

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—Broil 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 cucumber 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-crumbs cake. 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 spreading.

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.

Boiled 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.

Stewed 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 shredded 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.

ROMANCES

near to THRONES

The First Love and the Last Love of Emperor Francis-Joseph

STERLING HEILIG



EMPEROR FRANCIS-JOSEPH BEFORE HIS FIRST ENTANGLEMENT



EMPEROR FRANCIS-JOSEPH AT THE TIME OF HIS FRIENDSHIP WITH THE FAMOUS CIGARETTE WOMAN

"G" ENTLY, cousin. If you make Black growl you will be badly noted 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. It was May, 1853, in the park of Pössenhofen. 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, Bohemia, Dalmatia, Croatia, Slavonia—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 apologise 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 admiration, Elizabeth held out her beautiful white hand. "I am too young to figure at the banquet," she said. And Francis-Joseph understood. His uncle said 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."



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EMPEROR FRANCIS-JOSEPH

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 of the emperor. The first deceptions were wrapped in mystery. His mother feared to risk the tears of Elizabeth. At that moment they spoke of a beautiful 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 she was at once dubbed favorite.

Within twenty-four hours a charitable soul informed the tender Elizabeth of her misfortune. She was so stricken that she fell gravely ill, but remained faithful to her system of silent dignity. Time passed. 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 to be taken out of her hands. "But he is my son," she faltered. "He is the heir of the Hapsburgs," replied the Archduchess Sophie. "But the emperor has authorized me—" "I withdraw the authorization," said the 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 terminated Rudolph's life, which shows the character of the tutor.

And Elizabeth was only at the beginning of her troubles. At this moment there appeared at the palace theater—directed and financed by the emperor—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 emperor. He was never seen with her. At vacation, 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 stupefaction. The phantom lover of Mme. Roll appeared unmistakably. It was the emperor! It was too much. Never before had he flattered 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 resolve.

The occasion was a hunting scandal. Francis-Joseph, with certain gentlemen, had gone to Murzschlag, and when he did not return with them a strange piquant story was confided 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 tender years, whose conquest had details worthy of a ruler age. Now the emperor was staying "to console the child."

The Countess K— hurried to the tea of 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

her hand she called her old nurse, brought from Pössenhofen. "Pack my valises," said Elizabeth, "we leave tonight." "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 on 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 Lins, 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 Lins too near Vienna, she spent other great sums on the chateau of Goedoeloe, in Hungary, where her taming of the man-killing stallions of Count Festetics 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 Vettschera, and it was Elizabeth who broke the news to the emperor.

Her hobby now became her palace at Corfu, the Villa Achilleon, which will remain famous in history as the greatest folly of luxury and art of a prodigal sovereign. It cost above \$16,000,000.

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 specialities. At Baths Nauheim the population so followed her about that she decided for Switzerland. Francis-Joseph, who had joined her for a week, objected. "I have had reports on Switzerland," he said. "Full of anarchists!"

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

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