

Unhappiest Woman In All of Europe

Why Willy Stole His Wife's Wealth.

These amazing disclosures concerning the hidden life of the Crown Princess of Germany are penned by a neutral lady, who was for many years confidential companion to "The Unhappiest Woman in Europe." No more moving story has ever seen the light of day.

Bereft of a husband's love, bereft of hope in the future, bereft of wealth—how desolate, indeed, is the lot of Cecilie, Crown Princess of Germany, once my beloved mistress, and to my life's end ruler of my heart!

I look over the pages of my diary. The past calls me. I think of the bygone days when Cecilie might have stood before the world as a symbol of happiness even as she now stands before it as a symbol of woe, and my heart burns with indignation against the man whose callous selfishness and unbridled passions wrought this tragic change.

When Cecilie became affianced to Prince Frederick William of Hohenzollern she was one of the wealthiest Royal brides in all Europe. Her patrimony was valued at the time at the figure of a million pounds—an approximate estimate only of the actual cash her father had left at her disposal. In the years of her minority the sum had increased wonderfully, and she brought perhaps half as much again to her marriage with the scoundrel who was to ruin her life.

The greater part of this huge fortune has been squandered since her marriage, and should the expected reverse overtake the House of Hohenzollern, the Princess Cecilie will retire into private life a comparatively poor woman.

The means by which Cecilie was induced to part with huge portions of her fortune were various. In the early days of the marriage the Prince traded upon her overflowing love for his unworthy person, using it as a means to relieve her of colossal sums. Innumerable are the stories that I could tell about the matter.

In this year, it may be remembered, there was a great formal interchange of courtesies between Germany and its ally, Austria. This took place in Berlin, and though the old Austrian Emperor was too unkind to take part, he was represented at the German Court by his ambitious heir, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, who was accompanied by the brilliant and equally ambitious woman whom he had married morganatically, and who afterwards shared his death, as she had shared every ambition and hope of his life.

ZITA SPEAKS HER MIND.

Among the guests of honor were also the present Emperor Karl, though ostensibly second heir to the Austrian throne, was an obscure cavalry captain, poor and unconsidered, a state of affairs which did not at all please his brilliant and acute helpmeet.

Always the soul of courtesy and consideration, Cecilie showed no little attention to the Archduchess Zita. Perhaps she was moved to an extra display of kindness because of the open slights which the Crown Prince seemed to love putting upon the young Archduke, her husband. The two Princesses got on very intimate terms, so intimate, indeed, that during an informal conversation they held in Cecilie's boudoir Cecilie ventured gently to allude to the behaviour of the Crown Prince, speaking apologetically and excusingly of it.

"I quite understand," said the Princess Zita calmly. "It is sweet of you to bother about it, but we are used to being disregarded in this way. Karl quite realizes his position, and we are fully informed of the wicked plots the Archduke is forwarding to deprive him forever of his succession."

"But what can he do?" asked Cecilie in genuine surprise. "He has sworn that his own children shall make no claim to the throne of Austria-Hungary. He is bound by the oath."

"For years," said the other, bitterly, "he has been importuning the Pope to absolve him from his oath, and the saintly old Emperor has supported him. As the Pope stands firm, he is now turned to this terrible war scheme, with the Kaiser and the Crown Prince."

"I am afraid I do not understand," said Cecilie, a little coldly perhaps. "What have my husband and my father to do with it?"

"Have you not guessed? One day, when all is ready, and it will be very soon now, they intend to make war upon Russia and France. Germany will crush the life out of France while Austria holds the Russians back; then the two countries will spring upon Russia and beat her to the ground."

"My mother's country!" exclaimed Cecilie.

"What does it matter?" said the other impatiently. "They will take Poland, they will take Serbia, and any other countries that stand in their way; Belgium and Holland perhaps, as well as the north of France."

"Then out of Hungary Francis Ferdinand will make a great kingdom for one of his sons, and out of Poland another. When he dies, perhaps, Germany will be swallowed up by Germany, which by that time will have stretched out to the English Channel, and perhaps have set its iron foot on England as well. Who knows?"

"In that great scheme," she concluded bitterly, "there is no place for Karl and for me, and your husband may well afford to be rude and insulting to us both. He is encouraged in it by the Archduke, and the woman the Archduke calls his wife. So now you see, dear Princess, why Karl and I are used to slights and even insults. We are not necessary to the great plot!"

"I MUST SAVE HIM!"

But Cecilie was gazing at her with eyes dilated with horror.

"A great war!" she exclaimed, "a war made wantonly to gratify the ambitious schemes of one or two princes! Surely you deceive yourself!"

"Tell your husband what I have said," flashed back the fiery Italian

girl, "and dare him to deny it. Ask him why he is bound hand and foot to Heydebrand and Krupp, and all the other German nobles who wish for a great European war to further their own objects and ambition! Ask him whether he has not been made the instrument for pushing the Kaiser himself into these wicked plots. And tell him," she concluded, "that for every deliberate slight he puts upon me and mine I shall strike back some day and in some way!"

Cecilie soothed her now excited friend; and by the exercise of her well known tact contrived to change the subject. But when the Princess Zita had gone she was very thoughtful, for many of the words uttered had an echo in her own experience.

She determined to take the Princess Zita at her word, and to repeat to her husband all that her friend had said. She meant to press him for his reasons for being so readily made the tool of the War Party.

"Certainly he is always talking about war," she said to me; "but I cannot believe that even he would go willingly into such a great crime as Princess Zita outlined, if he were not under some compulsion. I must find out what it is; I may even save him from some great folly or sin."

The opportunity she sought was not long in coming. The Prince was more than usually bellicose at this time, and his loud, indiscreet speeches, and foolish, boastful writings were attracting the attention of all thoughtful Germans, many of whom objected very strongly to the tone of his remarks, and the provocation they gave to neighboring and ostensibly friendly nations.

A HEART-TO-HEART TALK.

These speeches on "Willy's" part gave offence to the Kaiser, but not nearly so much offence as did the publication of a biography of the Crown Prince, written by a well-known author named Leman, and published at the expense of the Crown Prince's warlike friends.

This book created a sensation on its appearance, because it cunningly compared father and son, and that very much to the disadvantage of the Kaiser. As the Kaiser knew that the material of the book had been supplied to the writer by the Crown Prince himself he blamed that young man for the whole book, and showed himself very angry indeed.

The Prince was accustomed to stormy scenes with his father, but the scene which followed the Kaiser's perusal of the book and the notices which appeared in the German press must have been more than usually terrible.

"He says he means to send me away on another of those atrocious tours," William whined to Cecilie one evening, and heard all that passed. "He means to get me safely out of the way. I swear I won't go. I had enough of it in India, where there was something to do and see. I will not go out to those abominable, unhealthy colonies in Africa; a man might die of fever."

"But why do you enrage and cross him so?" asked Cecilie, gently. "Surely it would be much better, and you would be ever so much happier, if you let him make all the speeches and write all the books? You know how he loves that kind of thing."

"One cannot always do just what one likes," muttered the Prince, gloomily. "It is a matter of state, you see, Cecilie. You cannot expect to understand such things."

"One thing I do understand," she replied, "and that is that you do a lot of things which make great and unnecessary trouble for yourself. It seems to me sometimes as though somebody was influencing you to behave as you are doing. Tell me, have Von Heydebrand and Krupp von Böhlen any hold over you that they always seem to be pulling strings which set you in action?"

"Whatever makes you think that?" he stammered.

"Listen," said the Princess, very earnestly. "When the Archduke Karl was here you were very rude to him; and the Archduchess Zita was very hurt about it. She spoke to me at very great length, and explained the reasons which made her think you were intentionally unkind to her and her husband."

Cecilie then went on to repeat the whole of her conversation with the Princess Zita, to which the Prince listened in angry and disturbed silence.

"What is it?" she pleaded. "I implore you, by the love we once shared, and by the children whom we have

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brought into the world, to tell me why the heir to the throne must be the tool of men such as these. You will tell me, will you not?"

Still the Prince maintained a sullen silence.

"WE MUST PAY THEM."

"Surely you will tell me," she observed, with a touch of bitterness in her voice. "What is there that I have not overlooked or condoned?"

"It is money," replied the Prince, with a jangling laugh. "They have been buying up my debts ever since I was a boy and holding them over me. They have advanced me money in great sums, when I was ready to please them, until I do not know how much I owe them. They hold the purse-strings. I can't get on without money. You know that!"

"We must pay them back," said Cecilie, cheerfully, and without a word of reproach, although more than once she had discharged from her own resources what he positively affirmed was a complete list of the whole of his debts.

He shook his head. "Impossible," he muttered. "You have no idea how it has mounted up; I don't even look at the figures."

"We shall look at them together," she said, with untroubled cheerfulness, "and then we shall see about discharging them without loss of time. The Crown Prince of Germany must not owe large sums to his future subjects; and such subjects!" she added, with a shudder.

"It is very good of you, Chilli," he said, with something faintly approaching gratitude in his voice. "But you will get a shock when you see the total, I am afraid."

"I get a shock," she returned, "every time I read one of those fierce war-like speeches of yours. When these people are paid, promise me you will have nothing more to do with such wicked plots as that for providing kingdoms for the children of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand."

STAGGERING DEBTS.

"There is nothing in what that Italian woman said," he began; but she put her fingers upon his lips.

"Promise," she insisted. "Promise to put aside all this terrible talk of war, and making war. If war should come at any time, let it come through the fault of other people; do not deliberately scheme to make Germany begin it. Promise me this, and you shall have as much money as you want."

"I promise," he said. "I am sick of the life I have been living; and I do not want to be sent to Africa. I will apologize to papa, and we'll try to please him, and have an easier time. It is very good of you, Chilli," he wound up, meekly.

A day or two later I learned that the Prince had come to her with a list of the obligations which he said were held against him by the rich men who wanted to provoke a European war.

The total was an immense one; something over 8,000,000 marks—that is, 24,000,000!

"The money to discharge these debts shall be placed to your credit without delay," she told him, and then went on to talk of other matters.

"Let us never mention the subject again," she said; "it belongs to a bad past, which you and I have forgotten."

In the end, the raising of the great sum of money involved necessitated a journey on Chilli's part to Altona, and I understood, some conflict with her brother. All obstacles were, however, set aside by her, and the money was duly placed to the credit of the Crown Prince.

For a few weeks all seemed to go very smoothly. The quarrel with the Kaiser was patched up, as many a previous quarrel had been, by the Prince eating humble pie. The Prince enacted the part of loving husband and devoted father for quite a month, when, as usual, it began to bore him.

The symptoms of this boredom were familiar enough to me. He made his entry into the nursery for some disagreeable practical joke which made the children cry; and then he lost his temper with the little fellows for being what he called "Nambys-pambies."

Cecilie noticed it, too; but she probably expected something of the kind. The angelic mood of the Crown Prince never lasted for any length of time.

A HATEFUL INSULT.

But the one thing upon which she set her heart remained. She told herself that. The Prince was now free from the influence of the party which had used him as a tool, and as a lever to force the Kaiser in the direction of great schemes of aggression. While he kept out of the toils of these people, she was content.

For a time all went well; then the

Crown Prince was recalled from Dantzic, where he was still nominally stationed—though he roved about much as his fancy guided him—to an army post in Berlin. He wrote a letter of farewell to his regiment, the Death's Head Hussars, which rang through the world because of the war-like menace of the terms in which it was couched.

"If some day the Emperor calls," ran one historic sentence, "and the signal 'March! March!' is blown, then think of him whose most yearning wish it always was to experience at your side this moment of highest soldierly happiness."

When Cecilie read those words she burst into tears. But that mood did not endure for long. Her mouth set firmly, and she despatched at once a message demanding that the Prince should see her without loss of time.

It was night before the Crown Prince put in an appearance. A cigarette was between his lips, and he was hilarious with wine.

Knowing that when he had a cargo of liquor on board the Prince was capable of the wildest freaks, I remained in the corner where I was sitting, lest, as was quite possible, his mood of irresponsible mirth should change to a mood of cold-blooded devilry.

"Well," he cried, slapping his chest and swaggering across the room, "here I am. I hope you're in good humor. No can't please. No preaching, Cecilie—hic—I'm going to be jolly!"

Cecilie's lips curled.

"Are you sufficiently sober to understand what I say to you?"

"Sober? Of course, I am. Sober as a judge." He gripped a chair to steady himself. "Where are those whelps of mine? Tell 'em to get up and—hic—greet their father—if I am their father," he added, leerily.

Cecilie flushed scarlet.

"Kindly refrain from insulting me," she said.

"Pooh! Don't be so thin-skinned. We're all human. I know I am," he hiccupped; "very human, indeed, my dear. You're flesh and blood the same as I am, aren't you?"

"GOD HELP GERMANY!"

"I want to know," said Cecilie, ignoring side issues, "what you mean by breaking your promise to me?"

The Prince waved his hand airily. "Couldn't keep it without breaking my—hic—word," he grinned, through a cloud of tobacco smoke.

"I fail to follow you."

"She—hic—said to me, 'Big smash coming unless I get off—hic—money. You'll sell my—hic—racing stable, everything.' I say to the Baroness: 'Put your faith in me. I'll get you the money. Don't you—hic—worry, my dear.'"

"What?" cried Cecilie, livid with rage. "You have been using my money to pay another woman's debts?"

"Why not?" guffawed Willy, drunkenly. "I would do anything—hic—anything in the world for the woman I love!"

"Who is she?" Cecilie hissed the words.

"The Baroness von Arnheim," he answered, giving the name of a notorious divorcee, whose disorderly life had led to a boycott even from the least squeamish of fashionable coteries the Berlin "smart set."

"What exquisite taste you have in women!" said Cecilie, with withering scorn.

"Don't you—hic—dare to say a word against her reputation!" There was an ugly gleam in his eye.

"That would be impossible," said Cecilie, cuttingly. "Her reputation ceased to exist long ago."

The Prince staggered to his feet, an oath on his lips.

"You cannot terrify me with your pot house language," said Cecilie, towering above him. "Have you paid the money you owe to Krupp and his friend?"

"Yes, with my eloquence," grinned Willy. "With words that will fire the world! They can have as many—hic—speeches as they like. But if they want cash out of me they must whistle for it!"

It was an older and sadder Cecilie who sat opposite me at the breakfast table on the morning after this last piece of treachery had been made clear.

"I believe I am married," she told me. "To the worst liar in the world. God help me," she added, "and God help this unhappy country!"

Gardening for All.

The barber is now a rhubarber, they said; The scholar drops Poe for potatoes to-day; The old man drops cabbage for cabbage; I'm told; The jeweler marks things "eighteen-carrot gold"; The dancer is learning what corn is, at length; The housewives have banners, "In On-ly There's Strength"; From cucumbers actors are taking their cue; And asparagus-tips for the waiter must do.

—Grace McKinstry.

Not the body, but the soul, strikes the blow in which lives victory.—Maga.

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Healing the Dogs of War

(Victor Carter in London Daily Mail.)

The barking of a battalion of gay dogs behind the high walls of a garden at Neuilly, near Paris, drew my attention to the House of Healing, where go the animals that are doing such splendid work, especially on the French front.

Physically, a more pathetic assembly of dogs that have had their day could not have been gathered together, but their morale was unaffected by their wounds of war. They were of all sorts and sizes. They had suffered all kinds of injuries, from flying fragments of shells, from stray bullets, from the tearing entanglement of wire, from the multitudinous menace of No Man's (or Dog's) Land. One of them, a fine, upstanding fellow of a wolf-hound, had a great ugly gash in his breast; a trim little terrier hobbled on three legs; a nondescript beast with a heavy shaggy head had lost his sight; a fourth, of a fancy breed belonging to the Bantams, had been badly scalded about the body.

They were covered with bandages and daubed with ointment. There were dogs with paws in splints, for all the resources of veterinary science is at their service.

These ragged regiments of battle-scarred dogs had performed their allotted tasks in the trenches with the same intrepidity and skill as their masters. And those duties, though humble, are, nevertheless an essential part of the general plan. The four-footed allies of the French are dauntless soldiers under the deadliest fire. They have at least earned the right of being borne carefully when they are hurt to the hospital at Neuilly.

CLEANERS OF THE TRENCHES.

The Countess Yourkevitch, a lady of Russian birth, is at the head of the institution, and prides herself on knowing each of her patients personally. She makes a point of treating the most serious cases herself, and the gratitude of the dogs is touching. One, whose back is one raw wound, will not permit anybody to approach him but the countess.

Their functions on the front are of three kinds. There are the ratters, the porters and the rescuers. Rosalie, the perky little fox with the damaged ear, has killed hundreds of rats which have made the life of the trenches hideous. She is guaranteed to clean up a section as quickly as a British raid empties a Hun stronghold. She pursues this war within a war, this war that is older than all our wars, and in which no peace will ever be signed while the last dog is able to totter after the last rat, with a rare gusto. For the moment she is hors de combat, but she is eager to return to the firing line.

In an atmosphere of death and decay, where only the devotion and vigilance of the medical and sanitary services prevent a terrible epidemic, the risk of rats carrying infection is obviously great. They multiply in the track of the armies with astonishing rapidity. It should be possible in the interests of comfort, cleanliness and health to develop these dogs corps to a much greater extent.

The French army are training more and more dogs for this purpose. In the well-known Jardin d'Acclimatation, formerly the haunt of the tourists, strings of young animals may be seen being taught the tricks of rat-catching. After a short period of probation they are despatched to the trenches, from which they often find their way back to Neuilly.

PERILOUS WORK.

Here are two animals of bigger build, Caporal and Zouave. They belong to a class whose co-operation in the war is more direct and conscious, they perform a perilous work, and their labor has visible and immediate results. They do not merely follow their instincts; they possess a higher degree of intelligence and adaptation, and as they are smaller than a man they cannot be picked off so easily, and they save the lives of men who would otherwise have to be employed on these errands.

One of the chief studies of the Allied commanders is how to economize in human life. That is the fine art of warfare. Any blundering general can get men killed; it is only the wise officer who knows how to obtain results and yet spare his men. Here, again, is an idea which it is possible to develop enormously—the use of dogs for all kinds of light portage in the danger zone.

BLIND PAX.

But the most benevolent purpose for which the hospital supplies dogs (in addition to receiving them when they are wounded) is that of seeking the stricken and bringing succor to them. These chiens sanitaires have been instrumental in saving thousands of soldiers' lives. Pax alone, grown decrepit in the war and now blind, a poor old pensioner in the hospital, has helped to bring in at least a hundred wounded men lying helpless between the trenches. Scouring the dismal land, he would come upon a man still living. Taking the cape in his jaws, he would scamper back, and, under cover of

darkness, guide a search party with unerring skill to the sufferer. Thus not a second is lost by the ambulance men, and useless risks are avoided. Bringing in caps is still the favorite occupation of this veteran in his days of retirement. Slightest though he is, he will somehow detect a casquette placed on the ground, and with a sober satisfaction he will take it to his guardian. He is spending his declining strength in showing the other inmates of the hospital how to do likewise.

They have been through the hell of whistling shells and red wounds, these dogs, blindly following man, who is their god, into battle. And yet the approach of a human visitor awakes a deafening cacophony of gratitude. Their sufferings, as soon as they are convalescent, are all forgotten, and behind the low grille of the garden, in which they play as briskly as their various disabilities allow, there is an unanimous manifestation of waving tails.

CANNIBALISM.

Confession by Eskimo Who Slew Priests.

Edmonton, Aug. 16.—The feature of the murder trial of the two Eskimos, Sinnisak and Ulukuk, yesterday, was the confession which was put in evidence by the Crown prosecutor, C. C. McCaul, K. C. It was made by Sinnisak. He said that he was at the Coppermine River, and that rather Leroux asked him to pull his sleigh, and he would pay him in traps. Both he and Ulukuk, the other accused, gave their aid. The next day, while they were still helping, it was storming, and they lost the road. The two Eskimo found a cache and were looking at it when the priests came. Father Leroux was angry, said the confession, and, when asked if he was going to kill them, he nodded his head. After some further quarrelling, they became frightened, and Sinnisak stabbed the priest in the back with a knife, and Ulukuk finished him. Father Rouvire, the narrative continues, ran away, and Sinnisak took the rifle from the sleigh and shot the fleeing priest. With the aid of an axe and a knife, they both killed him. They then cut up the bodies, eating the liver.

Around the House.

To remove labels from bottles, wet the label hold it over the flame for a second or two; the steam quickly penetrates the label and softens the gum or paste.

Drive a nail through an empty spool; it will make a handy peg to hang damp clothes on in the kitchen or laundry, as it will not tear or rust the clothes.

Toothache that is caused by some acid penetrating a cavity may often be relieved by rinsing the mouth with a little bicarbonate of soda and water.

An excellent way to prepare a new iron kettle for use is to fill it with cold water and one cupful of rye meal; keep at boiling point for several hours.

An easy way to remove mildew stains is to rub a little soap over them, and on top of this make a thin paste of chalk and lemon juice. A few hours in the sun, followed by ordinary washing, will banish the spots.

A quick way to clean currants when making cakes is to put the fruit in the colander with a sprinkling of flour and rub it with your fingers; the stalks will separate from the currants and fall through the holes.

AN AGE OF WEAK NERVES

"No heart for anything" is the cry of thousands of men and women who might be made well by the new, red blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make.

Misery day and night is the lot of hosts of men and women who are today the victims of weak nerves. Their pale, drawn faces and dejected attitude tell a sad tale, for nervous weakness means being tortured by fits of depression. These sufferers are painfully sensitive and easily agitated by some chance remark. Sleeplessness robs them of energy and strength; their eyes are sunken, their limbs tremble, appetite is poor and memory often fails. This nervous exhaustion is one of the most serious evils affecting men and women of today. The only way to bring back sound, vigorous health is to feed the starved nerves which are clamoring for new, rich, red blood. This new, good blood can be had through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which fact accounts for the thousands of cures of nervous diseases brought about by this powerful blood builder and nerve restorer. Through the fair use of this medicine thousands of despondent people have been made bright, active and strong.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or may be had by mail at fifty cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

What a Man Never Forgets.

The first time he ever kissed a girl.

The first time he chewed a piece of tobacco.

The first time he asked a girl to marry him.

What his wife said the first time he stayed out at night.

How he felt when the nurse stepped out into the hall and said, "It's a girl!"—Macon (Ga.) News.

Russia is having a few retirements from office, but none as precipitate as that of Nicholas Romanoff.—Washington Star.

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