

oted in this house." He had jostled a bad-tempered old pug. Slender youth, proud, laughing, with ironic mustache, he thanked the sour Sophie for her warning, as she passed the chateau.

ENTLY, cousin. If you make

Black growl you will be badly

It was May, 1853, in the park of Possenhofen. She was the eldest daughter of Maximilian, duke of Bavaria, a crank convinced that all his dogs had souls. He was Francis Joseph, emperor of Austria, king of Hungary, Bohe-

mia, Dalmatia, Croatia, Esclavonia-and twenty-three years old.

He had come to demand the hand of Sophie. He had seen her. She would do. The Wittelsbach, though plain home folks, were of exalted blood, fit to espouse a Hapsburg. His own mother had arranged the match. He would ask Duke Maximilian after the banquet -and make a prompt get-away to Vienna. where pleasure waited.

Alone beneath the trees, a pup came romping to him; and a fresh, sweet young voice cried: "Dick, come back!" And he marveled at the vision, a beautiful girl of sixteen, supple, slender, of proud, pure type, laughing flower on a tall forest stem. She had been running, and stopped, blushing, breathless: "Please excuse Dick, monsieur!"

'Don't apologize for Dick, mademoiselle. His friendship is a recommendation. I know the ways of the house," he answered.

"Father thinks so," she laughed.
"Your father? Then you are—" "Elizabeth Amelia, duchess in Bavaria."

Francis Joseph had already started in for a flirtation. He stopped, troubled. Holding out his hand, he asked: 'Why have I not seen you before?"

Very young, serene and haughty, yet impulsive and tender, unafraid of the youth in tourist tweeds and struck by sudden admira-Elizabeth held out her beautiful white hand.

"I am too young to figure at the banquet." she said. And Francis Joseph understood. His uncle wished to marry off the elder daughter first. He whispered to the younger girl, laughing. tempting:

"Be dressed, on the lawn, before the banquet. I'll arrange."

It was the first escapade of Elizabeth, and it had the excuse of love at first sight. She dressed and descended calmly, pursued by affrighted tiring women. On the lawn Francis Joseph offered her his arm. The effect was theatrical. Duke Maximilian was wild with anger. After the banquet the young emperor drew him aside:

"My uncle," he said, "I have the honor to ask the hand, not of my cousin Sophie, but of my cousin Elizabeth."

"My nephew," said the duke, "It is impos-"Then I'll ask for neither," said Francis Jo-

So he guitted Possenhofen. Three months later, on the birthday of the emperor, all Ischl was en fete. To the imperial villa many great ones were invited, notably Duke Maximilian, his duchess, their three sons and four daughters.

The church of Ischl was packed for morning service. To universal surprise, as the imperial cortege entered, the proud mother of Francis Joseph humbly stood aside, and motioned young Elizabeth, the blonde Elizabeth. to pass before her.

And the young emperor took her by the hand. Approaching the altar, he said to the priest.

"My father, here is my flancee. Bless us." Their wedding tour passed in Moravia. It was an ideal honeymoon/in a mountainous country, where the young emperor was worshiped by a loyal peasantry. They rode from town to town, almost alone, Francis Joseph triumphant, Elizabeth happy. She had found the Prince Charming of her dreams.

All changed when they returned to Vienna. The first morning the blooming beauty was refused entrance to her husband's study. An usher in green and gold, with gold chain and ivory wand, barred her way, bowing ceremoniously: "Pardon, your imperial majesty may not enter to his imperial majesty without being announced."

As Elizabeth, simple Bavarian princess, protested that she would pass, a high officer corroborated the flunkey's words. Ashamed, wounded, angry, she was forced to wait, feeling the smiles of the courtiers behind her back, until word came that the emperor would receive her. Bitterly she complained to him, but Francis Joseph declared that etiquette must be observed.

Scarcely seventeen, Elizabeth had no experience to struggle against a hundred conspiracies of the court suggested by the brutal diplomacy of her mother-in-law.

This relentless woman had desired her son





"Pack my valises," said Elizabeth, "we leave tonight.

OYME. KATHARINA SCHORATT

to marry Sophie, whom she could rule. Forced

to yield to Francis Joseph's infatuation, she

resolved that the blonde Cinderella should not

long rule over the light and thoughtless heart

The first deceptions were wrapped in mys-

At that moment they spoke of a beautiful

tery. His mother feared to risk the tears of

Italian countess. How had she entered the

closed circle of Vienna? Just before the birth

of Elizabeth's first child, when the mother-in-

law again directed ceremonies, the Italian

woman was invited to a great court ball, and

Francis Joseph paid her such attentions that

informed the tender Elizabeth of her misfor-

tune. She was so stricken that she fell grave-

ly ill, but remained faithful to her system of

The birth of a little son, Rudolph, was a

great joy to Elizabeth; yet before he was six

months she learned that his bringing up was

"But the emperor has authorized me-"

terrible mother-in-law. Tears, protests were

without result; the baby boy was given a wet

nurse and governess, replaced later by a tutor,

the Count Bombelles, who, many years later,

took part in the orgie of Meyerling which ter-

minated Rudolph's life, which shows the char-

And Elizabeth was only at the beginning of

At this moment there appeared at the pal-

ace theater-directed and financed by the em-

peror-a Mme. Roll, actress of small talent

but radiant beauty. During a whole season

the court asked one question: "Who is Mme.

Roll's protector?" It could not be the em-

peror. He was never seen with her. At vaca-

tion, when it was learned that the Roll would

take a villa at Ischl, summer residence of the

imperial family, everyone said, 'Now we shall

know who is the protector!" The bijou town

was too small to keep a secret. And within

a week it was known to the general stupefac-

tion. The phantom lover of Mme. Roll ap-

It was too much. 'Never before had he

flaunted a favorite so publicly. Elizabeth

told him that he must choose between Mme.

Roll and herself; and the emperor pretended

to send away the actress. But the wife was

not deceived. She waited. She had taken a

cis Joseph, with certain gentlemen, had gone

to Murzzuschlag, and when he did not return

with them a strangely piquant story was con-

fided by one, Count K--- to his young wife.

on oath of secrecy. The emperor had been

struck by the beauty of a peasant girl of ten-

der years, whose conquest had details worthy

of a ruder age. Now the emperor was staying

the empress. In a circle of spiteful young

women all the details of the adventure were

whispered with such tact that Elizabeth heard

every word. When the last guest had kissed

The Countess K-- hurried to the tea of

"to console the child."

The occasion was a hunting scandal. Fran-

peared unmistakably. It was the emperor!

"He is the heir of the Hapsburgs," replied

"I withdraw the authorization," said the

"But he is my son," she faltered.

Within twenty-four hours a charitable soul

she was at once dubbed favorite.

to be taken out of her hands.

the Archduchess Sophie.

acter of the tutor.

her troubles.

of the emperor.

Elizabeth.

silent dignity.

Time passed.

"For long?"

"For always."

The two women slipped from the Hofburg and took the first train at the southern station. Only the next morning did her mother-in-law learn of Elizabeth's flight. An hour later the chief of police had discovered that the empress was en route for Trieste and the imperial yacht. A telegram was sent to retard its departure on some pretext, while high functionaries followed on a special train.

What they were empowered to promise is not known, but Elizabeth returned.

The scene was terrible, between husband, wife, and mother-in-law. Francis Joseph, fearing scandal, dragged himself on his knees before Elizabeth and even reproached his mother for her cruelty.

But nothing could change Elizabeth's determination. She would only consent to avoid scandal. That night Professor Skoda of the Vienna faculty, after much repugnance and long discussion, signed a bulletin declaring that the health of the empress demanded a milder climate than Vienna. The next day, accompanied by high dignitaries, she left for Antwerp, where a magnificent yacht was hired to take her to Madeira.

She tired of Madeira. The imperial yacht was put at her disposition. She visited Norway, the Mediterranean, the Adriatic. Francis Joseph came on her unexpectedly at Venice and persuaded her to return temporarily to Vienna, for the sake of appearances.

To distract her mind she spent millions on a chateau at Linz, where her great pleasure became to break in young horses. This was the period of her friendship with the famous circus woman, Eliza Rens, whom Elizabeth declared to be a better lady than any of the Vienna court. Finding Ling too near Vienna, she spent other great sums on the chateau of Goedoelloe, in Hungary, where her taming of the man-killing stallions of Count Festitics became almost a historical event.

It was whispered that Elizabeth was trying to get killed without the sin of suicide. There were reconciliations. To return to her husband was represented to her a religious duty. Each time, however, the interest of Francis Joseph in the theater seemed so paramount that she started off again.

She returned for Rudolph's marriage, where she wept bitterly. She rejoiced a while in Rudolph's baby child. On the morning after the tragedy of Meyerling it was to her that Count Bombelles brought the awful tidings-Rudolph had committed suicide with Marie Vetschera, and it was Elizabeth who broke the news to the emperor.

Her hobby now became her palace at Corfu, the Villa Achilleion, which will remain famous in history as the greatest folly of luxury and art of a prodigal sovereign. It cost above

William II. of Germany now has it. Only a terrible craving for sleep caused Elizabeth to leave Corfu. Now commenced a round of climates and specialists. At Baths Nauheim the population so followed ner about that she decided for Switzerland. Francis Joseph, who had joined her for a week, objected. "I have bad reports on Switzerland," he said. "Full of anarchists."

"I am only a poor woman, Francis," she replied. "They will not hurt me."

Yet Lucchini stabbed her as she boarded the lake steamer at Geneva—like a simple tourist, with a single companion. None suspected that she was more than jostled. The

boat steamed slowly out. The Hungarian orchestra struck up a lively csardas.

INDERS ILICABETH AT THE TIME OF NEE TRIENDSHIP WITH THE PAMOUS CERCUS WOMAN

Elizabeth fainted. The Countess Sztaray cut her corset strings and found a tiny triangular wound below the left breast.

"Quick, a doctor. The empress is wounded!" There was no doctor, and the boat put back to Geneva. Opening her eyes Elizabeth asked:

"What is the matter?" "Do you suffer?" faltered the countess.

Elizabeth smiled "no" and feebly waved her hand in time to the jaunty music of the csardas. There was a melancholy smile on her face as she slowly shut her eyes. Elizabeth had died in beauty.

An aged emperor dines alone on gold plate from the famous service whose central decorative piece is worth \$15,000. There is but one guest-a general aide-de-camp or high official of the court. The proudest monarch of Europe is alone with one guest. Etiquette demands it.

Five gorgeous flunkeys in pale blue, buff, pink and gold, serve the two men. There have been no flowers on the table since the tragic death of the Empress Elizabeth; but the lights of wax candles glint the golden service and the rare wines in cut glass. They filt from historic tapestries to carved wood furniture and panels such as no museum possesses and make dancing shadows in the distant corner.

The aged emperor is dreaming of the gorgeous gala dinners of the past. He sees the ideal throngs of other days. Again he hears the three taps of the grand chamberlain's cane to announce the entrance of their imperial and royal majesties. How lonely is the immense palace, full of hiding courtiers, functionaries, servants. It is still early, not yet

Francis-Joseph rises. His guest takes ceremonlous leave and the sovereign goes to his

His real life begins. A confidential valet helps him into hat and overcoat. By a bijou elevator, whose door imitates a bookcase, he descends to the ground

He walks twenty steps across the little courtyard to the door, where an auto-limousine awaits him. There is no special secrecy—it is to avoid ceremony merely. He gives no directions; the chauffeur knows where to go.

Quitting the frigid, solemn Hofburg, out into the bright-lit bustling early evening of Vienna, past crowds hastening to theater and music hall, into fair streets of residence, the auto stops at a comfortable villa. The old sovereign enters the gate alone. The front door opens as he mounts the three marble steps. When the door shuts he is no longer the dread lonely emperor and apostolic king, but Herr Schratt, regularly called the "colonel," careless and easy, negligent and slouchy, bright, warm, cozy, snug among old friends.

Years ago, when the Burg theater was a wing of the Hofburg, the great actress Katharina Schratt-the Sarah Bernhardt and Rejane of Vienna-was presented to Francis-Joseph by Empress Elizabeth herself. For long, she too has lived retired; and the mourning emperor found her so intelligent, so fine and also good. that old loves and sorrows having burnt out, an affectionate friendship grew up to give him a kind of peaceful solace.

Leaving crown and scepter on the hat rack, he enters the bright little cardroom that adjoins two bijou little parlors and takes the best easy chair, while Madame Katharina hastens with the foot-warmer.

Herr Schratt sprawls in unspeakable content. The bell rings, and the partners of interminable games of tarok-a sort of Austrian bridge -arrive. They are two ancient friends of the great actress, become friends of Herr Schratt, always the same; Herr Palmer, director of the Bank des Pays Autrichiens, and an international private banker so extremely illustrious that his name is as well known as Franz-Josef's, and-a thing that never ceases to upset the court—an Israelite by race, birth and religion in the strict sense!

The Jewish banker and Monsieur Schrattnot the head of the Holy Roman empire-are fast old cronies to the sorrow and scandal of the Countess Chotek, morganatic but directing wife of Archduke Francis-Ferdinand, heir to the dual crown.

Often the emperor loses all the money in his purse—a dozen florins—at the nightly game of tarok. He plays badly. None wants him for partner; so they cut to see who takes him. He laughs boisterously. Meanwhile tea is prepared in the adjoining dining room.

At ten o'clock the auto-limousine is an nounced, and Madame Kathrina helps the "colonel" into hat and overcost.

The auto rolls through the streets of Vienna, still bright and boisterous, to the cold, solemn Hofburg. It stops at the little door of the small courtyard. The old man enters, and a silent valet meets him. Up the bijou elevator they ride, to the study he had left three hours ago. The confidential valet

takes his hat and coat. The emperor has returned. DAINTIES FOR FAMILY PICNIC

Simple Preparations That Will Appeal to the Appetites of Outdoor Frolickers.

Salad Eggs-Boil hard as many eggs as will be needed; chill them thoroughly in cold water. Shell, cut each lengthwise and scoop out the yolk. Mash this up to a fine powder in a bowl and season with salt, olive oil, a little lemon juice or vinegar. If only adults are to eat the eggs a little cayenne and Worcestershire sauce will be an addition. Mix well, stuff the yolk back into whites, smooth off top with a knife, and after putting the two halves together wrap in waxed paper.

Cream may be used instead of the oil for wetting the egg yolk.

Grilled Meat Sandwiches-Broll lean bacon slices, or ham or salt pork, and put between them slices of gluten or graham bread, pared of crust. A tender lettuce leaf put against the bread will be a delicate addition to these substantial sandwiches. With the same breads delicious fillings can be made with slices of fresh tomato or sucumber or tender lettuce, either of these mixed with mayonnaise.

Salad in Apple Baskets-Bright eating apples are scooped out and filled with any salad mixture liked, the top of the apple being afterward put on and fastened with toothpicks. There must not be enough dressing to run, although when fastened up tight the apples hold their contents very neatly.



Old bread just now takes a new form in bread-crumb cakes. Soak the bread in buttermilk and use flour to thicken the batter.

Be careful never to use too much butter in cake. Use a scant amount rather than what the rule calls for, and it will save many a poor cake.

Cold water, a teaspoonful of ammonia and soap will remove machine grease when other means would not answer on account of colors running.

A little vinegar put into water in which eggs are poached will keep them white and prevent them from spread-A scented bag that will keep moths

away is made as follows: One-half ounce each of cloves, nutmeg and caraway seeds. When next frying oysters, dip them

first in mayonnaise and then in crumbs before immersing in the deep fat. They will be found delicious.

If gilt frames are coated with copal varnish it will preserve them, and they can be washed with water without removing the luster from the gilt.

To remove wallpaper take warm water that is softened with borax or ammonia and apply with a sponge. The paper will soon become soaked and blistered and may be easily stripped off. It is well to do this a day or so before the new paper is put on.

Bolled Mutton.

A second appearance of this somewhat insipid dish may be more appetizing than the first. Cut the meat, which should be perfectly cold, into rather thick slices and lay these in the caper sauce which went around with them yesterday, or when the meat was hot. Heat slowly to a boil and send to table together in a hot platter. The sauce imparts richness to the meat.

Or-Lay the sliced meat in a mixture of lemon juice and salad oil-"a marinade," as the French call it—and leave them there for an hour. Then roll in fine crumbs. Set in ice for another hour and fry lightly. Drain off every drop of fat before serving. The meat should be salted and peppered on both sides before it is marinated.

Steamed Rice Pudding. Heat three cups of milk in a double

boiler. Cook one-half cup of rice in one cup boiling water five minutes. Add to hot milk and cook until rice is tender, then add one-half teaspoon salt. Beat one egg light, add two tablespoons sugar and stir this into hot rice just as you take it from the fire. When well mixed, turn into serving dish, sprinkle two tablespoons sugar over top and dot with one heaping tablespoon of butter cut into small pieces. Allow about one and one-quarter hours to cook.

O'Brien Potatoes. Peel and dice into a baking dish

nine cold boiled potatoes, salting well. Chop one green pepper fine and parboil for three minutes. Make a sauce of three cupfuls of milk thickened with two tablespoonfuls flour, stir in parboiled shaedded pepper, add to potatoes, turning grated cheese over the top and bake 20 minutes. This recipe is for a large family.

Cucumber Salad.

Those who are fond of gelatine will like a cucumber salad made by placing thin slices of cucumber and a small quantity of chopped celery in a clear white jelly, serving on lettuce leaves and garnishing with broken nuts. Mayonnaise or a French dressing is good with this.

Roast Duck.

Roast duck is considered quite nourishing, healthful and palatable. It is cheaper than beef or pork; costs over one-half less and with dressing and a nice sauce is fit for a king.