

LITTLE WOMAN IN BLACK LINKS PAST AND PRESENT

Empress Eugenie, Whose Tragic Life Spans 85 Years, Still Can Smile.

From the New York World.
A little old woman all in black, even to the great spectacles behind her crepe veil, alighted from the train at Monteno a few weeks ago. She had one woman companion, but there was not a soul to meet her save only the coachman and footman of a simple carriage. There were many people in the railway station, but scarcely one of them recognized the woman in black who walked from the train to the roadway.

Jean Piermain, a newspaper man of Nice, recognized her, bowed, and asked her to pause a moment for a picture. Her brilliant eyes flashed through the double shadow of the black lenses and the black veil and her mouth curled into a smile as she stood and granted his request. Then she drove away.

"Who is the old lady?" asked an acquaintance of the newspaper man.

"The Empress Eugenie."

Yes, this aged woman in black, arriving with only one attendant and driving away unrecognized, unregretted, unsaluted by the cosmopolitan crowd at the popular Riviera resort, was Eugenie, who within the memory of men by no means old, was the queen of fashion, the ruler of the gayest court in Europe, the model of elegance. She lacks but a few months of being 85 years old; her gay court is no more; its butterflies are dead. Other queens rule the world of elegance; her garments are those of woe, her jewels are teardrops and she travels about alone, bowed by a burden of sorrow.

Look at her picture as that Nice newspaper man took it the other day and then turn to the photographs she posed for in the '60s, in the days when she was queen of the revels at those mad fetes, those brilliant orgies at Compiègne.

"The empress is too mischievous in a domino," used to be said of her in those gay days. She loved nothing better than devising fantastic costumes in which to dazzle the 4,000 odd courtiers that flocked from all over Europe to dance at her masked balls and those of the Princess Metternich.

A favorite costume of hers used to be that of Marie Antoinette. It seems as if there must have been something prophetic about this predilection. True, Eugenie did not lose her lovely head, but she lost everything else. Perhaps even fate was kinder to the last queen of France than it has been to the last empress.

"I am the past; I am the distant horizon where exists a mirage, a shadow, a phantom, a living sorrow."

So she spoke only a year ago to an Italian journalist, adding: "I live only in my youth, long past. There is nothing for me but to wait; my dreary winter is nearly over."

The past in which Eugenie lives is one of the most romantic that history records. When she was in Cairo in 1859, opening the Suez canal, she went disguised to visit an aged dervish. He saluted her instantly as empress and said:

"At your birth the state foretold for you great power and greater sorrow, for your happiness will be only temporary, but your sorrow will last forever. You are doomed to lose your throne, your husband and your son and to wander alone through the world like a lost star. These events will not happen at once, for the blow would kill you. To you as an empress it will not be permitted to enter the land of your husband or son except by permission of those you despise. You will have to seek a home with strangers and the dress of woe will never leave your form; your jewels will be but teardrops. I have said."

No more ruthlessly accurate prophecy was ever made. Every terrible word of it has been fulfilled.

Eugenie was not born to the purple. Her mother was Marie Kirkpatrick, daughter of an Irish adventurer who had settled in Spain. Her father was the Count of Montijo, several times a grandee of Spain. Born in May, 1826, she was their third child. The eldest died young, and the second, a daughter, was married to the Duke of Alba and Berwick, a descendant of King James II., of England and Arabella Churchill. Her mother was for a while a maid of honor to Queen Isabella, but she caused scandal by her love affairs with Lord Clarendon and Prosper Merimee, and the family had to leave the court of Madrid. The duke received no education was possible in a life of roving. She spent her brief periods at school in convents in many lands, but it was the worldly and frivolous side of her character that was most cultivated. In Paris Prosper Merimee, the author of "Carmen," helped to educate her and Stendahl used to tell her stories.

Introduction to Louis Napoleon.

Eugenie grew to womanhood with a rare beauty and a somewhat madcap charm. She had more than one love affair, and about the time of her sister's marriage she tried to poison herself for love. It was said of the Duke of Alba, among those who paid their court to her were the Duke of Ossuna, the Duke of Sesto, Prince Jerome Bonaparte and Senor Rosas. She became known as "the most beautiful woman in Europe." Louis Napoleon, then president of the French republic, who was destined to marry her himself a few years later, worried over the attentions his cousin was paying to Mlle. de Montijo, wrote to his uncle and Jerome's father, ex-King Jerome, warning him that the girl was not the kind a

man like his son should marry, underlining the word "marry."
A description of her as seen at a ball in Madrid at that time and quoted by Clara Tschudi in her "Life of the empress" is worth repeating:
"Her slender figure is set off by a bodice which enhances her beauty and elegance. Her hand is armed with a riding-whip instead of a fan, for she generally arrives at the circus on a wild Andalusian horse, and in her belt she carries a sharp-pointed dagger. Her little feet are encased in red satin boots. Her head is crowned by her broad golden platts interwoven with pearls and rich flowers; her clear brow shines with youth and beauty, and her gentle blue eyes sparkle from beneath the long lashes which almost conceal them." The same writer speaks also of "her exquisitely formed nose, her mouth, fresher than a rosebud and the perfect oval of her face, the loveliness of which is equalled only by her graceful bearing."

With her mother Eugenie settled in Paris in the winter of 1851-52, a few weeks before the coup d'etat by which Louis Napoleon became virtually ruler of France. A year later he was proclaimed emperor, and it was just about this time that he fell under the spell of Mlle. de Montijo's charms. She was then 27 years old. Many royal marriages had been suggested to him. Napoleon's infatuation for her was noted by all the diplomats, but few of them imagined that he would offer her more than a morganatic marriage.

When he spoke to her of marriage she referred him to her mother. After a review in the court of the Tuilleries he called to her at the window from which she had been watching: "Tell me how I can reach you." "To the right, sire, by way of the chapel," she replied promptly. At which Prince Metternich remarked, "Well played!"

She had the entrée to the best houses, but was not invited to the most select gatherings. Her social position was equivocal.

It was on New Year's eve, 1853, that Napoleon asked her in marriage. On January 22 the engagement was announced. The wedding took place in Notre Dame cathedral on January 29 and 30. The ceremony was almost a duplicate of that most splendid of weddings when the first Napoleon was married.

One of the first acts of the newly made empress seems ominous in the light of subsequent events. She made Napoleon drive her to Versailles, where she brooded with morbid interest over the relics of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, and she read in the Archives Nationales the letters written by the queen on the day of her execution.

Then began a reign of revelry. The empress had been accustomed to gay license at her mother's chateau of Compiègne, and now she turned Fontainebleau, Compiègne and the Tuilleries into palaces of folly. The houses were filled with guests who lived only for enjoyment. Artists, poets and musicians mingled with the greatest names in France—except those of the old regime, who always held aloof. In March, 1856, Eugenie bore a son, who seemed to be the idol of the French people.

The Empress Eugenie and Queen Victoria exchanged visits and became warm friends, with a sincere friendship that lived until Victoria's death.

Eugenie dipped into international politics, with results that heap up disaster upon her and her husband. It was largely due to her that the Franco-Prussian war was fought, and some historians lay upon her the blame for the inaptitude of the French generals at the outset of the campaign, when, instead of invading the unprepared Germany, they puttered about on the defensive until the Prussians perfected their organization, invaded France and pushed her armies to destruction.

Then the crash came. A howling mob, maddened by the disaster to the French arms, attacked the Tuilleries, crying for the head of the empress. Eugenie escaped by a back door, and Dr. Evans, the American dentist, smuggled her out of France and over to England.

At Chislehurst the exiled emperor and empress lived quietly with their son. The young prince was a lad of great promise and did more than well at the English military college. His father died in 1873. Eugenie made the serious mistake of treating the prince imperial as a child and of withholding from him the fortune his father left.

The young prince had a clandestine love affair with a baker's daughter named Watkins, who did not suspect his high rank. She bore him a son who still lives. When the empress learned of this she was so angry that the prince went as a volunteer with the British army to the Zulu war. There he was killed by an assegai of a savage. Eugenie journeyed to Africa and brought home the mutilated body of the son she adored. She laid it beside that of her husband in the chapel at Chislehurst, and there she has spent years of her time, weeping and praying.

She goes to Paris sometimes, and from the windows of the Continental hotel looks out over the gardens that are all that is left of the Tuilleries palace, in which she used to reign. She goes about France alone and unrecognized, and sometimes she meets in Paris the young man who has a right to call her dead son "father." They say he is the image of the prince and that Eugenie weeps as she embraces him. When she was told of the prince imperial's death she said: "Fate is very cruel. I feel now that I shall live to be a hundred."

Perhaps she will, for, though 85 now, she is still strong and active and—wonder of wonders!—she can still smile!

BOTH HAD KNOWN HAPPINESS

But the Circumstances Were Not Exactly Alike, That Was All the Difference.

They were riding into town in a subway train, these two married men, says the New York Times. One seemed occupied with his own thoughts, the other was engrossed in his copy of the Evening Piffle, from which he eventually glanced with a superior smile. "I always read what Betsy Bustuff has to say in her 'Twilight Twaddle' column," he said. "She generally hits us off pretty well, but she isn't always right. Now, this evening, she gets on the subject of elopements. She says elopements never turn out happily. I don't agree with her." "Neither do I," said the man who had been occupied with his own thoughts. "I am glad to hear you say it," exclaimed the Evening Pifflete. "I eloped with my wife, and I've been happy ever since." "So have I ever since some fellow eloped with mine," remarked the other. "Betsy Bustuff is away off!"

DISFIGURED WITH ECZEMA

"Our little boy Gilbert was troubled with eczema when but a few weeks old. His little face was covered with sores even to back of his ears. The poor little fellow suffered very much. The sores began as pimples, his little face was disfigured very much. We hardly knew what he looked like. The face looked like raw meat. We tied little bags of cloth over his hands to prevent him from scratching. He was very restless at night, his little face itched."

"We consulted two doctors at Chicago, where we resided at that time. After trying all the medicine of the two doctors without any result, we read of the Cuticura Remedies, and at once bought the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Following the directions carefully and promptly we saw the result, and after four weeks the dear child's face was as fine and clean as any little baby's face. Every one who saw Gilbert after using the Cuticura Remedies was surprised. He has a head of hair which is a pride for any boy of his age, three years. We can only recommend the Cuticura Remedies to everybody." (Signed) Mrs. H. Albrecht, Box 883, West Point, Neb., Oct. 26, 1910.

Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole props., Boston, Mass., for free 32-page book, a guide to skin and hair health.

Filling Her Program.

"Ah say, Miz Mandy, am yo' program full?"
"Lordee, no, Mr. Lumley. It takes mo' an a san'wich an' two olives to fill my program."

ONE OF THE EARLY BIRDS.



Mrs. Joskins—That last leg of mutton was beastly tough.
Mr. Trimmings—You surprise me, mum. Why, it was quite a young lamb.
Mrs. Joskins—Um. Must have kept late hours, then!

From "The Blue Bird."

In Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" little Tytyl goes to some far-off heavenly place to learn that love abides with him at home. There he meets Mother Love. He says he wishes to stay with her always, where she looks so beautiful to him. She answers: But it's just the same thing; I am down below, we are all down below. . . . You have come up here only to realize and to learn, once for all, how to see me when you see me down below. . . . Do you understand, Tytyl, dear? . . . You believe yourself in heaven; but heaven is wherever you and I kiss each other. . . . There are not two mothers, and you have no other. . . . Every child has only one; and it is always the same one and always the most beautiful; but you have to know her and to know how to look.

School Boys' Garden.

An admirable scheme to have a school boys' garden next year has been planned by the authorities of Elming, N. Y. Last summer a hundred boys made good as farmers of vacant lots, and it is now proposed to place practically all such unused property in the city under cultivation, the pupils of the public schools to be the gardeners and to reap the profits from their products.

Doubts.

The Stranger—Are you quite sure that that was a marriage license you gave me last month?
The Official—Of course! What's the matter?
The Stranger—Well, I've lived a dog's life ever since.—Sketcher.

WHEN IT REALLY WAS WARM

Incident Related by Mr. Bings Put an End to the Hot Weather. Stories.

"Hot in Brazil!" said the young man who had just returned from a trip to South America, according to the Chicago Daily News. "Well, I should say so. Do you know, for days at a time we couldn't take our after dinner siesta on account of the peculiar noises." "What noises?" asked the blonde stenographer, innocently. "Why, the coffee popping on the trees. You see, the sun was so hot the grains just roasted before they were picked." The old traveler yawned. "Rather warm down there, bub," he rejoined, laconically, "but when I was down there you couldn't sleep at night. Every once in a while there would sound the most extraordinary crackling noise that ever fell upon the human ear." "What were the sounds, Mr. Bings?" And Mr. Bings yawned again and replied: "The rubber trees stretching themselves."

Facing the Future.

"Even when Henrietta gets the vote," said Mr. Meekton, "I don't believe she will be quite satisfied."
"Why not?"
"We'll have to reorganize the ballot so that when there's an election she can stay at home and let me attend to that along with the rest of the errands."

He Was a Judge.

Geraldine—I am just twenty-two.
Gerald—Verdict set aside.

Whenever there is a tendency to constipation, sick-headache or biliousness, take a cup of Garfield Tea. All druggists.

Yesterday is certain; tomorrow, uncertain; today, half and half.

FREE SAMPLE OF LAXATIVE CURED THEIR CONSTIPATION

When a person has become discouraged through years of failure to find a cure, and finally, perhaps, gives up trying, it is small wonder that he becomes skeptical. And yet, to all who have constipation, we would say, "Try just one thing more."
We wish you would try Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, a laxative tonic that has been used for a generation. Thousands are using it; surely some of your friends among the number. You can buy it of any druggist at fifty cents and one dollar a bottle, but better still, send your name and address to Dr. Caldwell for a free sample bottle. He will send you enough to convince you of its merits, and then if you like it you can buy it of your

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Leads all other medicines in the cure of all spring ailments, humors, loss of appetite, that tired feeling, paleness and nervousness. Take it.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

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Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.
Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.
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OLD SAWS AND FABLES ARE BEST INDICATORS

Michael O'Connor, of Greeley Center, Furnishes Weather Forecasts for Paper.

WATCH ANIMALS' ACTIONS

From the Sioux City Tribune.

Why consult the almanac or the weather man when a cat can be had for about 25 cents.

Michael O'Connor, of Greeley Center, Neb., who has been a guest of the Chicago House for a few days, and who is an old pioneer of Nebraska, having gone through the grasshopper days, the famous blizzards and the droughts and hot winds, believes that the cat is an unerring weather barometer. He has furnished his local paper with the weekly weather report for the past 23 years, and claims to be some authority on weather. Some of his cat axioms are:

When cats sneeze it is a sign of rain.

When cats are snoring foul weather follows.

When a cat scratches itself or scratches on a log or a tree it indicates approaching rain.

It is a sign of rain if a cat washes her head behind her ear.

Other animals have to a lesser degree, says Mr. O'Connor, the power to foretell

the weather. Here are some of the other signs he holds are infallible:

When cows fall their milk expect stormy or cold weather.

The goat will utter her peculiar cry before rain.

Much noise made by rats or mice indicates rain.

A fly on your nose, you slap and it goes, if it comes back again it will bring a good rain.

"These are the rules of our great great grandfathers which I learned from my father and have carried about in my head since I was a boy. I find them a better guide than the scientific and modern observations made by the United States weather man. Hundreds and hundreds of saws and jingles our forefathers had—some reasonable, some ridiculous—but many of them reliable. They had to keep their eyes on the cow, the cat and the canary if they wanted to know when to take their umbrellas with them. Today the people haven't a single idea about foretelling the weather, beside knowing on what page of the paper the forecast is printed. The lore is lost, the fables are forgotten, except by a few of us old timers."

Fruitless Struggle.

From Brooklyn Life.
"I understand that, after waiting 20 years, she married a struggling man?"
"Yes, poor chap. He struggled the best he knew how, but she landed him."



Colds and Chills Bring Kidney Ills

February, March and April are the backache months, because they are months of colds, chills, grip and pneumonia, with their congesting, weakening influence on the kidneys. Colds, chills, or grip strain the kidneys and start backache, urinary disorders and uric acid troubles. You feel lame, weak and tired and have headache, dizzy feelings, achy muscles and joints; too frequent, painful urinary passages, sediment, etc. Chills hurt the kidneys. Likewise well kidneys often prevent taking cold, by helping to pass off the waste matters of cold congestion. Doan's Kidney Pills are very useful in the raw winter and spring months. They stop backache and urinary disorders, keep the kidneys well and prevent colds from settling on the kidneys. Strong testimony proves it. What better evidence could you ask?

CONVINCING PROOF FROM GRATEFUL USERS

IN HOSPITAL FOR NINE MONTHS.
Awful Tale of Suffering From Kidney Trouble.
Alfred J. O'Brien, No. 2nd St., Sterling Colo., says: "I was in the Baltimore Marine Hospital for nine months. I was emaciated from fever, had a persistent ache in my back and was completely worn out. The urine was in a terrible state, and some days I would pass half a gallon of blood. I left the hospital because they wanted to operate on me. I then went to St. Joseph's Hospital in Omaha and put in three months there without any gain. I was pretty well discouraged when I was advised to use Doan's Kidney Pills, but by the time I had used one box the pain in the back left me. I kept right on, and a perfect cure was the result. You may put anyone in communication with me and I will give them proof that this statement is correct."



THE SHADOW OF DEATH.
A Washington Woman's Remarkable Recovery.
Mrs. Enos Shearer, Yew St., Centraia, Wash., with one kidney gone, the other badly diseased, and five doctors in consultation, was thought to be in a hopeless state. "My limbs were so swollen," said Mrs. Shearer, "that I could hardly get about. I rapidly grew worse until the doctor said one kidney was entirely gone and the other badly decayed. The end seemed near, and my friends gave me up to die. On my brother's advice I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and after the fourth day I was able to be propped up in bed. Through their use I rapidly improved until at the present time I am active and well, although 65 years old. I can do fully as much work as any woman in Centraia, and enjoy good health."



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