

# EUGENIE'S TWO TRIPS TO EGYPT

## Recent Visit of French Empress a Contrast to the First

In January the Macedonia sailed from Marseilles on her usual journey to Port Said and the east. Among her passengers was an aged lady whose hair is white with years and trouble. She traveled incognito, and her identity did not become known to her fellow passengers, but she was none other than Eugenie, ex-empress of the French, who, after an interval of 35 years, again left a french port on a trip to Egypt. But how the circumstances have altered. What a changed world it is for this fallen queen, and what memories must rise up before her eyes as she thinks of then and now, says the London Telegraph. The contrast is so dramatic and so poignant that we may venture to recall events which may have slipped from the memory even of those who are old enough to recall their impressions of the year 1869.

On November 17, 1869, the Suez canal was opened with all the pomp and circumstance which Ismail Pasha, the most recklessly lavish of all modern rulers, could devise. And the empress of the French, the Empress Eugenie, was the most august personage in all that brilliant throng which assembled at the banks of the Nile. Yet the emperor of Austria was there in person, and the Crown Prince of Prussia—afterward the ill-fated Frederick the Noble—and the Prince of Holland. But these passed almost unconsidered compared with the presence of the Empress of the French, the Consort of Napoleon III, then the arbiter—or believed to be the arbiter—of the destinies of Europe. Sedan lay in the future less than a year ahead but who could foresee that? Only a few sharp eagle eyes at Berlin, who knew how destiny was shaping itself, for they were helping her in the task.

The emperor of the French was the great figure in Europe in the Autumn of 1869, when the Empress embarked for the Orient, traveling slowly in the imperial yacht l'Aigle, and calling at Venice and Constantinople on the way. It was highly appropriate for yet another reason that the Empress Eugenie should be the guest of honor in the land of the Pharaohs. For the canal was a French undertaking, the engineer was a Frenchman and the idol of France, and Napoleon III had proclaimed his faith in M. de Lesseps from start to finish, and had helped his project by every means in his power. The ambitious visionary was right where the practical English engineer, Stephenson, and the level-headed Palmerston were wildly wrong. What Palmerston had denounced as a "bubble scheme" became a reality, and, instead of English speculators, as he confidently foretold, bemoaning lost money, the British exchequer has continued reason to bless Disraeli's shrewdness in purchasing Ismail's shares. It was but right, therefore, that the Empress of the French should be the central personage during that amazing week when Ismail's borrowed money was poured out like water in mad profusion.

The Empress was then in early middle age, with beauty scarcely touched

by time, a queenly figure, possessed of every grace and charm. She was the mistress of the fetes of Compiègne, of which all Europe was talking; she was the friend of Queen Victoria and of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria; of both she had been the hostess during their stay in France, while at the Paris exhibition in 1867 she had received the Emperors of Austria and Russia, the King of Prussia, and the Prince of Wales. In 1869 the Empress Eugenie was the most brilliant lady in Europe, whose slightest will was law. At Constantinople the Sultan himself embarked on shipboard to greet her in the Bosphorus and conduct her to his palace of Beyle Bey; at Port Said it was the French imperial yacht that all eyes strained to see. There were rumors at the last moment that she was not coming, that the Empress had taken offense at something, that some hitch had occurred. From first to last people's thoughts were of Napoleon and Eugenie. Poor Ismail, who hoped to show the world that a new power had been born in Egypt, had built a palace for her coming on the shores of Lake Timisah—a real Aladdin's palace, where for three days open tables were kept for 10,000 people feasted with the best and rarest that luxury could supply, and surrounded by a great city of tents, where the Khedive's guests were housed. Some one told him that the Empress was sure to desire to visit the Pyramids. At once he ordered a broad road to be made, seven miles long, to be finished in six weeks. And finished it was by the labor of 10,000 fellaheen working under the heavy lash. The Empress of the French must be able to travel smoothly!

The Empress came and saw and conquered anew, though her conquest was already secure. Her yacht arrived last, and sailed slowly down the canal from Port Said, greeted with salvos of cannon. The procession of yachts was too slow to be impressive, and the real triumph of the Empress took place in a scene more suited to her sex and to her charms—in the ballroom of the palace, where the state ball was held to celebrate the opening of the new route between East and West. Her majesty was the queen of the ball—she and France triumphed. With her own hands she decorated M. de Lesseps in the name of the Emperor with the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor. "I can see her still in my mind's eye," Edward Dicey has written in a recent book, "as covered with diamonds she moved like a goddess amid the crowds who stood up to give her passage to the dais, on which, surrounded by crowned heads and the heirs to royal thrones, she took her seat as, if I may use the phrase, the patroness of the ball. I can still hear the strains of 'Partant pour la Syrie,' which the bands played in her honor as she embarked on the imperial yacht, or leaving the ball, and the salutes by which her departure was proclaimed." It was her culminating triumph—thereafter all was bitterness and disaster. The height she climbed was dizzy; the fall was terrible.

It is said that while the Empress Eugenie was in Egypt she wrote to the Emperor, urging him to inaugurate a more liberal regime. "I do not like surprises," she wrote, and I am persuaded that a coup d'etat cannot be made twice in one reign." Seven months later she said goodbye to her husband and son, as they left Paris for the frontier. A few more weeks and she was a fugitive hastily fleeing from Paris in a hackney coach, deserted by her friends and almost alone. It was the prelude to Chislehurst, Farnborough, the tragedy of Zululand—a succession of sorrows and shattered hopes.

Such were the circumstances under which the Empress of the French sailed in her imperial beauty and power for the Orient. Now it was an aged lady who, all unobserved, took passage like an ordinary traveler for Port Said. The journey challenged memories as sad as ever oppressed a queen de-throned. Times are changed, indeed, and the Empress with them, and Egypt, too—changed beyond all recognition save for the Pyramids and the Nile.

### Collier's Asks a Question.

Religion is avoided in Collier's as a topic of discussion, for the reason that our thoughts, whatever they might be, would be offensive to many, and of no conceivable value to the universe. The paper, as such, takes no position whatever on most of the religious controversies of the day, although it gets into the arena occasionally at the point where creed and ethics are too closely related for separation. The failure of churches to influence men has been lately much debated, and, although we refrain from revealing our own opinions, we are delighted to expound those of a certain laboring man among our correspondents, whose case seems to us typical and of interest. His text is a minister's sermon addressed especially to workmen. He explained their absence by the saloon, the theater, the races, the secret societies, the excur-

sions, the Sunday papers, the laws permitting restaurants to be open, and street cars to run on Sundays. Summing up his arguments, it would seem that the minister thought workmen might go to church if things could be so arranged that there remained absolutely nothing else for them to do on Sunday. "It has been sagely remarked by some one," says our critic, "that the man who wears a tight shoe is about as well qualified as any one to point out where it pinches, and since I am a plain workingman who very seldom goes to church, it may not be altogether unreasonable for me to give my opinion." He is not indifferent to the church, but is merely more devoted to other things.

"I am a married man, having a loving wife, and a bright little boy of 3 who is ever so thankful if I will play with him, or take him on my lap and tell him stories. I am fond of gardening, and try to help my wife to keep our small garden in order. It gives me great pleasure to watch the trees and bushes which we have planted, and see the progress they make as time rolls

by. It was my good fortune in my younger days to require enough knowledge of history, political economy, technology, etc., to enable me—to some small degree—to understand what is going on in the world, hence I regard it as a necessity to read a daily paper and some magazine to keep me posted. I am very fond of music and song, and I can play the violin fairly well. Are these bad qualities? Do they make for better or worse citizenship? From economic necessity I do practically all the repair work around home myself. If the tea-kettle happens to leak, or its handle comes off on one side, I can solder the old thing up and make it right. If the sewing machine or the washing machine, or the baby cab, pump, or gasoline stove go on a strike and refuse to work smoothly, I am usually able to adjust matters and put them to work again."

Sunday is the only day of freedom. Thus is Sunday spent. Is it better or worse than listening to the average minister's talk? Our friend would be glad to have some minister reply.—Collier's Weekly.

### Salem W. C. T. U.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union held a very interesting meeting at Ramp Memorial hall Sunday the 2d inst., to celebrate their deliverance from debt. A good program was rendered and was well received by a large and appreciative audience. They reported having received over \$3100.00 in the last 30 months. Mrs. Ramp contributed \$1700.00, the other members and friends of temperance making up the remainder. They are very thankful to every one who helped in any way whether in work or money.

They now have an audience room about 22 by 60 feet, and chairs to seat it. Have a very good library, most of the Oregon newspapers and many others. Our matron, Mrs. Ridgeway, is very kind and obliging, and tries to make every one who comes either to read, rest or wait for a car, feel welcome. We have Gospel temperance meeting every Sunday at 4 p. m. and business and departments meetings Tuesday at 2:30 p. m.

Special thanks is due to the Daily Statesman and Journal for advertising our meetings free of charge.

### Reservation Land for Sale.

A dispatch from Oregon City says: That part of the Grand Ronde Indian reservation in townships 5 and 6, ranges 7 and 8 west, which was not sold last fall, is being offered for sale by separate sealed bids. Offers will be received between October 3 and 10, and the bids will be opened on the latter date. The land will be sold in separate tracts, and the bids are to be filed with the register and receiver of the district land office at Portland.

### The Bathing Season.

Soon will the sun beside the sea,  
Tan many human pelts;  
The bathing season will be on,  
But very little else.

—Cummer's Tribune.

### Quite So.

"He always has an odor of violets about him. I haven't much use for a man who uses a perfume."  
"No; usually he isn't worth a scent."—Philadelphia Ledger.

CHILDREN CRY FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA.



Ironing day has no terror when gas is used.



So cool and comfortable.

## Revolution is Spreading

The power of a monarch cannot prevail when common sense and public opinion are against him. Right is bound to win in the end, even against superior odds. Our new Gas Ranges have declared war on the old style wood burning stoves and ranges that eat into your pocketbook and sap the very life-blood of the housewife or cook during the hot, sultry weather. The cause of humanity is being victorious and practically every modern home in Salem is enjoying the blessings of a Gas Range. If you are not numbered in that class—don't hesitate—Time is precious. Call at once and make your selection from our complete stock. It means money in your pocket.



No kindling fires to keep warm.



That kindling must be damp.

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