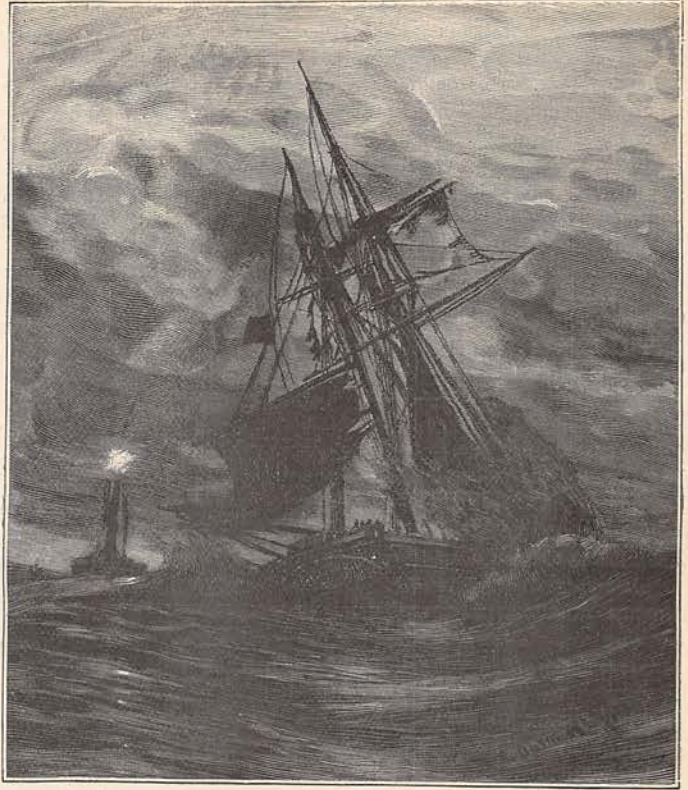


schooner struck the beach at Happisburg, near Hasbro. The unfortunate crew made a desperate resolve to try to reach the shore in their little boat. She was launched successfully over the side, two men got into her, and the others were preparing to follow, when it was seen that those on shore were trying to effect their rescue. The men got on board again, and then, in an agony of suspense, waited results. Twice a line was thrown from the rocket apparatus unsuccessfully; the third time it held, but as it was being drawn in it parted, and again the poor perishing men were driven to despair; they could make now no further efforts, for they were half dead and frozen with the awful cold.

If the weather were bad at sea it was equally terrific ashore. At Palling, near Great Yarmouth, the thermometer stood a long way below freezing-point, and the roads were slippery with ice. At 11 o'clock a messenger arrived in hot haste at the station, from Hasbro, with the news that a vessel was ashore at that place, and that their attempts to launch the lifeboat had been futile owing to the terrible seas. Immediately on receipt of the intelligence preparations were made to launch the lifeboat *Good Hope*. This was accomplished after great difficulty, and in half an hour her crew were aboard and she started for the wreck. In the attempt to reach her, sails were used, but the gale being from the east-south-east, the wind was not always favourable, and at times the men had to pull at the oars. This was fearful work, as the spray turned to ice on the oars, and the men's hands became numb and chilled. They were soaked to the skin with the flying spray, and their overalls, coats and hats were soon encased in ice. Still they persevered, and after an hour of terrible suffering reached what was left of the schooner *Sophia*; but it seemed impossible to get near her



"FROM SIX O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON UNTIL MIDNIGHT THE SCHOONER LAY OFF THE LIGHTSHIP" (p. 370).

owing to the mass of floating wreckage—for she was fast breaking up—the extreme cold and the heavy sea. The unfortunate crew were almost powerless to render any assistance, though several desperate attempts were made to get at them. Perseverance was, however, at last crowned with success; the men were rescued, but so exhausted was their condition that it was doubtful if they would ever recover. The lifeboat was an hour and a half in making the shore, for the rescuers, too, had suffered most severely.

A. E. BONSER.

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## COMING KINGS AND QUEENS.

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ONE of the most interesting figures in Europe at the present time is the little Girl-Queen of Holland, who was born at the Hague on the last day of August, 1880, and is therefore in her fourteenth year. Her father—King William III. of Holland—was a man of sixty-three when his daughter first opened her eyes on this troublesome world; but he lived to see her through the trials of a somewhat delicate infancy, and she was ten years old when he died, on November

23rd, 1890. But it is through her mother that the child-queen appeals to English people; for Queen Emma, as she is familiarly called, is the elder sister of our own Duchess of Albany, having been the second daughter of the Prince and Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, and married to the King of Holland when she was just one-and-twenty. The Waldeck-Pyrmont princesses were brought up in a very affectionate and domesticated family circle, and lived more quietly than the daughters of most English country gentlemen.

When Queen Emma was brought forward into the "fierce light that beats upon a throne," she proved herself every inch a true woman, a devoted wife, and a good mother. Her child was named after her—her second name being Wilhelmine—and also after her maternal grandmother and two aunts; and the important little heiress to the Dutch throne has had as wholesome a childhood as her mother before her. She has always been a very sensitive and nervous child; but her mother's example of cool, quiet, common sense—which in moments of danger has evinced downright physical pluck—has had a wonderful effect on her, and she is now brisk, alert, clever, and fairly healthy. The Netherlanders showed their confidence in Queen Emma in 1884 by passing a law enacting that in case of the king's death she should act not only as her child's guardian, but as Queen-regent; but as her husband survived till December, 1890, she was not called upon to take the oath until that time.

The young Queen of Holland has a good deal of mental grasp, and her education has had to be rather kept back than pushed on. She has a considerable talent for languages; but it must be remembered that a Royal child, placed as she is, grows up to speak several from babyhood. Dutch is the national speech which she hears and reads everywhere, French is the court language, and German is her mother's native tongue. The gulf between Dutch and English is not a wide one, and is very easily bridged over.

A recent story tells how Queen Emma had a number of dolls dressed in correct military uniforms for her daughter, so that she should learn to distinguish all details by the eye; and how the child asked that these masculine dolls should be provided with feminine companions. But a far more pathetic incident is recorded of the lonely little queen, who told some other children that they were fortunate not to be in her position, because they had playmates, while she had none.

The Crown Prince of Denmark, Prince Christian Frederic William Charles, is the eldest son of King Christian IV. and Queen Louise, who are now well-stricken in years, and have had the pleasure of seeing not only their grandchildren, but several great-grandchildren. The future King of Denmark is the elder brother of our beloved Princess of Wales, and only a year her senior, having been born on June 3rd, 1843. He is Inspector-General of the Danish Army, and Lieutenant-General in that of Sweden and Norway, besides holding honorary positions in the Russian and Prussian armies. He is very much of a soldier, and popular in Denmark, though little known outside it. He married Princesse Louise Josephine Eugenie, the daughter of King Charles XV. of Sweden and Norway, in 1869. They are a most happy and domesticated couple, and have no less than eight children—four sons and four daughters; all of whom look forward to the annual gathering at Fredensborg, and the advent of their cousins, the English and Russian princes and princesses, with great delight. The spirit of good comradeship and family affection shown among the young folks on these occasions makes

one of the greenest and pleasantest spots imaginable in the lives of at least three Royal families. The eldest son of the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark is Prince Christian Charles Frederic Alexander William, born at Charlottenlund in September, 1870, and a lieutenant in the *Gardes-du-corps*. He is somewhat retiring, but it may generally be said of the Danish royalties that they are nothing if not modest, and Dame Fortune has always laid a restraining hand on them.

The very name of Bernadotte, the patronymic of the Royal family of Sweden and Norway, opens up the remembrance of one of the most remarkable romances of the nineteenth century. About 1808 Sweden found herself menaced by Russia on the one hand, and by Denmark on the other. She asked the Duke of Gloucester to become king, but the British Government respectfully declined the honour. She then applied to Napoleon, who declared that his honour was pledged equally to Russia and Denmark. Gustavus IV. saw his position to be untenable, and apparently was not sorry to retire; whereupon he and his race were formally deposed, and his uncle was made king, under the title of Charles XIII., who immediately made peace with Russia, and tried to place himself under the protection of France. A Danish prince, the son of the Duke of Holstein Augustenburg, was recognised as his successor; but while negotiations were pending for his marriage with a lady of the Bonaparte family, he died, and the States of Sweden had to choose their future ruler. General Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's cleverest and most distinguished officers, then commanding the French army on the Baltic, had a year or two before won the grateful affection of many of the best families in Sweden by his kindness to a batch of Swedish prisoners taken in the Polish War of 1807. Ten out of twelve men forming the committee appointed by the Swedish Diet voted for Bernadotte; Charles XIII. adopted him as his son; and Napoleon not only approved, but sent his friend a million of francs for immediate expenses.

Charles John Bernadotte was a Frenchman to his finger-tips, the son of a lawyer at Pau, and first entered the army as a private soldier. He rose rapidly, and became acquainted with courts as well as camps, since he was made Ambassador at Vienna, and married Mlle. Clary, the daughter of a Marseilles merchant. Their son—Oscar I.—married Josephine de Beauharnais, Princesse de Leuchtenberg, and their grandson Oscar II. married Princesse Sophie of Nassau in 1857. The eldest of their four sons is the present Crown Prince Oscar Gustave Adolphe, Duke of Vermeland, who was born at the old historic castle of Drottningholm in 1858.

In 1881 he was married to Princess Sophie Marie Victoria, daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden, and of Princess Louise of Prussia, the only daughter of the late Emperor William, and sister of the late Emperor Frederick, one of the most accomplished women of the day. They have three little boys, who respectively bear the titles of Duke of Scaine, Duke of Sudermanie, and Duke of Westmanland.



COMING KINGS  
AND QUEENS  
AND  
THEIR ROYAL  
RELATIVES.



1, THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND. 2 AND 3, THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.  
4, 5, AND 6, THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF DENMARK AND THEIR SON.

The Crown Princess of Sweden is decidedly delicate, and the Swedish climate, lovely as it is in summer, is too much for her during the winter months. She frequently goes to the South of Europe during the cold season, and has spent the present winter in Algiers, where the dry air of the Sahara suits her admirably. Her husband is much engrossed with his military duties, and the King of Sweden is before all things a man of letters and culture. His second son, Prince Oscar, who is a sailor, formally resigned

the designation of Royal Highness in 1888, and renounced all rights to the succession when he married Fraulein Ebba Munck de Fulkila, the daughter of a distinguished Swedish officer, who accompanied the Queen of Sweden to Bournemouth during the winter of 1887-88. It was quite a love match; and when there are so many sons in a family as in that of Sweden, one at least may be allowed to drop out and enjoy the sweets of private life.

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## MARGARET'S WAY.

By ANNIE E. WICKHAM, Author of "Two Women," etc.

### CHAPTER THE SIX-TEENTH.

TELEGRAM to Geoffrey brought him to the Lesters' house in the late afternoon.

"What have you done to her?" he demanded of weeping Mrs. Lester, Mary, and Jemima.

The three women were in the little hall to receive him.

He was limping painfully.

"I gave her into your charge, madam. You are answerable for her safety," he said, his eyes upon Mrs. Lester. "Has she come back?"

"No, sir," said Jemima timidly.

"Stop crying. Where is there a chair? My con-founded ankle——"

He staggered, and leant his weight on the frail hall table.

Mary caught his arm; she and Jemima helped him into the drawing-room.

"Now tell me everything," he commanded. "Be quick; there is no time to be lost. When did she go? Why did she go?"

"It was not my fault, Mr. Fenham: I have been as kind to the girl as if she were my own daughter, and——"

"Will you tell me when she left your house, madam?" he thundered.

"She was gone when I went into her room this morning. Her bed had not been slept in——"

"She went last night?"

"No, no; she must have gone this morning. I should have heard her if she had gone last night. I could not sleep, and no one can pass my door without my hearing when I'm awake. She must have slipped out of the house this morning before Jemima was down."

Geoffrey drew a long breath of relief.

"Did she leave no message? Had you quarrelled? Why did she go?"

"She left a few words on a half-sheet of paper."

"Let me see them."

Mrs. Lester and Mary glanced at one another.

"Here is the paper," the latter said.

"What does she mean? Given up her lodgings?"

"It was my poor Nell's fault," said Mrs. Lester. "She told her you were sending us something to help us give her the comforts she was accustomed to, and Margaret flew into a rage and left the room. Nell is much worried and deeply regrets——"

"I had told you to keep the transaction to yourself. The mischief's done. You have no idea where she would go—no clue?"

"Perhaps she might return to Fen Court."

"Not likely."

"She would not go there," said Mary decidedly.

"I am dreadfully sorry about it all. She said we'd all been deceiving her: and so we have; and where has she gone? What will she do? She told me she'd never travelled alone. Oh dear! Oh dear!"

Mary broke into a helpless fit of sobbing.

Geoffrey gnawed his forefinger, his frowning face turned to the window.

"I must go to the police-station. Call the cabman to help me into the cab. Have you done anything all this day?"

"Ben has been making inquiries and telegraphing. Ah! here he comes; perhaps he has brought news."

A second hansom drew up at the door. Mr. Waller descended, his face composed to a suitable gravity.

"One of the porters at New Street Station thinks he saw her getting into a train for the North, but he ain't sure. How's the foot, Fenham? Bad news this about Miss Margaret; but she can't go far: that's one comfort. She hadn't the money—only about thirty shillings, Mary tells me. I've been to the police and given a description, and had an advertisement put in the papers."

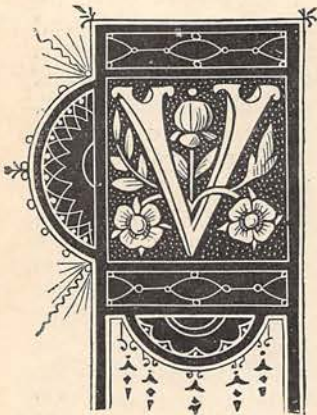
the world whose minds are brimful of ideas, whose brains are continually conceiving plans which their hands are unable to carry out. "Why don't you write about so and so, or invent such and such a thing?" is a question such women are continually asking. They have ideas for stories, plots for novels, subjects for journalistic "write-ups," conceptions for new fashions, new inventions. And they are not all idle dreamers. Their thoughts have a commercial value, and there is a market for them if they will take the trouble to find it. In the literary world originality is much needed, and wide-awake editors are usually willing to pay well for ideas that are brought to them. The gift for writing is one that many people possess, but the gift of originality does not always go with it. It is the same in nearly every line of work; and I would suggest that the woman with ideas take the "children of her brain" to people who can dress them up and give them to the world. The milliner, the dressmaker, the inventor, the musician,

and the editor can make use of them, and will divide the profits.

I have spoken of only such of the quiet occupations for women as have occurred to me. A consideration of them will perhaps turn the attention of the thoughtful to many other methods of using neglected talents. Those that I have described are not such as would suit the emancipated working woman, who demands the world for her workshop. Small doubt that with journalism, farming, civil engineering, stock-broking, medicine, the law, and hundreds of other professions, she will fight her way through, and put man—her supposed adversary—to flight. But to the uncombative, retiring, modest, home-loving woman, with a "row to hoe," and no visible hoe at hand for the purpose, I would earnestly recommend a trial of some of these vocations, or others of the same order. All the morning papers are open to advertisements for this kind of work, some of which may perhaps meet a hitherto unexpressed "long-felt want."



## COMING KINGS AND QUEENS.—II.



ERY rarely does it happen that a child is born a king; but as Alphonso XII., King of Spain, died November 29th, 1885, and his son was not born till the 17th May, 1886, the babe was proclaimed king, under the title of Alphonso XIII., on the very day of his birth, his mother, Queen Christine, being declared his guardian and Queen Regent of

Spain during his minority. He was a very delicate child—which was not to be wondered at, as his father, the late king, had been in bad health for some years, and died of consumption. A peasant woman from the Asturias was his wet nurse; and during his babyhood it was quite one of the sights of Madrid to see her in her national costume driving about in a carriage with her infant charge. The little fellow, like most other royalties, was baptised by a long string of names—Leon and Ferdinand being traditional in Spain—and very early discovered himself to be a most important personage. His mother, Queen Christine, has nursed him devotedly through many childish ailments, the last of which was scarlet fever of a mild kind, and, as is occasionally the case, the boy has appeared stronger than before, ever since he got over it. His baby dignity was pretty in his earlier years, but he is now

becoming rather petulant and self-willed; and the Queen Regent is likely to have many anxious days and nights before she sees him fitted to take his place on the throne of what was once so grand and prosperous, and is still so important, a nation.

She was the Austrian Archduchess Marie Christine Henriette, daughter of the Archduke Charles Ferdinand and of his wife the Archduchess Elizabeth, who was daughter of the Archduke Joseph, Palatine of Hungary, and widow of Ferdinand of Austria-Este-Modena. The home of her childhood was Gross-Seelowitz, and her parents were devoted to their children. The Archduchess Elizabeth frequently visits her daughter at Madrid, and as she is a very sensible and strong-minded woman, she is a fit and reliable counsellor to the young widowed queen. Alphonso XII. had no children by his first wife, who died very young, and was sincerely lamented by him. He was married to the Archduchess Marie Christine at Madrid in 1879, and their first-born was a girl, the little Infanta Maria de las Mercedes, Princess of the Asturias. It was a touch of Nature that went to all hearts when the child was named after Donna Mercedes, the love of her royal father's youth. She is a very intelligent girl, now nearly fourteen, with a marked likeness to her mother. When her brother was born she was quite able to understand that she was no longer heiress to the throne of Spain, and is said to have taken it sweetly. It was not a very enviable position, for Spain has had a great deal of feminine rule in the person of Queen Isabella, in whose favour the Salic law was abolished in 1830, though she had to leave the country in 1868, in consequence of a revolution



QUEEN CHRISTINE AND HER CHILDREN.  
(*Photograph by Fernando Debas, Madrid.*)



H.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCE OF  
PORTUGAL.  
(*Photograph by Fonseca & Co., Oporto*)



THE KING OF SPAIN.  
(*Photograph by Fernando Debas, Madrid.*)



H.R.H. PRINCE MANUEL OF  
PORTUGAL.  
(*Photograph by Fonseca & Co., Oporto.*)



PRINCE ANTOINE DE MONTPENSIER  
(*Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.*)



THE INFANTA EULALIE OF SPAIN.  
(*Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.*)

that placed her son Alphonso XII. on the throne. Another little girl was born on November 12th, 1882, and the three children lead very simple and natural lives. It is commonly considered that the little king would be much stronger if he could live altogether in mountain air; but Spanish loyalty is a plant that requires constant cherishing by the presence of its sovereign, so His Majesty lives chiefly in Madrid, where indeed his royal mother's presence is required in her capacity of Regent. She is quite one of the most remarkable women of our century, calm, reasonable, and large-minded, and always ready to recognise and sympathise with any enlightened and popular movement among the people of her adoption. When the cholera raged in Madrid she visited the hospitals, and she is always personally brave and full of resource.

The late King of Spain, Alphonso XII. had three sisters: the Infanta Isabella, who was married at seventeen to Prince Gaetan of Bourbon and the two Sicilies, and left a widow at the age of twenty, since when she has lived in Madrid; the Infanta Marie della Paz, supposed to be her father's favourite, and somewhat of an *intrigante*, is married to a Bavarian Prince; and the Infanta Marie Eulalie, who was married in 1886 to Prince Antoine of Bourbon Orléans, son of the Duke de Montpensier. When the United States celebrated the ter-centenary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus by the wonderful Chicago Exhibition, it was universally felt that the royal family of Spain ought to be represented, in memory of the fact that

To Castille and Leon  
A new world gave Colon.

Clearly, the Infanta Marie Eulalie was the only suitable person to go; but as she and her husband live

quietly at Madrid, on the best of terms with Queen Christine, it was felt that their visit to America should not be official. They left their two little boys, Prince Alphonso, who is eight years old, and Prince Louis Fernando, two years younger, at home in the care of their relatives, and went. The Infanta Eulalie is a very bright and sprightly princess, and enjoyed herself thoroughly. She was much admired and lavishly entertained, and her three weeks' stay in the States was pleasant, and quite long enough to retain the glamour of popularity.

The royal house of Portugal is closely allied with our own, since its style and title is that of Braganza-Saxe Coburg-Gotha, for the uncle of our queen's husband, Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg, married Princess Antoinette de Kohary, and their son, Prince Ferdinand, was wedded to Marie II. da Gloria, Queen of Portugal, in 1836. The present king is the son of King Louis, their son, and his mother was the sister of King Humbert of Italy, and long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the two or three best-dressed women in Europe. The Queen of Portugal, Amélie, the eldest daughter of the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, is of English birth, for she was born at Twickenham in September, 1865. She was married at the age of twenty-one, in 1886, to Prince Charles of Portugal, who succeeded his father on the throne in 1889. They have two little sons, whose small features and fine texture of skin make them look slightly delicate, though they really are healthy children, with robust constitutions. The Crown Prince is named Louis Philippe, and is Duke of Braganza and also Duke of Saxony, and was born in 1887. His younger brother is Prince Manuel, Duke of Beja and of Saxony, and he is nearly five years old.

## MRS. TUXTER'S TROUBLES.

BY G. B. BURGIN, AUTHOR OF "HIS LORDSHIP," ETC.

### CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"JUST when I'd made up my mind to chivvy him out of the business, too, whatever Mr. Manx might say!" declared Mrs. Tuxter, as she flung her night-cap on the floor with impotent fury.

That veteran Macchiavelli in petticoats, Mrs. Thomas Tuxter, was incapacitated from attending her daily battle-field by a sharp twinge in the shoulder, which caused her to roll helplessly over in bed and groan at her small latticed window-pane, through which the dim January light slowly filtered

until it penetrated the mass of opaque shadow wherein Mrs. Tuxter lay.

No prying eye but "Jemimer Jane's" was allowed to peer into the chaste recess dedicated to Mrs. Tuxter—and sleep. When Mrs. Tuxter retired for the night, Jemimer Jane dutifully escorted her parent to the threshold of this august apartment, and then withdrew to a cubicle partitioned off from the rest of the kitchen—a cubicle which was shared by intrusive and sable-hued cockroaches, starved out from the adjoining cottage.

Jemimer Jane had a mortal terror of these insects: they seemed to her to be destitute of all moral fibre; and she carefully guarded against their intrusive propensities by putting each leg of her small bedstead in an earthenware saucer of water, thereby hoping to prevent the cockroaches from climbing up the bed-clothes. Sometimes this plan succeeded; at other times the invading army swarmed over their companions and scorned to be denied.

