

apoleon II and Eugenie

STEPLING HELLIG

BUGENIE

past me?"

the cause of her sorrow.

she was subjected.

Eugenie.

hand.

that it would not do.

hear of Merimee?"

d'etat to arrive at that!"

"Have you got her?"

Hoary old sinner, unrepentant of his deser-

tion, fifty years ago, of his true American wife

in Baltimore, he had the court ladies in full

slander of Eugenie before Napoleon had made

up his mind, and he exercised a diabolical in-

genuity in trying to prevent an honest mar-

Those first ladies of the Second Empire ha

extraordinary manners. One evening, at Com-

peigne, when Eugenie was going in to dinner on the arm of Colonel de Toulongeon, a slight

confusion permitted him to whisk Eugenie ahead of Madame Fortoul, whe of the minister

"How," exclaimed, audibly to her cavalier,

"do you permit that - creature to push

The next morning Mile. de Montijo, with tears in her eyes, stood on the terrace apart

from the others. It was no ruse to attract

Napoleon's sympathy, the girl saw her prince-

hero disappearing in a nightmare of bateful

gossip. Napoleon, who had sought her, asked

and told of the slights and insults to which

The emperor listened to the beautiful girl.

Then, when she had finished, he tore a green

string of ivy from a park tree, deftly twisted

t into a crown, and said loudly—that all might

It is a twice-told anecdote, but, as it was

Napoleon's proposal of marriage, I see no way

to omit it. He never actually asked her hand

he took it. Not another murmur arose from

the court ladies. At once they flocked around

It was another matter, however, for Napo-

leon to force his choice on the statesmen and

soldiers backing his still risky empire. Opin-

ions were divided on what royal alliance he

should make. Some were for a princess of

Sweden; some for a Braganza, some for the

Hohenzollern. Then, suddenly, Napoleon,

speaking of Eugenie, sprung the mine by saying, "There is no question but the right of

"No question but the right of hand!" The

words ran through his backers like an alarm

of fire. One with the strongest hold upon

Napoleon-De Persigny, his minister of the in-

terior-was sent to tell him in the name of all

De Persigny, mixed up with Napoleon in

many an adventure, had kept his old-comrade

liberty of speech. He joked about Napoleon's

admiration for Eugenie; surely the emperor

must amuse himself. When he noticed that

Napoleon's face grew stern, he rose to fighting

arguments, brutally accumulating proofs and reasons why a marriage would be idiotic, both

dynastically-and otherwise. He sneered at

the Montijo title; brought out the grandfather,

Kirkpatrick, bankrupt Malaga raisin merchant;

and then he took up Eugenie's roving life.

"Did you ever hear of the young Duke of Sesto?" asked De Persigny. "Did you ever

'Merimee is a great writer," said Napoleon.

"Surely—for he writes Eugenie's letters to

you!" laughed De Persigny. "Mother, daughter, and newspaper man sit round the table and concoct the beautiful letters that you cher-

ish. Really, it was not worth risking the coup

What a triumph for the aged lady to recall Napoleon's steadfast love in face of both policy

and slander! It was always known why Eu-

genie hated De Persigny, Prince Jerome and

the Princess Mathilde. She could forgive po-

litical counselors who pressed the royal prin-

cesses upon Napoleon; she could not forgive

the powerful ones who sought '2 take away her character behind her back.

Napoleon heard them all alike. He answered

nothing. Fould and most of the military backers, with Edward Ney and Toulogeon for

ers, with Edward Ney and Toulougeon for their spokesmen, formed rapidly The Clan of the Lovers." In vain did Mathilde drag her-

self at Napoleon's knees, begging him to re-nounce a marriage that would be the ruin of them all. The emperor had decided. "You will

give a great ball to announce the engagement,"

What was the girl doing here in Paris?"

hear-as he placed it on her head:

"Wear this one-meanwhile."



HEN a king's love is mentioned, mind flies to the morgan-

In America the word has been misused for scemliness in mentioning the usual heart af-fairs of royalty, but it is an exact term of purely German genealogical law, and means a legal and binding marriage that does not raise an un-royal wife to royal rank.

Now, if a false morganatic marriage is the easiest thing imaginable and a true one disadvantageous but quite possible, how shall we sufficiently admire an emperor who lifts a little countess to be empress beside him? Add an unstable throne, new in itself, newly mounted, in sore need of royal alliances; add the bitter opposition of his family, the and the estrangement of partisans; make the beloved one a foreigner completely unnopular with his people, and you will have the ele-ments of Napoleon III's heroism in loving

Few kings since Cophetua have loved like

Among so many royal loves that lacked devotion, it shines like a star.

It begins with a gypsy at Madrid. Eugenie's nother, a widow, camarera mayor to the en, lived in her own house in the Plaza del

One day-Eugenie being thirteen and a tomboy-they refused to take her in the Prado carriage promenade, which, with the opera, still remains the common ground where poor. proud families meet the great ones of Madrid as equals. The Countess de Montijo clung to her carriage and her opera box.

Alone, Tomboy Eugenie was sliding down the banister. She slid too strong, banged gainst the fly-screen front door, and fell inanimate. A gypey woman, passing took the girl's head in her lap and brought her to. Then she coked attentively at her and said:

The senorita was born under the open sky, the night of a battle."

What!" exclaimed the countess, returned truth of the words. Thirteen years ago, at Granada an earthquake had forced them to camp a night in the garden, and Eugenie was

"What will be her future" asked the superstitious mother.

"She will be queen," said the gypsy. The prediction was bold, and beauty only could lift the thirteen-year-old girl to its realization; but beauty had already done much

So dreamed the mother. She herself had been a really poor girl, daughter of a British subject who had falled in business in Malaga. His name was Eirlepatrick, and he had long been American vice-consul. He had married one of two beautiful sisters, yet still poorersee how bereditary beauty will force its way. through four generations, from its unadorned

self to a throne! The first was a poor Spanish girl, Gallegros, whose sole possession was her beauty. Grevigne. French wine merchant of Malaga, married her and had two lovely daughters; and two foreign consuls, French de Lesseps and Scotch Kirkpatrick, lifted them by marriage to the first rounds of the social ladder. From the De Lesseps affiance came the "grand Francais" of Suez and Panama; but Kirkpatrick's wife gave him a daughter of such rare charms that a Spenish grandee, with a place at court and of considerable family, married her for

He was a duke, a marquis, a viscount and baron, but the title by which he had been known to the world was Count de Montijo. He had two daughters fairer yet than mother, nother or great-grandmother, and be died. Eugenie was one, her sister Pacca was

On the thirteen-year-old girl the gypsy's prediction made a formative impression. Condag it, as she grew up she saw her elder Paces (Maria Francisca) make an unedented match even in that family. Pacca caught the rich and mighty Duke of Alva. Higher than the Duke of Alva could only be a

Eugenie, growing up, refused brilliant Spanish offers; first the Duke of Ossuna, then the rich and handsome young Duke of Sesto. sto in truth inspired her with "a certain mpathy and admiration. He was so attractive!" But it was not love. Deep in her beart she loved a dream prince, the unknown of the gypsy, endowed by her girl's fancy with a thoued charming attributes. She smiled at the surdity of it. Where could such a prince be? Yet she held off from all other suitors.

When her mother took her to Paris her beart leaped at an unexpected premonition.

The handsome, dark-browed, careworn man, still young, who, as French president, received Eiysee, became a romantic figure in her eyes. Eugenie wished to attend a presidential ception. Her mother besitated. It would ake them ridiculous with the ulidewed smart

But my father was an officer of the great m," said Eugenie, and she had her way. The prince-president, weighed down with the



dangerous and complicated details of his plot, as struck by the girl's beauty. That evening he sought her out a second time. He was touched and flattered by the romantic interest she showed in his person and his cause. The beautiful girl stuck in his mind. He felt as if he had always known her. He knew that he would meet her again.

Eugenie felt the same mysterious attraction. "Ah, would that I could help him!" She thought of the lonely prince and his risky ambitions that were being laughed about in Paris as an open secret. At the moment of the coup d'etat she fairly burned with anxiety. She dashed about the little flat like a tigress. "What can I do?" she asked herself. "What

can I do to aid him?" That night Napoleon received a letter. It was from a romantic, inexperienced girl, but ardent and sincere. It gave him her good wishes and audaciously offered him all she possessed should his projects need ready

After December 2 It was the Empire in fact if not in name. Napoleon gave hunts like a sovereign, at Fontainebleau and Complegne. At these he met again the beautiful Spanish girl, fearless horsewoman, tireless dancer. He remembered above all her letetr written in that dark hour of his wavering chances.

His love at first sight for Eugenie was soon noticed, showing itself full-blown in the most open attentions. The girl and her mother had continual invitations to Compeigne and the

Napoleon soon found the uselessness of throwing his handkerchief at the beautiful

Yet he felt-he knew-that she loved him passionately. It was a desperate situation for he girl, and his heart swelled with love and pride and admiration of her. Once Eugenie and her mother were bidden to a parade review at the Tuileries. In the courtyard Napoleon drew up his horse under the windows of the first floor to salute the ladies. He wished to dismount and go up to them. "Mademoiselle," he said, addressing Eugenie,

"which way shall I take to get to you?" "He was almost as new to the Tuileries as any of us," told the Eugenie of eighty-three years. "He did not know his way about the

"Sire," she called down to him, "you must come by the way of the chapel!" As a fact the corridor leading to the chapel was the shortest route to these rooms, but Napoleon understood her hidden meaning. Again, one afternoon at Compeigne, when the flower of the brand-new emperor's court was idling around his vingt-et-un table, she made the situation clear to him. Seated at Napoleon's right, she consulted him from time to time as to her play. She found two picture cards in her hand, counting twenty out of twenty-one possible points. "Stand on that," said the emperor, "It is very high."

"No," said Eugenie, "I must have all or noth-

Every morning old Jerome Bonaparte, his uncle, last surviving brother of the great Napoleon, would arrive, confidential, flattering, giggling and a-gog with had insinuations:



he said to his weeping cousin. And she did it Napoleon acted toward Eugenie with chivalrous loyalty. He laid before her all the disadvantages of the brilliant yet uncertain position he was offering her. He explained to her his unpopularity with the old French aristocrats, the bad will of certain great powers, the possibility of his being assassinated by some secret ociety of which he had become a member in his adventurous youth. There were hostilities even in the army, in his opinion the most serious danger; but he could cut them short by declaring a war.

"I would not have it otherwise," she answered. "I will take my risks beside you. So may I be worthy!"

As a queen she lacked dignity. She had not been born to the solemn self-appreciation of royalty; and she was a mixture of lightness and austerity, generosity and sense, kindness and indifference, in which the transitions were abrupt and disconcerting to French order-

Alone among the sovereigns of Europe Queen Victoria had received her cordially; more, she had taken up Eugenie and imposed her on the courts of Europe. Yet even at Windsor, where the imperial couple were received with extraordinary pomp, Eugenie's insouciance threatened to play her a bad turn that would have illustrated her un-imperial attitude.

A quarter of an hour before they were to be received by Victoria and her beloved consort in the throne room, Eugenie discovered that, among the hundred trunks of the French visitors, hers alone had not arrived! The emperor was deeply mortified that the discovery should have been made so late, as showing lack of discipline and serene orderliness, and on his advice Eugenie had already begun to pretend a headache due to suppressed seasickness when one of her ladies dared to offer her a choice of gowns.

A blue dress of the simplest description eemed the only one that promised well. Great ladies and maids fell upon it deftly, and in a few minutes the blue gown was readjusted to the empress. So Eugenie—without jewels, flowers at her corsage and flowers in her hair eared before the British court in her own dazzling beauty. She made an immense suc-

What most touched Victoria's heart, it may be told, was the pathetic and pretty way in which the young couple spontaneously confided certain doubts and fears to her as an experienced matron and mother of eight. They had been married two years, and as yet there was no heir. When the little prince-imperia was born, one lady only was permitted to be present with the doctors and the servingwomen all the time. This was the Countess of Ely, Queen Victoria's intimate friend, sent over England to help along.

As had been done for the King of Rome, it was announced in advance that should the infant be a boy, cannon would fire, not twentyone times, but a hundred.

It happened after midnight, and the Parisians, awakening, counted the cannon-shots. When they got past twenty-one, the Parisland rolled over in their beds and yawned: "Well,

The bigamous old Jerome had bitterly persecuted her as an interloper. His son, Plon-Plon, her hater and detractor by inheritance. was not persona grata with Eugenie. So Na-poleon, who enjoyed smoking cigarettes with the reprobate father of the present pretender. Victor, was forced to visit him secretly. One day, some time after the marriage, he came, sat down, and said:

"Prince, does your wife make you scenes?"
"No," replied the husband of Clotilde, the daughter of Victor Emmanuel. "There is no living with Eugenie," sighed Napoleon. "The moment I give audience with

another woman I risk a violent quarrel." "Crack her on the side of the face the next time she makes you a scene," suggested Plon-

"Don't think of it," exclaimed the emperor.

You don't know Eugenie; she would open a window of the Tuileries and cry 'Police!' To the end women took advantage of this breezy independence, natural exuberance, and ineradicable unconventionality of Eugenie to ns per lay traps for her. Hers was a continue formance of the Lady walking amid the rout of Comus. Among others, Mme. de Metternich. wife of the Austrian ambassador, seemed to have vowed Eugenie's destruction. Once, at

Fontainebleau, she almost led her into going to the races in short skirts. "My dear Pauline," someone asked her, would you counsel your own sovereign to

"That is different," replied the Metternich "my empress is a royal princess, a real empress, while yours, my dear, is . . . Made selle de Montijo!

Was she only Mademoiselle de Montijo? Did she not keep her word: "So may I be worthy!" to the Empire and to France?

Twenty years later, in her dealings with

Bismarck after the Franco-Prussian war, Eugenie had practically concluded a treaty while refusing to concede "an inch of French territory." The Republicans, taking the deal out of her hands, agreed to the loss of Alsace and

he ends of the section are cut diagnally at right angles to the length of he limb so that it can easily be fastened with two nails, top and bottom, upright to the side of a tree or pole

Don't you think it is odd that you have to pay for batteries in electric

Why so? "Because they take the lamps to



By ANNIE HENRICHSEN

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tions."

editor."

white and tired.

"Come in, Rob."

book accepted."

ten a book?"

"I have always wanted to do some-

pointment and discouragement and

heartache. At last the first success

has come. Behind it there is a tragedy

of many failures. Perhaps that is why, now that it has come, it is very

"It is the simple little story of the

"A juvenile book?" There was dis-

A surprised, startled look came into

her eyes. "What difference does it

make what sort of book it is?" she

asked. "The wonderful thing is that

I have done something sufficiently

good to win the approval of a critical

"Literature is an interesting voca-

After he had gone she sat for a long

time before the fire. There was no

joy in her eyes, and her face was

A clear, trilling whistle called her

"I saw you sitting alone as I came

up the street and I saluted you. I

didn't expect such good luck as an in-

vitation in. Why, Jean," he exclaimed,

as the light in the library showed the

change in her face, "what is the mat-

"There is not. Rob, I have had a

"What? A book? You have writ-

"And an editor has accepted it."

ter? There is something wrong."

hall and opened the front door.

tion," he said, patronizingly. "I am

childhood good times of myself and

some of my friends. I wrote of the

supposed you had written a novel."

What sort of story is it?"

The new light in her eyes caught; "You have written a book? I did Wayne's attention as soon as he en- not know you had literary aspiratered the room. "What is it?" he asked.

thing very good, is it not?" thing that would stand as proof that "You know? How did you find I was not merely an idle, happy girl. I began to write stories while I was

"I don't know anything. Tell me." still in school. For years I have writ-She shook her head. "Not yet, Rob." ten constantly and without the least "Jean," he asked abruptly, "is it encouragement or success. I have about Halstead?" never told my family or my friends. "No, it is not." Editors have been bombarded with

"Some time you will tell me that my unfavorable manuscripts. I have you intend to marry him and when had a long long time of bitter disapthat time comes-

"Hush. Rob." "You love him, don't you?" "You have no right to question

"You know that ever since you precious; it has cost a great price." vere a little girl I have loved you beyoud anything in my life. We have been the truest and best of friends. But for several months Halstead has had all your time and thoughts. i things that as a little girl I loved." have no right to complain. You don't love me. I have no claim. Well, tinct disappointment in his voice. "I we'll not talk of that. You are looking very happy tonight. Something truly great has happened to you. What is it?"

"I'll tell you soon, Rob, but notnot just yet." She glanced a little anxiously at

he clock. "I am going," he announced, "When

you are ready to tell me, Jean, the glorious thing which has added a new glad you have taken it up. I intend charm to the sweetest face in the to write a novel when I have time. world, you will find a deeply inter- I may do it next summer during my ested man." A few minutes later Halstead came.

"How delightful your fire is," he xclaimed as he entered the room.

He sat down in a large easy chair efore the hearth. "I have had a msy day," he remarked. "Ive been from her reverie. She went into the n court since early this morning." "A successful lawyer has a hard

life. If you were not so brilliant and so clever you would not have to spend all your time handling important cases.' He settled himself more comfortably in his chair and smiled approv-

ingly at her. "I am having a measure of success, of course," he said, a little pompously. "A great deal of success," she

His smile deepend. "To a man success means more than anything else.

"How Do You Know?"

The power to achieve a definite aim

is the most satisfactory gift the gods

"The power to achieve means much

"Does it?" he said, a little ab-

"Ambition has its place in a wom

"Certainly it has. Social position,

its joy. "I don't mean those things.

The world's recognition of one's abil

ity to do something really worth

while is as satisfactoy to a woman

"How do you know?" he asked

She turned from him and looked in

to the blazing fire. Her hands were

clasped tightly on her knees. Her breath was coming quickly.

quiet of a great happiness in her

"I know," she said softly with the

oice, "I know, because recognition

She nodded, unable for a moment to

speak. "I have had a book accepted.

Jean's glowing face lost a little of Rob, dear?"

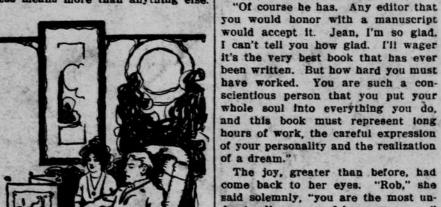
grant.

an's life."

quizzically.

of every woman.

as it is to a man."



The joy, greater than before, had come back to her eyes. "Rob," she said solemnly, "you are the most understanding person I have ever seen." The understanding person looked slightly bewildered. "I want to see the book immediately. I can't walt till it is published. Let me see the manuscript."

"It is only a simple, little tale of my own childhood."

"Then it is the story of a most adorable little girl who became an adorable, thoughtful, ambitious woman. Of course Halstead is immensely

pleased and proud." "He is not. He does not realize what my accepted book means to me. He does not understand, as you do, that a woman has ambitions as real as a man's, and that for them she is willing to work and to suffer as a man does. He is so-so interested in himself and so proud of himself. Rob, a man's attitude toward a woman's dearest interest may decide her regard for him." She laid her hands on his shoulders and looked steadily into the eyes in which she saw the reflection of her own rapture and exaltation. "Your attitude, Rob, toward my litwealth, beauty ,popularity are desires the dream. You understand the dream. Don't you understand something else,

Wedding Cake Pagoda.

At Mingun, on the right bank of the Irrawaddy river, about five miles from Mandalay, in Burma, there stands a peculiar pagoda known as the Wedding Cake Pagoda, because it looks like a marvelously magnified bridal cake. It was built in the early part of the nineteenth century, and is in thoroughly good preservation, only a few of the images inside having been broken. The extreme height to the top of the minaret is 80 feet and the circumference about 600 feet. The pagoda stands back from the river some 300 feet and is hidden from it The letter from the publishers came by a grove of teak trees. Close to it today. I have told no one else. I-I is the famous Mingun bell.-Wide wanted you to be the first to know." World.

BAD FAULT IN A HUSBAND | he remained unmoved, and even if his

Fallure to Notice the Food Given Him Makes Him Hard to Put Up With.

It is a question which is the wors ault in a husband, to be too fastidi ous about what he eats, or not to be fastidlous enough.

The sort of man who looks conmptuously at the dish passed to him. and asks if the cook has any brains that she contrives so little variety in the menu, is, of course, intolerable; but there is another sort of man with

whom it is just as hard to put up. A woman who married a short while ago discovered this to her sor row. She married with the excellent resolve of making her husband happy by the steady practice of the domestic virtues, but his palate was so poorly developed that unless an article of food was absolutely unwholesome or burnt to a cinder, he never discovered team. "You have some of them here to be the burnt to a cinder, he never discovered team."

wife gave him a lead by remarking about some special lainty, "lan't this delicious?" all the response she received was, "Yes, dear," in an absentminded manner.

He belonged to that inhuman class which eats to live, instead of living to eat, and resembled a certain old gentleman who went to a restaurant day after day and invariably ordered a chop and chipped potatoes. On one occasion he was given steak and mashed potatoes instead, and afterwards the waiter apologized for the mistake. "Didn't I have chop, as usual?" the old gentleman asked. "I never noticed."

British Modesty.

A very loyal lady of British birth sked an American dame in England whether they had any painters is America. "Oh, yes," said the Amerany fault in it. Neither did he dis- Sargent and Abbey and Mrs. Merritt cover any merit in the noblest mas- and McClure Hamilton." "Dear me." terpiece of the culinary art; by the said the English lady, "you'll be finer shades of flavoring and quality claiming Whistler next!"

## Woodpeckers Are Deceived

Wires Sounds Like Insects Inside the Poles.

eighs his bad work is discussed a department of agriculture in a in just issued by W. L. McAtee.

ming of the Wind Over Telegraph | them showing the destructive work of both woodpeckers and sapsuckers on trees and buildings.

Mr. McAtee says that the general good done by the woodpeckers largely outweights the harm. The birds nest as a rule in trees that are already.

sects in sound poles where there is not dead or dying, and in their attacks on a trace of insect life. It is thought

sibly reach.

It is not generally known that wood peckers in some regions do materia damage to telegraph and telephone lines, boring the poles until they are so weakened as to break off in a wind.

insects that ordinary birds cannot pos- zona and New and Old Mexico the at tacks of woodpeckers on telegraph poles have been extensive and serious and the Southern Pacific has suffered a great deal in this way.

The bulletin states that it is bad olicy to kill the birds, as the good They are known to bore the sort of holes they habitually make hunting in sects in sound poles where there is not a trace of insect life. It is thought birds is to furnish them with a readybelieve is an interesting volume the live trees they rid the forests of that the humming of the wind in the made nesting box. These boxes are bird lovers, being illustrated with some of the worst insect tree pests wires attracts them, sounding like inmade from a short length of natural sects inside the pole. In Texas, Arillimb with a hole bored for the nest.

to be protected.