

# A Willful Princess

The great winter palace by the Zatin See was filled with guests. A few months before, Augustus, the young elector of Inselsland, and his betrothed to the Princess Irene, the only daughter of the Margrave of Hesselstadt, and the Margrave, an illustrious politician, had brought about the match, but a large party of relatives for Christmas at the magnificent Zatinhof, which had been intended since the early days of his majority.

A week had passed, and the Margrave began to doubt the wisdom of his plan in throwing the young people so much together before their marriage; for the elector, an earnest and conscientious sovereign, and a man who had an extreme sensitiveness and deep affection beneath a reserved demeanor, proved himself but a lukewarm lover, while the princess seemed utterly indifferent to his presence.

One afternoon the Princess Irene stood upon the terrace of the Italian garden overlooking the lake, upon the frozen surface of which the winter sun was casting long rays of golden light; she looked eagerly at the groups of skaters, and then at the open port where her mother and father were sitting round a flaming brazier. An expression of intense disappointment crossed her pretty face, and she smiled contemptuously, and when her skirt had been fastened by an attendant, said indifferently to her lady-in-waiting, the countess von Vogel: "Have you seen the elector? But his fingers were nervous closing and unclosing upon a little note hidden in her muff."

"No, madam," the countess replied, looking inquiringly at her mistress. "I heard that a dispatch had come from the capital, and probably—" but the princess had glided over to her mother, to whom she repeated her question.

The Margrave looked anxiously at her daughter, but received her reply: "You must not be too exacting, Irene. The prime minister arrived after luncheon, and Augustus is probably deep in politics."

"His serene highness is not skating this afternoon," said a handsome young man standing behind the Margrave's chair. "There is a question of a new tax to be settled, I believe."

The princess smiled brightly. "More taxes?" she cried, "in this weather? There will be a revolution. What a pity!" she added, turning her eyes to the hidden note in her fingers, "that Augustus should hold this afternoon; the ice is in splendid condition. Baron Hederich," turning to the young man who had spoken, "will you teach me that new figure you were describing yesterday?"

Baron Hederich von Egidly bowed, and, slipping on his skates, joined the princess. They passed among the other skaters and after several turns, gradually made their way to a remote part of the lake, until at length they stopped beneath the shadow cast by overhanging trees that grew down to the water's edge. They had scarcely spoken, and now there was a silence, which Baron Hederich broke, his hitherto courtier-like manner giving way to the tone and bearing of a lover.

"Did my mistress you, madam?" he asked softly in French, taking her hand.

"Yes, the Countess von Vogel was a trusty messenger," the princess replied, frowning, but she did not withdraw her hand.

"Then—then may I still have hope?"

"Hope—where would your hopes lead you?" she asked coldly, taking the note from her muff and tearing it into little pieces and scattering them on the ice.

"Beyond the limits of audacity," he answered, smiling into her eyes. "For I can scarcely believe that you discourage me—now."

Again there was silence, the princess skating in widening circles round and round a twig frozen in the ice, like a humming pigeon that hesitates to alight upon the cot. Suddenly above their heads came the sound of an ax struck fiercely upon a tree, the ring of the metal vibrating through the still air. "Shall we skate on?" Baron Hederich asked, still in French, as the broad shoulders of a peasant showed for a moment through the trunks of the trees.

"No!" the princess replied, decidedly, a bright color flaming in her cheeks. "It is much safer here, and besides," she added, meaningly, "he will not understand."

"Irene!" cried the baron, raising her hand to his lips. "My darling!"

"Oh! I am already weary of my bondage," said the princess, ignoring his caresses, but her voice to the baron seemed louder than was its wont. "I am only a human creature to be handed over to the highest bidder—a creature to be sacrificed to political expedient—a puppet to be made to marry, to bear children, and to die, perhaps, at the bidding of a statesman."

"Then let me free you!" cried Baron Hederich, passionately. "The elector neglects you, even before his nuptials

implored her mistress to return. But the princess maintained an absolute silence, until, that she might make her destination, she said: "I wonder what we shall do if we miss the train?"

"Pray God that we do!" moaned the countess from her corner. "I have been a fool."

"No," said the princess, touching her hand, "you have not lived in vain, and perhaps you have given me happiness instead of a crown." But the countess could not see an odd smile that played about the princess' mouth.

The frost was so thickly incrusting on the carriage windows that they had no idea they were near the railway station until the horses drew up with a jerk. Muttering themselves closely in their ties they hurried to the little waiting room, which was empty save for a peasant, whose face was hidden by the benefits of a large fur cap, and who was carefully inspecting the advertisements with which the room was hung.

A few moments of breathless silence, during which the countess could not repress her violent trembling, Baron Hederich von Egidly entered hurriedly, a rush of cold air following him.

"Ah! I have kept you waiting!" he cried clasping the princess' hands in both his own and frowning at the peasant, who stood with his back to them. "My horse fell, and I was delayed. How good of you, Irene! How shall I ever express my gratitude to you for your sacrifice?"

"By taking the train to Paris, Baron, that is due in ten minutes, and remaining in that pleasant city," said a voice behind them; and turning, they both recognized in the peasant the elector of Inselsland.

Von Egidly started back with an oath, but the princess made a profound courtesy, saying, mockingly, "Since when has your serene highness added the role of detective to your many accomplishments?"

"Since I have found it necessary to protect my honor, and yours, madam," was the answer; and the princess flushed and bit her lip.

There was a painful silence, only broken by the unrestrained sobbing of the countess. The baron looked at the cap he had taken off when he recognized the elector, threw imploring glances at the princess, whose eyes were resolutely fixed upon the floor; but her lips were smiling. The elector regarded the baron with open contempt. "The carriage is waiting," he said at length, offering his arm to the princess, but, turning to Baron Hederich, she said: "What do you advise me to do?"

"I think, madam, that you had better return," replied the baron, weakly, and to his bewildered mind it seemed that he had smelt gunpowder. The elector, who was not that of a woman whose brightest hopes had suddenly been shattered.

"Ah, baron," replied the princess, gravely, "your advice is sounder than your protestations, I fear. But a stinging lash behind her words, and Von Egidly winced.

"Smiling, the princess took the elector's arm, and the slamming of a carriage door sounding through the still air as the Paris train rumbled in the distance told the baron that his house of cards had tumbled about his feet, and that he was an exile.

The return journey to Zatinhof was performed in silence, and it was only when they reached the foot of the grand staircase that the princess spoke. "Is it up or down, sir?" she asked flipperly, her foot upon the lowest step, "to the deepest of your dungeons or to my apartment?"

"The Countess von Vogel is to conduct you to your rooms, madam," the elector replied, coldly; and, bowing profoundly, he disappeared down a corridor.

The next morning a letter was brought to the elector from the Princess Irene, asking for an interview, and with a grave face the young monarch immediately went to her boudoir, the Countess von Vogel leaving as he entered.

The princess rose to receive him with a shy awkwardness in her manner that he had never seen before. "I know you must be thinking very ill of me," she said, looking away from him, as he stood with his hand resting on a table, "and now that everything is over, I—I want you to know that—I am not so foolish as I appear to have been."

"I am afraid that I do not grasp your meaning," the elector said, coldly.

The princess moved nearer to him, and as she came into the light he saw that his eyes were swollen with weeping.

"It is very hard to tell you," she said, her voice breaking, you are so cold; but I felt I could not leave Zatinhof without telling you that I never had any intention of eloping with Baron Hederich von Egidly.

"The elector," said, "adding with a kinder note in his voice, "in allowing matters to go so far?"

"The princess blushed, then grew pale. "I cannot tell you," she stammered.

For a moment the elector looked at her intently, then he crossed to her side, took her face between his hands and looked into her eyes. "I think I understand," he said, softly. "Irene! and as he put his arms around her she buried her head in his shoulder, passionately sobbing, shaking her slender figure.

"I never knew you cared," the princess said later, as they were sitting in the window seat. "I—I liked you from the first, you were so different to other men. But you always were so cold, so reserved, and I felt that you would never love me—never!"

"And you were so merry, so bright, Irene, that I felt you could never think me anything but a dull and tedious man, but—"

"Yes, that is what you are, but," interrupted the princess, with a touch of her old gaiety, "and I must make a confession. The poor baron was a fool, and when I saw that I could not provoke you by my own interest in him—well, I lost my better sense. His note, making an appointment, was a terrible shock to my pride, but when I found you were not upon the ice that afternoon I kept it. I had determined to end the matter at once, but catching sight of a peasant cutting down trees, I recognized you, and remembering your favorite hobby and disguise, I determined to consent to the elopement, and to arrange the plans in your hearing, simply to see whether you cared for me sufficiently to prevent it. I knew it was madness on my part, but if you had not come—"

"The end of this sentence, Irene, justifies the means," said the elector, kissing her "for if I had not overheard the baron's plans, as you intended, I should never have known how much you loved me."

"And if you had not loved me," echoed the princess, "you would not have saved me from my folly."

"You played a desperate game."

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"You, but the stakes were happiness—and you."

"And the baron?" asked the elector, smiling.

"Ah!" the princess replied, stalling, "he, too, played a desperate game, but he forgot that his opponent was a woman, and a woman in love."—S. James Budget.

## ORIGIN OF THE WALTZ.

An Evolution from a Religious Dance—How it Became Fashionable in Germany.

From the Parisian.

The opinion most generally conceded is that France received the waltz from Germany toward the close of the eighteenth century, and among many legends it contains the most truth; but the justice of attributing to Germany the influence of the waltz in France does not of necessity verify the statement that it had its origin in Germany.

Like everything else that touches humanity, where nothing is born spontaneously but everything is the product of a series of successive evolutions, the waltz did not emanate in its present form from the brain of a dancing master. Long before 1780, the time when we find it first mentioned under this name, its graceful curves and cadences were displayed on the village greens as well as in the golden saloons of palaces; it had its alternatives of vogue and neglect, its supporters and detractors.

This was the case in the time when things, we find first in the church where, in the midst of barbaric disorder, it serves to trace the union between ancient civilization and that of the middle ages. The sacred dance of the pagans is preserved to a certain extent in the Roman church, in which there is a tambourine dance. The council decided to adopt the Isidorian liturgy in all Spain, and it differed but little from that used in other countries at that time. This rite, celebrated before the eighth century, when the Moors first invaded Spain, was still celebrated by the Christians in the seven churches of Toledo, which the Moors abandoned after their capture of the city, and was after that time called the Moorish rite.

This was known and employed in Provence and Italy. The tambourine in use in this religious dance was called by St. Isidore "mottie de symphonie," and evidently corresponded to the instrument which, in the ancient sacred dances, accompanied the flute, a sort of bagpipe invented two centuries later in the Roman church, in which there is a middle age is allied to the ancient sacred dance, so the waltz is an evolution of this religious dance, having passed through many changes before arriving at its present form.

In the eleventh century, when the Gregorian rite supplanted the Moorish rite, the dance disappeared from the church. It appeared very quickly in society under the name of carole, a word derived from the Latin carolus; afterwards, under that of basse-dance, in which the grand preludes, kings and dignitaries did not disdain to join, composed of three parts, two very slow and one more lively.

The people—and, at this time, all who were not of the clergy or royalty—were the people—used the latter part, called the tourillon, which, lighter and more lively, appealed to them, and, little by little, it became changed. In Italy it was first separated from the rest under the name of romanesca, and from there it passed to Provence and southern Germany, but in each of these countries it was diversified and developed according to the character of the people.

In Provence it soon became the gaillard, and this name indicates the character of the transformation.

Five hundred years later they danced the volte, which was, in turn, a transformation of the gaillard. The measure was ternary like the latter, and might be designated technically thus: Two steps, a skip, feet together, pause. The main feet from the opposite couple, then shifted on the left foot, turning the left shoulder toward them; repeating this four times, he again faced the other dancers; as for the lady, her movements were reduced to embracing as lightly as possible the neck of her cavalier.

As can be seen at once, this dance resembled the waltz in three ways. It was danced in three time, it was the first dance in which a turn was made, and the first in which the dancer embraced his partner. The latter, in fact, did not touch the ground; the cavalier held her suspended with his left arm

## FOOLHARDY MAN.

He had two helpmates of it.

The Foolhardy Man—Possibly he did it on a wager.—Boston Transcript.

## HOPELESS SUFFERERS.

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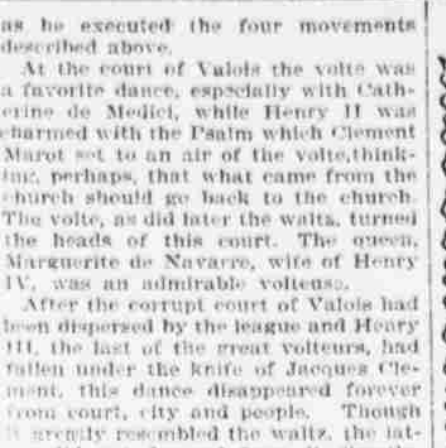
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as he executed the four movements described above.

At the court of Valois the volte was a favorite dance, especially with Catherine de Medici, while Henry II was charmed with the Psalm which Clement Marot set to an air of the volte, thinking, perhaps, that what came from the church should go back to the church. The volte, as did later the waltz, turned the heads of this court. The queen, Marguerite de Navarre, wife of Henry IV, was an admirable voltess.

After the corrupt court of Valois had been dispersed by the league and Henry III, the last of the great voltesses, had fallen under the knife of Jacques Clement, this dance disappeared forever from court, city and people. Though it presently resembled the waltz, the latter was descended from directly, but was rather the younger sister of it. In fact, the romanesca, transported, as we have said, to Provence and southern Germany was developed in these countries very differently, in accordance with the general and local conditions, and shortly afterward assumed the name of waltz, by which it has been known ever since.

Thus from the foundation of the aristocratic dance, transformed by the people, was born the romanesca, which he named France, the gaillard, and volte, and in Germany, through various stages, emerged at last into a waltz, and this last avatar of the old dance of the eleventh century seems to be installed definitely and to have fixed the fancy of the world.

The waltz, however, as we know it, and always will have, appreciation and opposition, but it has triumphed over all and today its musical rhythm, so charming and captivating, which Beethoven and Chopin glorified not to immortalize, is to be heard on every side. "The Invitation to the Waltz" by Weber, magnificently orchestrated by Berlioz, is celebrated. Of course, it must be remembered that these waltzes were composed to be listened to rather than danced to.

Recently the classical waltz has been obscured by a newcomer of American origin, which is called—I do not know why—"The Boston." There is no dance of that name in America, and if one asks a young American for "an tour de Boston" she does not know of what you speak. This is a very slow and glasse waltz, in which the gyratory movement is rare; in fact, produced only every eight or ten measures, and then slowly and almost insensibly.

On the other hand, the waltz as it is danced in Germany, to very lively gyrations very rapid and frequent. The slower waltz has the advantage in that it admits of conversation, is less monotonous to watch and causes less "ces vertiges et tournoisments de tete," which so disturbed the good Thoinot Arbeau.

In the same way that the costumes and manners of the world change, the waltz, too, is evolutionized—adapted to the conditions surrounding it. This dance has deformed more noble dances—the pasmina, gavotte and minuet. We have not time enough to learn these complicated dances, and the waltz may in its turn, be supplanted by something earlier. Perhaps the future generations, entirely occupied in other directions, will regard dancing as a child's game, belonging to the barbarous days of their ancestors.

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