

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1891.

TWO YOUTHFUL KINGS.

THE MERRY KING OF SPAIN, AND THE SAD ALEXANDER.

A Six Year Old Monarch Who is Full of Fun—Something About His Daily Life—Alexander of Serbia and His Desolate Existence.

A happy life is that of King Alphonso XIII. of Spain, who will be six years old on the seventeenth of May next. He is a remarkable and intelligent child, with a handsome, frank face and silky, golden curls. He has already a very correct knowledge of his power and high station, and knows how to behave in a kingly fashion, and yet obeys in all things his mother, Queen Christina.

The white-haired Madame Tacon, who was the governess of his father, King Alphonso XII., some thirty years ago, has supreme control of the royal nursery; but Raimunda, the gorgeously attired peasant



KING ALPHONSO OF SPAIN.

nurse, is still his most cherished attendant. The little King refused to allow her to be paid off and dismissed at the time when he could have done without her services, and insisted upon her being retained as a member of his household.

Punctually at seven o'clock every morning young Alphonso is awakened by Raimunda, who bathes and dresses him. He then drinks a cup of chocolate, and partakes of fruit and toast. At eight he steps out upon the low, spacious balcony of his nursery, which looks out upon the great square, and listens to the music of a regimental band.

A crowd of children is always assembled under the windows to see him appear. Rich babies, covered with costly furs, and ragged little street urchins all uncover their little heads in an obeisance to their young sovereign, who bows gracefully all around to return their salutation.

When he happens to recognize any of his young subjects among the rows of upturned rosy faces, he leans over the balcony, and, calling them by name, chats joyfully with them until his mother summons him. Then with another bow and a wave of his hand, he leaves the balcony, followed by the enthusiastic hurrahs of his fervent little admirers.

Shortly after nine the king drives out in a beautifully appointed carriage, accompanied by two outriders in brilliant liveries. After a drive of two hours, during which his childish prattle never ceases, he returns to the palace for luncheon. On his arrival, the palace guard turns out and the bugle sounds, to the great joy of the young sovereign, who dearly loves military display. As he ascends the steps leading to the great hall, the royal halberds range themselves in line on each side of the stairs.

When he reaches the top of the stairway he turns to Colonel Loigorri, the chief of the halberds, and, in obedience to the instructions which he has received from his mother, doffs his cap and says with great gravity, "Let them retire."

At five o'clock he goes out for another drive, which is attended with the same ceremonies; and after dinner, which he takes with his mother, he plays with his regiment of tin soldiers, or romps with his big dog Cesar in a large gallery filled with all kinds of toys, ranging from the rubber menagerie of babyhood to the miniature railway trains, steamboats, and beautifully painted picture-books, appropriate to his age.

At eight o'clock his mother takes him to his bed-chamber, which communicates with her own, and here she recites his evening prayers. The queen invariably remains seated by his cot of sculptured ivory, shrouded in curtains of white gauze and silver brocade, holding his hand in hers until he falls asleep.

Alphonso has a little basket-carriage of his own, drawn by two snow-white Spanish donkeys, which he drives with great skill. Wrapped in a sable coat with a sable-lined hood, his little majesty takes his place on the high velvet cushion of his miniature equipage, and with a masterly crack of his whip, starts off the donkeys, who jingle their bells and toss their long ears as if in defiance of the admonitions of the English groom who is in attendance.

While at the sea-side resort of San Sebastian, King Alphonso enjoys more liberty of action than he does at Madrid.

Every morning he appears on the sands near the sea escorted by Madame Tacon and the faithful Raimunda, and plays with his sisters and other little children as freely as if he were not his most Catholic Majesty King Alphonso XIII. of Spain.

But in the wildest moments of his enjoyment, the boy remembers that he is the king, to whom all people give homage, crowding to kiss his tiny hand; and he is full of pride and resolution.

At times he is even a little overbearing. One morning in August, when he was four years old, he was running on the long lawn under the gray walls of the old chateau. The roses and orange-trees filled the air with their perfume; and, seated on a low wicker chair, Queen Christina watched the little boy as he

chased some bright butterflies which hovered over the flowers. The Queen had often forbidden him to hurt any living creature. For once, however, he disobeyed, and as a large butterfly settled on a crimson rose close by, Alphonso put out his little hand and caught it by its velvety wings.

At that moment the Queen, who had risen and approached unheeded, put her hand on his arm, and, unclosing his fingers, set the prisoner at liberty.

"You have disobeyed me, mein Bubi." This is the pet name by which she always calls him. "You have been cruel," she said, sadly, while the little boy was looking ruefully at the brilliant dust left by the butterfly's wings on his pink finger-tips.

His pretty face was flushed with suppressed anger, and he attempted to draw his arm away from his mother's grasp.

"I am the King," he said, imperiously, "and I can do as I like!"

"You are the King, my child," answered Queen Christina, softly, "and that is why you must always be good and merciful to all creatures living. You have pained me very much, and I shall not kiss you tonight."

The boy burst into tears, and then kissing the queen's hand he said, sobbing, "I am very sorry, mamma, I beg your pardon—I will do it no more!"

Since then the little fellow has always been very careful to obey his mother, for he knows that, although she loves him tenderly, she never overlooks his faults, and he cannot bear to see her angry.

For a time he was very ill, and during forty-eight hours it was believed that he could not recover. Prayers were offered up for him in all the churches of the kingdom, and his mother, the queen, and the old prime minister Sagasta, on whose knees the boy, when well, loved to sit and listen to stories, never left his bedside until the crisis was over.

Very different is the existence of the young King Alexander of Serbia, whose fifteen years of life have been sadly desolate. It is impossible not to sympathize with this poor boy. Well may he envy the lot of King Alphonso, who enjoys a tender mother's love, and who is surrounded by friends and loving subjects.

Since his father, King Milan, abdicated in his favor in March, 1889, the life of young Sacha, as he is called by the servants, has been in constant danger, and several attempts have been made to kill him.

A week after his ascension to the throne five dynamite bombs were thrown through



KING ALEXANDER OF SERBIA.

the windows of the military riding school near his palace, which he had left but ten minutes before the termination of his daily riding lesson. The force of the explosion was such that all the windows in the neighborhood were shattered; and had Alexander been still in the building, as his would-be assassins supposed, he would have been blown to pieces.

The unfortunate lad, parted from his father and mother, whom domestic and political troubles have separated and driven out of the country, is extremely miserable, and says that his present existence is unendurable. He has not a single intimate friend to whom he can turn for comfort, and he is not allowed to communicate freely with either his father or his mother. He is forced by etiquette to take his meals alone, and never hears a word of genuine affection.

He is a very brave and courageous boy, and remains patient and courteous to all in this melancholy life. He strives to perfect himself in all bodily exercises and manly habits, and seems to think himself quite old. Truly, the burden of woe which he carries on his youthful shoulders is heavy enough to make him forget the pleasures and light-hearted joys of childhood.

He is a good shot, and is as skillful in the management of a boat as he is on horseback. He can drive three horses harnessed abreast, in Russian fashion, with great skill; he has been well trained in all athletic exercises, and can climb and run and walk long distances without fatigue.

His slender limbs are as strong as steel, and his health is excellent. One of his few pleasures during the fair season is to climb the higher ranges of the Serbian hills, his gun strung across his shoulder, or carried in his hand ready to shoot the antelopes or chamois which abound there.

He has a little tent which is set up for his own use on the hills. He knows all the paths through the large, dark forests and pine woods, and feels free and happy only when he reaches the rocky regions, strewn with boulders of granite and barred here and there by huge limestone crags.

When at home in his immense, melancholy palace, the young monarch is unhappy. No one ever hears him complain or sees the tears fill his eyes; but the sense of his loneliness and bereavement never leaves him. Sometimes he lets his grief have its full sway when no one is near—when the night has closed in and he is left to himself.

He studies hard with his tutor, professor Doritch; he learns German, French, English, Russian, Italian, Latin and Greek. Study is a pleasure to him, for he is very ambitious, and strives to become a learned and good man.

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CAPE BRETON'S SHORES.

THE SCENERY VARIED BUT PICTURESQUE AND GRAND.

Little Fishing Villages Where the Arrival of the Boat is the Event of the Week—The Ways of the French and Scotch Inhabitants.

It was a lovely afternoon when, after leaving the Intercolonial train which brought us from Halifax to Pictou, we stepped on board the *Newcastle City*, which leaves every week for the several ports along the north, or Gulf side of Cape Breton. Almost immediately the whistle blew, the captain shouted "All aboard!" and we were off for Inverness County, where lies Margaree, the port to which we were bound. Although a stiff breeze was blowing, it was off the land, and the captain assured us that, outside it would be calm as a mill pond. He proved a true prophet. As we sailed down the harbor, past the lighthouse, and out into the gulf, the sea was delightfully smooth, and continued so during the entire voyage. Passing along the northeast shore of Nova Scotia we sighted Cape Pictou, and in a short time found ourselves amid scenery which is truly pastoral. All day long we sat on deck, and indeed far into the night, admiring the lovely landscape. On one side is the Gulf of St. Lawrence stretching away to the horizon—it looks here like the Atlantic, so vast is it—on the other is the land. Right to the water's edge slope the rich fields of clover, corn and wheat, while in the background are mountains so lofty they seem almost touching the sky. Tiny houses are dotted here and there, sometimes among the fields, again half way up the mountain side.

Towards evening we reach our first station, a small fishing hamlet—if my memory serves me Annsach is the name. The few inhabitants flock to the wharf, the touching of the steamer being the event of the week; to these simple rustics, it is the arrival of the *Toutonic* or *Majestic*. Too overawed to speak, they stand open-mouthed, and stare. As the ship again moves onward we watch them returning up the winding pathways to their homes. The sun had set some time ago, and the twilight gradually deepens into calm evening. Bringing our travelling rugs up from the stateroom, we wrap them around us and give ourselves up to the charm of the hour. What can be pleasanter than a lovely summer night at sea? There is a sort of mysterious, unreal sensation, in being borne along through the darkness, on the bosom of the deep. We were all very silent, while the old ship ploughed steadily along, leaving in her train a long line of light, and we sat dreaming and building castles in the air. At first, when darkness set in, it was rather overcast, but after awhile the moon, breaking through a rift of cloud, changed all to fairy land; and by the time we reached Port Hood, our second stopping place, the clouds had all dispersed, and we obtained almost as good a view of the little town as we could in daylight. It presents a much more attractive appearance from the water, so we were informed, than when on land.

The sun gleaming through the port-hole awakened me next morning. I was quickly on deck, and found we were entering the capacious and handsome harbor of Cheticamp. It was one of those calm mornings, so often to be met with in late summer. The sea was like a mirror; on every side were countless fishing vessels of all sizes and types, their canvas spread to catch the slightest ripple. We drew up to a fine pier crowded with alert looking fishermen. By-and-by *Monsieur le Cure* came down to greet the captain; as he passed along, holding up his long cassaque the men touched their hats respectfully. All filled me with admiration; the picturesque groups on the wharf, behind them the rich cultivated land, the mountains enveloped in the early morning mists, and the ships with their snow-white sails, reminded me of a scene in another land, and I could almost imagine myself transported again to the shores of Brittany. The passengers, having departed with their luggage, the freight discharged, the bell rang, the warning that the ship was again ready for sea, and accordingly she moved from the wharf and was soon in deeper water.

This time she turned upon her course, and dividing the briny waters, ploughed her way towards Margaree, a distance of fifteen miles—our landing place. As we neared Cheticamp Head a breeze sprang up. Instantly the motionless sails of the surrounding vessels became animated, and they skimmed along as swift as sea-gulls; the mists rolled from the mountains, and, looking back, I saw fair Cheticamp lying like some rare gem in the midst of the sea. As we approached our landing place there lay stretched before us, as charming a panorama of the country as the eye desired to revel in. Though there are no stately mansions, nor handsome villas, there lies as far as the eye can reach, a broad stretch of farming country abounding in rich intervals, with a winding river flowing rapidly to the sea, and here many a sportsman in the proper season, wends his way with rod and line, and tiny deceptive hook to surprise the unwary inhabitants of this noted river, for trout and salmon fishing. At Margaree we secured a vehicle for a drive along the coast to Chimney Corner, which we intended should be our destination, a place about whose qualifications as a summer resort we had heard much.

The drive from Margaree to Chimney Corner, a distance of about four miles, over good roads, is one of the prettiest imaginable. Still on our right we have the bright, the every-varying sea, on our left the sombre mountains, and between us and thence the same rich arable land. The houses are mere shanties, and though nature has brought to their doors every facility to render these people thirty

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farmers, beyond hay, corn and wheat they raise nothing else; no gardens, rich with the season's vegetables, or orchards laden down with all sorts of fruit, such as may be seen all through the Annapolis valley, are here to be met with. A day or two afterwards we took a drive from Margaree in the other direction, and there we found more enterprise, but the people dwelling on the interval, as it is called, are hard-working Frenchmen, differing in every sense from the stolid Scotchman who inhabits this district, and who, provided he has his oat cake and glass of whiskey, is happy.

Arriving at the brow of a high hill, we caught our first glimpse of Chimney Corner, and a few minutes more brought us to our destination. We had no sooner alighted than we became highly interested. We saw before us the broad, far-reaching Gulf of St. Lawrence, sparkling bluer than ever. We saw also, stretching east and west, natural lawns and fields of purest green, groves of most delicious shade, and a beach matchless for its snow-white sands, a full quarter of a mile in extent, towards which the big waves were heaving with incessant pursuit of each other. The beach is in the shape of a horse-shoe; great cliffs are toward the west looking like a huge hippopotamus. These cliffs shelter the beach from all the cold winds, and the air which reached us was, though full of brine, devoid of that chilliness which is always more or less experienced on the Atlantic coast beaches of Nova Scotia.

Ascending this western cliff by jutting pieces of sandstone which formed a natural staircase, we obtained the sea-breeze in all its wild freshness and looked over at Margaree island opposite, and down towards our left upon Broad Cove. Descending, we sauntered along the sands, and up to the small cottage built but a few yards from the beach, where we found excellent accommodation, rustic of course but comfortable. Our repast, to which we did full justice, consisted of delicious trout, freshly caught in the little crystal stream flowing past the door, fine raspberries and cream, with the auxiliaries of good tea, coffee, bread and excellent butter. After dinner we again strolled forth and spent the afternoon drinking in the surrounding beauties. It was one of those superb afternoons in August when the country always looks its best. The odor of brine and sweet hay mingled, the sky was cloudless, and the trees threw their long shadows athwart the grass. Oh, what a magnificent spot for a hotel! I exclaimed, sitting down on a broken mast of some stranded ship which had drifted to shore.

After sunset a breeze arose, and when about dark we again walked upon the sands, the waves were rolling in with tremendous force. We found difficulty in keeping on our hats, and soon took refuge within doors. We sat until quite late in the little old fashioned parlor, chatting and spinning yarns, and as the wind swept around the house and rattled at the window panes, I was reminded of that verse of Longfellow—

We sat within the farmhouse old, Whose windows looking o'er the bay Gave to the sea breeze damp and cold An easy entrance night and day.

We left Chimney Corner in the grey of the early morning, when I say we, I include myself and one other of our party. The others, hearing of the fine shooting to be obtained here had sent for their guns and game bags and taken up their quarters at the little farmhouse. As we drove towards Margaree and passed through the deep glen, lying at the entrance to Chimney Corner, great coveys of partridge whirred past us into the deep bush, and we presaged much good sport for our friends. The driver informed us, pointing with his whip to a long strip of pasture land about a quarter of a mile away, that there, in the early September mornings, the ground is literally covered with golden plover. When other tourists rave about the Bras d'Or Lakes we shall never regret having chosen that our holiday should be spent among scenes which, though perhaps less frequented, were none the less lovely. LENA.

IN DISHONORED GRAVES. Men who Were Buried in the Jail Graveyard at Oromocto, Sunbury Co.

About two miles below Oromocto village stand the Sunbury county court house and jail. The people of the county are a peaceful law-abiding people, and the jail is generally tenanted by prisoners. The judges have scarcely anything to try at the various terms of court, except a few civil cases. A much more humane system prevails towards the few prisoners confined from time to time than obtains in most of the other jails in the province and they are treated more like human beings; never being forced to the regulation diet of bread and water as in like institutions. The reason for this, chiefly is because there are no real criminals confined here, the officials of the county are more humane, and the jailer, Mr. Frank Haley, while performing his duty as a faithful officer, doesn't see the necessity of treating men like brutes, because they happen to be unfortunate. But this has nothing to do with my story.

In the jail yard enclosure I was shown three graves, which have a sad and painful history. They are now covered with a rich growth of luscious cherries, and the occupants sleep as peacefully regardless of "the tides that go ebbing and flowing beside them" as if they had never been the victims of man's (or woman's) inhumanity to man.

The first is that of poor Jack Chambers, the only one ever executed here; who on the evidence of an abandoned girl was accused of an assault on her person, which in those days was punishable with death. It was a cruel conspiracy, and he being a foreigner and without friends or counsel was tried, found guilty and hanged.

The next is that of old Sam Moore, an ex-British soldier, over eighty years of age, who in his declining years received the usual reward given by the British government to its sturdy defenders—that of a

pauper. In the house where he was living were some very mischievous girls, and whether through malice or pure curiosity, they used to almost torment the life out of the old man. Becoming exasperated beyond endurance, one day when they were treating him worse than usual, he plunged a knife into one of them, inflicting an ugly wound, and for this was arrested and lodged in jail. There would in all likelihood not have been much done with him, as the girl was not seriously injured, but fearing the worst one day in a fit of mental depression he hanged himself with his handkerchief.

The last on the list was old Charley Johnson, whose married life was anything but happy. His wife and he were continually fighting, and having one day blacked both her eyes and administered several kicks and blows which "laid her on the shelf," he was arrested and confined in jail to await the sitting of the court. On court day he was brought out, and his wife was there ready to give evidence. He was told to wash and fix up, (a thing he had not done since he came there,) so as to be in a presentable condition before the gentlemen. He was offered a basin but preferred, he said, to go to the river, whither he was accompanied by the jailer. Wading out he made a feint of washing his hands and face, still getting out deeper, and finally made a plunge and sank beneath the waters to rise no more. The astonished jailer went for assistance, but before they could reach him the vital spark had fled and he was beyond the reach of the law, and his scolding wife. When the news was broken to her she clasped her hands and exclaimed: "Thank God, we'll have some peace now." Thus it is, and thus it will ever be: "Whenever there is any mischief a woman is sure to be at the bottom of it."—Butler's Journal.

Postage Stamps. Few people, perhaps, realize of how recent origin is the postage stamp. It was first issued by Great Britain in 1840. Brazil was the first nation to follow the example, which they did in 1843, and in 1847 the United States began the use of postage stamps. There are now 211 stamp issuing countries. It is estimated now that every year some 50,000,000,000 letters are posted in the world. America leads with over 25,000,000,000 and England follows with 700,000,000. Japan now mails annually 95,000,000, letters and the cancelled stamps on these letters are worth an average of one cent each. Last year there were 26,000 letters posted in England without any address on them. In 1,600 of these gold coin and money were inclosed. The cancelled postage stamps of many countries are worth quite as much as unused specimens, and many are issued solely for collections, the revenue being an important item. Monaco was the latest to issue stamps; but Stoffland, with its "fifty houses and three stores," is probably the most insignificant, even more so than Heligoland or the Virgin Islands.