

The Last Days of an Empress.

Every now and then one sees in the morning papers a telegram, dated from Berlin or from Frankfurt-on-Main, announcing the speedily approaching death of the Dowager Empress of Germany. For many months the wife of Frederick the Noble, and the mother of the present Kaiser, has been given up periodically by the doctors. Cancer is slowly destroying her. She is as much under sentence of death as a condemned murderer, but she has one resource that the murderer has not. She can, and does, stave off death by the exercise of her indomitable resolution. An English doctor who recently assisted for a brief period her regular physician, said the other day at a medical congress in Paris: 'The Dowager Empress ought to have died months ago; but even death cannot pierce at one stroke through the defence of her granite will; he has to bore slowly to get at the citadel of that life.'

This Empress with the formidable will is one of the most unhappy women in the world. She clings desperately to life, but her heart was broken long ago, and her last days are steeped in bitterness. Her whole career has been a brilliant misery. Now that she is dying slowly—a widow, an abandoned mother and an ex-sovereign detested by the people she tried faithfully to serve—she may well have said, as is reported: 'I mean to live as long as I can; but when I die, no one will be sorry, least of all myself.'

This iron will, which keeps her alive now, has been directly and indirectly the cause of all her misery. No doubt it came to her from her mother, the late queen of England. Anyhow, it is certain that very early in life the present Empress Frederick of Germany, then Princess Victoria of England, came often into conflict with her mother. When she was only six she dared to oppose the will of her queen mother.

Queen Victoria, the Prince-Consort Albert, the princess royal and the present king of England were present in state at a review at Aldershot. A brilliant cavalcade of officers galloped by the side of the coach as royal guards. The little princess dropped her handkerchief to the ground for the pride of seeing field marshals and generals pulling up their horses and dismounting to restore the object. The queen observed the incident and motioned to the officers not to gratify her caprice. Then she stopped the carriage and turned to the princess:

'Get out, my child, and pick up your handkerchief.' The little girl refused. 'Mamma, I can't; I'd be ashamed,' she said.

The Queen insisted, the Prince-Consort entreated, but the princess pouted, blushed and refused this time flatly: 'I won't.'

Her Majesty had to let the carriage drive ahead, leaving the handkerchief on the ground.

In 1855 Princess Victoria was married at the age of 17 to the Crown Prince of Prussia, Frederick, the son and heir of King Wilhelm. It was a brilliant marriage. But happy though it was for the Princess in the unfeeling love between herself and her Fritz, it was made bitter by the intense hatred she excited in Bismarck.

From beginning to end the Iron Chancellor sought to thwart 'the English woman,' as he called her. It was a bitter blow to him that the heir of the house of Hohenzollern should have made a marital alliance with a Princess of his enemy's country.

'She has poisoned,' said he, 'the Hohenzollern blood at its source.'

And through the press he stirred the whole people of Prussia against the Crown Princess. She was represented as a traitor on the steps of the throne, an interloping foreigner bent on destroying the Prussian nation by insidiously Anglicizing it. This was the more readily believed in that the Crown Princess was really trying to introduce into Prussia many liberal ideas prevalent in England.

Herself a woman of strong intellect and remarkably educated, she sought to procure for women in Prussia an enlightened system of education and some considerable degree of political influence. She had set her face against many survivals of feudal privileges still lingering in Prussia and practically proclaimed herself a democrat.

'The English woman,' said Bismarck, 'is not only a rights-of-man woman; she is also a rights-of-woman woman, which is worse. It is red revolution enthroned on a throne.'

She was hissed in the streets of Berlin, stones were thrown at her carriage, she could not appear at a public function, even by the side of the Crown Prince whom the people adored without risk of insult. A curious complaint of hers had been recorded. From an early age she had been a diligent student of the works of John Stuart Mill, the great English republican publisher and advocate of woman's rights. One year in the height of her unpopularity at Berlin she wrote to him and invited him to pay a visit to herself and the Crown Prince. Mill declined. In a respectful letter he explained that such a meeting would do harm both to him and to her; people would charge him with selling his republican principles for royal smiles and would say of her that she allowed philosophical faddisms to lower the royal dignity.

'Unhappy woman that I am,' she cried to her secretary; 'the Chancellor and my future subjects hate me because they think me a democrat; and the democrats will have nothing to do with me because I may one day be a queen.'

It is said that she wrote a letter to the English philosopher which he would never show to anyone and of which he did not like to speak; probably it was not gentle.

In all her struggles with the autocratic Chancellor and with the malevolence of the people she was morally sustained by Frederick. The Crown Prince, though obliged for state reasons to keep on saying nothing was much more liberal in his ideas than either Bismarck or old Wilhelm and as far as possible he defended his wife's ideas.

It is a curious fact that it was her energy, determination and astuteness that made him Emperor for three months. All the world remembers that when the old Emperor Wilhelm lay on his deathbed the Crown Prince was already afflicted with the virulent throat disease which was to kill him. This was Bismarck's chance of gratifying his hate of the English woman, and preventing her from mounting the Imperial throne with power practically to govern the Empire in the place of her sick husband. It was the law in Germany that no Prince can become King if afflicted with an incurable disease. The Chancellor sought to have the Crown Prince declared to be suffering from cancer, so that on the old Emperor's death the crown might fall to the present Kaiser, instead of his father.

All the court physicians were Bismarck's tools; if they could but get to see the sufferer and utter the word 'cancer,' the Chancellor would deprive his enemy of his chance of grasping the helm. But the Crown Princess resisted every persuasion, every artifice, every menace; she brought the English physician, Morell Mackenzie, over from England to treat her husband, and rigorously barred every German doctor from the sickroom. It was like an international war, waged in the passage outside the sick chamber, an imperial crown being the stake at issue. She won; Dr. Mackenzie said that the Crown Princess's malady was not such as to deprive him of his right; and on the old Emperor's death, the Princess Victoria became Empress of Germany. It must not be thought that she had been fighting merely for that title. Her deep love for her husband was amply proved by her devotion to him all through that time of deadly political intrigue. And she gave, incidentally at the same time, proof of her remarkable intellectual powers. For during the three months of her husband's reign she made a profound study of the medical principles involved in his case, for the sole purpose of hastening the recovery which never came. Sir Morell Mackenzie afterward wrote that the Empress became so proficient in the matter that a doctor might have talked with her about it for an hour at a time without suspecting that she was a mere outsider. No wonder that King Edward VII when asked who was the cleverest woman he had known answered without hesitation:

'My sister, the Dowager Empress of Germany.'

When after ninety-nine days of tenure of the imperial throne Frederick died there began the last dismal stage of the Empress's career. As Crown Princess and as Empress she had had trouble, unpopularity, the persistent abhorrence of the all-powerful Iron Chancellor, all sorts of intrigues to fight against; but she had had power and high place. Now she was to know the misery of obscurity.

Few mothers have suffered more from their children than this unhappy Empress

from the Kaiser. I have heard a German officer relate a favorite device of William's to humiliate his mother during his grandfather's reign. The first Emperor Wilhelm though not an unkind old fellow in his way was an autocratic ruler of his household and even his strong-willed daughter-in-law never dreamed of resisting him. He would sometimes send an order to the Crown Princess by her son, young Wilhelm. The boy would rudely enter his mother's presence and, as if in his own name, bid her do the thing—perhaps to preside at some function, perhaps to leave for a brief visit to Potsdam.

Naturally resenting the young man's insolent manners, the unhappy mother would refuse to do as he desired. He would let her commit herself definitely to the refusal, often before other people, then would ask her with a triumphant sneer whether he was to bring the emperor word that the Crown Princess despised the command of her sovereign. The brutality cut the mother to the quick; violent scenes constantly took place, and the haughty woman, who never feared to confront the stormy rage of the chancellor, would cry and wring her hands in despair over the conduct of her son.

Long after the masterful young man had become emperor in his turn and had broken Bismarck, her lifelong enemy, he still took a strange pleasure, if report be true, in wounding and slighting his mother in her lonely widowhood. Even now he scarcely ever sees her; when he does it is only for a formal visit of a few minutes, a concession to the outward decencies. After the death of her mother, Queen Victoria, he paid such a visit in company with his uncle, the new king, and probably at his urgent request. That formal call of condolence will very likely be the last until he is summoned to the death scene that may any day take place.

For it is not cheerful at Cronsberg-on-the-Main, where the most miserable of royal ladies is fighting with death. The house, though called a schloss or castle, is a dismal, ugly building in the worst modern German style. The great cheerless rooms are almost bare; there is no sign of the domestic comfort one would expect to find in the home of an English Princess living in Germany, the land of good housewifely order. Except in the graver crises of her incurable malady, the Empress spends most of her time seated at a window in the big, bare salon, gazing listlessly at the chimneys that make her view. They say she is often found in tears, though she does not like to have it noticed. She reads little, but 'The Imitation of Christ' is always within reach of her hand. Twice a week she has a visit from her youngest daughter, the Princess of Hesse, who comes over from Frankfurt to pass the afternoon at the mournful schloss. It is a pitiful evening to a life which dawned so brightly.

NEBRASKA'S COWBOY GOVERNOR.

'Dashboard' Savage and How He Gained Two Titles at Once.

Ezra P. Savage, cowboy and ranchman by profession, is now Governor of Nebraska having succeeded Charles H. Dietrich, who resigned on May 1 to accept the office of United States Senator, Gov. Savage, bluff, broad shouldered, shrewd, bronzed by the winds and sun of the plains, is one of the most noteworthy pictures that ever filled the gubernatorial chair in any State.

In the fall of 1900 the Republicans in their eagerness to regain control of the State put up an exceptionally strong ticket. In order to please the Western cattlemen Mr. Savage was nominated for Lieutenant Governor. His popularity among ranchmen added thousands of voters to the republican ticket. The election of Gov. Dietrich to the United States Senate suddenly elevated Mr. Savage to the Governorship. 'Dashboard' Savage is the nickname he bears among politicians. He got his name by an act performed just before the last ballot of the Senatorial contest by which he probably saved several people from serious injury.

As Lieutenant-Governor he presided over the assembly of the Legislature. Although he knew nothing of parliamentary law the subject had no terrors for him. When he thought a ruling was right and facilitated business he made it; otherwise, not. His vocabulary smacked largely of the plains.

As the hour drew nigh for the last Senatorial ballot the excitement was intense. The Republicans were in caucus; the Fusionists were in their seats waiting the majority to arrive. A large crowd pressed into Representative Hall. Soon the galleries were so full that the people were pushed to the edge, where they were only a railing a foot high.

The news of the nomination of Gov. Dietrich and J. H. Millard was for Senators was received with great enthusiasm. Suddenly the crowd began to arrive from

Skin Torture Cured by Dr. Chase.

The Frightful Agony of Itching and Disfiguring Skin Diseases Compelled to Yield to the Extraordinary Antiseptic and Healing Influence of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

You will search the world in vain for a more effective treatment for itching skin disease than is Dr. Chase's Ointment. For children and grown people alike it acts like magic on every sore or eruption, promptly stopping the itching and stinging, and gradually healing the patches of raw, flaring flesh. Every claim made for Dr. Chase's Ointment is substantiated by the evidence of scores of hundreds of grateful people who have tested its unusual healing qualities.

This is a copy of the letter from Mrs. James Brady, Amberley, Huron county, Ont.: 'I was afflicted with eczema for over six months, and it was so bad that my head was a solid mass of scabs, and would ulcerate when scratched. The itching was intense. I could not stand it. I had doctored for four months, and it did not do me any good. I had to give up my housework and go home to my mother. I tried nearly everything, but could get no relief. Seeing your advertisement in one of the Toronto papers, I decided to try Dr. Chase's Ointment.

'I got relief from the first application, and it only required one box and part of

another to cure me. I am sure that Dr. Chase's Ointment is worth its weight in gold.'

Mr. James Scott, 135 Wright avenue, Toronto, states: 'My boy Tom, aged ten, was for nearly three years afflicted with a bad form of eczema of the scalp, which was very unsightly, and resisted all kinds of remedies and doctor's treatment. His head was in a terrible state. We had to keep him from school, and at times his head would bleed and the child would scream with agony. For two and a half years we battled with it in vain, but at last found a cure in Doctor Chase's Ointment. About five boxes were used. The original sores dried up, leaving the skin in its normal condition. To say it is a pleasure to testify to the wonderful merits of Dr. Chase's Ointment is putting it very mildly.'

It is a waste of time and money to experiment with cheap imitations. You can be certain that Dr. Chase's Ointment will cure every case of eczema, salt rheum or other itching skin disease. If your druggist does not have it, send the amount, 60 cents a box, to these offices, and the ointment will be sent postpaid. Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

AUTHOR OF THE BREADWINNERS.

Chicago Woman Says It Was Ida Harris Aged 22—Some Who Know Won't Tell.

The Chicago Tribune has published a story on the authority of Mrs. John G. Aldrich of 792 Monroe street it says, declaring on the word of Mrs. Aldrich that 'The Breadwinners,' which created a sensation in the early '80s, was written by Miss Ida Harris of Champaign, Ill., who died a fortnight ago. The Tribune says that Miss Harris confided the secret of the authorship to Mrs. Aldrich and bade her not to tell it until after Miss Harris's death. According to the story, only Miss Harris's doctor and her lawyer (both unnamed) knew that she was the author of the book. The facts were to be revealed in her will, which appears not yet to have been opened.

'The Breadwinners' aroused interest and a great deal of feeling everywhere when it was published in the Century and later in book form. Few works given to the public anonymously have elicited greater interest or attention or have had the secret of their authorship so long and so well preserved. The belief has been so persistent and pervasive that John Hay, the present Secretary of State, wrote the book as to have come to be accepted as fact. But Col Hay has never acknowledged the authorship.

Richard Watson Gilder said when the Chicago Tribune story was shown to him that as the authorship had always been a secret he did not feel that it would be proper to say anything on the subject now particularly as, although the story had first been published in his magazine, the book was published by the Harpers.

'It was the work of a friend of ours, Mr. Gilder said; but we think we know who wrote it. I should not care, however, even to deny this story now, as I do not feel that it would be proper to say anything about the matter.'

Col. G. B. M. Harvey of Harper & Bros. said when the story was shown him that there was nothing to be said about it.

If Miss Harris wrote the story it was the work of a girl about 22 years old, which most readers of the story would be loath to believe. The story called out a production intended to present the other side of the problem, entitled 'The Money-maker,' a much less vigorous work, which never had the attention that was accorded the first book.

STOP THAT HEAD COLD.

In 10 Minutes

Or it will develop into Chronic Catarrh Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder stops cold in the head in 10 minutes, and relieves most acute and deep seated Catarrh after one application. Cures quickly and permanently. 'I have used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder with best results. It is a great remedy, and I never cease recommending it.'—John E. Dell, Paulding, O.

OR Again, On Again.

Very well, said she in a huff, all is over between us. I will thank you to return my letters.

All right, said he. 'I'll send them to you the first thing in the morning.'

'Oh, there is no killing hurry! Suppose you—or—bring them with you when you call tomorrow evening.'

'When a lady says 'No' she means 'Yes' observed the philosopher of the bearding house, and when her papa throws you down the front steps and swears at you until you have disappeared in the gloom there seems to be something contrary about him, too.

ONE TEASPOONFUL of pain-killer in hot water sweetened will cure almost any case of flatulency and indigestion. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.