

Although Winner of Many Lawsuits Ex-Empress Eugenie Cannot Collect

IMMENSELY VALUABLE ART OBJECTS REMAIN PROPERTY OF THE
FRENCH NATION—SHE IS RICH IN OLD AGE—FORTUNE HAS
CAST HER SMILES ON THE FORMER ROYAL PET OF EUROPE.

Paris, Aug. 24. — The ex-Empress Eugenie, after thirty years' lawsuits, will not yet receive back from the republic even a part of the relics of her former greatness held by the museums since the war.

To Eugenie this seems hard because, after interminable dragging, she has won all her cases. Last week, at the end of a scandal, the domains announced to the press it had—once more—appealed! On the other hand, some say that Eugenie in her old age is attempting to rob the museums of 2,000,000 francs worth of art objects.

She who was the world-beauty of her time; she who set the fashions; she whose life was one long romance, is a very, very rich old woman, past the life between her country home in England, her Mediterranean villa and trips in her steam yacht to Egypt. Even in her old age her vast fortune is due—not to the French republic—but to a double romance of a mysterious will and an extraordinary rise in Marseilles real estate.

A HABIT OF HISTORY.

When Eugenie fled from the Tuilleries with Dr. Evans on September 4, 1870, she left behind her more than three hundred new dresses, her collection of fans, furs, lace, and fine lingerie unique in the world; but all that was nothing to the furniture and art objects.

Only her important jewels were with the bankers. Up to September 1, when her own servants began pillaging the palace, she had not dreamed of flight. With the news of Sedan on September 3 a council agreed that Eugenie should ride on horseback, with a brilliant escort, to dissolve the legislative assembly. Even Girardin, the Republican, told her:

"Should your majesty appear bravely on horseback, before the people your Majesty can still count on their devotion."

She ordered the habit to be ready—all black with just the ribbon of the Legion of Honor pinned to her breast.

And, regularly, when a woman dresses to do a certain thing she succeeds in doing it. The empire's last chance went, therefore, with a stolen black gown. The riding habit could not be found—"doubtless stolen." They discovered one of green with gold lace for the Compiègne hunt. "It will not do," sobbed Eugenie; she fled her capital and lost an empire.

Ever since she has been trying to get back some of her belongings.

Of her original mandates for the liquidation of the objects of the civil list but one survives—M. Firmin Didot's—whom I have her side of the story.

The liquidation began under Thiers. One by one six of the republic's representatives died or retired. Yet the thing ought to have been easy, once the principle had been proposed by Thiers and accepted by the ex-Empress—that all objects of real importance and historic value should remain the property of the republic and be compensated in cash; thus for the paintings by David, Gros, Cabanel and Meissonier, though actually bought from Napoleon's private purse.

A SWEEPING DECISION.

A judgment of February 13, 1879, ordered the liquidators to at last make the accounts. Also it fixed what kind of furniture, art objects, etc., should be considered as belonging to the imperial private domain—and consequently be returned to Eugenie or be sold for cash.

(1) Statues, busts, paintings, furniture, etc., bought from the Emperor's private means and placed temporarily in the storerooms of the Louvre or other museums.

(2) Ditto, bought by the Emperor from the civil list and, though placed temporarily in an imperial residence, might have been (a) inscribed on the inventories of his private domain, or (b) as not belonging to the crown, or (c) bearing a ticket of the private domain.

It ordered the prefect of the Seine to restore to the ex-Empress (1) such of the above paintings, portraits, marbles, tapestries, furniture, etc., as might present neither artistic nor historic interest, or which might have an intimate or even personal character.

The accounts recognized the republic to owe to Eugenie, on retained personal property of historic and artistic value, 2,287,205 francs with 5 per cent interest from December 5, 1875; but the lady refused, demanding 2,000,000 francs more, plus, naturally, the objects granted in the judgment that might "present neither artistic nor historic value, or might have an intimate or even personal character."

We are in 1899.

The ex-Empress has renounced her extra 2,000,000 francs. It is mutually agreed that the republic owes Eugenie in cash 2,287,205 francs capital and 2,530,000 francs interest. Spontaneously Eugenie gives up 2,000,000 francs of that interest!

The tribunal orders the republic to pay her 2,287,205 francs and five years' interest.

Eugenie has never received a cent. "At least," she said firmly, "I'll get back my furniture and art objects—personal and intimate!"

They gave her to understand that their researches might be long.

We are in 1902.

Eugenie presents a new petition, reciting the unexecuted judgments. To facilitate liquidation she renounced another million, making five—all in—

terest to January 12, 1902.

No result.

After 23 years, with all the decisions in her favor, after conceding five millions cash, Eugenie had not received back so much as one old snuffbox.

She knew that the inventories had been burned in 1870 and only incompletely restored. Of the furniture and other objects of which she was sure, however, she particularly demanded the following, namely:

A barometer by Grobe, reproducing Louis XVI clock-form, actually in the Louvre; a Louis XVI lady's bureau bought by Eugenie at the sale of the Prince de Beauveau; a musical clock with marble statuette; a Gobelin tapestry of Napoleon I, the two latter from the succession of Queen Hortense.

Also she had proofs concerning objects from the old Museum of Sovereigns, bearing the ticket, "Belonging to the Empress"—63 objects, arms, saddles, clothes, gifts of Napoleon I, inherited by Napoleon III, or given him by third parties—such as the Bench of St. Helena; also a belt buckle of Pepin the Short; a jeweled box that had belonged to St. Louis and was bought by Napoleon from the Abbey de Lys for 12,000 francs; a window frame from St. Louis' prison at Mansourah, a box belonging to Henri I, Louis XVI's Cordon of the St. Esprit, and a painted silk box of Marie Antoinette.

Twenty years ago the Princess Mathilde, General Petit, the Marquis de Turenne d'Aynac and many others who had thus lent objects to the old Museum of Sovereigns had their goods restored to them. Eugenie only had been refused.

ARTICLES IMMENSELY VALUABLE.

Eugenie also declared she had proofs of 87 other objects coming from her private apartments in the Tuilleries, viz., seven cushions, two workboxes, four albums, seven screens, three crystal balls, a book of Plus IX, a match box, a green jade shell with a frog inside, a bad landscape by Daubigny, a pastel copy of Louis XVII's famous portrait by Mme. Vigee-Lebrun. Eugenie might be now in possession of most of the above objects, but not all, as you will see. The recent scandal rose over objects demanded from the Louvre, in particular, and certain old clothes . . . but wait . . .

A few rather valuable Gobelin tapestries and Sevres porcelains were easily recognized by the Gobelins and Sevres as belonging to her.

What did she ask from the Louvre? Here arose the row, a little cloud no bigger than man's hand, that approached and grew . . . Here comes the other side of the story.

In all, Eugenie had finally got judgment for 333 objects. The Domain administration, in accord with the Beaux-Arts and its now famous lawyer, Maître Denormandie, had agreed what she should take . . . at last!

But a certain very rich and competent antiquary, M. Velche, of the Rue Chateaubault, began estimating "the artistic and historic" of those things, beginning with the Invalides, viz.:

Four magnificent Moorish saddles, embroidered in gold and pearls, picked up by Napoleon I, after the battle of the Pyramids, valued at 80,000 francs. At public sale they might bring more than 200,000 francs from their historic romance.

Ditto, an Oriental scimitar, gold handled, jeweled, picked up ditto, valued at 50,000 francs. Would bring, who knows? Napoleon I. used it, off and on, during years.

The parade saddle of Napoleon I, flashing with precious stones. Estimated value, 100,000 francs. Hum, hum. What would an American give for it?

Then, the "capote gris" of the Great Man, his historic battle hats, his coracoe, his illustrious "redingote gris," his pistols—the whole legend of the eagle, quail! What price?

"It has no price, monsieur!"

The Bench of St. Helena would itself bring probably a million francs at a properly advertised sale!

REPUBLIC WANTS ARTICLES.

"But they are intimate family souvenirs!" says Eugenie.

"Not your family, madame!" reply some Frenchman. "They belong to the French family!"

In a stormy interview with a reporter Maître Denormandie, representing the Republic, uttered the unfortunate but now historic phrase: "Monsieur, your editor is sticking his nose into secrets!"

"What secrets?" asked the reporter.

"Now we are mixed up."

I continue a few striking details.

From the Trianon at Versailles Eugenie was taking the pastel of Louis XVI, a copy executed before the revolution. With the original it belonged to Marie Antoinette, for whom Eugenie always had a culte. One day during the Terror a Revolutionist ripped the canvas with his saber. Repaired, the wound is still visible. If it diminishes the intrinsic value of the pastel it increases its emotional interest. Valued at 3,000 francs by the independent expert it might bring 30,000 francs at public sale.

From the Louvre Eugenie was taking her Queen Hortense clock, estimated at 150,000 francs. I neglected to mention that the little bureau had belonged to Marie Antoinette, a marvelous piece of ebony and laquer, with carved bronze decorations, one of the most beautiful pieces of the museum, valued by the expert at half a million. At a sale it would bring a million or more.

The Gobelin tapestry is valued at 10,000 francs.

The little box of St. Louis, though traded by Napoleon against 12,000 francs of restoration to the Abbey Church de Lys, is valued at 200,000 francs by antiquaries.

Enough. One Paris paper makes the list run up to 8,000,000 francs of objects "presenting neither artistic nor historic interest, or having an intimate

or even personal character.

Eugenie was entering into possession—almost. Indeed, an illustrated London paper of June 22, 1907, felt justified in anticipating a few days by printing a page of photography:

"An Exiled Empress' Reprisals: Historic Treasures Recovered by the Empress Eugenie from the French Republic"—showing the bureau, Abbey de Lys box, Napoleon's clothes, the clock, the pastel, the parade saddle, the musical clock.

I would not like to recover my pay for this article in the same way!

Of course, Eugenie is very, very rich—they say the present young Queen of Spain will come in for a nice part of it. Her vast fortune, however, comes in no way from the republic.

There was a mystery about Napoleon III's will. The young Prince Imperial, his son, ought to have been rich when he came of age; yet he often had not cash enough to invite his father's old friends to lunch when they visited him in London.

The Princess Bacchelli had left the Prince Imperial by will much productive real estate in Florence. Eugenie's men of business persuaded the Prince that the estate was so run down that he ought to sign a renunciation of its income during seven years. He did it.

The Emperor, his father, had placed millions in England. Yet history records that Napoleon III, emerging from war two years dangerously ill, on the eve of an armed attempt to regain his throne, died disinheriting his only son, the known confidant of his most secret plans. They only found an old will when they looked into his papers.

This was an old will signed when the prince was a child of nine to a throne and civil list of 40,000,000 francs!

PADEREWSKI ON HIS POLISH ESTATE

PREPARING FOR HIS NEXT TOUR
AT HIS SWISS VILLA.

Ignace J. Paderewski, who recently revisited London for the first time in five years in his professional capacity, after giving two recitals at the Salle Erard in Paris with typical Paderewskian success, has returned home at Rhod-Esson, near Morges, in Switzerland. There he will remain the rest of the summer, practicing and resting, in preparation for his American tour, which is to begin in October.

Everyone that has been privileged to taste the great Pole's hospitality declares that he is as distinguished as a host as he is a pianist. At his ideally situated Swiss home he practices six hours a day regularly, with unremitting enthusiasm. His leisure time is devoted for the most part to composing; he is now finishing off his symphony, which will be introduced on his coming tour. Apart from music his three hobbies are whist, billiards and farm stock.

One of the most interesting rooms in his villa is one that is given over to the many trophies he has accumulated in the course of his career, many of them rare and costly gifts from the crowned heads of Europe.

Much as he enjoys his Swiss home, the warmest spot in his heart is reserved for his native country and his extensive estate there, as can be seen from his own enthusiastic description of its natural beauties, in a late issue of The Tatler:

"At my home in Poland, where I farm my own land, I have a considerable farm stock, for I am exceedingly fond of animals of all kinds. I love nothing better than to take a walk around my estate. No one who has not visited my country knows of the beauties of Poland."

"My thoughts continually wander back to my many interests there. There are the lands that I have tilled, the parks that I have planted, the swiftly rushing streams that I have checked with trout, the cattle that I have bred, the vineyards I have taken such pains to cultivate, and the faithful dogs which are my special pets and whose company I miss so much when I am on my travels. There, too, are my beloved countrymen."

In Mme. Paderewski the pianist has a congenial spirit in all respects. A woman of the utmost culture and charm of personality, she takes a lively interest in everything that appeals to her famous husband.

BIGGEST MAN IN WORLD.

The other morning at the "Frisco" tracks in Fort Scott was the biggest man in the world. He is known as "Baby Jim," Simmons, a negro, who weighs 750 pounds. There are, but few who will believe that any human being could attain such a great weight unless they chanced to see this mastodon. One glimpse at the monster, however, allays all doubts as to the man's enormous physical proportions.

Everyone who saw his massiveness went away telling himself that the negro weighed nearer a ton than the weight above given. "Jim" Simmons was accompanying W. R. M. Burnett, a theatrical circus man, to St. Joe. The monster lives at Beaumont, Tex. He occupied two seats in the smoker and slept all the time from early morning until 9 o'clock, though there was a constant stream of people scrambling through the car to see him. Efforts to wake the negro were unsuccessful. He remained there, snoring loudly and also breathing heavily. Finally his manager came through the car, cleared out the car, and took his big one to the vestibule to give him an airing. A newspaper man was admitted to converse with the mastodon for a few minutes.

Simmons said he was twenty years of age; that his parents were both small, though his grandparents each weighed over three hundred mark. He says he does not eat or drink any more than the average sized man, and that he enjoys the best of health, his heart behaving in a most satisfactory manner. He is only sixty-nine inches tall and is "further around than up and down," to use a small boy's expression. There is no doubt but that this man is one of the most gigantic human beings that ever lived.—Kansas City Journal.

Public Sheep Dog Trials

AN ENGLISH SPORT LATELY INTRODUCED IN AMERICA.

Colliers Rough and Smooth and the Old
England Sheep Dogs All Take Part.

For fifty years, says the New York Sun, English shepherds have competed with their dogs in public trials, in which the winner receives a silver cup and the greater share of the sweepstakes made up of the entrance fees. The trials are held almost daily at this time of the year in the west of England and North Wales. The big meeting of the season is in Llangollen at Plas Vivod. Westmoreland, Cumberland and Lancashire have notable sheep-dog trials, and in Suffolk they have been held for two years in Lord Rothschild's park at Tring, who gives the money for two open stakes as well as furnishes the grounds. The trials are part of the Suffolk Agricultural Society's show. An annual trial has been established this year in Ireland.

There was a competition for sheep-dogs at the Rockham county fair last year, managed by G. M. Carnochan, Monson Morris and others interested in the bench show; and trials are to be held annually by the newly-organized Fairfield County Kennel Club of Connecticut. The scene of the opening trial will be at the undulating turf of Innis Arden, J. Kennedy Tod's country place at South Beach, near Stamford. The pastures are on a hillside promontory extending into the Sound and admirably adapted for the trials. Some of the club members own sheep from the Welsh mountains, mixed flocks of chevies and Kerry hill wethers, and they will be used in the Innis Arden trial. American sheep, except in a few old flocks in the East, are not used to confinement or to be driven about in small inclosures.

"There is no more interesting sight than to see a good dog handling his sheep," said a dog-lover who traveled in the west of England to see the trials. "Each dog will have three sheep to fold, a ram and two ewes, selected from different flocks, so that they are not used to running together. The trio will be placed for the dog to stand over a high top of the field, and at the word the shepherd starts his dog from the lower end of the field or fields. He directs the dog by whistles and by motions of his hand, the judges walking behind, watch in hand, while back of all are massed the onlookers—the gentry farmer and shepherd families from many miles."

"When the dog goes off the line in searching for his sheep a whistle stops him as quickly as a pointer stands on a bird, and in response to a wave of the hand the dog changes the direction of the drive. Locating the trio the dog comes slowly over the course, which may include a bridge, in and out fences, a Maltese cross, and so on."

"Finally the dog gets them to the fold, into which he must drive them. This is so narrow that but one may enter at a time. The shepherd is permitted to stand close by the fold, but he at no time touches a sheep. When all are folded the judges give out the time, but in making their award they also consider the manner of the dog's work. In another sort of trial two dogs have to work as a pair and fold six sheep."

"Manifestly, much depends on the sheep. If very wild—an ugly ram is particularly troublesome—it is not so easy for the dog as when he gets a trio that are gentle and willing. The wisdom and guiding powers of the dogs are marvelous, and, with their pack sense, they are especially revealed when at the fold the sheep try to break away."

"A good dog stays well in the background, hovering behind the sheep as a hawk does over a chicken yard. He creeps toward them, instead of charging, and is so active in circling that the only direction in which the sheep do not see a watchful dog, as they raise their eyes from the turf, is that in which the trial dog is taking them."

There were from 7,000 to 8,000 to watch the trials last month on Lord Rothschild's place at Tring. The spectators were in view of the spectacle with a knoll in the middle of the ground from which the shepherds directed their dogs and on which the officials were stationed, being a natural and circular grand stand.

There were eighteen entries in the stack for single dogs and five in the class for pairs of dogs. The time limit was twenty minutes, and several of the dogs were down that time without having penned their sheep. This contest was won by Swallow, a black and tan smooth collie. An English sporting paper says of her victory: "She gave the best exhibition of the day for finding her sheep; at once she drove them straight through the first and second lines of hurdles without halting, and reached the flat ground in the front of the hall in less than five minutes; she experienced no difficulty in the Maltese cross, and penned in 8 minutes 45 seconds, one of the fastest performances ever seen at Tring."

Swallow, however, did not get the cup at Llangollen. The task set each dog was to find three sheep released from a pen about 600 yards from the shepherd, to drive them around a pole placed about midway in the first field and then through an opening made in a row of iron hurdles dividing the two fields, and lastly, to take the sheep to a row of wooden hurdles through an opening made by the removal of the center hurdle, then to the pen. There was no time limit.

There was a stiff breeze blowing right into the teeth of the shepherd, and in a good many instances the dogs had difficulty in understanding his commands, which had a bad effect on them.

Swallow sighted the flock at once, and in less than a couple of minutes it was driven around the post and through the opening into the second field, a fine beginning that pleased the crowd immensely. At the opening in the row of hurdles the sheep broke away several times the old sheep giving a good deal of trouble, and it took nearly nine minutes to drive the

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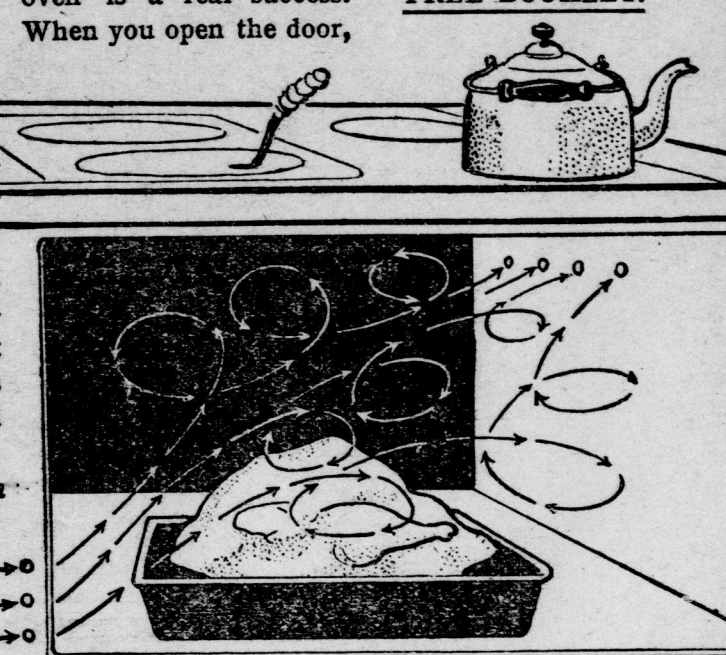
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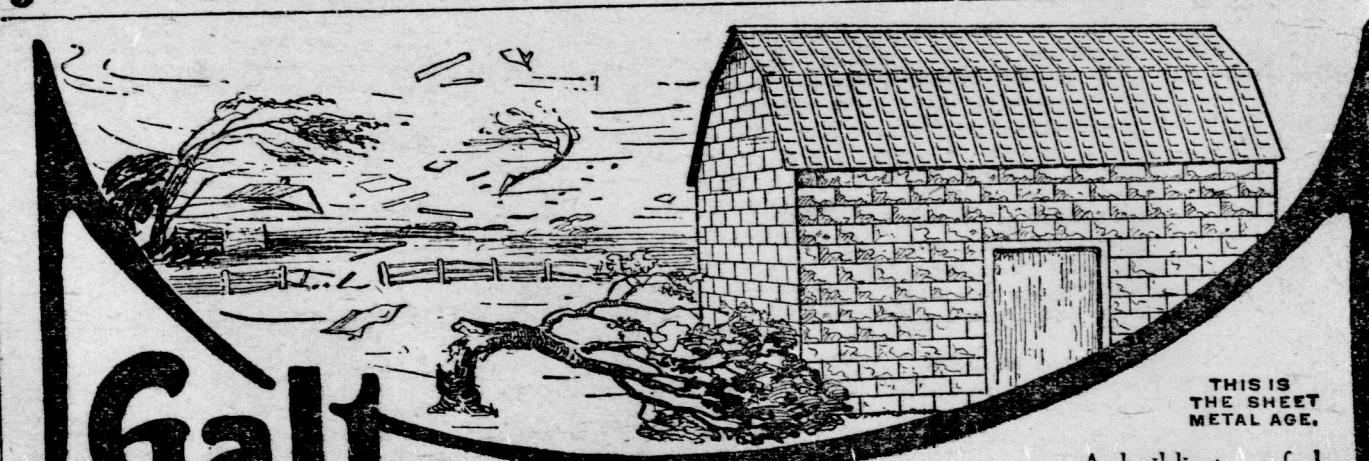
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