

## CROWN vs. CUPID

By Muriel Armstrong.

It was the hour of sunset and the calm of eventide wrapped the little world of Isehnwold in its embrace. On this delightful August evening the town was en fête. At the Schloss a reception was being held in honor of Prince Oscar's eightieth birthday, to which the American Consul had procured invitations for many of the guests at the hotel. Toward 9 o'clock the streets suddenly became animated and a gay throng of men and women, in carriages and on foot, might be seen winding their way to the now brilliantly lighted Schloss.

An hour later a tall, dark figure clad in flowing draperies emerged from the hotel and glided swiftly and gracefully down the high street to the beach below.

On the beach the woman threw back the long dark cloak which had been so closely wrapped about her, disclosing a slender, graceful form, with a fair girlish face above full of youth and sentiment. She stood partly in the shadow of a great rock yet with the moonbeams falling directly on her, lending an added charm to her tender beauty, and as she waited thus another figure came quickly across the sands toward her.

She did not see the man approach, for her gaze was fixed on the distant horizon veiled in shimmering mist. He came quite close to her.

"Helen," he whispered softly, and she turned with a cry of glad surprise, extending both hands toward him.

"I was beginning to fear that your duties as aide-de-camp would prevent you from coming to-night," she said, and as he did not speak, went on, "but perhaps I should not have written to tell you of my arrival until after this state function. Are you cross because I didn't wait, Carl?"

"Not at all, my dear girl," replied the young German in English, which he spoke fluently. "I could not be cross with you if I would. But tell me, Liechen, why are you not at the palace to-night? I saw several of your people there with the American Consul."

"My aunt wanted me to go, and I'm almost sorry now that I didn't since you regret having come here to see me." The girl's answer was full of reproach, and the man felt how brutally cold he had been.

"It is because you do not understand all that you say these things," he said, throwing his arm passionately about her shoulders. "You are been constantly in my thoughts since that day I met you in Rome, at Signor Rosetti's studio. Do you remember it, Helen?"

"Yes, perfectly. I had been watching you from the window as you came along on the terrace below, and then I saw you stop to speak to the ragged little flower girl with the basket of violets. She was beautiful, too, and as you talked to her so interestedly, I mentally compared you to King Cophetua and the beggar maid. Then you came in, and the old professor introduced us. He said we were his rival pupils in Italian, and after that we grew to be great friends, didn't we?"

"Yes, great friends," he answered, withdrawing his arm from her shoulders. "But why did you compare me to King Cophetua?"

The girl shivered slightly as though suddenly struck by a cold breeze.

"To be strictly truthful, I did not stop to consider the adaptability of the simile at the time. I was only a romantic schoolgirl out for my first holiday, and naturally my mind was alert to anything unusual which might happen around me. Seeing a well-dressed and apparently well-bred young man conversing with a ragged, yet beautiful girl reminded me of the legend of King Cophetua and his beggar maid. Hence, you see, the comparison was but the fanciful creation of a romantic brain."

"Well done," laughed Carl von Schreiner. "You have proved it like a proposition in Euclid. But despite his jocularity there was a mirthlessness in his tones which grated on Helen Wentworth's ear."

He turned from her and looked out over the broad expanse of the sea, no longer tranquil, for the incoming tide was advancing and in a few moments would be at their feet. The pale light of the moon fell on his handsome figure wearing the uniform of the Isehnwold army, and showed to perfection the clear cut outline of his profile. His usually firm mouth had relaxed into gentler curves and his whole expression was almost womanly in its tenderness. She thought of that April day in Rome on the hotel piazza overlooking the Tiber, when he had come to say good-by. So this was their meeting, and he was no longer a boy and the old feeling of good comradeship had given place to an almost painfully constrained cordiality.

"What a pretty rose you are wearing, Carl! May I not have it as a memento of to-night?"

He unfastened the rose from his coat and flung it into the sea, but instantly the girl stooped and rescued it.

"Where are your good manners, Carl?" she asked, a mocking reproach in her tone. "Your temper is sadly out of repair and you are tiresome to-night. Go home and take a long rest and perhaps next time—well—sweet dreams, mon ami, good night."

The next morning Helen Wentworth came down late to breakfast. Miss Egan, her aunt, looked up.

"I am glad to see you are quite

well again this morning," she said. Her niece made haste to inquire how the reception had impressed her.

"It was certainly a splendid affair," the elder lady enthusiastically replied. "I never before saw such a magnificent display of jewels, so many beautiful women, such exquisite gowns, such a superb collection of—"

"What is the prince like?" asked Helen, interrupting her aunt's train of description.

"His imperial highness is a most delightful person, charming and gracious, whose white hairs lend but an added dignity to his regal bearing."

"Oh, I don't mean the old gentleman," said Helen, "I mean the heir-apparent, Prince Carl."

"As we were rather late in reaching the palace, I did not see the young prince. He is suffering from a cold and had withdrawn before our arrival. But I had almost forgotten my astounding news."

Instantly Helen was all agog with interest.

"What is your news?" she asked.

"I met such a nice, elderly gentleman," her aunt replied. "His name is Major Samboski and he talked to me almost all evening."

"Very nice of him," returned Helen, dryly.

"The enjoyment was mutual, I assure you, my dear," said Miss Egan, suavely, ignoring the veiled sarcasm in her niece's words. "At least so we agreed, but during the course of our conversation I made a strange discovery."

"What was it?"

"Major Samboski is one of Prince Oscar's aides."

"Indeed!" The girl's gaze remained sedulously fastened on the table.

And strange to say he has never even heard of our friend Carl von Schreiner, although he explained that the name is the ancient patronymic of the Prince of Isehnwold and is still sometimes used by them as an incognito when travelling."

Miss Egan directed a swift, penetrating glance at her niece, but the girl did not speak.

There was a movement at the next table. Mrs. Chalmers had risen and was coming toward them, smiling pleasantly as she dropped into the nearest chair.

"Have you heard the very latest news?" she asked, and then without waiting for an answer went on, "I don't suppose you have, for Col. Trent, who has just come in, heard it only a few moments ago. Old Prince Oscar abdicated this morning in favor of his grandson, Prince Carl, and the people are just wild with excitement. They simply adore the young prince, and I don't wonder. He is certainly quite charming and knows how to pay a pretty compliment. Fancy, he assured me that it would be the easiest thing possible to fall in love with an American woman, and said he envied the man who could follow his inclinations and marry one. Now, Helen, had you been there, I would have known it was your fascinations that had inspired the sentiment, rather than my mature charms."

The afternoon was drawing to a close when a boy ascended the road to the Schloss, and according to the directions given him by the American lady at the hotel, crossed a courtyard and turned to the right.

A young officer in uniform, pacing up and down, accosted him.

"What do you want, boy?" he demanded in German.

"I am a special messenger to Captain von Schreiner."

"You may pass," answered the man, smiling as though he understood.

A few minutes later Prince Carl in his own private apartments stood by an open window reading Helen Wentworth's note. It was very brief, and contained the following:

"Congratulations, mon ami. We take flight for the French capital this evening. Farewell. A bird of passage."

Outside the rain had ceased and the sunlight filtered through the filmy clouds. The young Prince of Isehnwold looked out over the dripping valley with the somber mists of the sea dimly visible in the distance, and sighed. A moment later the clouds dispersed and the sun shed its golden effulgence upon the verdant earth, while slowly the silvery haze at the farther end of the valley lifted, disclosing the limpid blue waters of the sea, shimmering in the radiant light.

**Age and Inspiration.**

A writer in Harper's Weekly makes some suggestive comments upon the recent assertion of Dr. Minot, professor of embryology at Harvard, that old age begins at twenty-five, when the period of physical growth normally ends. Dr. Minot contends that intellectual growth ceases with physical growth, and that a man of thirty is not nearly so likely to have an original idea as one of twenty or twenty-five. To most persons, as the Harper's Weekly writer truly says, these assertions will seem paradoxical, especially in view of the fact that many artists, authors, and composers have produced their greatest works in the later periods of their careers. The cases of Shakespeare and Wagner, for example, are probably typical.

**Balloons in Germany.**

In the last twenty years 2,061 balloon and airship accidents have taken place in Germany and only thirty-six cases of accident have befallen the 7,570 persons taking part in them. Consequently, one trip in fifty-seven comes to grief, or one aeronaut in 210 suffers an accident.

## WONDERS OF COAL TAR

Most Valuable Aids to Chemistry and Science.

### COMPLEX DERIVATIVES.

Source of Mirbane, Large Quantities of Which are Used Yearly for Perfuming Purposes—Aside From Carbo-lic Acid One Hundred Different Drugs are Derived.

We are just beginning to learn what a wonderful fortune we have fallen heir to. Recently a body of scientists assembled in honor of William Henry Perkin, who, by his discovery of mauve just fifty years ago, inaugurated the dyeing industry, which was the first of the great industries developed from coal tar, says the New York Times.

Long before Perkin made his famous discovery four different chemists, working independently at different times in widely separated places, with entirely different materials and entirely different processes, produced a colorless aromatic oil which had the property of producing beautiful crystalline salts. Each chemist thought his discovery an original one and gave it an original name. The first man who produced the substance by distilling the well known dye indigo called it crystalline; the next man to obtain the substance from coal tar called it kyanol; the third chemist, who also worked with indigo, named his discovery aniline, and the fourth man, who derived the salts from benzine, called the derivative benidam. But all these were different names for the very same thing, as was shown by the chemist Hoffman, and this oil we now call aniline.

In the manufacture of illuminating gas from coal about 140 pounds of tar are obtained from every ton of coal. In the early history of gas making, before the value of this tar was known, manufacturers were only too anxious to get rid of the stuff. It possessed no market value and was literally given away to any one who was willing to pay the cartage. Its only use was for coating fence posts, tiles, etc., to protect them from the weather. Some attempts were made to convert the tar into a patent fuel by compressing it into briquettes. But very little of it was used in this way, and the manufacturers could rid their works of the stuff only by burning it. Thirty-five years before the discovery of mauve coal tar was distilled and several oils discovered. One of these oils, namely benzine, was used by a Scotchman named McIntosh to dissolve rubber, which he used in the manufacture of rain coats which still bear his name. But a very limited quantity was used in this way, and it was not until Perkins showed its commercial possibilities in the manufacture of dyes that the stuff rose to a respectable valuation.

Take the production of mauve, for example. To start with, coal tar is distilled to produce benzene (that, by the way, must not be confused with benzine, which is produced from petroleum). This must then be nitrated to form nitro-benzene. Nitro-benzene is now mixed with acetic acid and iron filings and distilled at a high temperature to produce aniline, with which Perkin began. First he produced a sulphate of aniline, then he mixed this with potassium dichromate and let the mixture settle. In a few hours a muddy black precipitate was formed in the bottom of the receptacle. This black substance was now washed to rid it of potassium sulphate and then treated with naphtha, after which the residue was dissolved in alcohol to produce the dye mauve. Similar processes, some of them far more complicated, must be gone through to produce other dyes.

To be sure there are many substances which can be obtained direct from coal tar without mixing in other chemicals, and a number of these substances are used in the new state. They are procured by heating the tar slowly, and thus distilling the various constituents. First there is a light, watery liquor, next comes a light oil, then, as the temperature grows higher, carbolic oil is obtained, followed by creosote oil and finally naphthalene oil, leaving a residue of pitch in the still. Aside from carbolic, there are more than one hundred different drugs derived from coal tar—antipyrine, for instance, and phenacetine, and thallium, the great yellow fever medicine.

One of the most remarkable derivatives of coal tar is saccharine, a substitute for sugar, which is largely used in jams, jellies, etc., because it does not ferment. Saccharine is more than three hundred times sweeter than cane sugar, yet it contains no nutriment. It is very useful for flavoring the food of diabetic patients who are unable to use sugar. In addition to its very good antiseptic.

No mention has been made of the delicate perfumes which coal tar provides. This is all the more remarkable because coal tar in its raw state is possessed of a vile odor. The discovery of mirbane, the first of the coal tar perfumes, even antedates mauve, though only little of it was manufactured at that time. Mirbane has the perfume of bitter almonds and is largely used in soaps and cosmetics, shoeblackening, and many other articles of common use.

## VOWS IN MARRIAGE.

INTERPRETATIONS AMERICANS GIVE THIS SOLEMN VOW.

Comparisons Drawn By an English Sister—Unwilling to Make Concessions—Forgets She Marries for Better or Worse.

In England the idea among married women is to make the best of the worst of things. In this country it seems often to be to make the worst of the worst of things. Among the words of the marriage ceremony used in England one finds the wife taking the husband "for better, for worse," and, in so far as I can discover, this same formula is used in the marriage ceremony of the different denominations in the United States, says a writer in the New York Times.

I am not here concerned with the American marriage law, but with the attitude of so many American women toward the religious ceremony which makes them wives, and the lightness in which they hold their promise to take their husbands for better or for worse. One may even have an opinion of one's own concerning the advisability of making such a promise, but, if one has, why does one make it?

The American woman is without doubt the most diplomatic, tactful, and adaptable woman in the world. Far more than in the Englishwoman we find in the American woman the natural talent for conformity.

Let her once determine to adapt herself to new surroundings and she becomes a part of them. The fact that her father sold shoestrings on the street corner will not prevent her making a charming and graceful hostess and wearing, as though to the manner born, a coronet.

Herein lies her inconsistency. In married life, with the ability to adapt, she often will not adapt herself. Pliable at will, she does not will to be plied, when it comes to making the best of a bad matrimonial venture.

"You are not the man I thought you," she says to her husband.

"Good-by!"

"You are not the man I thought you were, but I've got to put up with you!" says the Englishwoman.

In stating the rule one of course admits the exceptions of the American woman who puts up with things and the Englishwoman who runs away, but the general impression one gets of unfortunate marriages in this country is what I have stated—the tendency of the disappointed woman to make no effort toward conformity.

My observation of American husbands and wives makes me believe that the average American husband is far more willing to make concessions to the weaknesses of his wife than is the wife to make concessions of those of her husband. The American man has learned to a nicety the art of giving in, and seems rather inclined to make the best of the worst situation. In this regard he is as unlike as possible to the average British husband, who is, in the main, an unadaptable creature and leaves his wife to practice the virtues of conformity. Were not the British wife something of an adept in this art one might have cause to tremble for the stability of the ancient bulwark of British household.

Perhaps, after all, it is because of its very ancient state that the British home seems more stable, more built upon a rock, than does the American. You, who are so young in other things, seem also to exhibit your youth in this.

Let us then call it the spirit of youth that makes a wife so hurriedly pick her trunk because of nothing of greater importance than a small breakfast table dispute, as if, perhaps, the spirit of youth that leads her to tell the officiating clergyman to eliminate the promise to obey from the marriage ceremony, though one cannot be favorably impressed with a sense of humor that leads her to overlook the promise she makes to honor and love her husband, without conditions—a far more impossible feat than obeying him.

Mere obedience is doubtless the one promise in the marriage contract most readily kept. One can obey where one ceases to love and honor. One can obey where one despises. And, as for taking for better or worse, why so prevalent an inclination to repudiate the contract when the taking proves to have been for "worse"? Analyzed, word for word, sentence for sentence, promise for promise, the religious marriage contract is so altogether different from any form of contract into which one may enter that any man or woman might most readily be excused for refusing to make so many unconditional promises for the future. That surely is any individual's privilege, but to make the promises and repudiate them, to take for better or for worse, and then to fly at the approach of the "worse"—is not this the weakest sort of weakness?

**Meditations of a Spinster.**

It's a loss-up which looks worse! In a bathing suit, the too thin girl or the too-fat one.

Funny that the love-making husband is generally a poor provider and the good business man too often terribly grumpy around the house.

It's the person without money who cries hardest to give the impression that he is rich.

Rainy Sundays are sent so that everybody is glad to get back to work again.

## SHRINKING WOOLLEN GOODS.

Suggestions to the Home Dress-maker to Use to Advantage.

Short lengths, say, for a child's frock or coat, may be done satisfactorily at home by wringing a sheet for a single bed out of warm water, then laying the material to be shranked flatly upon it, then roll tightly. Clip the selvage first, and if the cloth is double fold allow it to remain so, the right side folded in. Enroll and iron a little at a time, through the damp cloth, then remove the cloth and iron the material almost dry.

In shrinking heavy washable materials, as heavy duck, waistings and pelisse, the best and most convenient way is to fold the goods in yard lengths, basting all the selvages at top and bottom together respectively; then lay in cold water for an hour or so, and hang up to dry dripping and not wrung out at all. When partly dry release the basteings on lower edge and pull straight firmly with hands every now and again. When removed from the line the material will be found to look like new and need very little pressing. In shrinking colored wash goods a handful of salt should always be added to the water as a precaution.

In cutting woollen goods with a nap it must not be forgotten that all parts must be the same way. Smooth cloths should be cut with the nap going downward, and if not quite sure of the pile pass the hand over the surface; if perfectly smooth the pile runs that way, and each part of the pattern should lie in the same direction. This is so important that any mistake may result in a garment being apparently made from different shades of cloth.

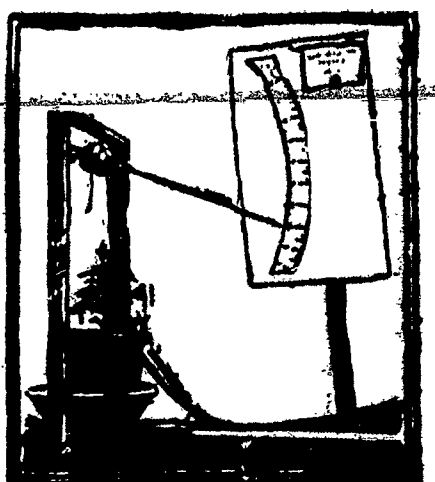
A thick, heavy nap, as seen in velvet or plush, should be made up with the pile taking an upward direction, otherwise it will be likely to flatten and thus lose the rich deep color so desirable in these fabrics.

Plaids are much worn, and in buying it will be well to remember that a longer length of material will be required for a garment of plaid or figured goods than were plain material being purchased, as plaids and figures must be made to match, which, of course, incurs a little waste. However, plaids made up on the bias are very popular, and this can often be done to advantage. It will be seen that plaids and the lighter weight woollens seldom or never have a nap, neither will it be necessary to shrink this kind of goods, but extreme care should be taken in matching these stripes and checks, the scissors only coming into use after one is quite sure of the result.

When basting, it is well to set them just a hair's breadth beyond the stitching of the seams, to avoid catching them in with the machine, and, in sewing a seam, one edge of which is fuller than the other, the full edge should come next the feed. No less important is the pressing, and unless one has a board entirely for the purpose an improvised seam presser is the rolling pin wrapped about with a smooth cloth; and in pressing, if the straight end of the iron is used better results will be obtained than by using the point, which nine out of ten home dress-makers do. Cloth seams will require dampening. A piece of cloth made into a roll will be good for this, dipping into warm water, but thinner materials should not be dampened at all. Seams of silk and of velvet are pressed in the same way, that is, with the goods passed over the surface of the iron, the iron being held by a second person. Velvet will stand a hotter iron than will silk. The hem of a velvet skirt will not require pressing, but that on a silk will be pressed in the usual way, laying on the ironing board and pressing on the wrong side with a warm, but not hot, iron.

**Record Growth of a Plant.**

The home made apparatus here shown indicates by means of a pointer and dial the rate of growth of a plant. A length of cotton, weighted at one end, is attached to



the head of the plant, and passed over a wheel. Fixed to the wheel is the pointer, which is moved mechanically as the plant grows, and so allows the weight to fall.

**To Lighten Home Cares.**

A spoonful of mustard in a gallon of water will kill insects in earth. This is good for potted plants.

A few drops of oil of lavender in a glass of hot water will purify a sick room. Also remove cooking smells.

If you wash zinc with mineral soap, then with kerosene—it will look like new.

An escape of gas into one's bedroom is very injurious to health, even though it be a very slight one. It is frequently an unsuspected cause of sore throat and headache.

## STORY OF THE COAT.

A Thirteenth Century Style—How It Has Often Changed.

The coat seems to have made its first appearance in the thirteenth century, when it was known as the spencer and the more picturesque title of a cote hardie, says the London Tribune. The first examples were tight fitting, richly trimmed with fur and embroidery, and of a different color and material from the rest of the gown. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries it was known as the doublet, and, being worn with a belt and big sleeves, was like the old fashioned Russian blouse, although of a more elaborate design.

Elizabethan fashions introduced tight lacing and further confirmed the popularity of the coat, which, however, went out of fashion in the days of the Stuarts. The early days of the nineteenth century saw the coat in the height of fashion. The early name of spencer clung to it, and in bright colors it often formed a striking contrast to a muslin skirt.

In the '40s it was known as the "pince taille," or "pince waist," a name which explains itself, and was made with pagoda sleeves and big frills—a trying enough style it must have been to all but the slender. The pince-taille was in fashion for some years, being popular in 1855 under the more modern sounding "mantilla" and "casque." These were of built of glass silk, and the sleeves, which were of huge dimensions, were put in with ponce or raglan seams.

And to-day finds the bolero or coat still to the fore. Thus does the history of dress repeat itself.

**Fancy Blouse Waist.**

Such a pretty waist as this one is always welcome. It is charmingly graceful, as well as novel and it serves the double purpose of the separate blouse and waist for the entire gown. In the illustration press



de Chine is combined with tulle belt, epaulettes and cuffs and yoke of all-over lace and is trimmed with a petty silk banding and plisse frills of Liberty silk, the combination of materials being a singularly effective one.

The waist is made over a fitted lining and consists of the fronts, backs and center front or chemise. The lining backs are faced to form the back portion of the chemise and the waist is tucked at the shoulders and arranged over the foundation. The epaulettes make a pretty trimming at the shoulders and the center front and center back, both it and the waist being closed lavishly at the back. The sleeves are in one piece each, the fullness arranged in tuck shirrings at the lower edges where they are finished with cuffs that harmonize with the belt.

**Popcorn for Seasickness.**

It is not generally known that popcorn is one of the best remedies for nausea caused by seasickness or car sickness. In one case known to the writer a lady starting on an overland journey of several days duration was before many hours had passed attacked by the usual symptoms. She decided to try the new remedy, whatever it might be, that she had been assured would find in a good sized tin box that had been given her at her departure.

Although rather incredulous, the traveller tried the popcorn she found in the box, and to her gratification the nausea gradually disappeared. She ate freely of the corn every day whenever there was the slightest indication of nausea, and thanks to this simple precaution the journey was accomplished with an unbroken degree of comfort.

**Marriage Really a Lottery.**

Every year in the Rural county, India, about October a marriage lottery—a sort of wheel of fortune—is held. The names of all the marriageable girls and of the young men of the circle who want to get married are written on slips of paper and thrown into separate earthen pots. From these they are drawn against one another by the local wise man.

This simply determines the fact that the Rural girl has come out and is ready to be married, and the youth whose name is drawn against hers thereby obtains a particular lot of introduction with a view to make love immediately.