THE GREAT GRANDMOTHER OF THE TRAGEDY

perhaps, to make it her permanent niece of the Comte de Chambord, and country. daughter of a Bourbon of Parma and of a Bourbon of France. * * * The count, after the death of his sister, the Duchess of Parma, took her two sons and two daughters to live with him at The princess who is at Geneva is thought by her family to resemble her great grandmother, Marie Caroline of Naples, Duchesse de Berri, and to have her good qualities and defects. She is bright, spontaneous, not to say impulsive, and just the kind of princess who would be extremely popular with all classes in France. Her levity is more apparent than real.

Like most Saxon princes, says my informant, the actual heir-apparent to the Crown of Saxony is a man of coarse grain and sensual tastes. The Crown Prince is only happy when shooting, exercising troops, eating, or drinking, and he is never at the trouble to hide his amours. His want of sympathy made his wife unhappy. Her standard of a well-bred husband is derived through her mother from the little Court of Frohsdorf. The Comte de Chambord set there an example of chivalrously delicate attention to ladies, and most of all to the Comtesse de Chambord, though she was twice his height, had a disfiguring diagonal gash across her mouth, the figure of a skeleton, and features of masculine strength; but a pair of the most benevolently sweet and lambent eyes that ever shone in a woman's head. The tastes of the Crown Princess of Saxony were in some degree formed by this French prince, her great uncle. He saw in her the image of the Duchesse de Berri, and treated her as a darling grand-niece. Indeed, he helped to spoil her. The little court at Frohsdorf seemed to all well acquainted with it the last refuge of poetic sentiment in the nineteenth century.

AN OLD WORLD COURT.

At the court of Dresden all was material and old-fashioned as the porcelain shepherds and shepherdesses of the royal factory. Militarism had poisoned civil life. The only gentlefelt attracted by the American dentist a widow. it was because Americans know how treat ladies. She wished to be of her age. But the strict etiquette of the court forbade her. It scandalized purtiers to see her on the stage as a oubrette or cycling in the park in a lithe figure, her grace and her spirit,

views as a colonel. One day, visiting a portrait painter, announced that the young duchess had she said to his wife, "What a happy brought forth a male child, and that woman you must be to be married to an artist who has a high standard and tries to make his life square with Then you are free to do as you please, to dress as you like, or to wear out your clothes. I have often to dress from the River Jordan on the head of A six times a day." The lady, looking surprised, the Princess said "six," then counted six on her fingers, and specified the occasions on which these sumptuary changes had to be undergone.

TEMPERAMENT AND HEREDITY. I quote this passage merely, and indeed not principally, because it throws an interesting light on the inner history of that painful break up of the royal home of Saxony, but because it recalls to me one of my favorite characters in history—the Duchess of Berri. And I agree with Mrs. Crawford that the Crown Princess resembles in many respects her great-grand-Her lot had been cast in different times, but human characters can always make picturesque adventures, and doubtless if the Crown Princess of Saxony had belonged to the times of her grandmother she would have found a career equally dramatic but worthier than the perilous and sinister adventure on which she has now embarked. However, let her for the moment pass; my business today not with her, but with the ancestress, whose weaknesses and whose temperament she plainly inherits. The study of the two women-the greatgrandmother born more than a century ago, and the great-granddaughter. even now a young woman-will be a wondrous example of that dominating spirit of heredity which is the explanation of the temperament and destinies of most of us.

> IV. THE OLD REGIME.

trembled often as she lay in a ditch The court of Louis XVIII. was not a joyous one. Despite all the efforts covered with twigs while the soldiers of the old families of France to of Louis Philippe looked everywhere reconcile the young generation that for her; and finally, after a series of had grown up since the execution of incredible adventures, reached a hid-Louis VXI. and in the reign of Napo- ing-place in Nantes. leon, to accept the old Bourbon traditions, young France turned aside with some impatience. When Louis XVIII. one of the bridges of Paris which was

MID the many columns I have guarded on each side by some of the been reading during the last couple of weeks on that tragic story which is being enacted at Geneva, these remarks by Mrs. Crawford, the famous correspondent of the
Daily News in Paris, particularly attracted my attention:

The less produced such a feeling
of revolt in those men who had followed the Little Corporal through
blood and flame and glory over all the
battlefields of Europe that they were The Crown Princess of Saxony intends to come shortly to Paris, and, in revolt there and then; it was too steep and rapid a descent to the abyss home. She claims to have been of the commonplace from the Olymbrought up on French lines by her mother, the Princess Alice of Parma, tain of the new times had raised his

> THE GENIUS OF BEAUTY. Suddenly there entered upon this oldworld, sombre, almost sinister scene a being of beauty, light, and joy, intoxicating in her vitality, her frankness, her mixture of the simplicity and caprice of a child, and yet of the dimlyfelt suggestions of a bravery and romance of disposition equal to the emergencies where people play with their heads as stakes. Marie Caroline, daughter of the King of Naples, was just eighteen when she married the Duc de Berri and entered France. Her husband, several years her senior, and already somewhat jaded from many adventures, who had never seen his bride until she had already legally become his wife by proxy in the cathedral at Naples, and who doubtless had his unpleasant anticipations of what fate reserved for him, was delighted when this fair vision rose upon the horizon of his destiny, and fell in love with his wife at the first

Paris had soon reason to rejoice in the new presence. At once the whole tone of the court underwent something of a change; there succeeded to the tepidity a fervent loyalty to the reigning house; and in short it was Youth once more entering into and conquering the musty realms of archaic survivals of men and women and things.

> VI. WIDOWHOOD.

Four years after this the Duc and the Duchess of Berri went one Sunday night to the opera. The young duchess was already enciente, and the heat of the ballroom rather overcame her; and she asked her husband to take her to her cariage so that she might go home early; he was to remain behind. They went to the carriage together; he parted from her with a bow; went towards the ballroom again; but before he got there was stabbed by Louvel; the duchess was called back to embrace men were foreigners. If the princess 22 when she was thus tragically left

VII.

EUROPE'S CHILD. And now there came, not only for her, but for all France, seven months mart costume bought at the Paris of a terrible suspense. Was the house Exhibition. Skating, save in a chair, of Bourbon to end for want of a male pushed by a special functionary, heir? Was France to be once more brought down remonstrances and led torn up by the roots from the ancient heir? Was France to be once more to domestic scenes. Her beautiful, dynasty which alone gave chance of steady and historic development, and and spirits when animated by exer- to be thrown once more into all the commanded the admiration of her horrors of revolution and conflicting future subjects, but exposed her to the pretenders, and the weary round of censure of the fossilized court. She anarchy? The seven months came to and several royal families into dis
"How dreadful," said the girl. "If you must not go out riding unless to re- an end, and, amid an outburst of re- grace; but politics, as Louis Napoleon will send the pictures early in the lief and almost frenzied joy, it was brought forth a male child, and that the succession to the throne was assured. I cannot pause to describe the delirious things which were done to celebrate the event; suffice to say that Chateaubriand poured water the infant as it was baptised, and that the child was described by some as "The miraculous child," and by others

"Europe's child." THE SUPREME ROMANCE. Eight years later the child and the were exiles: the folly of Charles X. and the duplicity of Louis Philippe had brought them down. It was then that the greatest romance of the life of the duchess began. She imagined a France as full of chivalrous devotion to her son, the rightful heir as she herself was, and almost alone, with a few adherents, made an invasion of France, starting at Marseilles. But disillusions came fast upon her; the insurrection of Marseilles did not come off, and the duchess was forced to fly. But she fled-most of the time disguised as a boy, and what a beautiful boy she made!-to La Vendee, that historic land where frenzied devotion to the Bourbons and to the Old Order still remained. But again the chiefs of the Legitimist Party were timid, thought the moment inopportune begged the duchess to go back and wait for better times and more auspicious stars. She vacillated, but ultimately her strong, brave, fearless spirit carried the day, and appearing to all the chivalrous and brave men with appeals to the claim of her boy, the last of his race, with the splendor of her beauty, her charm, and, above all, her fearlessness, she dragged them into an insurrection. But it was put

> IX. THE JEW.

down in a few hours. For a while the

poor duchess, in her peasant-boy clothes, wandered, hungry and cold,

woods, lay in farmhouses

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MONTREAL, P. Q.

cealed, and as secure apparently as But she had taken into her confidence a man named Deutz, a renegade Jew. He wrote to Thiers, then minister of the interior, offering to sell the secret. the youth. Thiers met the traitor at midnight, armed with two pistols and alone. Thiers was a plucky little fellow, and in the end the bargain was struck, and one day the house at Nantes was surrounded with soldiers and the duchess was entrapped. But even yet she was not caught. When the troops entered, they looked for her everywhere in vain. But they were ordered to camp there, and finally, after fifteen hours of waiting, they took it into their heads to light a fire. The fire was lighted; stifled cries were soon heard, then knocks, and the duchess, with two companions, came forth, half-burned, half-suffocated, from a hidden place behind the chimney-piece.

> X. A SINISTER TRIUMPH.

She was put in prison at Blaye, and then the troubles and perplexities of the Government began. They did not want to have the principle of royalty -shaken enough already - further weakened by the trial of one of the Bourbons; the smirched title and history of Louis Philippe was a story not to be brought back to the public memory; and, in the meantime, there were the Republicans calling out that blood had been shed; that as Republicans were tried and convicted, so also should Marie Caroline of Naples, even though she was Bourbon and a princess. Relief in these perplexities came in an unexpected way. It was observed after some weeks that the young princess began to show signs of being enciente. The King and his ministers were almost beside themselves with joy. This was the end of the old Bourbon Legitismist dream and legend. It was a vulgar and a resolved to make the secret of the poor little duchess public.

THE BOURBON'S PITY. Then began a series of performances that one almost blushes to write.

Great medical experts were appointed to examine the poor lady and report upon her condition, and when that was made manifest beyond any doubt. she was persecuted with proposals that you think of me, Miss Alice?" witnesses should be present at her accouchement, most of them strangers, and amounting to little short of a crowd. In the presence of this crowd of strangers the fallen princess was expected to go through her hour of agony and shame. Lest there should be any mistake about the great event, soldiers lay outside her door, who were to communicate immediately with the governor of the jail, while borate methods, including the firing of cannons and the ringing of bells, were to summon the municipal authorities and the other witnesses: and in short, there was every preparation to make public, tumultuous, and affrighting, an occasion that would, even in the case of a drab, have been tranquil, secret and sacred. Up to the last the secret of the

paternity of the child was not revealed. It was only after the accouchement that the friendly doctor who had rushed to the side of the princess was permitted by her to announce that she had been married to Count Luchesi Palli, a gentleman of the chamber to the King of the Two Sicilies. When at last the poor princess was released she was sent back to Palermo, and then and there, practically, her

life came to an end. Substitute for her name the name of great-granddaughter and for Count Palli, the name of M. Giron, and the two stories have a strangely curious resemblance.-T. P. O'Connor in T. P.'s

The annual consumption of wine in France averages 23 gallons for each

The latest Socialistic project in Zurich, Switzerland, is to tax every in-habitant over 16 years old 80 cents a year, the state adding 20 cents. This would yield about \$118,000, which would be used to secure the services of 40 physicians, who would take care of the There for five months she lay con- whole population of the city.

but the old man interrupted him.

"I think not," said the girl faintly.

"Ze old arteest used to glorify ze

is, of course."
"A leetle pale, signor?"
"Pale? Of course not."

'You lika ze countenance in repose?

slate! It's villainous! You make me look like a tramp in a fog. I ought to hand

"You woulda hand me over to ze police

becausa you cannot understand ze new school of ze arteest," he said, with with-

ering emphasis.
"My child," cried the old man, "we

"Do you hear me?" he cried: "You are

A Gilbertian state of things obtains

at Tenby in Pembrokeshire, England,

where the parish clerk, by six votes

to five, has been elected mayor. As a

result of this the rector of the parish becomes chaplain to his own clerk.

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disturbed?'

bring up the rear."

hind the youth.

easel.

The clock on the mantel chimed 9, | Plates," said the girl, "and it has clung to him ever since."

The old man looked from the girl to

"You will permit me to make my the youth. adieus," he said as he faced the young girl. "I am well aware of your father's prejulice against young men, and I refugee and a waiter in a macaroni realize that I was very rash in calling restaurant is no sign he can paint porhere tonight. Luckily—for me, at least traits. Here, I have an idea. He shall —he has not yet returned, but I have paint my portrait. Yes, this very evenhe has not yet returned, but I have ing. I won't require him to finish it, a premonition that he will be back but he must make a start." very soon."

The young girl arose and came a little forward.

radmire your discretion, Mr. Ban"Your engagement will have to wait,"
he sharply remarked. you find it necessary to exercise it. ze paletta." Father is the dearest and most indul-More especially my young men acquaintances."

Jim hurried away to accept that consultance is cut in the rocks is deserted by the sulate he left all his painting apparatus Matabeles, because, as they are now

"Have you many?" the youth hastily in his little studio upstairs. Has it been disarmed, the baboons carry off all their asked as she hesitated. "I haven't any," the girl replied. "At least not any calling acquaintances."
"It is a position that any young man of taste would gladly monopolize," said

the youth. am quite too young to have callers. And then he seems prejudiced against all young men." "But he doesn't know us all," put in

"He appears to be guided by the samples he has met," said the girl. "Anyway, he thinks I'm too young for such huxuries—I'm only 18, you know. And then—then, there's the money, you see.

few."

"I would like to drop in some evening," said the youth, "and supply the deficiency. But I fear it wouldn't be safe."

"I know it wouldn't," said the girl.

"Well, I wish you a reluctant goodsight."

"I show a reluctant goodsight."

room on a low stool with her elbows on her knees and her chin resting on her hands, and her expression was a comical the girl close behind him.

"Don't forget to send me those photographs of the old spring where we first met," she said. "Do you know, when I saw you up there in the mountains, I took you for one of these six-for a quarter, wandering, behotographs."

hands, and her expression was a comical combination of amusement and anxiety. "Zee news school of painting is deeferent from ze old," said the youth, as he smeared the white surface.

"Is it?" growled the old man. "You surprise me. Still, it seems very possible." for-a-quarter wandering photograph-

curved line," said the unabashed painter.
"Now eet ees ze straighta line. Zere
ees no skeel in using ze curved line. Anybody can do zat. But when you taka ze "And I promptly "took' you for nothing," laughed the youth.
"I'd like to ask you to call again," said the girl. "It would only be polite, I suppose."

"I'm afraid I should take it in earnest," nurmured the youth.

"Are you going to use the straight line alone on my face?" demanded the old "But anyway, send me your photo-

man,
"It ees my intentione," replied the artist. "It gives zee square and upright expressione. Ze signor has ze vary straighta face." "And my photograph?" The girl blushed and they both laugh-"Oh, I have, have I," grunted the old man, and his sharp eyes suddenly turned towards his daughter. But she was de-"I have no place to hide it," she said.

Then they laughed again.
"But why should your father admit murely studying the ceiling.
"How you like zee nose?"
"The nose? My nose? Why, just as it the mails and bar the males?" inquir-

morning they will get here in the alternoon when papa isn't home."

"I feel," said the youth, "as if I were engaged in some conspiracy. I never tried to circumvent anybody before. I'd much rather go to your father and say, 'Sir, I desire to call on your daughter. State your objections, and let us have it out now and here."

"Papa would wither you with a glance."

"He must be a human sirocco. But I'd do it, wither or no. I wonder what you think of me, Miss Alice?"

"I think you are a very bold young man."

"To basely desert the—the field of battle at 9 o'clock? But there. He who says good-night and runs away may live to come again—I'd really like to meet your father. Yes, I would. I'm

"You lika ze countenance in repose?"

"Yes."

"No! Is that your idea of repose?"

"You don't wat."

"You don't mean to say you have it all done?"

"All excepta one ear, signor," replied the youth. Zere eet ees complect! Ah! divina art! I can see ze lofely daughter's looks in ze father's face! Zere!" And be pulled the easel around.

The old man came forward slowly. Then he shrank back.

"Whathat' he he and the poil of the asel." used to say, has no bowels, and it was morning they will get here in the ai-

live to come again—I'd really like to meet your father. Yes, I would. I'm not as scared as I look. I wish he were here at this very moment. Yes, I why, you unmitigated daub, I've seen better portraits than that on a child's slate! It's villainous! You make me look

outer door. The youth started and the you over to the police. Horrible!"
young girl turned pale. She looked about wildly as if seeking a hidingplace. But the youth held his ground. And then the door flew open and a stout man with gray whiskers stepped into the hall and stalked down between the draperies that hung in the parlor

have been cruelly imposed upon. archway. "Yes, father."
"This man is not an artist."
"No, father." He paused for a moment and glanced at the youth. Then his glance sought The old man turned suddenly to the youth, who had gradually reached the his daughter. "Who is this-this person?" he de-

manded.

manded.

He looked back at the youth. The latter, meeting his glance, gravely bowed as if acknowledging a recognition.

The girl, blushing hotly, caught her breath.

"Why, papa, dear," she said, "you have spoiled my little plot."

"Your plot! What plot?"

"That's what I'm going to explain. You see, I had a little surprise for you."

"I see," growled the old man as he looked back at the youth.

"I mean that I was going to have my—my portrait made to give you on Christmas—and this—this gentleman is the artist. He came to make the arrangements. He couldn't come at any other time. He is so busy—and, as you see, he was just going when you came in—so unluckily—Mr. Plates, came in-so unluckily-Mr. Plates, papa, Mr. Plates." The old man looked at the youth and slightly snorted, but the young man

bowed low. "An artist, eh?" "Yes, papa," the girl quickly replied.
"And he is said to be a very good one.
He was recommended to me when I was at that mountain resort, with Aunt Emily.'

"Eh! Who recommended him?"
"Who recommended him? Why, there was a Mr. Bancroft, for one.' "Bancroft? I've heard the name." "Oh, it isn't the one that wrote the histories, papa."
"Of course, not. What are you talking

about? Well, what is he? "Mr. Bancroft?" "No, the artist." "Oh, yes, I think he's some kind of "Oh, yes, I think he's some kind of Italian. Aren't you, Mr. Plates?"
"Si, signora—Italiano,"said the youth with a well assumed smile. "Gooda-night." And he started towards the

"Hold on," said the banker, as he barred the way. "I want to know a lit-tle more about this matter. Where did he get the name of lates? That isn't "It's a sad story," said the girl. "It

seems that he was a refugee. He had served with Garibaldi, I think, and "He must have been a mere infant," growled the old man as he looked very hard at the youth.

"Si, signore," smiled the latter, "in ze infantry!" "Anyway," said the girl hastily, "he had to flee, and when he reached this country he was very poor. He was so poor that he had to take any employment he could find. So he became a

waiter in an Italian restaurant."
"Me passa de spaghet,"said the youth
with his unblushing smile.
"That's the way he got the name of

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE

The Wildcat Has Not a Good Memory for Traps.

which for want of memory has not been able to hold its own. While the been able to hold its own. fox and the badger, especially the lat-ter, are adepts at avoiding traps, the wildcat seems quite unable to keep cut of them. Yet the glutton, another carnivore of the northern forests, without any apparent brain endowment of the positive kind, has learned the whole art The youth started at the word. So did he girl. the girl.
"I hava ze important—" he began, of traps, break into every one from behind, and carry off the baits without being caught. In the same way the e sharply remarked.

"But I have not ze tools, ze br-r-rush, south, maintain themselves in a locality in their full numbers long after Father is the dearest and most indulgent father in the world, but he is a little peculiar about my acquaintances. "Everything will be provided." He turned to the girl. "When your Uncle toppo Hills in which Mr. Rhodes' tomb

The rat and the rabbit are not very

corn and pumpkins.

"Come on," cried the old man, and different in point of fecundity. But ushered the youth to the foot of the while the rabbit, except on very favorable soil, disappears in a cultivated stairs. "You go first, Alice, and I will country like England, where it is not "Papa is a deadly foe to all monopolies," she said. "You see, he thinks I am quite too young to have callers."

So they passed up the broad stairafforded any protection, the rat is practically master of the situation, so greatly does, his power of individual expenses. perience, and probably also of commun-When they reached the room on the third floor that had been the studio, the ication, exceed that of the other rodent It can hardly be an accident that the gas was lighted and all the tools of the gray parrot, one of the cleverest and departed guest were found in good ormost thoughtful of birds, is by far the der and within easy reaching distance. longest-lived. There is an undoubted instance of this bird surviving for a There was even a clean canvas on the century, and half that time is quite a The old man motioned the youth to the luxuries—I'm only 18, you know. And then—then, there's the money, you see. Papa has an idea that nobody would look at me twice if it wasn't for his bank stock."

The young man took a step forward. "You tell your respected papa," he began, "that—but there, I know you wouldn't do it."

The old man motioned the youth to the low painting chair and himself took a so many other considerations than those of brain intervene in determining what leads to longevity that only vague generalizations are possible. Size, food and species all have their known respected the brush.

"You like ze flattering portrait?" he said; "just paint me in any fashion that comes in determining what leads to longevity that only vague generalizations are possible. Size, food and species all have their known respected the brush.

"You like ze flattering portrait?" he common age. But in the case of birds began, "that—but there, I know you wouldn't do it."

"I suppose you want to compliment ments, I save you. I love compliments. I suppose it's because I get so few."

seized the brush.

"You lika ze flattering portrait?" he asked.
"Certainly not," growled the banker.
"Paint me as I am."
"Not for ze public exhibitione," said the suppose it's because I get so few." in proportion to their size, longer than that of mammals. Comparing the general average of brain power, that of birds is much higher than among the average of beasts; and it is quite probable that it is this excess of brain vitality which gives the birds an excess also in bodily vitality.-London Spec-

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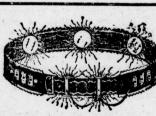
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