

HISTORIC CRIMES and MYSTERIES



ROYAL REVENGE.

QUEEN CHRISTINA of Sweden, only daughter of the great and good Gustavus Adolphus, kept all the gossip of Europe in a ferment for many years. After holding down the throne of the fathers for four years, she voluntarily abdicated in favor of her cousin, in order that she might travel and enjoy herself. At that period she was young and beautiful and the most learned and accomplished woman of her time, and it is not strange that the "Welcome to Our City" sign was hung out wherever she deigned to visit a burg.

Toward the close of the year 1637 she honored France with her presence, and the palace of Fontainebleau was turned over to her with the compliments of the season. She was attended by a royal retinue of servants, and to her grand equerry, Moricq, she was a great favorite. This gentleman, as his name suggests, was an Italian, and for a considerable time had been the queen's favorite. They were recognized as lovers and, since the queen had abdicated, it seemed more than possible that they would be married and go to Rome. The marquis was extremely handsome and gifted with a ready tongue and polite mannerisms.



"Look Again," said the Queen Sternly of the time. He was a charming man, but entirely unscrupulous. When duty took him away from his royal mistress, he wrote love letters to her, just as ordinary people do, and the letters of the marquis always breathed undying devotion. And while thus convincing the queen that he lived for her alone, he was quietly laying siege to a young Roman girl of wealth and beauty.

In his letters to this girl he ridiculed the queen shamefully, applying contemptuous names to her; and not satisfied with this business, he sent several of the queen's love letters to her, that she might enjoy a good laugh. But Nemesis was on the false lover's trail.

There was a certain cardinal who had long been jealous of the marquis, and who was anxious to be the queen's favorite. The cardinal had his spies, and soon learned the details of Mazarin's treachery. By some means he secured possession of the entire correspondence with the Roman girl, and turned the letters over to the queen. Christina must have had a bad hour when she read those letters, in which her love and trust were ridiculed.

On Saturday, November 10, the marquis was summoned to the galerie des Ceris, a long and gloomy apartment of the palace. He entered, bowing and smiling in his accustomed manner. The queen was there, with Father le Bel and three armed strangers. Christina's face was as cold and rigid as marble. As the marquis advanced, smirking, her glance brought terror to his heart, although he had no inkling of what he was in store. Turning to Father le Bel, she said: "Hand me those papers."

He produced the letters, which had been intrusted to him by the queen. She in turn handed them to the marquis.

He could say no more. Helpless, speechless, trembling in every limb, he could only look imploringly at the merciless woman. The three men closed around him and drew their swords.

"You are a traitor," said the queen, and turned her back on him. The three armed men drew closer. The marquis saw that his hour was come. He had been known as a man of courage, but in this extremity he was a picture of abject terror. He seized the queen's gown and entreated mercy. He wailed and wept and howled. And she looked down at him with unforgiving eyes and inhaled him off with her riding whip.

"Father le Bel," she said, "you are witness that I treat this dog fairly. I give him all the time he needs to justify himself, if he can."

Hearing these words, the marquis began a long plea, trying to explain, trying to apologize, trying to convince the queen that his repentance was sincere. She stood like a statue and listened to it all. When he had said all he could think of, the queen turned again to the priest, as calm and inexorable as ever.

"Father," she cried, "do what you can for the good of his soul. He has failed to justify himself, and he must die."

The good priest dropped on his knees before her and prayed that she would have mercy.

"I have said the words," answered the queen, "and no power under heaven can make me unsay them."

Then she left the room, and Mazarin was left with the priest and the three executioners. He groveled on his knees in a sickening way, like Mowmouth at the feet of King James, and implored the priest to make one more effort. So the priest went to Christina and begged for the wretched man's life, but she was adamant.

Le Bel returned to the gallery and announced that his errand had been useless.

"Prepare yourself to die!" cried the chief of the executioners, and the marquis and the priest prayed together. Then the executioners began. The marquis wore a suit of mail under his clothes, and this saved him from the sword of the executioners; so they tried him with the head and neck, and he dragged himself over the floor like a wounded snake, and called on God for mercy. But there was no mercy for him in heaven or on earth. One of the butchers finally stabbed him in the throat and ended his misery.

At that period murders were not regarded seriously, but even callous France was indignant over this barbarous crime. Cardinal Mazarin, whose conscience wasn't at all sensitive, wrote officially to Christina saying, "a crime so atrocious must be considered sufficient excuse for banishing your majesty from the court and the dominions of the king, who, with every honest man, felt horrified at the lawless outrage just committed on the soil of France."

The reply of Queen Christina is one of the finest examples of pure insouciance in all the archives of history. It is too long to be reproduced here, but the following paragraph indicates its sentiment.

"Understand, all of you, servants and masters, little people and great, that it was my sovereign pleasure to act as I did. I neither owe nor render an account of my actions to any one—least of all to a quality like you."

But she left France in a hurry just the same. Three years later the cousin in whose favor she had abdicated died, and she returned to Sweden with the intention of wearing the crown again. But the brave and honest people of Sweden refused to be governed by a murderess, and she was forced to leave.

"CHRISTINA LIVED SEVENTY-TWO YEARS."

Effect of Darkness on Gold Fish.
A scientist kept gold fish in a roomy tank and with plenty of food, but in absolute darkness. He kept it up for three years, and then observed the modifications that had occurred in the fish. The color first became black, but after the second year it became golden again, and the reason for this is interesting. In the first instance the dark pigment cells spread out and covered the subjacent layer of crystals which gives the gold fish its golden sheen. In the second instance the phagocytes devoured the dark pigment cells, and thus re-exposed the golden layer. The chances in the eye were even more interesting. The structure of the eye was completely altered. The fish became totally blind. The experiment suggests that an individual fish imprisoned in a perfectly dark cave would become blind. But it does not throw any direct light on the origin of a blind race of fishes in caves—New York Morning Telegraph.

An American Paris.
That man who originally named Havana the "Paris of the Western Hemisphere" had a discerning eye. Yet he deserves little credit. The title was inevitable—the parallel so striking. Not that Havana looked so much like Paris, but that its atmosphere and spirit are so epitome of the French capital. To stroll down the Prado or along the Malecon of a summer's night, you would think the people of the city were entirely given over to pleasure. Restaurants, theaters, cafes, and roof gardens furnish amusement for thousands, while royal palms and beautiful flowers form a fairylike setting.

THE HOME BEAUTIFUL Flowers and Shrubbery Their Care and Cultivation



"The Woman With a Hoe."

CABBAGES AND A KING

By ELIZABETH VAN BENTHUYSEN.

When the Walrus, in the time-honored phrase, called attention to the fact that the time had come to speak of cabbages and kings, the beast did not have any idea that the time would come when there would be any actual relationship between the two. Now kings have come to know the value of the cabbage while the value of the king has taken somewhat of a slump in the opposite direction.

This story deals with an Oil King and a cabbage crop. Midus, with his fund of gold; Croesus, long mentioned as a marvel of money, and the other owners of large kingy chests were but ordinary pikers compared to John D. Rockefeller. He has in one vault in the basement of the produce exchange in New York more hidden wealth than all of the old kings put together.

Yet he has a lively interest in raising cabbages.

His interest in this direction is valuable to all of the persons in the country who have garden plots because it is a lesson in the economy of space, and a tip from the richest man in the world as to the value of using every spare spot for raising something from the soil.

What he sees in New York is equally possible on the most remote hill-side in America, and it is for this reason that I am showing you a picture of the Oil King's cabbage patch and telling you how the man with the greatest store of wealth wisely refuses to let a chance to raise even a tiny crop be wasted.

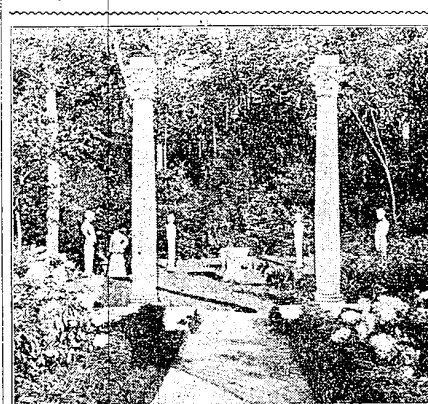
When I say cabbages, I do not mean that the patch is confined to this one

thing. It is only one of many. All of the garden products that can be used in a tiny space are utilized, and around the edges, to work in a little art along with utility, there are flowers.

The Rockefeller cabbage patch is located in the yard of the world-famous Rockefeller Institute at Sixty-sixth street and the East River, New York city. It is in this remarkable institution that the wise men of science try genius on monkeys and dogs so that they can learn how to save the lives of babies and grownups. Many of the greatest discoveries of science have been made in the big building. But when the master of the millions came along he saw something beside the germs and the mysterious researches of science in the vicinity. It occurred to him that the genius had nothing to do with the yard about the place, and that no amount of bacilli could interfere with putting the open ground to some use.

So he ordered that the women and children in the congested poor neighborhood be given a chance to raise vegetables on the unused yard. The order brought about a transformation. Now on any day one may see the woman with the hoe at work on the garden that fringes the skirts of great learning. She is not bowed by the weight of centuries like Edward Markham's famous "Woman With the Hoe." She is happy in the chance to make a better table for her little ones at the expense of a man whose millions do not prevent him from seeing little things clearly.

I wonder if my readers are using their available space for garden purposes with as much wisdom as the very poor of New York are doing in the cabbage patch of the Oil King?



How Not to Fix Your Garden.

MONEY CAN'T MAKE A GARDEN

By ELIZABETH VAN BENTHUYSEN

If one had all of the money in the world and no artistic or practical ideas to go with it, he could not produce a garden worth while. I am struck with this fact while looking at some of the new landscape work at the rich estates that make the Eastern coast a fairyland.

The accompanying illustration will show a case in point. Here is a garden where money enough has been spent to buy a farm. Yet the figures are stiff and grouped with about as much art as the man used who first put figures in a multiplication table. Here, stiff and awkward, the costly bits of work are placed just like so many pawns on a chessboard.

That is just what one does not want. Better take a handful of natural rocks and a barrel of moss and ferns and mix the combination with a sense of arrangement than to waste thousands on a tentative scheme that only holds up to pity the poverty of the mind which cannot do with much what thousands actually accomplish with little.

NOTES OF THE GARDEN

Parasols for winter use should be dug and stored before the ground freezes.

In 1914 the value of the output of 1-124 fertilizer plants in the United States was \$18,388,435.

Cut mint for winter use and tie it in small bunches. Hang it in airy, shady places to dry.

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