SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1905. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-FIFTH YEAR.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

TRAGIC STORY OF DETHRONED QUEEN

Woman Who Once Shared the Throne of Naples, Now Ending Her Days in Paris.

mourning who attempted to cross | was poisoned. The worst hated man

Marie Sophie is the third of the five



EX-QUEEN MARIE SOPHIE OF NAPLES. The heroic bourbon princess who once shared a throne and fought hard to retain it, is now ending her days in retirement in Paris.

a street along which the cortege was | Europe, and notorious for his cruelty to pass before long.

"Go back!" he ordered, of back! he ordered, and and spoke in an undertone to the officer of the tragedy added particular gloom, and east on the life of Marie Sophie the law;
"You don't know what you are do-

"You don't know what you are doing. It is the ex-queen of Naples!" The policeman turned in dismay to the lady, who had stopped near the edge

of the sidewalk. Will you pass, madam? I beg your pardon," he said.

A sad smile flitted ever her face. "No," she said simply, "I can watt

with the rest." And humbly, with the Parisian mob, Marie Sophie of Bavaria, a Bourban princess, widow of Francis, last king of Naples, and sister of the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, waited for

the procession to pass. On such occasions, which happen not infrequently in the life of Marie Sophie, the look in her deep serious eyes is meiancholy rather than bitter. After rassing years in which she endured many of the horrors supposed to have perished with the middle age, after rescuing herself only to become a de-pendent upon charity, Marie Sophie no repinings in the quiet retired tence she now leads in Paris, and seems to ask no better than to mingle with the populace or stay hidden in her house at Neuilly, the fushionable subcing in either place equally alone

A LOVER OF HORSES.

Yet there is one subject, perhaps, which still arouses interest in the wear-ied breast of the ex-queen of Naples. Like her sister the late empress of . like her other sister the duch case d'Alencon who died such a fright-ful death in the fire of the Paris Char-Bazar in 1897. Mayis Sophic loves press passionately. She often rides, (sly recognizable either by her sent the saddle, which is pronounced the sat in France, or by her perfect mounts high have few mutches in the world.

best in France, or by her perfect mounts which have few matches in the world. "They are my only extravagance," she is wont to say to the few who are honored with a word from her. "I do not spend much on any other huxury or toy. My horses are all that is left to me. They are very faithful friends." So far as her own sad experience goes, she might say her only faithful friends. But that would contain a semblance of bitterness or reproach, and both are far from Marie Sophie. She is fond-est of riding in the forest of Saint-liermain, where she may sometimes be met in the early morning, coursing over the soft grass, occasionally attended by a groom, but oftener quite alone, her servants waiting at some point of the old forest where her Bour-ton ancestors used to hunt in conancestors used to hunt in cen-

tories sone by.

But riding is not the only use which Marie Sophie makes of her fine horses. Few suspect that one of the best-known names on the turf is none other than a pseudonym of hers, yet it requires little perspicacity to guess that "Count Isola," whose name is seen ever and anon as proprietor of a horse which has wen some famous race, is none other than the forgotten, solitary exqueen. While unique at the present time in France that a woman of nobis blood should own race-horses under an assumed pame, it is not unprecedented assumed pame, it is not unprecedented

Bayarla, or 'in Bayarla' as the title doubt read. All the sisters were beau-

Ferdinand had little to expect save a violent death, but the circumstances

Young as she was, having barely

attained the age of 18. Marie Sophic understood her duties and fulfilled then

understood her duties and furnied them nobly. While she nursed the dying king, who grew so fend of her that he could not hear her to leave him, the wedding festivities were continuing gaily, for note regretted Ferdinand and

the Neapolitans would not renounce their amusements. Hearing the clasning

usic and the booming guns in honor the crown prince and his bride

eing the streets gay with flags and

urdered king, Marie Sophie began her treer as queen. But there crapt into

in the history of the turf. "Mr. Man-ton," who won notoriety in England for his success with face-horses, was in reality the late Duchess of Mont-

Wants British Aristocracy to Follow Their Examples, Particularly in the Matter of Entertainments-Strong Hints Thrown Out to the Nobility That They Should Display a More Generous Hospitality.

LIVES THERE IN RETIREMENT.

Finds in Horses Her Chief Solace and Races Them Under the Turf Name Of "Count Isola."

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sceptions a previously expressed seeptions with regard to the potency of prayer, that though his congregation applicated his plea the king has given to evidence of undergoing anything like a change of heart in the direction indicated. He still plays bridge and patronizes horse races. As a sensible and practical man there is no doubt that the king is well aware that game being is one of the greatest curses which addition of a choice assortment of profamity. In its royal surroundings is attended to decided to present the paractic to her. But during Lady Curzon's filmess it had been left in charge of some servious with the result that its bling is one of the greatest curses which affliers English society high and low. He is equally aware that he is powerless to check I. If he should develop a non-conformist conscience and betake himself to asceptic practises there would be an end to his popularity and his "mighty induence" would vanish.

Accabulary had been enlarged by the addition of a choice assortment of profamily. In its royal surroundings its manners did not mend, and a new habitation had to be found for it because the duchess would not have her other parrots demoralized. The parrot is now on its way to India to its original mistress. On the voyage over it will be an enlarged by the addition of a choice assortment of profamily. In its royal surroundings its manners did not mend, and a new habitation had to be found for it because the duchess would not have her other parrots demoralized. The parrot is now on its way to India to its original mistress. On the voyage over it will be

MRS. LADENBURG'S PLANS.

Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg, a wealth;

do you put the hair of another woman

WAS ONCE RICH: IS NOW A BEGGAR.

Romantic Life Story of John Burt. Aged Veteran of British Injustice.

HOW HE LOST HIS WEALTH.

It all Started in a Trumpery Dispute Over a Watch-Has a Friend in "Dick" Seddou.

justice are many, but few of them: John W. Burt, a little white-



THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

The Shah of Persia changes his mind about his future plans three times a day, according to the various advice given him by his councillors. One thing only is certain-that he is sick of suftry Parls and is going away, whither one cannot yet be certain. His doctor advises him to get as much fresh air as possible, which means more than he can get in the Champs Elysee. It is quite on the boards that he is to undertake a journey shortly to Mexico and, some say, to the United States,

sional appearance at Longehamn or put the Autcult when her horses are to run, the hands.



CZARINA A CHANGED WOMAN.

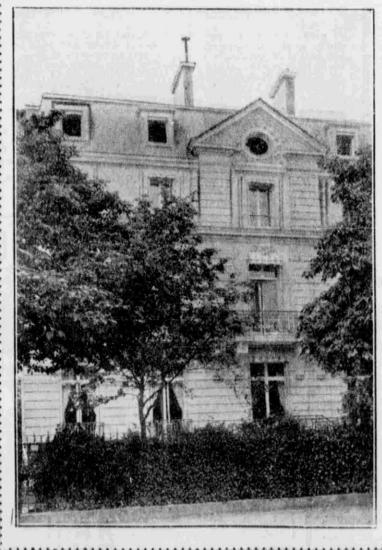
The Czarsyitch, who will some day rule over 158,000,000 people, has just celebrated his first birthday. His mother, who was the beautiful and happy Princess Alix of Hesse, grand-shaughter of Queen Victoria of England, seems to have regained her old-time good spirits since the birth of an heir to the throne of Russia. The rigors of court life, the dangers and difficulties of her position for a time robbed her of joy in life and there were those who said she would not survive the unhappiness of her portion. She is now a changed woman, and her beauty is reviving under happy maternal inducaces. From being regarded as a nonentity in court circles her power is increasing in all directions and her induence for good is being fely

bearded old man who sells newspapers, "'Why,' his wife answered, 'do you | boot laces and matches for a living, put the skin of another calf on your sleeps in one of the London county council's cheap lodging houses and feeds sumptuously three times a day at the Motel Cecil, one of London's most hixurious caravansaries. It is probably due to the fact that the requirements of his inner man are so abundantly satisfied that Burt, despite his 25 years, endures his lot with patient resignation and sanguinely awaits the day when his wrongs will be righted end he will be restored again to af-

it is to Premier "Dick" Seddon of New Zenland, that the old man is in-debted for this strange tempering of debted for this strange tempering of the wind to the shorn lamb. The pictures are calculated statesman possesses the virtue of never forgetting an old friend. He and Hurt were "pals" at the Egharat good diggings in Australia long years ago, and for two years shared all the hardships and luck that came their way. Then they parted company and alld not meet again until they accidentally ran across each other in London a few years ago. Burt was then having a hard time of it to keep himself out of the poorhouse and Salden was being feted everywhere as one of the aposities of imperial milty. He broke an emagement with a ritled nation that he and the eid man might dina loserage at the Cecil. And when he resured to New Zouland he left directions with the proprietor that Burt ons with the proprietor that Burt hould be allowed to take what meals he pleased there. The bills are settled

CAUSE OF HIS MISPORTUNE.

It was a transport dispute about a water that was the source of all the misforture that has dogged Burt's footmisforture that has dogged Burt's footstring for the last IT years. For some
time after he and Soddon dissolved
thely go'deprospe ting partnership ha
preserved and acquired a valuable farm
in Tasmania. One day he sent a gold
seaten to a watchmaker in Fingal to be
repaired. But the watch that was returned to him was unother watch and
of inferior quality, according to Burt's
story. The matter was then taken into want. There the magnetrates argued
Burt lye rept sjudgment of nonsult and
to the presence of a willness return the Sure the cept sjudgment of nonsult and in the presence of a witness return the watch no the watch maker and their suangus to resource his own. Buret acced or their givine. He got slugged for his palma by the watchmaker, and was hild up for several weeks in consequence. Then he sued the watchmaker for assault, claiming heavy damages. When the case came up for trial it was discovered that instead of a judgment of nonsult a verdict had been entered against Burt. To view of this the court dismissed his claim with costs amounting to over \$1,000. Since then Burt's life has been one long struggle to obtain a rehearing of the case. That a wrong verdict had been entered was admitted, but, as the legal authorities of Tasmania interpreted the law, there of Tasmania interpreted the law, there was no way by which the wheels of instee could be revolved backwards, and the wrong vardiet changed into a right one. The watchmaker had a big political pull and that was exerted against Burt to the utmost. against Burt to the utmost, In the



RESIDENCE OF THE EX-QUEEN OF NAFLES.

It is situated at Neully, a fashionable suburb of Paris, and here she lives alone and forgotten,

The reign of the new king and queen of the two Sicilies was even more ap-pallingly disastrous than might have

them.

A DISASTROUS REIGN.

The reign of the new king and queen he two Sicilies was even more apongly disastrous than night have a presaged from its dark opening aught by the fate of his father, or ing to save himself by improving a his father's cruelty. Francis used plans where his father had used ps, and was hurled from his throne.

Francis intremehed himself in the forteress of Gaeta, known as the Italian Gibraltar, and there for a time he defined the slegg guns of the besiegers and the blockade of their fleet.

Terrifled for his life, he secluded himself in a bomphorod chamber, while his queen moved along among the men, electoraging them by her words and by her presence in the midst of the danger. Once the king's study protected though growth and his wife in dust. sepothering bins and his wife in dust.
Marie Sophic ordered her horse and
rode around the ramparts, retning up to
use her field-glass with a hand as by a revolution so sanguinary that even his flinty heart was appalled. Garibald, invaded Sielly, Victor Emmanuel entercareer as queen. But there erapt into ed the Abruzzi. With the few troops her eyes a look of auxious sorrow which still remaining faithful to him, King steady as though the were watching a

enemy, dust covering her hand and her clothes, the soldiers cheered with wild

"It is not the first time," she said calmiy, "that soldiers have seen a Bour-bon queen with her hale powdered." But her courage availed her nothing. On her nineteenth birthday, Gaeta fell. and she and her husband became wan-derers upon the earth.

REDUCED TO POVERTY.

During the long years which followed. King Francis and his consort depended upon the bitter bread of charity. Franhad no such consolution. If her hus-band was man with grief, and some claim that he indeed was, she was saus she suffered as only such natures can suffer. Yet are was loyal to the end. Her only child, a baby girl, had died in her arms at itome, soon after the fall of Gaeta. Her husband survived the loss of his crown for thirty-three years, and for all that time the fathers with water and water and are in 'ul wife watched and waited and en After weathering tempests wilder

than those which have fallen to the lot of even most crowned heads, the evening of Marie Sophie's life is now passing in calm. Twelve years ago at the death of her mother, she inherited enough money to relieve her from financial worses, and she then pur-chased the house on the Boulevard Malliet, at Neudly, over-looking the Bois de Boulogne, where she has resid-

ed ever since. To this day, in spite of her sixty-theeman. Taller than the empress of Austria, she has the same eract, graceful figure, the same elastic step, the same fine bearing. Eight years ago, her broken by the tragic peace was again broken by the tragic death of the Duchesse d'Alencon, and a year later, by the assassination of the Empress Elizabeth. For long years she has dressed only in sweeping black wearing for all ornament only a sucred relic to a locket given her by the Duchess d'Alencon.

IS SELDOM SEEN.

With the exception of her morning rides in the Saint-Germain forest, and