

THE CZARS PRIVATE LIFE

Earns a Salary of \$4,800,000 a Year.

HAS 30,000 SERVANTS.

The Czar as Managing Director of the Vast Russian Empire Receives \$400,000 Every Month by Special Messenger from the Treasury—Has 100 Palaces.

The czar earns a bigger salary than any other man in the world, for the public exchequer of his country pays him the sum of \$4,800,000 per annum acting as managing director of the Russian empire, with its area of 8,000,000 square miles and its population of 100,000,000 persons.

But, considering the crushing weight of care and responsibility which he bears on his shoulders, his remuneration, high as it is, does not appear excessive. His salary is paid him in monthly installments of \$400,000 each, which are sent to him by a special messenger from the treasury buildings in the form of a check on the national bank of Russia, just as an office clerk receives his monthly wages; with the difference, however, that the czar's talent and industry exercise no influence on his payment.

At the same time, he is expected to maintain a certain standard of living which he would be unable to do in the style required of him if he did not possess a private income of three or four times as big as his official salary. He is the owner of over 100 estates, all of which supply him with private revenues, but he is also the possessor of 100 palaces and castles, which have to be maintained in imperial style at a great expense to their owner.

He has more servants than any one else in the world, for a veritable army of over 30,000 domestics, cooks, pages, butlers, grooms, gardeners and so forth is employed on his hundred or more estates. He possesses over 40 residences which he has never seen, a score of homes which he has viewed externally, but never inhabited, even for one night, and another score in each of which he has slept on only one occasion.

His private stables contain over 5,000 horses belonging to him, and the herds of cattle feeding on his own lands are estimated to number over 50,000 head. His wealth is enormous, yet there is no doubt that he extracts very little pleasure out of his life of perpetual toil and worry.

He habitually rises at 6, and eats a characteristically English breakfast of ham and eggs, bread and butter with marmalade specially and privately prepared for him, and tea. This preparation for English manners and customs is common to both the czar and the zarina, for both like English roast best, prefer using English to their respective mother tongues, and are agreed upon the necessity of educating their children according to English methods.

Immediately after breakfast the czar begins to smoke some of the heaviest brands of Havana cigars, which he continues to puff almost continuously till bedtime, notwithstanding the fact that his doctors have warned him again and again that excessive indulgence in this habit is exposing him to the worst dangers of nicotine poisoning. By 7 o'clock in the morning he is at his desk, perusing an enormous heap of state documents sent to the palace for his inspection.

The variety of subjects with which he is called upon to deal is astonishing, for he is not merely the emperor, but also the father of his people. No order or instruction or communication of any kind can be dispatched from any ministry or state office in St. Petersburg to local or subordinate authorities unless it bears the signature of the czar, indicating his assent and approval.

Every communication sent from the ministry of war to the representative officers commanding several hundred garrisons throughout the Russian empire, every dispatch sent to the captains of Russian warships all over the world and every circular issued by the ministry of the interior to the police and all varieties of local authorities have to bear the czar's own signature.—Success.

No "Swear Words." It is said that not a single "swear word" is to be found in the Japanese language.

That means that the Japs have no need for such words. And no wonder! For they think it is very silly for any one to get angry. "What's the use?" they say. "There's no use kicking about things we cannot help."

The Cholera Epidemic. In the cholera visitation in 1866, the proportion of deaths to each 10,000 inhabitants in the various cities of Europe were as follows: London, 18; Dublin, 41; Vienna, 51; Marseilles, 64; Paris, 66; Berlin, 83; Naples, 89; St. Petersburg, 98; Madrid, 104; Brussels, 184; Palermo, 187, and Constantinople, 738.

Perfume a Protection. Lion tamers frequently perfume themselves with lavender. There is, it is said, to be no record of a lion ever having attacked a trainer who had taken the precaution of using this perfume.

The title-hunting heiress is never satisfied until she purchases a gold brick.

A. W. Payne of Bangor, Me., is credited with being the oldest practicing attorney in the United States.

OLD TIME RAPID TRANSIT.

Four Miles an Hour was the Time Made on Stage Coaches.

In the middle of the eighteenth century English stage coaches were covered with dull black leather, studded with broad-headed nails by way of ornament and possessed oval windows with red frames. On the panels of the coach the names of the places passed through were painted in large letters, and the roof, which had an iron rail around it, rose in a curve. The speed of the ponderous vehicles was often but four miles an hour. An advertisement regarding the Beehive coach, which ran between London and Manchester, is worth quoting. It read thus: "In order to insure safety and punctuality, with respectability, no large packages will be taken, or fish of any description carried by this conveyance. The inside of the coach is fitted up with spring cushions and a reading lamp lighted with wax for the accommodation of those who wish to amuse themselves on the road. The inside backs and seats are also fitted up with hair cushions, rendering them more comfortable to passengers than anything hitherto brought out in the annals of coaching, and to prevent frequent disputes respecting seats every seat is numbered. Persons booking themselves will receive a card with a number upon it, thereby doing away with the disagreeables that occur daily in the old style."

A feature of one promoter's scheme was that each mail coach should be properly guarded by retired soldiers, who would naturally be acquainted with the use of firearms; but this idea was not adopted, and the contractors at first supplied guards and arms often of a worthless character. Ultimately, however, the postoffice undertook to appoint its own guards, but these were at first so zealous that Pennant records (1792): "They shot at dogs, hogs, sheep and poultry as they pass the road, and even in towns, to the great terror and danger of the inhabitants." The mail coach was luxurious when compared with the old stage coaches. A coach was often called "a God permit," because the advertisement stated that the journey would be "performed if God permits."

In 1836 the mail coaches had probably reached their prime. According to a historian, "eight or nine miles an hour had hitherto been their highest speed, and now, with vehicles of lighter build, the speed was advanced to ten miles an hour, and even more. While the fastest mail coach on the road traveled at the rate of ten miles and five furlongs an hour, a private coach accomplished within the hour rather more than eleven miles. This was the coach between Edinburgh and Aberdeen, of which Capt. Barclay of Ury—the celebrated pedestrian—was the proprietor. Besides coachman and guard, it carried fifteen passengers, four inside and eleven outside, while a mail coach carried four in and four out, or eight altogether."

Restored to Relative After 17 Years. Julius Spears of Saline county, aged 20 years, has just been restored to his relatives, after having been separated from them ever since he was 3 years old, and having never, as far as he can remember, heard of them. Young Spears' parents lived in Illinois.

One night Willard Spears, the father, disappeared, taking his youngest child, Julius, with him. He went to Arkansas, and later came to Missouri, locating near Camden. The father died several years ago, leaving his son without any knowledge whatever of his family connections. While in Bedford, Ill., a short time ago, a man from Marshall met a family named Spears. Conversation revealed that they were relatives of Julius Spears, and the old mother has recently had restored to her the son whom she thought she had lost forever.—Kansas City Journal.

Understood His Business. Gen. Adna R. Chaffee told the following story recently, as illustrating the unconscious humor of many Irishmen: "A true son of the Emerald Isle had applied at a recruiting station in Buffalo for enlistment in the army. The officer in charge asked him jokingly, if he knew anything about drilling. 'Drillin,' was it ye said, sor?' replied the Irishman; 'an shure I've worked in the New York sulaway fir two years. Drillin' bedad! Ask me another, sor.'"

Natural Mourning. Fifty years ago the British minister at Dresden, Mr. Forbes, had three little dogs of the Pomeranian breed, one black, one gray and one white. When the court was in mourning he went out with dog No. 1, when it was in half mourning with dog No. 2 and when all was going well with dog No. 3.

Only Parrot Talk. Abrose Austin, an English musician, had a parrot. On one occasion he was late duke of Edinburgh, son of Queen Victoria, spoke to it. Thereupon the parrot angrily said, "You're a snob!" to the horror of its loyal owner and the delight of his royal highness.

Lion and Unicorn. The lion is the emblem of England and the unicorn of Scotland. On the union of Scotland and England in 1603, one of the lions was removed from the British coat of arms, and the unicorn substituted.

He Won the Race. After the battle of the Boyne King James escaped to Dublin and informed Lady Tyrconnel that her fellow countrymen had run away. "If they have, sire," she replied, "your majesty seems to have won the race."

A CIVIL WAR AIRSHIP

One Was Made That Actually Lifted Itself.

POWER FROM STEAM.

Gen. Benjamin F. Butler Wanted to Know About the Movements of the Enemy While in Virginia and Ordered the Machine to be Built.

Wellman Serrell tells about an airship Maj. Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, commander of the army of the James, ordered to be built soon after the 10th army corps moved into Virginia.

All the commanders desired to know what the enemy was doing, and Mr. Serrell says that "when the astronomer Gen. Mitchell commanded at Port Royal during the Civil War, the matter was discussed with his chief engineer officer, who brought forward the proposition to make a machine without inflation, and exhibited a tin model that would spin with a string and handle and spin like a humming top and would fly into the air 100 feet or more vertically, according to the force exerted upon it, and would carry a bullet or two if the string was pulled hard enough."

Gen. Mitchell died, and, upon seeing what the tin toy did, Gen. Butler expressed the belief that a machine could be built to navigate the air. Drawings were made, the theory being "to imitate the little tin model and add to its gliding planes. The drawings," according to Mr. Serrell, "showed four fans to lift, two above an engine, two below, and two fans to propel and steer, one in front and one behind; the rear fan on a shaft that moved in a horizontal segment, so as to change the direction of the push, and make the rear fan not only a propeller, but a rudder at the same time.

Across the machine was to be a horizontal shaft, on which on either side of the machine were to be gliding planes and automatic balancing balls. These were to slide in and out so as to maintain an equilibrium.

The body of the machine was to be about 52 feet long and shaped like a thick cigar. It was to contain fuel and water and a high-pressure boiler and engine. From the middle of the body a weight was to be hung, so arranged that it might be lifted or lowered like the legs of a bird. Private subscribers offered to pay for the machine, and Mr. Serrell says:

The first thing done was to make a fan 18 inches in diameter, rotate it at different speeds and see how much it would lift. It was found that very considerable weight could be lifted, and to try what could be done on a large scale, a fan about 32 feet in diameter was made, the blades of the thinnest sheet iron that could be procured, and rotation by belt was provided.

Contrary to expectation, when the fan was first rotated at great speed in a foundry that had a high roof, the weight that could be lifted was much more than the wheel itself, some 600 pounds or more, and then within 40 seconds of time the wheel and the weights would drop back to where they started from, it mattered not how fast the fan was driven.

It was found after a long investigation that the fan wheel of any size, when rotated in one place, set up a downward current of air that soon became nearly or quite as fast as the pitch of the fan, hence it would lift nothing.

When, however, the fan was mounted at the outer end of a long boom, which revolved around a mast, so as to constantly bring the fan into new air, its lifting capacity never deserted it and bore a certain ratio to the velocity, and data were accumulated for proportioning the machine.

The questions involved seemed to be the size of the fan, the shape of the blade, the power required, the weight of the engine, boiler, fuel and water to develop the power. There were no dynamos or storage batteries, liquid air engines or sources of powerful energy using light-weight machines, and the only prime motor sufficiently reliable was the steam engine.

It is true that carbonic acid had been liquefied some years before then, but no one knew how to harness it. Having determined the probable force wanted, the question remained of how to get and maintain pressure enough upon the piston of the engine. A great many experiments were made, but the "needful force of steam was not reached before the coming of Appomattox."—Science.

To Make a Compass of Your Watch. Get the number of hours from midnight, divide by two and point the hour at the sun so that the shadow of a match or lead pencil falls directly across the center of the watch; 12 o'clock will be north, 6 south, 9 west and 3 east. Suppose it is 9 a. m.; number of hours from midnight is 9; one-half is 4 1/2; point 4.30 at the sun so the shadow of a match or lead pencil falls across the center of watch, and 12 is north, 6 south, 3 east and 9 west. Suppose it is 6 p. m.; number of hours from midnight is 6; one-half is 3; point 3 at sun and 12 is north, 6 south, 3 east and 9 west.

Also, when the sun is hidden on a cloudy day, take a lead pencil or stick that is well sharpened and place it on the thumb nail. By looking closely you will see a faint shadow, which will give you a very good idea of the direction of the sun and may be useful to one lost on a cloudy day.—Forest and Stream.

To manufacture tobacco grown in Canada a factory is about to be opened in Winnipeg.

EATING POWER OF TOADS.

Makes Little Discrimination, if His Prey is Alive.

The toad is a gross feeder. He sallies forth usually after sundown in search of his prey, which includes pretty nearly every variety of insect and worm, and experiment proves that in 24 hours he will consume insect food of a volume fourfold the capacity of his stomach—in other words, he can fill up four times. Of angle worms he does not seem very fond, though his gluttonous habit extends to them if they are too temptingly abundant, as after the earth has had a good wetting. Ants appear to be his chief delight, with cutworms and thousand-leggers next in order. Then come caterpillars and beetles, Grasshoppers and crickets furnish but a small part of his bill of fare, and spiders still less. He has no use, apparently, for dead prey, but when an insect or worm comes near him in motion he makes for it eagerly. A cutworm which has discretion enough, when in his neighborhood, to keep curled up may easily escape; but as soon as it begins to crawl, let it beware. His method of capturing a bug is to dart out his tongue, which, by the way, reverses the usual order of nature in being fastened in front and loose behind. It is coated with a glutinous secretion, and when it strikes an object is fastened firmly to it and conveys it into the toad's mouth. If the object, like a big worm, for instance, is too large to go unassisted into his gullet, he uses his forepaws, like a greedy child, to stuff it down.

Most of the vials which the toad loves are, in their living state, pests of the farm and garden. It is hard to say just where to place ants in this classification. Nearly all students of nature, as well as persons who have nothing but the traditions of their childhood to guide their judgment, have acquired a certain affection for the ant. Its seeming intelligence, its artistic or mechanical instinct, its untiring industry, its courage, its care for its dead and wounded, its nice domestic economy and its habit of providing against the "rainy day," all tend to give it a sort of human claim upon us. Still, the fact cannot be ignored that the ant is an active distributor of plant lice, that it detroys lawns, spoils garden walks, infests dwellings and makes itself a common nuisance in the kitchen and pantry, driving the dainty housewife almost to distraction. In the same category with ants, as to human regard, might be placed honey bees, which the toad will eat when he gets a good chance. One of his tricks is to station himself at the entrance to a hive and capture the belated home comers. As the toad does not spring into the air for his food, however, any aspirant may avoid this danger by raising his hives well above the ground.

Cat Adopted Orphan Coons.

Col. L. L. Hawkins yesterday secured a new prize for his collection of weird and wonderful exhibits at the city museum, in Portland, Ore. The doughty Colonel has excelled himself in his latest acquisition, and, if one desires to see such a bizarre thing as a pussy cat mothering a litter of young raccoons he may be gratified at the city hall. All previous happy family records have been broken by an old mother cat rejoicing in a family of two baby coons and her own proper kitten, which Col. Hawkins secured at Beaverton and has now comfortably installed at the museum.

A few days ago some boys killed a female raccoon near Beaverton, and upon beating the bush discovered her nest with four little ones in it clamoring for their mother. The baby coons were taken to the home of Mrs. B. L. Griffiths, near by, where a cat was rearing a family of four kittens. The kittens were given to another feline, in which the maternal instinct was strong, and the little coons substituted without protest from the mother. In a short time two of the little wild kittens died, but the other pair thrived in their new environment, and the story of the cat with the coon family became something of a sensation in the neighborhood.

Col. Hawkins heard of it and made the twenty-mile drive out and back for the purpose of bringing the wonder to Portland. Mrs. Griffiths finally consented to lend the family to the museum, and as an evidence of good faith one of the kitten was brought along with the little coons to complete the picture of mixed domesticity.—Portland Oregonian.

Grant's Marvelous Memory.

Gen. Grant's retentive memory was simply marvelous, more especially to those most closely associated with him from day to day. In the midst of absorbing thought, and with apparently unobservant manner, his ear and eye seemed to hear and notice everything, and two weeks or months later the slightest details had not escaped his attention or memory. This power was unmistakably demonstrated in a game of whist with his guest, Maj. Gen. Doyle, of the British army, between Baltimore and Fortress Monroe. Two staff officers completed the players. With Gen. Doyle at his right, it was simply amazing to discover Grant's ability to discover strategic points.

He never failed to remember every card that had fallen, whence it came and who was to deliver to him all remaining, which he scooped in as a matter of course, although he never seemed in the least absorbed in the game. He was indeed an enigmatic composition in this as well as in other respects.—National Magazine.

If wishes were mules beggars might have more kicks coming.

DESERTS OF THE OCEAN

Watery Wastes as Dreary as Any on Land.

BETWEEN OCEAN LANES.

Generally Supposed that Every Part of the Sea Has Been Traveled, but Such is Not the Case—Much Remains that Has Never Been Explored.

Oceans, like continents, have their deserts. On the high seas there are vast spaces whose waves have never been parted by the prow of a sailing vessel or lashed by the propeller of a steamer. Immense solitudes where the flap of a sail is never heard nor the strident cry of a siren; vast, unpopulated deserts, whose silence is broken only by the howling of the wind and the roar of waves which have been vainly pursuing one another since the day of creation.

These deserts lie forgotten betwixt the narrow ocean highways traveled by vessels. In such waste places of the sea a disabled ship, driven out of its course by a hurricane, may drift for months, tossed by the ceaseless ground swell, without being able to call assistance; her only chance of escape is the possibility that some oceanic current may drag her into a more frequented region.

It is generally supposed that by reason of the universal increase of maritime traffic the sea is everywhere furrowed by vessels. That is a mistake. The gradual but constant disappearance of sailing ships made the ocean more of a desert than before. Sailing vessels had their established routes in accordance with winds, currents and seasons; the gaps between the routes taken by outward-bound and home-ward-bound ships are often considerable.

Moreover, the capricious elements not infrequently played the mischief with nautical instructions, and as a result the field of operations for ocean shipping was vastly extended. This is no longer true to-day. The liner goes straight ahead in defiance of wind and wave. The ports between which she plies are great industrial or commercial centers, whither come numerous railways, serving as prolongations of the lines of navigation. Freight cars carry their loads of merchandise to the lesser ports and the cities of the interior. The railway has killed coastwise navigation.

The ocean highways are, therefore, anything but numerous. The most frequented of oceans is the Atlantic.

Apart from polar seas we see that in its northern part there is only one desert zone—a dreary waste of waters between the routes from Europe to the United States or Canada and those from Europe to the Antilles. In the south between the routes from South America or the western American coast and the routes from South Africa, extends a desert occasionally traversed by the steamers of the lines from Cape Town and Mozambique, which, when the coffee season is at its height in Brazil, cross the Atlantic for cargoes at Rio Janeiro or Santos.

The Indian ocean is frequented only in the north by lines out of India and Indo-China, and a little in the west by liners from Oceania, which call at Colombo and then make straight for Australia.

Two lines, each with a steamer a month, follow a slender lane from Australia to Cape Town. The Pacific is the Sahara of the great seas. Saving only the steamships from the far east to California and British Columbia, a line from Sydney to San Francisco and a one-horse line (with sailings four or five times a year) between Tahiti and the United States—save for these mere ribbon-like streaks the Pacific is a desert.

Only a few native canoes ply daintily from island to island in archipelagoes girt round with coral reefs—veritably ocean graveyards, the terror of seafaring men.—Le Matin.

Cultivating Sponges.

An interesting investigation now being made carried on in Florida by the Bureau of Fisheries has for its object the discovery and development of methods by which the valuable sheepswool sponge may be cultivated artificially. The method which promises the most satisfactory results, says Dr. Everman in The National Geographic Magazine, is that of using cuttings. Large sheepswool sponges are cut into small pieces, which are fastened to an insulated wire fixed in the water, so that the sponges are supported a few inches above the bottom. These small bits, placed at close intervals along the wire, soon heal and form an organic attachment to it, and very soon begin to grow. It is too soon to predict just what the results will be, but the indications are so far very encouraging, and it is believed that the time is not far distant when the sponge fisheries of Florida will be "vastly increased in productivity and value."

Takes Two Days to Ascend.

The Alps comprise 180 mountains from 4,000 to 15,732 feet high, the latter being Mont Blanc, the highest spot in Europe. The summit is a sharp ridge, like the roof of a house, of nearly vertical granite rocks. The ascent requires two days' time and the assistance of six to eight guides. It was first ascended by two natives, Jacques Belmat and Dr. Packard, on August 8, 1786.

Imports of palm oil into the United States increased from 8,081,252 pounds in 1901 to 37,822,806 pounds in 1903. The 1903 imports were valued at \$2,083,506.

A UNIQUE MANUSCRIPT.

A Lictionary of Readings in Palestinian Syriac.

Our search for manuscripts in the Coptic convents of Egypt was not rewarded by any brilliant success, writes Agnes Smith Lewis in the Century. But several years earlier I succeeded in obtaining from a private source a manuscript to which I desire to draw the attention of the American traveling public.

It is lectionary of readings from the Old Testament and from St. Paul's epistles, written in Palestinian Syriac; that is, in the dialect of Aramaic which was spoken in Galilee during our Lord's earthly life and for two centuries afterward, the tongue which "bewrayed" St. Peter. It bears the same relation to the Edessan or literary Syriac as the Doric of ancient Greece did to the Attic, or as English does to Scotch. This manuscript is absolutely unique of its kind, because, although three other copies of a lectionary in the same dialect exist, one in the Vatican Library and two at Mount Sinai, they contain a text of the Gospels, while this one provides us with lessons from the other books of the Bible.

Several leaves have been torn from the book, one from the middle and about eight from the end. The dealer confessed to having sold these pieces—meal to passing travelers. The leaf from the middle has turned up in Germany, having been detected and edited by Dr. Friedrich Schultze in the "Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenlandischen Gesellschaft," vol. lvi, page 253. Its text exactly fits the gap left in the manuscript purchased by me. It is of some importance for the history of Syriac literature that we should know the date, and that will probably be found written on one of the leaves which have been lost from the end.

A Doctor's Rules for Old Age.

It is the theory of Dr. James Sawyer, an English physician of note, that there need be no trouble about attaining the age of 100 years, if a few simple rules for health are faithfully observed. Here are the principal requirements he makes:

Plenty of sleep. A full supply of fresh, pure air, night and day. Eat but little meat, but eat fat food of some kind, probably rice, corn meal, nuts, etc., would do as well as fat food of some kind, probably rice, corn meal, nuts, etc., would do as well as fat meat. Fat, he says, feeds the cells that destroy the germs of disease in the body. Exercise is another essential, and country life is recommended, on account of purity of air, and against excitement and giving way to temper, and encourages frequent rest days or holidays.

They are good, sensible rules, anyhow; although they cannot insure the observer that he will a hundred years there is no doubt but that their observance will add several years to the lives of those who practice them.

Kuropatkin.

Gen. Kuropatkin's hold over men is due to his reputation for absolute fearlessness. Five years ago he received the information that the great powder magazine at St. Petersburg and that at Toulon, France, were to be blown up within twenty-four hours. The General was in bed when he heard the news, but he at once got up and started for St. Petersburg without losing a moment. He summoned all the staff of the magazine and went on a round of inspection. He found everything in order, and as a proof of his satisfaction ordered every one in the magazine to take three days' holiday and to leave at once. He then collected a new garrison and a new staff and set a ring of sentries all around the magazine. The consequence was that nothing happened to the St. Petersburg magazine, but that at Toulon was blown up the next day.

Leap Year Proposals.

By an act of the Scottish Parliament, passed in the year 1228, it was "ordoned that during the reign of her Maist Blesit Maecitie, Margaret, lika maiden, laidee of bath high and lowe estate, shall hae libertie to speak ye man she likes. Gif he refuses to tak hir to be his wyf, he shall be mult in the sum of one hundred pundis, or less, as his estate may be, except and alwaies, gif he can make it appear that he is betrothit to another woman, then he schale be free."

But the ordinance stipulated that the lady should propose marriage only during the leap year, as allotted on the Gregorian calendar. At that time the custom became quite common, as is shown by the number of proposals recorded in Scotland, and especially by the number of unwilling bachelors who were fined for refusing to marry.

Egg-laying Competition.

The 100 hens of pullets entered for the annual laying competition at the Hawkesbury College, Australia, recently all started off scratch on their year's race. There were eighty-nine competitors from all parts of this state, seven from America, two from New Zealand, and one each from Queensland and Victoria.

One of the Lost Cities.

Speaking of lost cities, what has become of Pithole City? In 1865 it was, next to Philadelphia, the largest post office in the State of Pennsylvania, with a population of 15,000. There is a small post office called Pithole, but the city has disappeared and on its site is a flourishing farm.

The genius he invented the hairpin must have groaned when he thought of the centuries that had waited for him in vain.