

Monarchs and Their Nest Eggs.

PUTTING BY FOR THE ROYAL RAINY DAY.

It will no doubt astonish a large number of people that kings and queens, like poorer mortals, who have the gift of prudence, are with few exceptions as economical as is consistent with their high position, and every year put by some portion of their savings for a rainy day. Better than anybody else perhaps monarchs know that it is money makes the mare go and that to spend all their income as they get it is just as great a folly in themselves as in their subjects. The late Queen Victoria was one of the thriftiest of monarchs, and, though her will has never been for the public eye, there is reason to believe that the fortune she left at her death was a very large one.

The modern king is, as a rule, a very practical gentleman. Of some it is not too much to say that they do not place implicit confidence in the nation of which they are the head. Of nearly all of them it is certainly true that they do not put all their eggs into one basket.

Every year the present Tsar and Tsarina of Russia entrust a large portion of their private savings to the British and French national banks. Alexander II., grandfather of the Emperor Nicholas, was economical in a high degree, and the money he saved is said to have run well into four millions sterling. By his will he left legacies to various members of the Imperial family which swallowed up a third of his vast fortune, the remaining two-thirds being given to a lady of the Court who had wedded the sovereign without mounting the throne. As this lady was not of the royal line, it was impossible that she could be recognised as Empress, and the legacy of two-thirds of the monarch's fortune was the compensation Alexander accorded to hismorganatic spouse.

Alexander III., during his comparatively short reign, also saved a considerable fortune, and this he left by will to our present Queen Alexandra, at the time of his death Princess of Wales.

King Leopold of Belgium has a uni-

versal reputation, and not an enviable one, as Leopold & Co., Rubber Merchants. He founded the Congo Free State, of which he is the sovereign lord, and which remits to him every year thousands upon thousands of pounds sterling, derived from the natural products of the country. He is one of the largest rubber and ivory dealers in the world. He is also one of the cleverest of financiers, and knows his way about all the bourses of Europe.

King George of Greece is also an old financial hand. He speculates largely in agricultural products, follows carefully all the fluctuations of the financial markets, and is assiduous in putting his money into good things.

The late Empress of Austria placed on deposit two-thirds of her allotted revenue. She was very economical, and kept as few servants about her as possible. She constantly revised the accounts of her husband, and succeeded in making important reductions in his expenses. The Bank of England received her savings, and there is a curious story about the refusal of her beneficiaries to pay the British succession duties, a refusal which gave the Governors of the Bank a great deal of trouble before the matter was adjusted.

The monarch who has the least confidence in the financial stability of his own country is the Sultan of Turkey. He declines to trust any Turkish bank with a farthing of his savings. The fattest part of his fortune—and it is said to be not small, despite the fact that his country is in a chronic state of bankruptcy—is deposited in British banks. In Paris they say that every quarter a special messenger, flanked by a suitable escort, leaves London for Constantinople to carry to the Sultan the interest on his deposits. It is not generally known that the Sultan owns one of the biggest streets of Constantinople, and has a sugar plantation in the Indies.

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ITS BUSY DAY.

Now doth the busy ant disport
At picnics overmuch.
Invading cakes of every sort
And lemon pies and such.

A Perfume That Smells Bad.

The perfumer took from his desk a small flask of copper.

"In flasks like this attar of roses comes to us," he said. "Attar of roses is worth from 10d. to 25d. an ounce, according to the market. This flask is empty now, but in it a little odour still lingers."

The visitor smiled delightedly. He had never smelt pure attar of roses before. Now he unscrewed the stopper, and, closing his eyes, with an ecstatic look he applied his nostrils to the flask.

But only for an instant. Then he threw back his head, twisting his features into a grimace of disgust, and he exclaimed:

"Garbage! Bone yards! Glue factories!"

The perfumer laughed. "All essential oils smell like that," he said. "Yet no good perfume can be made without them."

He took from a shelf a cut glass jar filled with a thick, yellowish oil that looked like petroleum partly refined.

"In this jar," he said, "there are forty

ounces of pure attar of roses worth over 300d. You know how the attar smells alone. Now watch me make a rich perfume by adding things to it."

He put a few drops of the attar into a phial. He filled the phial with spirits of wine. He added a drop of the extract of musk, another of orris, then one of neroli, one of rose, of violet, of orange, of vanilla, and, finally, the oil of cloves and bergamot.

"There," he said, "Smell that. Isn't it exquisite?"

"Exquisite!" said the visitor. "Well, without its foundation of the malodorous and costly attar of roses it wouldn't smell any better than a plate of soup."

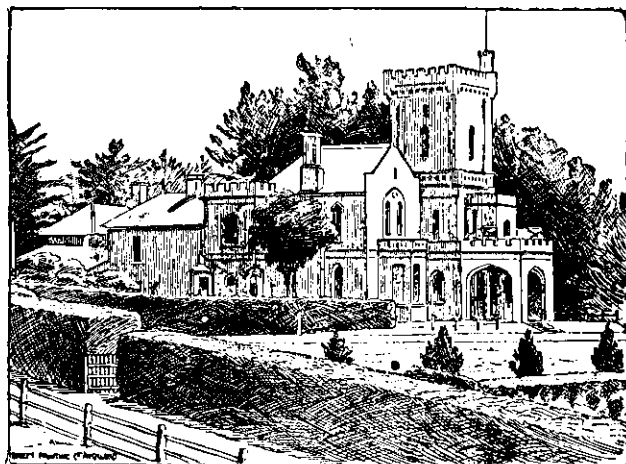
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With flattering vows allure,
Remember that your truest friend
Is WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT
CURE.
When frosty stars gleam overhead,
And earth's in wintry moods,
And cold attacks in throat and head,
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