

Love Story of An Empress

I have not read, among the many things written about the late Empress of Austria, any articles which give a more complete idea of the character of that strange and tragic Princess, the Empress Elizabeth, than the two articles by M. Ernest Tissot, which have appeared at different periods in the well known French periodical, "Revue Encyclopedique Larousse."

There was something in even the earliest surroundings of the future Empress that seemed like a forecast of her future, with all its glory and all its bitterness. The castle of red stone, in which she was brought up, lay in the midst of a landscape of pine-trees and rocks; and on shore of one of the sad and sombre lakes of the north—so different from the sun-lit and laughing waters of southern lands. The girl, with her long tresses of silken gold, was a dreamer from childhood, used to gaze hours at a time into the deep waters of the shadowy lake; and to throw herself with a sense of luxury and abandonment on the bed of flowers which surrounded her father's home. Thus early, too, she was brought into friendly and intimate contact with her inferiors, for her father was a man of the simplest habits, and there was still kept up in the country districts a close and kind intimacy between the master and the servant. Her father had a love for writing, for the dances of the peasants in his grounds to the sound of the zither; a detestation for the ceremoniousness and splendours of Court life. He was the proper kind of father for a daughter who fled from courts, and for a son who, as we know, has abandoned his princely rank to do the work of an oculist among the poor and the afflicted.

One season the family went on its annual holiday to the mountains of Austria, and among the mountains and the larch trees of Ischl; and there it was that one evening the little Princess danced several times and had long conversations with a cousin who was young and handsome and witty, and who, during the evening, too shy to speak the love that already overwhelmed his whole being, presented her with a bouquet of flowers. When the next day the little princess was told that her cousin—already the powerful Emperor of a great Empire—had proposed to her, she grew suddenly cold, and then with a burst of sobbing, cried: "It is impossible; I am an insignificant little thing." There was a certain sinister foreboding in that spontaneous cry of a child's heart (the Princess at the moment was barely sixteen), for it revealed already that kingdom within her soul of self-distrust and apprehension which was in time destined to make her one of the unhappiest of women. However, the young Emperor would accept no denial; and then there came a few months of an existence as ideal, as full of dreams and visions, of poetic fancies and face as though the story were some creation of the imagination of a poet, and not the realities of this work-a-day world; trips in those wild mountains which in their loftiness and remoteness, suggest all the empyrean elevation of the ordinary things of life, that are the accompaniments of the brief mad passion of the young. And in addition to all this, marks of devotion, of playful and chivalrous surprises, on the part of the future husband, that showed how a young emperor in love is like all other youths in love. Vienna is not far from Munich, especially to one who flies on lover's wings, and the young Princess would wake up one morning to find that the carriage of the Emperor was outside the door, and that a bouquet of the roses she always loved so well, was there beside her bed, to meet the first look of her waking eyes.

And better than all, the love of the lover was shared, and even exaggerated, by that of the people over whom she was to rule. "The little Bavarian rose, adorable and adored,"—this was the language which was everywhere applied to her, in the Austrian papers and in the conversation of the people. When she set out for her new dominions, it was like one of the fairy voyages of a Wagner heroine. The journey in the first place, from Munich to Vienna, was made in true Wagnerian fashion—that is to say, by water, instead of the prosaic railway train. At every village the young Princess is met by deputations with heaps of flowers, and an abundance of good wishes and blessings and praise for the long golden hair and beautiful face of the lovely bride; and from first to last, Elizabeth cared more for the prizes of her beauty than the homage to her station. At Linz, another lover's sweet surprise; Francis Joseph is there to meet her in strict incognito, to kiss her lovely lips, and then to rush secretly away on horseback, and by forced stages, so that he may be in his capital in time to be present at the official reception, and give her a ceremonial greeting.

What a day of days that last day of the voyage between Munich and Vienna! The sun shone brightly over the humid waters; the haze in which the air was the proper atmosphere for this epoch of dreams and delicious longings; and on the bridge of the boat, which is a mass of flowers, and under a tent of purple velvet, embroidered with bees in gold, the young Princess, radiant in beauty and in love, waves her handkerchiefs to the cheering thousands that line both banks of the broad, blue river. At last the boat, now a bower of flowers, reaches Nussdorf, the first suburb of Vienna, and in a building specially prepared for the occasion, all the

nobility have been waiting for hours to greet the future Empress. She lands at last in tears of delighted emotion; and everything is done to tell her of the enthusiasm and heartiness and splendour of the welcome. The Elizabeth comes by-and-by to worship with all the reverence due to a father—Deak says significantly to the Emperor: "Sire, now that your peoples are reconciled, you ought to think of your own family!" The Emperor takes the frank remark of his greatest subject to mean the Empress has probably been spoken of in the same spirit. In short, the dead past is for the moment forgotten—its miseries, its deceptions, its bitterness. A child is born within a year of the reconciliation of Austria and Hungary. She is called officially, the Archduchess Marie Valerie, but, with a smile, the people speak of her as the "Child of the Reconciliation."

In time, this child proves the last refuge—the final and only consolation of her unhappy mother. She is a delicate child; the mother, in the case of other children capricious in her affections, neglectful of some duties, bestows on this last daughter all the treasures of her affection; by her bedside she is ready to watch night and day. It is this same daughter who first rouses the attention of her mother to the consolations of literature; and, finally, it is this same daughter—the "Child of the Reconciliation"—that rushes to the side of the other parent when in the lonely Palace of Schonbrunn, crowded with so many memories of youth and love and hope, of age and estrangement and separation, it is she who rushes to his side and helps him to live through the agony of the tragic ending of that life which had begun in such lustrous sunshine forty-four years before.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The toast of the evening is taken from a bottle. It is as hard to hide indifference as it is to conceal love.

When money talks the cream of the conversation is rich.

Every time you forgive a man you lower him in his own estimation.

One seldom has the price of the man who is really worth buying.

Hope is a pleasing acquaintance, but one you can seldom depend upon.

The shadow of the family tree accounts for a good many shady reputations.

Time may be money, but it's hard for a man to make his creditors believe it.

When a man marries an heiress he isn't very anxious for her to retain her charms.

Ungrateful persons are about as rare in proportion as benevolent ones are uncommon.

Never give up—unless it's in a lonely spot and the other fellow has a sandbag or a revolver.

IS A SMALL WAIST BEAUTIFUL?

This is the shape of a woman's waist on which a corset tight laced. The ribs, deformed by being squeezed, press on the lungs till they're diseased. The heart is jammed and cannot pump; the liver is a torpid lump; the stomach, crushed, cannot digest, and in a mess are all compressed. Therefore this silly woman grows to be a fearful mass of woe, but thinks she has a lovely shape, though hideous as a crippled ape.

FUNNY HONEYMOONS.

A few years ago a newly wedded couple living 10 miles southeast of Brookville, Ky., took as a honeymoon trip a wagon ride to witness the hanging of Robert McLaughlin, which occurred at Brookville. A short while since an adventurous couple spent their first days of wedded life on the summit of Mont Blanc. The ascent, extremely hazardous by reason of terrific snowstorms, being successfully accomplished, and the summit reached, the guides, embraced his young wife, to whom he swore eternal fidelity, and received from her lips an equally fervent assurance. Then the descent was commenced, and the couple, after three days' absence, arrived at Chamounix, where they were accorded an enthusiastic reception.

There are on record four honeymoons known to have been spent in Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. In the neighborhood of Debschau, a small Hungarian town, there is an extraordinary ice cave. The roof, the floor, the walls, the floor are thickly coated with ice, which in places assumes most fantastic shapes. In this cave, some 16 years ago, a couple named Kolcsay elected to pass the week immediately following their marriage. They took with them a plentiful supply of rugs, blankets and warm clothing, but notwithstanding all precautions their experience was not of a sufficiently pleasant nature to tempt imitators.

The Home

SUGGESTIONS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

There was talk at one time that aluminum was the coming material for cooking utensils, but we hear less about it nowadays. Perhaps that is because the first cost is greater than that of tin, agate, etc. But when the durability, indestructibility and beauty of the ware is taken into account it is really economical. Aluminum has the silvery sheen of silver, and requires for cleaning only a rubbing with a flannel moistened in kerosene and then dipped in whiting. Pickles, however, should not be made in aluminum, nor for the most part neither acids nor alkalies effect it at all.

Housecleaning will soon be in order, and a receipt for cleaning a soiled carpet will not be amiss. Take up, beat and nail the carpet down again. Get a dime's worth of soap bark, pour in it 2 gallons of boiling water, let stand an hour on the back of the stove. Then take two or three quarts of the water, and with a stiff brush go over the carpet, dipping lightly in the water and brushing evenly. Begin at the farthest corner and work toward the door. Open doors and windows and let in the air and sun, and keep people out of the room till the carpet is thoroughly dry.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

An Episode of the Days When Cradles Were More Commonly Used.

"They tell me," said the retired burglar, "that nowadays people put babies in cribs to sleep; that they don't rock 'em in cradles any more, and that may be so. I suppose it is; but they used cradles years ago, when I was younger. I shall never forget seeing a mother rocking one once, when I was one of my professional visits."

"You know, I thought I heard somebody sort of crooning as I went up the stairs, and I halted and listened and thought I could make it out; and when I got up on the floor above, at the head of the stairs, I could make it out plainly enough—a mother singing to her child, and I could locate, too, the room that the sound came from."

"The hall was dark; there was only the faintest sort of a turned-down light coming from the room where the singing was, and I thought I could pass the door without being seen, because I could see her easy enough right through the wall, bending over the cradle, and it never occurred to me that she might look up, because I didn't think she'd hear me, or that she could see in that light if she did."

"But as I was going past the door, absolutely noiseless, but looking in as I passed, I saw her bending over the cradle, as I had expected, and rocking it with one hand, but her head now slightly raised, and as I could dimly see by the outline of her figure in that light, looking across the cradle toward the door, where I was passing. And as she looked, still rocking the cradle, she looked at me, and I saw her right hand with the palm toward the door, and the singing was stopped and she was saying very softly, to whoever was passing:

"Sh—," meaning, 'don't wake the baby!'"

"Then I could see, when I had topped past, right through the wall, just as easy as I could before, that right hand dropping to the cradle again, or drawing up the coverlid on the child, perhaps, and I could really hear her crooning again, just as I had before. Now that I had passed, she paid no more attention to me than if I had never existed. Her heart was in the cradle; and all she asked of anybody was that they wouldn't wake the baby."

"Now, what could a man do under such circumstances? Nothing, I reckon except what I did do. After I had stayed there in the hall, on the other side of the door, a minute I started back; this time she didn't look up. I have no doubt, if she saw me or heard me at all instinct told her I was going."

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Boiled Finnan Haddie.—Cut the fish in small squares, skin and parboil them. Wipe dry and broil over a clear fire until they are slightly brown. Lay on a hot platter and put on each piece a small lump of butter into which has been worked a few drops of lemon juice. Serve very hot.

Parsnips a La Perfection.—Parboil in water with a teaspoonful of salt for twenty minutes or until tender, take them out and roll in flour and fry in butter till brown, sprinkle a little sugar over them while they are browning. They are delicious.

Potato Fluff.—Four cups of hot mashed potato, one gill of hot cream and one teaspoonful of salt. Beat well and stir in carefully the whipped whites of three eggs. Heap in a baking dish; brown in the oven. Very nice for a supper dish.

Spanish Wafers.—Make a batter of one cup of sweet cream, two table-spoonfuls of sugar, one well beaten egg, one cup of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of vanilla and one teaspoonful of baking powder. In a round wafer-iron, heated and buttered, place a generous tablespoonful of the batter; close and turn. If the conditions are right it will bake in two minutes. While warm twist around a funnel or stick shaped like a cornucopia. The filling should be of whipped cream mixed with raspberry jam, jelly or fresh strawberry juice. These are very delicious and will keep indefinitely.

Creamed Mackerel.—Soak one mackerel over night in cold water. In the morning cover with boiling water and simmer for ten minutes; then free it from skin and bones and shred fine. Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan; stir in a crowded tablespoonful of flour, and when perfectly blended add gradually two cupfuls of hot milk. When thickened add the mackerel, one well-beaten egg, two hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine, one salt spoonful of paprika and one teaspoonful of Worcester-shire sauce. Mix thoroughly and quickly, and serve at once on slices of hot buttered toast.

Cooking Class Potato Soup.—One-half cup finely chopped salt pork, four chopped onions, six chopped potatoes, one chopped turnip, one stalk celery. Boil in one quart of water, keeping the measure good, until tender, then press through a colander and return to the kettle. Add one quart of rich milk and one tablespoonful of corn starch, stirred smooth in one table-

IT IS FRESH AIR AND FOOD

THE BLACK FOREST SURE CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

No Medicines No Inoculation, No Coddling—Simply Pure Air Day and Night, Enormous Meals, Carefully Regulated Exercise and Rest.

There is an interesting article in The Nineteenth Century in which Mr. J. A. Gibson tells how he was cured of consumption. Mr. Gibson found himself, at the age of 28, suffering from acute phthisis. His case was pronounced to be deperate by the doctors. He weighed only nine stone seven pounds, and the disease had such a hold upon him that he never expected to recover. However, he went off into the country, as the doctors advised and after three months of complete rest and a diet of more than half a gallon of milk a day he had put on a few pounds' weight. Then a friend urged him to go to Nordrach, in the Black Forest, and place himself under Dr. Walther.

He did so, and in four months he came back to England in a state of barbaric health, weighing 12-1-2 stone and with a chest measurement to correspond. What was this magical treatment of Dr. Walther? Nourishment, rest and fresh air — no medicines, no inoculation, no coddling, but simply open windows day and night, enormous meals and carefully regulated exercise and rest.

IT SOUNDS AN EASY CURE,

and it began to take effect instantaneously in Mr. Gibson's case. The first thing was to gain in weight, and finally get the better of the disease. Everybody had to lie down for an hour before meals. To bed at nine and up at seven; breakfast at eight, dinner at one, supper at seven—this was the day's routine, with a walk at a snail's pace.

From the moment of arrival until leaving Nordrach the patient never breathes one breath of any but the purest air, as Nordrach is in the Black Forest, at an elevation of 1,500 feet, surrounded by trees, and a long way from a town or even a village. The casement windows of the sanatorium are kept wide open day and night, summer and winter, and in some instances the windows are taken completely out of the frames.

This is practically an outdoor life the patient lives continuously. There is therefore no danger of chills on going out in any kind of weather or at any hour, as the temperature within and without is equal. So pleasant does this living in the open become and so hardy is the patient made and so invigorated is that on his return to his country it is

THE GREATEST MISERY

for him to have to remain in a room with closed windows. Being at such a considerable height—1,500 feet, with a rise in the longer walks of another 1,500 feet—the patient, to get the same amount of oxygen into the system, must breathe relatively more of the rarefied air than they expand the lungs. In this way the lungs are completely flooded with pure air. All the odd corners and crannies, which he has hardly used for years, are ventilated, which the easy walking up hill is eminently calculated to effect, while at the same time the almost absolute rest the patient enjoys allows the lungs to be practically undisturbed, and so prevents the ingrecess to proceed. The climate is much the same as in England. There is quite as high a rainfall, and in winter it is much colder. But it has been demonstrated beyond a doubt that climate has absolutely nothing to do with the case.

The patients, who go out regularly day after day in all kinds of weather, sometimes walk hours at a time in the rain without ever thinking of changing their wet clothes afterward. The course Mr. Gibson still adopts and finds that such a wetting—sometimes twice in one day—never does him any harm whatever.

He asked Dr. Walther if he thought his system could be carried on with hope of success in this country. He said that it could be worked here quite as well as at Nordrach, or as in the balmy climate; that all that was required was a place where pure air was to be had, situated well away from a town, at a fair elevation, and the man to see that the system was properly carried out. Mr. Gibson is now convinced that this is

PERFECTLY TRUE.

Absolutely nothing else is needed. Freedom from wind, a high average of sunshine, dry climate and all such other things as are generally supposed to be so necessary go for nothing. And this is the crux of the whole. It is possible to cure here, on the spot, almost all the people of this country who are ill of phthisis. Why, then, are sanatoriums not erected at once to cure the hundreds of thousands of those who are ill and who have not the means to go abroad—hundreds of thousands who are as certainly doomed to death as if they were already under the sod if some such steps be not at once taken? It is sad to think that all these people must die when they might easily be saved.

SABLE SKINS.

A single fine Russian sable skin is worth from \$100 to \$200. It is a tiny thing about 14 inches long by 8 or 9 inches around.

ESTIMATED BY WEIGHT.

The Sandwich Islanders estimate the beauty of women by their weight.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S DAILY BURDEN

It is a common remark with hundreds of men that they wonder "what women find to do all day." Sometimes curiosity gets the better of a man and he asks his wife what she has done all day. "Oh, a hundred and one little things," she says. Then he thinks of some monotonous scheme over which he has been working all day, and makes a mental comparison, in which his wife's work takes second place. He overlooks the fact, however, that a woman's life in the home is made up of "little things," and that these same "little things" are not only necessary, but that they are absolutely vital to the even adjustment of the domestic machinery of his home. They are "little" only in a woman's eye; they would instantly assume proportions of magnitude if the man's hands were to try to do them.

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