' expert advice and asked him why the dragon gnawing at his vitals was not killed. "If you don't slay him he will soon attack my heart, and then all will be over," he cried toward the physician, "it's a kidney disease that is troubling you."

JOLTED HER INTO SAYING "OBEY."

"Remember," said an old clergyman "the other day" that I was suddenly hard put to it to decide whether I should roar with laughter at a solemn service in the house of God or whether I should be very angry. The upshot was that I had such hard work to keep a straight countenance that I for got to be angry at all. The incident arose in this way:

"It was in my early days," the clergyman said, "I was marrying a young farmer to a country lass in a backwoods church. About that time the women of America were just beginning to kick against the clause in our marriage service which makes them promise 'to love, honor and obey' their spouses. The bride in this case wanted to escape the vow, but did not have the courage to refuse utterly to take it. Instead, she tried to stir the sentence, when it came her turn to repeat the words after us, and she said 'I would take you, but I would not take the 'o,' in the hope that I would not notice the omission. But I did notice the omission and stopped."

"You must say, 'obey' clearly," I announced, "or I cannot go on." "The bride hung her head, but a stubborn look came over her face, and I could see that she would take a lot of persuasion to make her change her mind."

"Will you not say 'obey'?" I asked. "The only shook her head." "Come, now," said I coaxingly. "I will repeat the words again and you say them after me." "I did so, and the bride murmured 'I love, honor and obey,' but I looked at the bridegroom to see if he had any suggestion to make. The irreverent fellow actually gave me a wink. 'Try her once more, sir,' he said. 'The third time's the best. She only wants coaxing.'"

"The bride shot him an indignant look and exclaimed tartly: 'I'll say the same thing over a hundred times and not a syllable more.' "I was getting weary of this nonsense, so I rapped out the words very suddenly and sharply, 'love, honor and obey,' at the same time shooting out my index finger. This seemed to startle her, and with equal rapidity she began to repeat, 'love, honor and—'

"Just here the bridegroom gave her a sharp dig in the ribs with a huge forefinger, and the girl emitted a pained 'Oh!' But, determined not to be interrupted in what she had intended to say, she went on with a repetition of the vow without a second's pause and ejaculated 'by.' "There," exclaimed the impudent bridegroom, "she said obey all right that time."

"I galloped through the rest of the service, pronounced the pair man and wife in a twinkling, and was able to repress a burst of laughter just long enough to enable me to catch the vestry door behind me before I let it out."—N. Y. Tribune.

Patti Still a Singer. Patti has lost none of her popularity in London, and may judge by the encomiums of the critics she has lost none of the art that gave her worldwide fame. One admirer writes of her on the occasion of a recent appearance at a concert given for charity: "Her matchless rendering of the well-known songs held the vast audience as in a spell, and at the conclusion of 'Home, Sweet Home,' there followed one of those extraordinary demonstrations of almost uncontrolled enthusiasm which Mme. Patti's voice always provokes. Again and again the divine returned to acknowledge the ovation she received, but it was not until she had sung 'Com' Thro the Rye' that her admirers were content. Mme. Patti was low and radiant, and in her lovely dress sparkling with jewels she seemed to have become younger than ever."

WIDEMAN TALKS.

The Clay Potter who Escaped Being Crippled for Life by Almost a Miracle.

A. N. Wideman of Duntroon, Ont., interviewed in Toronto.—The Most Hopeless Case of Rheumatism on Record.—A Living Monument to the Power of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Toronto, Dec. 31.—The wonderful escape of A. N. Wideman, which found its way into the newspapers a few weeks ago, is still a subject of interest here. He will be remembered as the man who was so frightfully crippled with rheumatism, being twisted and contorted out of shape. He was fairly snatched from a miserable death by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and he has been one of the greatest upholders of Dodd's Kidney Pills in Canada ever since.

Mr. Wideman has still to use a stick when he walks, as the disease has left him with one leg shorter than the other. With this exception, and with the defect due to the breaking of his teeth from taking mercury medicines, Mr. Wideman is as well as ever he was in his life. "I never heard of anything like the way Dodd's Kidney Pills worked in my case," said he. "They drove the rheumatism clean out of my system. You know work was slack in the earthenware works, and I took a chance to work in the harvest field. I got soaked several times with rain and that brought on the rheumatism I ever heard of. I was in bed five months. My legs were twisted out of shape, the toes pointing inward. Well, nothing but Dodd's Kidney Pills did me any good. My teeth broke off from the mercury he gave me, that was all."

"How did you come to take Dodd's Kidney Pills?" Mr. Wideman was asked. "A neighbor of mine, Mrs. Boyer, got me to try them. I did so to please her, but continued their use because they were curing me. My health and strength to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"I certainly do. If it hadn't been for Dodd's Kidney Pills I might have died at this minute," said Mr. Wideman emphatically. "A Practical Application. "Martha, you are a Christian Science believer?" "Of course, Jonas." "Well, Martha, don't clean house—just sit out in the yard while I'm down town, and give all the room-ers absent treatment.—Chicago Record-Herald."

Why buy imitations of doubtful merit when the Genuine can be purchased as easily? The proprietors of MINARD'S LINIMENT inform us that their sales the past year still entitle their preparation to be considered the BEST and FIRST in the hearts of their countrymen.

Where They Missed It. How strange it is that Alexander the Great was never called "Fighting Sweet of Home," their followers of those extraordinary demonstrations of almost uncontrolled enthusiasm which Mme. Patti's voice always provokes. Again and again the divine returned to acknowledge the ovation she received, but it was not until she had sung 'Com' Thro the Rye' that her admirers were content. Mme. Patti was low and radiant, and in her lovely dress sparkling with jewels she seemed to have become younger than ever."

Love's Sacrifice. "I shall have to give you up!" It was in the year 1935, and as he spoke the youthful son of a once noble and aristocratic family in his hands and groaned aloud. "Yes," he said, "my darling, much as I love you, I cannot subject you to all the privations that a marriage in my present circumstances would entail on my wife. Three weeks ago I was rich and prosperous, the head of a large syndicate that my father had bequeathed to me, and in the most familiar and intimate terms with the Emperor. Nothing, it seemed, stood in the way of my continued success. Suddenly, however, another syndicate broke above me, and I was quickly overshadowed. And now, after having been obliged to sell out, I find that all my earthly possessions amount only to the paltry sum of eight millions and a half."

SA. JOSE SCALE.

A Calif. Man's Experience in Fighting the Plague.

They are probably no more deadly pest known to fruit-growers than the scale which infests many of the finest orchards of California. Innumerable efforts have been made to rid the trees of their destroyers, but the success which has been attained has not always been noteworthy, says the Scientific American. Mr. Isaac M. Clark, a fruit-grower of Lompoc, Cal., has invented a process which seems to be all that can be claimed for it. The substances which are used in the process by which the trees are freed of scale comprise essentially any mineral oil, caustic alkali and water. The mineral oil is sprayed upon the trees by means of a pump. The oil-spraying is then followed by the caustic alkali solution, applied in the same manner. The oil is intended to kill and destroy the scale and insects that infest the trees—a result achieved in from three to eight minutes. The caustic alkali solution serves the purpose of neutralizing the oil after the desired end has been attained, for without such neutralization the oil would destroy the fibre and foliage of the tree. The oil and alkali, it is found, form a paste of

FUR FACTS. As Noted After a Look at the Various Showings. Double-breasted effects are general. Though many of the freak-shaped coat skirts have made their appearance, it is safe to predict coats, blouses, and the dainty jacket with the dip back and front will be most worn. Ultra fur garments are combined with embroidered materials in the shape of girdles and collars. For dress and carriage wear fur coat sleeves are flowing, but for some sort of a cuff, bishop fashion. Plain, round muffs are the sanest investment. Mink and sable tails are the best hat decoration in the shape of fur. If more fur be liked, let it be of the finest real chinchilla or real baby lamb (broadtail). Broadtail has advanced in price, while seal and chinchilla are a bit cheaper. Sable or mink tail bindings are still used to cleverly outline lace collars and the like. Frogs as a fastening give quite the Russian look.

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ISSUE NO. 2, 1902.

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