

THEY MARRIED TITLES

Though perhaps "honor and shame from no condition rise," there seems to be a deal more of the latter than the former rising from the condition of the American girls who have married European lordlings.

The woes of the Princess Colonna have brought the matter again into the mouths of the people, and those who read with astonished eyes the accounts of that famous Parisian wedding; who were filled with envy by the details of the dresses and the jewelry; who sighed that they had not been thrown by fate into such pleasant lines as those of the California girl who became a Colonna, are now taking a cynical satisfaction in the contemplation of the garrulous happiness of their own daughters, wedded to the Hobbeses and Boggesses and Dobbesses of their heart's choice.

That American girls have married happily into the nobility there is no question, but it is hard to pick the happy ones, because it has generally been supposed that Mrs. Mackay's daughter was among the luckiest of the happy.

The next exposure of domestic in-harmony is apt to crop in the courts from almost any direction to cause a negative pleasure in the hearts of Lady This and Lady That who have come weeping home to their mothers' welcoming arms and their fathers' depleted bank deposits.

There has never been a hint that Eva Julie Bryant Mackay didn't make Prince di Colonna just as good a wife as she would have made John Smith or John Smith Jones of Downsville had the tide of her fortunes drifted her in the direction of a marriage before the priest instead of the Papal Nuncio of Paris. She has ever been a good mother to her children and has kept to herself the wounds inflicted on her pride by her husband's neglect and reckless expenditures.

They were married in 1885. The reception was the talk of two continents. The list of guests was almost as full of notable names as the Almanach de Gotha. Then the California girl was supposed to have settled down to the work of living up to the nobility of her title and to the holding of all the love of the noble-hearted Colonna.

But the infelicity began almost before the echo of M. di Rendou's blessing had died away in the dim church aisles, or the echoes of the reception music had been lost in the clanger of the streets. The Prince wanted money of course. All Princes who marry American girls are short of money. And of course he was given money. These titled scoundrels seem ever to say to themselves, "We come high, but they must have us."

The prince had plenty of fun with the American money for which he had sold his family name. He gambled to his heart's content. Then this accented debauchee had the hardihood to complain that his wife was o'er fond of society.

PRINCESS HATZFELD.

Clara Huntington is the Princess Hatzfeldt, a proud name from a proud land. She glitters in the capitals of Europe. The bright lights glisten upon her bare and shapely shoulders. The jewels glisten in her hair. She walks in beauty. The homage of men and the envy of women are hers, yet she was a small grocer's daughter.

If C. P. Huntington, the millionaire, had not taken up and adopted this girl she might never have been heard of outside Sacramento. But the endowment of his wealth placed her in a position to be sought after by men with more titles than honor, and who were desirous of putting financial props under falling houses.

When she met the Prince Hatzfeldt he had been a rake and roue for years. He was one of the most persistent gamblers in all Europe. His gambling debts threatened to get his high name down into the debris of the dungeons.

The title Princess was sufficient temptation for the young girl. But beyond this, and notwithstanding his debaucheries, the Prince Hatzfeldt was a handsome man with the grand air.

So the girl's heart was won. The winning of the pocket-book of the stern old hardware man and railroad jobber was quite another thing. C. P. Huntington had a very poor opinion of princes generally and of roystering, gambling princes in particular. He set a much higher value on a United States senator than on a prince, and was willing to pay more for one. But he finally yielded to the importunities of his adopted daughter.

don on October 27, 1889. Bishop Patterson performed the ceremony in Brompton Oratory, and Count Paul Hatzfeldt, German ambassador to the court of St. James and uncle of the groom, threw open the German embassy for a wedding breakfast, at which the mighty of many lands drank much champagne.

Huntington gave his adopted daughter \$3,000,000 as a dowry, but the prince was not to touch the principal. He might, however, use some of the interest to pay up his \$500,000 of gambling debts if he cared to economize. The wedding had almost been broken off by the Prince before this financial arrangement was finally agreed to.

Before many months had passed the stories began to float out that the Prince was still gambling; that he was increasing his debts; that Huntington was being called upon to settle them, and that the Princess was leading a miserable life, neglected and forlorn. These stories have been repeated from time to time. Friends of the Princess say she is anything but happy. But as yet there has been no separation.

COUNTESS PAPPENHEIM.

In Philadelphia is an ambitious mamma named Wheeler. She has great store of worldly wealth, and the one absorbing passion of her life was to have a daughter marry into the nobility of Europe. The petted daughter of the house was Mary Wheeler, large, stolid, white haired, stupid in school and in appearance plain.

To give this daughter an opportunity to secure a titled husband Mrs. Wheeler welcomed the offscouring of European nobility to her fireside, set up a cottage at Newport, made an annual European pilgrimage, tried the London season, and had an establishment on the Isle of Wight.

In 1880 or 1890 they met Count Pappenheim. Now this Count Pappenheim was a handsome, dashing sort of chap in appearance. He had a family name of the highest standing and a personal reputation of the lowest. He had gambled and lost heavily, had welched his debts of honor, and the German nobility had refused to play with him further. He had a castle on the Rhine—a historic, battlemented castle, crammed full of legends and traditions, and an estate on which he could borrow no more money.

His was just the name and house which needed financial propping, and the tow-headed and confiding Mary Wheeler was just the girl he was looking for. His proposal was accepted with alacrity and great joy.

Before long over to America came Count Pappenheim and his brother Ludwig. They went to the Bellevue hotel in Philadelphia, and coolly called upon Mrs. Wheeler to pay their hotel bills.

Brother Ludwig also wanted a rich American wife. But he had no title. Though he had a shade the better of his brother in the matter of habits, he didn't find it an easy matter to catch an heiress for a bride. He was persistent in his hunting, however, and in the short time before the celebration of his brother's wedding proposed to no less than seven girls, all rich. Though his brother with a title and a reputation fit for the gutters had been accepted on his first trial, poor titleless Ludwig was rejected every time.

The wedding of Count Pappenheim and Mary Wheeler was the swaggiest affair ever known in the city of Brotherly Love. The ceremony was performed at high noon in St. Mark's, the swellest of the swell churches, and the attendance was so large that there was a free fight for admission.

Mrs. Wheeler made the count and countess a handsome allowance, and paid off his pressing gambling debts. For a short time they lived at Castle Pappenheim, and then came back to live on Mrs. Wheeler at the Isle of Wight. When asked why they had not made a longer stay on the count's estates the answer was that the German nobility would not admit to their society the rich American girl. Though they opened their doors to the disgraced welcher and notorious debauchee, they turned their backs upon his honest, if foolish, American wife.

After this whenever the count wished to enjoy himself he went off to the continent alone. His neglect of his wife became more and more unbearable. He drew on his mother-in-law to pay his gambling indebtedness and the bills incurred in his roystering just as if she were a bank. Mary Wheeler's heart was broken.

After the girl could stand the count's treatment no longer and after the birth of two children showed her that family ties were not sufficient to reclaim him the separation came. There is to be a divorce in the immediate future. Probably the nobleman will insist on being bought off.

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

Lillian Price, daughter of Commodore Cicero Price, "did very well" in her first marriage, according to the notions of people who think that "doing well" means marrying money. Such was her girlish beauty that in Troy, N. Y., which was her birthplace and home, she was considered the prettiest girl in town.

In 1879 she visited Washington, and there met Louis C. Hammersley, the

rather dull son of millionaire Andrew Gordon Hammersley, of New York. In 1880 the two were married, and in 1883 Andrew Gordon Hammersley died, leaving his \$7,000,000 to his son.

This son at once made a will and did not long survive his father. When his will was opened it was found that he had left his widow a life interest in his estate, but had attached a provision that if he died without issue all the property at his wife's death was to go to the male issue of his cousin, Andrew Hooker Hammersley. In case his cousin should have no male issue, the estate was to be distributed to charitable institutions by his wife.

Louis C. Hammersley left no children, so his wife found herself in control of all the Hammersley millions. J. Hooker Hammersley, who was a bachelor when Louis C. Hammersley died, tried to wed the widow, but was refused, and in order not to let those millions slip out of his family married at once some one else.

Then in 1887 along came the Duke of Marlborough with a reputation befitting the Marlborough name and a recent divorce from his wife. The Churchills never were faithful to women, and the duke was no exception. People spoke of his escapades under their breath, but he captured the rich and beautiful widow Hammersley, and on June 29, 1888, made her his wife, the ceremony being pompously performed in New York by Mayor Hewitt.

Marlborough's profligacy had brought beautiful, historical Blenheim into a disreputable condition. It was all run down at the heel and Marlborough had nothing but debts and life insurance policies for \$1,000,000. Mrs. Hammersley's millions were tied up in the courts, but she fought out some of the money and spent it lavishly in rehabilitating her husband's estates. All she could get she devoted to this purpose.

Singularly enough Marlborough did not abuse or particularly neglect his wife. He was getting along in years and his blood had somewhat cooled. But he didn't last long, and on November 9, 1892, was found dead in his bed at Blenheim.

This left the title and estates to his son by his first wife, and poor Mrs. Hammersley, the dowager duchess, was unceremoniously turned out of the house which her millions had made habitable. All the money had gone for naught, and under the English law she could get none of it back.

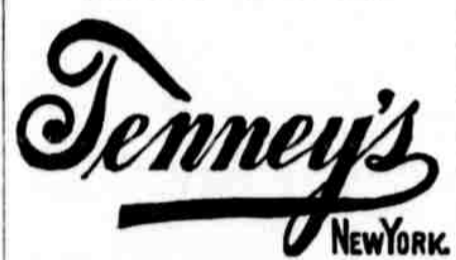
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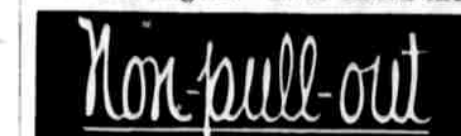
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