WHERE ROYALTY LIVES.

SIGHTS AND SCENES AROUND OLD WINDSOR CASTLE.

Views and Memorials that Interest the Stranger—The Queen's Dogs—A Brief and Unexpected Interview with Her Most Gracious Majesty.

WINDSOR, England, Aug. 29, 1892.—If one could wholly disassociate from the mind the royal and historic impressiveness of Windsor Castle, and, standing upon the battlements of its great central Round Tower, merely contemplate the place and its surroundings as a bit of English scenery, the color, feeling and suggestiveness in all the scenes within range of vision would still prove engaging and characteristic to a wondrous degree.

In every direction from Windsor the eye falls upon meadows like lawns, great parks and forests of gigantic oaks and yews. You can count nearly 100 seats of the gentry and nobility from where you stand on the tower. Interspersed are the quaintest of old-world villages, primitive farm-houses, avenues of limes and elms, luxuriant hedges, gardens flaming and lush, quaint arched bridges, ancient mills, gray or white turrets breaking through masses of trees, roadside inns and cottages buried in vines and flowers. It is all a vast panorama of pastoral England, centering in, and dominated by, this royal pile of historic stone.

On the north, east and south the royal parks of Windsor close in snugly upon the town and castle. The Home Park, so named from its immediate vicinity to the castle, is nearly four miles in circumference and comprises about 500 acres. It is beautifully studded with clumps of forest trees. There are many avenues of stately elms planted during the reign of Queen Anne, and George III. annually coursed here for hares. Besides numberless cascades, artificial ponds, grottoes and picturesque bridges, Home Park contains many structures and appurtenances peculiar to royalty.

Some of these are Adelaide Lodge, the royal kennel, the Queen's poultry houses, the royal dairy and the royal gardens. The lodge consists only of two rooms and a page's residence, but they are sumptuously fitted up with furnishings from the royal lodge. A short distance from this is a hansome cottage in the Gothic style, the residence of the keeper of the park, and in the rear of this are the extensive kennels for the fancy dogs of the Queen. There is not a hospital in Victoria's dominions so perfectly arranged, ventilated and appointed. The Queen is very fond of these dogs, especially of the collies and fox terriers, frequently inspects the kennels, and lavishes genuine affection upon her favorites.

The burying ground of these canine pets is indeed a place for reflection. When the dogs die they are laid beneath the turf where they were bred, exercised and came to royal dog's estate. An inscribed stone tablet marks each canine grave. It may be there are those who loiter in these avenues of the dead, pensively conning such inscriptions as, "Pincie, Scotch terrier. Brought from Balmoral June 14, 1865. Died February 6, 1874;" "Maurice, favorite Mount St. Bernard of H. R. H., the Prince Consort, died November, 1854;" and "Nellie (collie) mother of Bess, Flora and Sailor. Died October 12, 1886."

The royal dairy is as beautiful as some of the Lady chapels of the old English cathedrals. It is about thirty feet square. Six octagonal columns support the roof. The reservoir through which constantly flows a stream of cold water, is built of encaustic tiles. The windows are of stained glass, bordered with designs in buttercups, blossoms and primroses. The walls are lined with delicately tinted tiles, bordered with green, with base-relief agricultural subjects and medallions of the Queen and the royal family.

The poultry house is an elegant semi-gothic building, with a central pavilion, crowned by a suburb dove-cote completely lined with full length plate mirrors. On either side of the pavillion are the roosting-houses and nests. An immense area of lawn is divided by wire fence into wards or "runs" for the fowls of which there are nearly every known blooded species; and inside these wards are gravel walks, bordered by grass-plats leading to the poultry house entrances.

The royal garden contains an area of thirty acres. Its total range of glass-covered structures is about 1,000. There is a luxurious residence for the head gardener, with two sumptuous apartments for the use of the Queen.

The Great Park lies to the south of Windsor. It contains 1,800 acres. Several magnificent roads intersect it. The Long Walk, three miles in length, and bordered by the finest elms in England, is the most famous. The royal farms are in this park and were converted to this use by George III., and George IV. always made the present Royal Lodge his summer residence. The noble structure called Cumberland Lodge, built by William, Duke of Cumberland, uncle by George III., is near the royal lodge, and is the present residence of Prince and Princess Christian and family.

Just west of Great Park, along the high road to Reading, lies what remains of ancient Windsor forest. Its circumference was originally 120 miles. In the northern portion the forest is still primeval, and here are found oaks rivaling in girth the most famous of Robin Hood's land in Nottinghamshire. The King Oak, over 800 years ago the favorite tree of William the Conqueror, is still standing and is twenty-six feet in girth three feet from the ground. There are also four other famous oaks here respectively known as the oaks of Queens Anne, Charlotte, Adelaide and Victoria.

Just over beyond Great Park are Ascot health and race course. The course is the finest in the kingdom. The grand stand rivals in splendor and extent the noted Epsom betting stand; and the races are always honored by the presence of members of the royal family, who are invarible driven to Ascot through the royal parks from Windsor.

Coming closer to royal Windsor is Windsor town itself. Scarcely more than a village, it straggles up to the castle walls like a mass of dependent relations fawningly creeping close to the source of favor and bounty. I may alone fancy it, but the folk, the houses, the streets, all sights and seemings, possess a cringing, servile air. It is drowsy and ancient enough surely. You can find many old half-timbered houses here; almost every home; and they are chiefly humble ones, has its little square grass-plot of the ancient thyme in front of it; and the very names of its few and odd old inns, such as Adam and Eve, Hand and Glove, and Merry Wives of Windsor, are redolent of the swords, ruffs and wigs of Elizabethan days.

It seems to me that after one has grown a little familiar with this most famous of all royal residences, Windsor Castle itself, its inmates and all its present splendor, take less and less hold upon the visitor, and that the wraiths of historic associations and memories conjured up by what one cannot but see and feel, grow more and more imperative of recognition.

To many visitors most interest is found in the state apartments, the Zuccarelli room, the Vandyck room, and the Rubens room, the Guard room, the audience and presence chambers, St. George's Hall, the crimson, green and white drawing rooms over the east terrace, and the Waterloo chamber. The stern simplicity of the guard room, the great hall enblazoned with the armorial bearings of the Garter Knights and lined with portraits of British sovereigns from the time of Charles II. to the present, and the historic Waterloo chamber where the heroes of the battle assembled annually on its anniversary, are by far the most striking and impressive.

More keenly attractive are the two chapels of Albert and St. George. Both chapels are doubtless, for their size, the most famous treasure-houses of royal mausoleum and memorials in the whole world. Their enrichment by every known form of memorial art is sumptuous and magnificent beyond description.

In front of the chancel of the Albert chapel is the cenotaph to the late Prince Consort. It is an altar tomb by the late Baron Henry de Triqueti. Its base is of black and gold Tuscan marble. At each angle of the tomb is the figure of an angel, those at the front bearing shields, one with the arms of the Queen, and the other with those of the Prince Consort. Around the tomb, in niches, are statuettes, three on the south side representing Charity, Piety and Hope, and the three on the north, Justice, Honor and Truth. At the east end is a mournfully interesting statuette of the Queen in her younger days, and opposite is a statuette of Science weeping. An inscription runs around the grand antique marble of the cap. Upon the latter lies the recumbent figure of "Albert the Good," magnificently sculptured, wearing the armor of a knight of the middle ages, and clothed in the mantle of the order of the Garter.

On a recent occasion while standing before this memorial, my attendant having excused himself for a moment and disappeared through the private door leading to the deanery, two ladies, one an elderly woman and her companion a fair faced woman of thirty, quietly entered and walked straight to the cenotaph. They were dressed plainly but richly, and were without bonnets, and at the time I thought them visitors staying at some gentleman's seat or near hotel.

My own great interest in the magnificent sculptured effigy attracted the attention of the old lady; and, seemingly from some impulse of great self interest in the figure I could not then understand, she accosted me as friendly as though I had not been a stranger, and almost eagerly, with the simple inquiry:

"Does the work please you as an American?"

"Thank you, madam," I rejoined with some hesitation, it does; but not so much as the heroic equestrain statue of Albert in front of St. George's Hall, in Liverpool, which, in my judgment, is the most splendid memorial I have ever seen. The Prince Consort was above all else a manful man. This figure suggests knighthood and its trappings. The Liverpool statue is majestic in its expression of manhood."

She seemed buried in thought for a moment, and nodded her gray head silently. Finally her eyes filled with tears, and graciously bowing to me she said sadly, "I thank you as an American, with all my heart."

Then the two ladies turned away and passed out of the chapel. At the same instant my attendant returned in apparent great excitement. "Sir!" he exclaimed, "you have been speaking, without a presentation, to Her Majesty, the Queen!"

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

The Cost of Keeping an Elephant.

All the elephants used in the Indian army as draught animals in the artillery or commissariat, or as baggage animals in the transport department, are very carefully attended to, and in every way treated with the greatest consideration.

Their keep is rather expensive, being about $15 a day, including, of course, the wages of their mahout and grass-cutter.

They are fed principally on unhusked rice and grass; of the former they get about 250lb. and of the latter about 400lb. per diem.

The very large female eats, after the first day or two, about 750lb. of green fodder in eighteen hours; this is exceeded often by larger tuskers, so that 800lb. is about the right amount to be placed before a full-grown elephant, with a margin to allow for waste.

As a good load for an elephant is about 800lb., it will be seen that the amount he will eat per day will be as much as he can carry, and this will also be the right proportion for the smaller ones.

Misfortune and Peacock's Feathers.

Some years ago, so it is said, some one kindly presented Mrs. Langtry, as an ornament for her drawing room, a stuffed peacock; after its arrival misfortund followed misfortune, and just before the bailiffs entered the house she had it put on a four wheeler and sent to a man whom she disliked. That day he fell down and had his leg broken. Later on he sent it to an enemy of his, whose house caught fire that night, and when last heard of by its original owner, it had been rescued from flames, while a wrathful man stood by and swore he would set it on fire later in the day if he burned himself doing it. The failure of "Macbeth" was ascribed by Mrs. Langtry to the fact that on the Sunday before it was produced she wore at dinner the most beautiful dress imaginable. The sides and back were of pale, mouse-colored velvet, and the front was formed of peacock's feathers, with the head of a peacock resting on each white shoulder.

A GLENGARRY MIRACLE.

MR. JAMES SANDS' WONDERFUL RESTORATION TO HEALTH.

After Three Years of Paralysis, Insensibility and Uselessness, He Tells the Tale of His Recovery and Renewed Work in the World—His Story as Told a Fress Reporter.

(Ottawa Free Press.)

The town of Alexandria, some 55 miles south of the city of Ottawa, on the Canada Atlantic Railway, has been completely astonished, recently, at the marvelous experience of a young man, who, after having been bed-ridden for nearly twelve months, and his case pronounced incurable by Montreal and Alexandria doctors, is now restored to complete health and strength.

Mr, James Sands is a young teamster, well known and extremely popular throughout the country side, and his illness and wonderful recovery have been—indeed still are—the chief topics in the town and neighborhood. The story of his miraculous cure having reached Ottawa, a member of *The Free Press* staff journeyed to Alexandria and sought out Mr. Sands for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of the statements made regarding his recovery. Mr. Sands is a slimly built, but wiry-looking young man of about 32 years of age, and when met by the newspaper man the bloom of health was on his cheek and his whole frame showed signs of unimpaired vigor and vitality.

The newspaper man told Mr. Sands the object of his visit, and the latter expressed his perfect willingness to give all the facts connected with his case. "I was," said Mr. Sands, "a complete wreck given up by the doctors, but now I am well and strong again, and gaining strength every day. I was born in Lancaster in 1860, and up to three years ago I was always healthy and strong, living in the open air and being well-known throughout the whole country of Glengarry. It was in the winter of 1888-89 that I first felt signs of incipient paralysis. I was then teamster for the sash and door factory here, and had been exposed to all kinds of weather. I then experienced violent twisting cramps in my right hand. I was in Cornwall that winter when the first stroke fell, and remained there for three days before I knew anybody at all. A medical man was called in but could do nothing for me. After that I came home home and appeared to get all right for a time, but after a few days the old trouble began again, my hand continuing the twitching and cramping that had preceded the stroke. Up to twelve months ago these twitching fits were the only symptoms I suffered from. Then in August, 1891, when I was in Huntingdon village I sustained a second stroke, and remained unconscious for about seven hours. A doctor attended me and I recovered sufficiently to be brought home. After my return home the paralysis steadily gained on me, and I lost the use of my right arm and leg entirely; my right eye was distorted and my tongue partially paralyzed. I was prescribed for by an Alexandria physician whose treatment I carefully followed, but it had no effect. I still got steadily worse, and about a month before Christmas last, I went to the English hospital at Montreal. Prof. Stuart and all the doctors came around me, as mine was a curious case, and the professor treated me. All the doctors could give me no satisfaction, and did not appear to understand my case. I questioned some of them, but they told me it was a hopeless case. I remained in the hospital a month, without the least improvement, and was then brought home, and remained in my bed till May day. I had constant medical advice, but continued to grow worse and worse. My right arm withered and I grew so weak and useless that I could not turn myself in bed. Meantime I had tried all sorts of patent medicines without the least effect. In May I saw an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the papers, and said I would try them as a last resort. I had heard of the wonderful cures worked by Pink Pills, and told my folks to get me some. I had not taken them long when I found myself improving, and this determined me to continue their use. My strength gradually returned, the muscles of my arm and leg became invigorated and stronger, and I was able to sit up. I still continued taking the Pills and gaining strength, until at last I was able to go about, and finally to return to my old place at the sash and door factory. I gave up the Pills for a while, but did not feel so well, so I again began their use. I now feel as well as ever, though perhaps not quite so strong as formerly. You can see my right arm, which was withered, is now all right," and Mr. Sands stretched out a muscular limb, which would have done credit to a blacksmith. In reply to the reporter Mr. Sands said he thought his trouble had been brought on through exposure to the weather. "I am completely satisfied," said he, "that it is entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I owe my wonderful restoration. Besides the medical treatment I had tried electricity and patent medicines, both internal and external, but without the slightest avail. After beginning Pink Pills I began to mend, and they have made a new man of me.

The newspaper man then called on Messrs. Ostrom Bros. & Co., widely known druggists, and interviewed their representative, Mr. Smith, as to his knowledge of the case. Mr. Smith was fully conversant with the facts, and vouched for the story told by Mr. Sands, and further said, that his hopeless case and remarkable recovery are known throughout Glengarry county. In reply to the query if many of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold, Mr. Smith replied that the sale was remarkable and that in his experience he had never handled a remedy that sold so well, or gave such general satisfaction to those using them, as everywhere glowing reports are heard of the excellent results following their use. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense that word is understood. They are the result of years of experience and careful investigation. They are not a purgative medicine, but act directly upon the blood and nerves, supplying those constituents required to enrich the former and stimulate and restore the latter.—*A.*

For all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, or shattered nerves, they are an unfailing remedy. Such diseases as these speedily yield to their treatment. Locomotor staxia, partial paralysis, St Vitus' dance, neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, nervous prostration, nervous headache, dyspepsia, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, correcting irregularities, and restoring the functions, and in the case of men effect a radical cure in all cases arising from overwork, mental worry or excesses of any nature. In fact it may be said of them

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
Restoring to health, life and vigor again."

The Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Will Appear on the Stage Again.

The rumor is current that Mary Anderson (Mrs. De Navarro) intends to appear soon on the stage again. The famous actress has lately being staying at Oban—the natural beauties of which have often been sung by Professor Blackie. She first visited the West Highland capital several years ago as the guest of Wm Black.

AYER'S Hair Vigor

Restores faded, thin, and gray hair to its original color, texture, and abundance; prevents it from falling out, checks tendency to baldness, and promotes a new and vigorous growth. A clean, safe, elegant, and economical hair-dressing,

Everywhere Popular

"Nine months after having the typhoid fever, my head was perfectly bald. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and before I had used half a bottle, the hair began to grow. Two more bottles brought out as good a head of hair as ever I had. On my recommendation, my brother William Craig made use of Ayer's Hair Vigor with the same good results."—Stephen Craig, 832 Charlotte st., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

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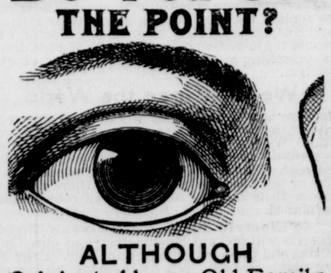

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NEURALGIA.—MRS. JOHN MCLEAN, Barrie Island, Ont., March 4, 1889, says: "I suffered severely with neuralgia for nine years and have been greatly benefited by the use of St. Jacobs Oil."

SCIATICA.—Grenada, Kans., U. S. A., Aug. 8, 1888. "I suffered eight years with sciatica; used five bottles of St. Jacobs Oil and was permanently cured." JACOB I. SMITH.

STRAIN.—MR. M. PRICE, 14 Tabernacle Square, E. C., London, Eng., says: "I strained my wrist and the severe pain yielded like magic to St. Jacobs Oil."

LAMEBACK.—MRS. J. RINGLAND, Kincaid St., Brockville, Ont., writes: "I was confined to bed by severe lumbago. A part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enabled me to go about in a day."

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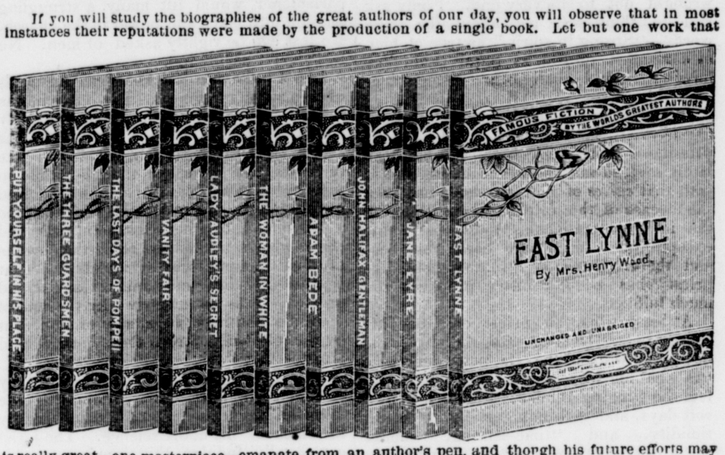

is really great—one masterpiece—emanate from an author's pen, and thorgh his future efforts may be trivial in comparison, his name will live and his works be read long after the author has passed away. A well-known New York publishing house has issued in uniform and handsome style ten of the greatest and most famous novels in the English language, and we have perfected arrangements whereby we are enabled to offer this handsome and valuable set of books as a premium to our subscribers upon terms which make them almost a free gift. Each one of these famous novels was its author's greatest work—his masterpiece—the great production that made his name and fame. The works comprised in this valuable set of books, which are published under the general title of "Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors," are as follows:

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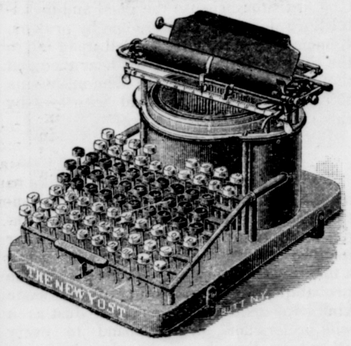

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