

GOING TO WED, DESPITE HER NAPOLEON SIRE

Princess Clementine, of Belgium, Determined to Marry Prince Victor Napoleon

BRUXELLES, Jan. 28.—(Special Correspondent of The Sunday Oregonian.)—There was a rumor last year that Princess Clementine, the youngest daughter of King Leopold of Belgium, had become engaged, in spite of her father's wishes, to Prince Victor Napoleon, who, as heir of the Bonaparte family, would be Emperor of France today if the Napoleons had managed to stick to the throne. That rumor was promptly and vigorously denied before the public fairly had a chance to consider the significance and interest of such an alliance.

I have authority which I consider unquestionable for saying that, whatever may have been the case when the rumor was first denied, it is now an absolute fact, and it begins to look as if the efforts of King Leopold to prevent the match would be futile.

Princess Victor has just been making a tour of the various courts of Europe, with many of which he is connected, to obtain family opinion on the matter, and everywhere, it is reported, the proposed alliance has been received with favor. It is recognized that the Prince ought to marry, and no letter wife could be found, in the restricted circle of royalty, than the stately, graceful Princess Clementine. In every respect she is worthy to mate with a representative of the Napoleonic dynasty, and to be, perhaps, the mother of one who may sit upon the throne of France, even if the Prince himself should never attain what the French imperialists consider his rightful position.

One reason King Leopold is so strongly opposed to the match is that he fears the enmity of the French Republican party, who would see in the marriage a source of strength to the Bonapartists. Not to be able to escape constantly to Paris would be a matter of great annoyance to the Belgian monarch, who, when there, lets aside all that chilling, distant manner which grates so much on the susceptibilities of the democratic Belgians. And, besides, the King is interested in many business ventures which would suffer if he lost the friendship of the French government.

Tried to Eject Her Father's Guests. It is no secret that the King and Princess Clementine do not live happily together, the Princess greatly resenting certain capriciousness of his august majesty, which occasionally brings her into contact with people she considers undesirable.

A story is told which explains why the Princess—who has lived for years a very retired life—did not leave Laeken throughout the whole of the past warm Summer season. By the King's orders she was compelled to relinquish her usual visit to Ostend as a punishment for a little "conceitiveness" which occurred one fine morning in the Spring, when the Princess was taking a stroll in the park at Laeken. She saw there, to her surprise, two women who appeared to be as much at home there as herself. One was a young and very beautiful girl, the other, evidently the mother, though older, was equally handsome. The Princess, with that gracious manner which is renowned throughout Europe, went to them, and, thinking they were unintentional intruders, said, "I beg your pardon, Mesdemoiselles, but perhaps you do not know this is private ground."

The women looked her squarely in the eyes and the mother replied, "Oh, yes, we do, but we like to walk here."

"Then I must request you to withdraw at once," said the Princess with royal dignity. "This is the Royal Park, and you have no business to intrude on my privacy."

"Oh," sneered the younger of the women, tossing her head, "but perhaps her royal highness is not aware that we are staying at the palace as the guests of the King, who is most gracious to both of us, and has given permission that we shall do whatever we like."

The Princess was threatening to call the guard and have them turned out when the King came on the scene, and the Princess appealed to him.

"These ladies are my guests," said the King wrathfully. "and are welcome to go anywhere they please. Go to your apartments at once, and do not leave them until I send for you, and do not interfere with my friends again."

And thus humiliated before the two women, the Princess was forced to withdraw after making the requisite salutation to her father, while her rivals stood by smiling. They are known as the Comtesse de Launay and her daughter. It is not difficult to understand, therefore, that the Princess will welcome as a real deliverer a Prince who enables her to leave her father's palace, though she is so proud that she would sooner suffer virtual imprisonment than have her rank, it is said, however, that she has fallen genuinely in love with Prince Victor, and looks forward to her marriage.

Bring her the happiness of which this fact is the source, and which she has longed for so long. The opposition of King Leopold may present some obstacles to the marriage, but "love laughs at locksmiths," and perhaps at Kings. In any case, the ex-Empress Eugenie has given her consent, and as she will leave her great fortune to Prince Victor, he will not lack money enough to provide comfortably for a royal spouse, even should her father disinherit her.

It is a matter of common knowledge that Prince Victor already has a morganatic consort, a flourishing family, which cannot inherit his title. There is a plenty of precedent in the pages of the unwritten history of European courts for the disposition of what is considered a little complication like this. The facts of the case are perfectly well known to

Princess Clementine, who, educated as she has been in the code of state marriages, cannot but be forgiven for looking upon the situation from another viewpoint than that of any woman who does not happen to be the daughter of a monarch. She is now 22 years old and can have few of the illusions of youth left.

And, of course, she knows the story of the first Napoleon and Josephine.

The royal lovers, it is reported, are only waiting till the settlement of the King's law case, which is now before the Court of Appeal. It will be remembered that the basis of this suit, which was decided in the first court in the King's favor, is the question whether His Majesty

has a right to dispose of his immense private fortune as he likes, or whether he is not bound by his marriage contract with the Queen to leave a certain portion to his daughters. Being at odds with all three of them, he is endeavoring to avoid his paternal responsibilities, and certain creditors of Princess Louise, anxious to obtain some assurance that they will be paid the money owing them eventually, sought by bringing the matter before the courts to prevent the King from giving away his wealth. The King and private friends are in order to revenge himself on his children.

Princess Clementine has borne a neutral part in the dispute, which has lent color to the belief that the King has promised her a portion at least of her mother's fortune. Anyhow, as soon as the judgment is given—and it is more than likely it will be given again in the King's favor, for it is both disagreeable and dangerous work for lawyers to thwart Kings—the Princess will quietly leave Belgium, and having summoned her father in the customary way in France and Belgium to give his consent, will, if he refuse, marry without it in another country. There is no doubt that in the circumstances her act will be condoned if not absolutely approved by the Belgians.

Head of the Bonapartes. Prince Victor is 43 years old, and it is high time, his friends and political supporters think, that he settled down to a legitimate family life, which would insure some prospect of leaving behind him an heir. He derives his position as head of the Bonaparte family from his grandfather, Jerome, the younger brother of the great Napoleon. His father was that Prince Napoleon who was deservingly nicknamed "Plon-Plon," in the Second Empire. Of plebeian strain on the paternal side—or, as everybody knows, the founder of the house, who made and unmade Kings at will, was the son of a Corsican lawyer, through his mother, Princess Clothilde of Savoy daughter of the brave old King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, he is allied to the blood of Europe. He was 19 when he was crowned when the French Empire fell.

By the "Senatus Consultum" of 1870, the succession to the imperial throne of France was vested in the descendants of King Jerome. Accordingly, when the ex-Emperor Eugenie's son, the gallant Prince Imperial, was slain by Zulu assegais in

South Africa in 1879, the chieftainship of the Bonaparte family and of the Imperialist party was assumed by "Plon-Plon," who had oftentimes openly declared his contempt for his cousin, the "Mar of Sedan."

A bitter family feud now took place. Eugene and the whole papal section of the Bonapartists rejected "Plon-Plon's" pretensions and opposed to him his eldest son, Victor, who had been designated as chief of the family and party in the young Prince Imperial's will. And when, on obtaining his majority, Victor claimed the leadership in direct opposition to his father, he was followed by the bulk of the party.

At his death "Plon-Plon" disinherited him. "I leave nothing to Victor, my eldest son," he wrote in his will. "He is a traitor and a rebel. His bad conduct has caused me great sorrow." He designated as his heir his second son, Louis, who has always fought shy of state intrigues, and is now a General in the Russian Army. But he will have no political effect. Under the influence of her mother the two sons continued warm friends, and Prince Victor remained the head of the imperial family, both by the choice of the imperial partisans and the affectionate renunciation of the younger brother.

Never Accomplished Much. He lives in a modest mansion in the Avenue Louise, Brussels, not far from the royal palace, on an allowance of \$2,000 francs a year made to him by the ex-Empress Eugenie. The house is a mausoleum, devoted to souvenirs of the first Napoleon. His weapons and decorations are arranged about in glass cases. Among other mementoes in the collection are the cashmere shawl worn by the General in Egypt; his elaborate uniform as First Consul; the cane chair he used to sit on at St. Helena; even the pocket handkerchief employed to wipe his mouth when he lay dying.

Here Victor Napoleon dreams of the greatness which his shadowy inheritance may bring to his some day. "When I shall consider that the day has come to make my voice heard," he once said grandiloquently. "It will not be in an interview or through a newspaper article that I shall do so, but in the only way befitting a Prince, the chief of a great party. I shall say what I have to say, and sign my words with the glorious name I am proud to bear—Napoleon."

That was some years ago, and he has never said that say yet. He has

shown no disposition to risk his life by active participation in a revolutionary movement. He has none of the dash of the founder of the house, has given no indication that he possesses any of his genius. A premarital tendency to obesity constitutes the strongest physical resemblance between them. The Bonapartists hold that, as his wife, Princess Clementine will arouse him from his dreams and make him do things. Failing that, they trust that the alliance will result in an heir of a bolder and more ambitious spirit.

Princess Clementine must be well aware of the risk she runs of bitter disappointment. Matrimony has brought misery to most of her family. Her mother's married life, as all the world knows, was a most unhappy one. Few prospects could have appeared more enviable than those of her sister Stephanie when she married the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria. The ghastly ending of that union belongs to unforgettable history. Whether he committed suicide or was killed by the man whom he had wronged, his death released Stephanie from the degradation of that union belongs to unforgettable history. Whether he committed suicide or was killed by the man whom he had wronged, his death released Stephanie from the degradation of that union belongs to unforgettable history.

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ALONG HEADLANDS OF SOUTHERN OREGON

Thoughts Awakened by Close Communion With Old Ocean, by Alma A. Rogers

A CHAIN of headlands whose majesty might well draw thither all the tourists of all the world stretches over the middle portion of the Oregon coast between the Shuswap and Lapina Bay. The lotus land—those great, wide reaches of yellow sand beach, where Nature holds her honey blossoms to your lips and bids you dream, is left behind. To be loosed from the world, to know all else unreal save sea and sky and shore, to hold speech with the winds that play in the deep hollows of the dunes, or hush with stinging whips the covering, hump-backed pines; to watch the sun shut the golden gate of the west at evening and hang a rose-and-purple curtain in the east at dawn; to lean your heartbeats to the heartbeats of the sea and listen, hushed, to catch some faintest whisper of its infinitude—all this you have felt and done, bound in the spell of that enchanted land.

But now before you opens a door, there where the first headland lifts its giant shoulders straight up from foam swirls. Though this be a fair country, may not it beckon to one more fair? And so, taking counsel of hope and awakened desire, you pass on.

A marriage was solemnized here—perhaps to that far cycle when the morning stars first sang together. The wedding beach, her yellow hair impudently by glinting sun-rays, renounced her estate to the lord of the headlands, and caught up as it were in his arms, forever rests her soul in the soul of her lover.

Henceforth, for many miles, you shall hear only the roar of surf dashing against impregnable cliffs. Glancing a cautious eye over dizzy precipices, you shall look on jagged, black, volcanic rocks, washed with foam and crossed by screaming sea lovels, now rising solitary in huge boulders that seem to have been hurled down from the sky, now forming a wall, in endless cascade. Between each pair a canyon cuts its gashed streamlets cascading to the sea. Plunged to the eastern skirts of the headlands, the foothills, including in heavily wooded spurs. Above is a sky of rolling mist, or it may be of deep, parent blue. To the west the level, dark line of the horizon cleaves the sky from the blue of the little, mighty people who are pouring out a libation of heart's blood to play the progress of the Russian fleet. But what is that? Your mind reverts for relief to flower feet, wherein the beauty-whispering spirit of these cyclonized Greeks finds expression, and almost do you scent the fragrance of pink cherry blossoms borne from Spring festivals across the green swells. A passing

steamer interrupts the vision. In the black vortex pouring from its twin funnels you try to think back to the first vortex when out of the uncreate two contrary forces met and whirled, and life was born of the meeting. Out of the void thus awakened the orbited stars swung to being. From that first tiny spiral were loosened, too, those mighty forces that one day played a great game on this coast, when the land and sea joined thus awakened the orbited stars swung to being. From that first tiny spiral were loosened, too, those mighty forces that one day played a great game on this coast, when the land and sea joined thus awakened the orbited stars swung to being.

A dark blot has long been creeping up the coast that Columbus set out to prove. Now come pinnacles of masts, and before twilight falls you have seen a merchantman in full flight, her white wings spread in glory. It is a dream of the sea, and the smoking steamer appears hideous by contrast. When your ship comes to anchor you away to those magical isles that lie within the zone of the Self, you know its walls will be filled and shining. At noonday under their cooling shades you shall rest, and by night the stars will teach you of those mysteries that lie beyond the realm of sense. And after you have sailed many, many years, and visited those countries, and accepted of what whatsoever they have offered, and have proven that out of the bitter springth of the sweet, and that only by the chart of pain and travail can your spirit possess its own, you will come to the land of the Real, where desire born of the soul is satisfied, and the heart no longer cries out for the many-colored fruits of deception. All that has gone before, the sorrow and the struggle that none can bear for another, shall fall away as though it had never been. Then your eyes shall lift to a silver ship for the first time, and you shall see that it is not you to this port, and at last your soul knoweth its own.

The Silver Ship. A silver ship on a silver sea. Wait in the stilling for you and me. To bear us away, to lead us on. Beyond the golden circle's strand, Where waiting waves and yielding shores Twin lovers' arms forevermore. O heart and soul, for the rainbow pearl Wash in the light of the peacocks' stars. And the swelling sails of red-wood pearl Filled by the south wind now unfurl. O heart, O heart, and bear away To this port, and at last your soul knoweth its own.

LITTLE SERMONS BY ELBERT HUBBARD

Aphorisms From the Pen of the Editor of The Philistine

SOCIETY does not punish those who sin; but those who sin and conceal not cleverly.

Don't be selfish. If you have something that you do not want, and know someone who has no use for it, give it to that person. In this way you can be generous without expenditure or self-denial and also help another to do the same.

Americanitis is on the increase, the wise ones say. Americanitis comes from an intense desire to "git thar" and an awful fear that you cannot. The ounce of prevention is to cut down your calling list, play tag with the children and let the world slide.

Many a man's reputation would not know his character if they met on the street.

The mouth indicates the flesh; the eye the soul.

It is doubtless true that stupid men by remaining quiet may often pass for men of wisdom; this is because no man can really talk as wise as he can look.

Writers seldom write what they think. They simply write the things they think other folks think they think.

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