ROYAL MARRIAGE IN BERLIN.

Prince Henry and Princess Irene Wedded on Their Grandmother's Birthday.

EMPEROR FREDERICK A GUEST.

A last (Thursday) night's Berlin cable says: The Court to-day was present at the marriage of Heinrich, the sailor Prince, second son of the Emperor, to Princess Irene, the third daughter of the Grand Duke Ludwig of Hesse, and the lamented Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse and Princess of England. The bride was born at Darmstadt, July 11th, 1866, and is said to be both amiable and highly educated, and, without being beautiful, is possessed of a very fine figure, and is more than good looking. The bridegroom was born August 14th, 1862, and is regarded as the future admiral of the German navy. He has been in the service since 1879, and has made two voyages around the world. He is generally considered to be the cleverest member of the Hohenzollern family, and in years past, when Prince Wilhelm fell from popular grace through his escapades, the Prussians had hope that fate would assist the younger brother to the Imperial throne.

The betrothal of the illustrious couple was officially made known on the occasion of the 90th birthday of the late Kaiser, and the marriage ceremony was announced to take place in the latter part of February last, but the death of the late, and the serious illness of the present, Emperor delayed the marriage until to-day.

Last evening the special train conveying Princess Irene, her father and their suites and the Prussian officials who had met them at the frontier, steamed into the Charlottenburg station. After the usual greetings had taken place the Crown Prince introduced all the brilliant suites to Princess Irene, and then conducted his future sister-in-law to a carriage. Mourning was abandoned for the occasion, and all the younger princesses appeared in white. Princess Irene, in an open victoria drawn by four black geldings, with outriding postillions, looked beautiful in her ivory white silk pearl. She was completely overcome by the hearty enthusiasm of the reception. Twenty thousand people lined the route, shouting "Hoch!" "Wilkommen!" etc. She was pale, though she smiled occasionally and a tear trickled down her cheek as she neared the palace.

A thousand torches and electric lights reflecting on the cuirassiers' helmets and on the Gardes du Corps were all toned down to a full moon ideal. The bridal reception was in the Blue Salon of the palace. The Prince of Wales and distinguished guests awaited the arrival of the Royal party, who were driven into the courtyard between lines of the Foot Guards. Afterward the bride and bridegroom held a reception in the palace. The park in front was like fairyland, illuminated by electric lights. Among the trees sylphs appeared to be hovering over the happy bride and her cousin, while around the palace the shouts of the enormous crowd brought one back to the realms of reality.

The ceremony took place to-day in the private chapel of Charlottenburg Castle, which was filled with the representatives of royalty, the foreign embassadors and the principal German Ministers. Emperor Frederick, Empress Victoria, Dowager Empress Augusta, the Prince of Wales and the King of Saxony were amongst those present. At noon there was a clangour of all the bells in Berlin and Charlottenburg to announce the commencement of the ceremony, and a salute of 36 guns were fired at half-past 12, to indicate that the bride and bridegroom had exchanged rings.

Prince Henry and his bride left by a special train at 3 o'clock for Erdmannsdorf, where they will spend the honeymoon. They received a continuous ovation along the route.

Prince Henry and the Crown Prince wore naval uniforms.

The Emperor, notwithstanding the padded suit specially made for the occasion, showed in his wasted frame the ravages of disease. He was the rose-crowned corpse at the marriage feast.

The Emperor was strongly excited during the ceremony, and Dr. Mackenzie was very anxious for the result. Beyond being much fatigued His Majesty does not appear to have suffered.

Thousands of people were assembled outside the castle. When Gen. Von Moltke arrived he was enthusiastically greeted by the multitude.

The bride wore white peau de sole and Alencon lace, the silk underskirt being flounced with rich lace. The train, of the same material as the dress, was square, and the sides of the skirts were ornamented with orange blossoms.

A last (Friday) night's Berlin cable says: Before the wedding ceremony yesterday the royal family assembled in the blue drawing-room where the Empress affixed the Princess' crown upon the bride's head, using a gold toilet service presented by the Czar Alexander I. to Queen Louisa. Count Stolberg having registered the marriage, the procession started for the chapel. Count Radolinski led, followed by the bridal couple, the Grand Duke of Hesse escorting the Empress, the Prince of Wales escorting the Crown Princess, the Crown Prince escorting Grand Duchess Elizabeth (the wife of Grand Duke Sergius of Russia and sister of the bride), and others.

The floor of the chapel was covered with Persian carpet and the walls were suitably decorated. The Empress stood at the right of the altar and the Grand Duke of Hesse at the left. The dowager Empress, in widow's weeds, was wheeled in from a side door. The couple stepped up to her and kissed her hand, bowing low, the choir in the meantime singing a hymn. Then the Emperor, in the uniform of a grand marshal, walked in erect, with a firm gait and movement. He allowed his eyes to wander over the assembled company, smiling and bowing graciously. Approaching his mother he bowed low and kissed her hand and then seated himself beside the Empress. Altogether it was an impressive and touching scene.

The ceremony now began. Chaplain Koeg delivered an eloquent sermon, in the course of which he referred to the Empress and Queen Victoria. Toward the end of the sermon the Emperor rose, leaning upon his sword, and remained standing during the rest of the ceremony. The choir sang an anthem by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

The bride wore a low-cut corsage trimmed along the edge with large diamonds, and a heavy necklace of gold. She held a fan set with diamonds. Her bosom ornaments, which were diamonds, and her bracelets were all ancient Royal jewels. The Empress was dressed in pale green silk with a plastron of silver brocade and a pale blue silk train. She wore a splendid diadem of diamonds, white feathers, riviere of diamonds on her neck and carried a bouquet of orange blossoms.

Count Herbert Bismarck was present. During the ceremony the Emperor did not cough or show a sign of discomfort or weakness. Dr. Mackenzie was near at hand and kept a watchful eye upon him. The Castle of Augustenbery at Kiel has been prepared for the residence of the couple after the honeymoon.

WOOED AND WON BY POST.

How a Toronto Beau Captured a Cleveland Belle.

A last (Friday) night's Cleveland despatch says: One of those cases so often read of but so seldom actual fact occurred on Huron street in this city yesterday. It was a marriage brought about through correspondence. The circumstances are said to be as follows: In Toronto lives William Young, a matter-of-fact young man, who some time since took it into his head to get married. He was not romantic, and the Toronto girls appear not to have fully come up to his requirements. At any rate, through some means or other, he learned the address of Miss Nellie Meffert, a young lady living on Huron street, in this city, and learning that she was open to a matrimonial alliance he wrote to her asking her to correspond with him and detailing the amount of his worldly possessions, his personal appearance, etc. The fair Cleveland lass responded affably and after a few interchanges of letters photographs were exchanged. Both were well pleased with the likenesses. After about two months of epistolary courtship the young man formally proposed for her hand. She accepted, and he wrote that he would arrive here last Wednesday to claim his bride. There was considerable nervousness in the house on Huron street. The prospective bride wondered if her lover had sent her a genuine likeness, if he had deceived her as to his age, and if he would still stick to his bargain after he had seen her. At last the prosaic wooer arrived and knocked at the door, asked if Miss Meffert lived there and was informed that she did. He then announced in a purely business way that he had dropped in to marry her. The young lady flew to meet him, and they exchanged greetings and looked each other over. The young man was satisfied with his share of the bargain, but the young lady was not quite so considerate. She dallied with him for some time and it began to look as if Mr. Young would go back to Toronto a bachelor. At last Miss Meffert relented and the young couple were united in matrimony last evening. They left the city this morning for their home in Toronto.

Baby Bit the Baby.

A New Haven (Conn.) despatch says: A strange incident, which may cause the death of a little child, was witnessed yesterday in a prominent dry goods store in this city. Mrs. North, of the western part of the city, was shopping, taking her infant of about 16 months with her. While she was making her purchases she placed the little girl on a revolving stool. Near by was a German woman, who had a child about the same age, that began to coo and manifest a desire for a closer acquaintance with the North baby.

The German woman lifted her child up close to the other, saying, "Kiss the baby." The little German then embraced the North baby, but, instead of kissing her, bit her cheek frightfully, causing the blood to flow and the cheek to puff and swell badly. Mrs. North thinks that the child will be disfigured as long as it lives, if the injury extends no further, and it is very ill to-day from the effects of the bite.

The German woman was so mortified that she at once left with her child, and her identity could not be discovered.

Nineteenth Century Magic.

The fact, I think, deserves to be recorded for the edification of future generations that in this present year of grace 1888 the corporation of Tiverton, being anxious to procure a new water supply for the borough, engaged a respectable soothsayer from a neighboring town to discover by means of his divining rod the most likely spot on which to sink a well! I am not joking. This performance was actually gone through a mile or two from Tiverton on Wednesday last. The sorcerer or medium, or whatever he is to be called, was Mr. Lawrence. He was accompanied in his search by a party of aldermen and town councillors. The divining rod became duly agitated in a number of places—so much so that, says the reporter, it "occasionally almost prostrated the manipulator with exhaustion." The result is accepted by the foremost intellects in Tiverton without demur. Two wells are to be sunk at once and the contract is already placed. Good heavens!—*London Truth.*

A Shower of Hats.

For several hours the other day it literally rained straw hats in several towns in Norfolk County, Mass., and next day weather vanes, church steeples and other architectural peaks were decorated with them. The explanation is that a small tornado struck the Excelsior straw works in Medfield at about midday, and several hundred straw hats which were out drying were swept up by a funnel-shaped cloud, which carried them out of sight in a twinkling. Next day the hats were picked up in Walpole, Foxboro, Sloughton, Mansfield and other places within a circle of more than ten miles in diameter. The tornado was strong enough to pick up from the bleach yard of the factory a large number of Canton hats, weighing as much as ten pounds apiece. These were whisked up in the air fully one hundred feet. The storm came without warning and disappeared as suddenly.

A lady physician, Dr. Hattie Allen, has been appointed Associate Professor of Medicine in the University of Michigan. "Now," says the *Medical Record*, "we hope Hattie will write herself Harriet."

FARMER KREITMEYER'S LUCK.

After a Romantic Career He falls Heir to a Baroncy and Great Wealth.

An Economy (Pa.) despatch says: Emil Kreitmeyer, a middle-aged man, employed here for some time past as a farm laborer, to-day electrified the Communistic Society of Economites, in whose employ he has been, with the startling announcement that his real name is Von Kreitmeyer, and that he has just come into possession of the title of baron and a vast estate in Oberamt Maulbronn, Kingdom of Wurtemberg, Germany.

MARRIED THE GAME-KEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

Emil Von Kreitmeyer is the second son of the tenth baron of the same name. He was born on his father's estates in the German Province above named forty-eight years ago. Before reaching his majority he fell desperately in love with Wilhelmina Freibertszeiser, the daughter of his father's game-keeper—a bright-eyed, rosy cheeked, buxom girl of 17—whom at length he clandestinely wedded. When the concealment of this secret marriage was no longer possible the wrath of Emil's father knew no bounds. He pronounced *anathema maranatha* upon his son for having disgraced his family by a mesalliance with a peasant girl, turned him out of doors and forbade him ever again cross the threshold of the Von Kreitmeyer halls. Thus cast off by his father and "cut" by all his aristocratic friends, young Kreitmeyer pluckily resolved to take his young wife over the sea and endeavor to earn a comfortable living for her by the labor of his hands in the New World. During the voyage she presented him with a son and heir, but both mother and child died and were buried at sea.

JOINING THE UNION ARMY.

Meanwhile the guns of Fort Sumter were booming, and when Kreitmeyer landed at New York he found that city ablaze with excitement, while brave men jostled each other in their eagerness to enroll themselves among the volunteers for whom President Lincoln had called. Having been destined by his father for the army, Kreitmeyer promptly enlisted in a New York regiment. At the first battle of Bull Run he was carried off the field with a Confederate bullet in his breast, and for long weeks afterward he was confined in a Washington hospital. When sufficiently recovered to leave it he returned to his regiment and served gallantly until the very end of the war. He was again twice wounded, and one bullet, which a rebel sharpshooter contrived to lodge in his head, continues there to the present day.

REVISITING HIS NATIVE LAND.

When mustered out of service after Lee's surrender, Kreitmeyer, having led an abstemious life and carefully saved his pay, found himself the possessor of some $600, and with this sum he determined to recross the water and pay a visit incognito to the neighborhood of his old home. On arriving in Oberamt Maulbronn he wended his way to the lodge in the forest on his father's estates, whence he had led his young bride in the long ago. Making himself known to his father-in-law, the old gamekeeper, he learned from him that both his parents were dead and that his elder brother was now master of the title and estates. Completely overcome and softened by the news of his mother's death, Kreitmeyer sought a [illegible] with his father. The Baron declared that he could never forgive but the new the disgrace which Emil had inflicted upon the family name by his marriage with the gamekeeper's daughter, and, following the example of his father, he anathematized the returned soldier and turned him out for the second time.

Feeling utterly friendless and alone in the world, Kreitmeyer enlisted in the Prussian army and continued in the service for a period of fifteen years, during which time he passed unharmed through both the Austro-Prussian and Franco-Prussian wars, though on more than one occasion his horse was shot under him. He left the army in 1880, resolved to return to the United States; but his second visit to this country was not so fortunate as his first. After wandering about for some time from city to city, turning his hand to any odd jobs he could obtain, he at length drifted to this communistic settlement and obtained employment as a farm laborer, in which capacity he has continued for several years.

THE HAPPY ENDING.

Some three or four months ago he answered an advertisement in a German newspaper for information concerning Emil Von Kreitmeyer, heir to the barony and estates of Von Kreitmeyer, in Oberamt Maulbronn, Wurtemburg, Germany—the last incumbent, Emil's brother, having died.

Considerable correspondence passed on the subject, and yesterday Kreitmeyer received a letter with a German postmark from the family solicitors, enclosing a draft on New York for a sum sufficient to supply all his wants and enable him to travel like a gentleman to Oberamt Maulbroon, where his title and estates await him.

Mr. Spurgeon on the Baptist Union.

A London cable says: The Calvinist Methodists have, perhaps, an idea that it is possible to annex Mr. Spurgeon to their denomination, and they have been passing a vote of sympathy with him in his present ecclesiastical troubles. He replies in a remarkable letter, "mourning," he says, "over a great evil in some of the churches. I sacrifice peace, friendship and repute to be clear of it. My protest was resented and judged to be needless." But he considers that the discussions have more than justified his charges, and repudiates again the compact which was made without his concurrence. He then adds: "It has cost me many wounds and much dishonor to have been the accuser of my brethren. It is still more painful to find their great errors not regarded as serious by the mass of professors. My only course is to follow a separate path; not, however, separating myself from any of any denomination who hold the faith once delivered to the saints." That is Mr. Spurgeon's way of saying that the Calvinist Methodist who agrees with him is a better Christian than the Baptist who follows the "down grade" with the Baptist Union. Wider than ever, therefore, is the breach between the Baptists and their great preacher.

An Oregon boy recently killed a companion for answering in Sunday-School a question on which he himself had failed.

READS LIKE A NOVEL.

Crew of a Wrecked Vessel Attacked by Chinese Pirates on the High Seas—Desperate Resistance—The Ship Fired.

A last (Thursday) night's San Francisco despatch says: The steamer City of Peking, which arrived from Hong Kong and Yokohama yesterday, brings additional information in regard to the wrecking of the steamer San Pablo, near Turnabout Island, in the Channel of Formosa, a month ago. The captain's statement is as follows: On Monday evening the vessel ran into a thick fog. He kept the ship on her course, though precautions were taken to keep continually sounding. On Tuesday morning at 3.30 the San Pablo struck a sunken rock ten miles north of Turnabout. It was impossible to back the ship off, as the two holds and coal bunkers were filled with water and there was danger of the vessel capsizing. It was decided that it was hopeless to attempt to save the steamer or cargo, consequently the passengers and crew took to the boats and made for Turnabout Lighthouse, whence they were conveyed to Shanghai. Just before the lifeboats were ready to be lowered a swarm of Chinese piratical junks came from the neighboring mainland. The queer-looking vessels sailed in line of battle, and Capt. Reed, realizing the danger his charges were in, made preparation to repel the attack. The pirates, however, came in such overwhelming numbers that before any demonstration could be made on board the sinking vessel they were climbing up the ship's sides. They were led by a man armed with a cutlass and a large revolver. His shipmates were also very heavily armed. Capt. Reed passed revolvers and guns among the passengers and crew and after a furious fusillade the Coolies were beaten off. They rallied, however, and made a second and more desperate attempt to board the San Pablo, which was fast settling in the water. Some of the pirates gained the main deck in spite of the gallant stand of the passengers and crew and were swarming toward the promenade deck, where the defenders were busy firing and reloading, when Capt. Reed brought the ship's hose pipes into requisition. The long coils of hose were manned by the crew and instantly the pirates were again put to flight, the torrents of boiling water from the pipes sweeping many of them off the decks into the sea. The Coolies then beat a retreat, and drawing their vessels up in line cruised half a mile off the sinking vessel with the evident intention of waiting for its abandonment. During the fight Capt. Reed imprisoned all the Chinese among his crew with the Chinese passengers in the forehold, for fear they would aid their countrymen. As soon as possible the passengers, mail and specie were put into the San Pablo's boats, and then all bore away for land. When only a short distance from the wreck they saw the pirates set sail and rush upon the San Pablo. They clambered over the ship's sides with grappling hooks and were soon masters of one of the finest boats that ever sailed the Pacific. Whether by accident or design, they soon set fire to the ship, and when last seen smoke was pouring from the wreck in great clouds. In a few days tugs were sent to the relief of the San Pablo, but they found only the hulk, burned to the outer edge and stripped of everything valuable. It is estimated that at least a score of pirates lost their lives in the fight with Capt. Reed and his men. During the battle the women and children who were below in the rooms, where they had sought safety, were not only of falling into the hands of the pirates, but of being drowned in the water which was filling the ship.

The "I-Would-Not-Live-Alway" Life Insurance Co.

The old style life insurance companies are extremely careful in assuming risks, and to this end, besides subjecting applicants to a most rigid medical examination they, in addition, carefully inquire into the habits, appearance and fighting weight of his forefathers and foremothers, his uncles, his cousins and his aunts, on a still hunt for the germs of hereditary disease. In addition, they refuse risks where applicants pursue an avocation which they regard as hazardous.

This works an injustice to many which my company, recently organized, seeks to remedy by an ingenious classification which is to regulate as follows:

First, we have the usual premium for healthy persons, based on age at time of insuring, then we add to this premium a graded increased percentage according to the symptoms of hereditary disease apparent in the assured or their relatives and the hazardous nature of their occupation. We absolutely exclude all those whose pursuits in life are fairly certain to entail sudden death sooner or later. This additional assessment system is graded as follows, the percentage being based on accurate mortuary statistics:

Those having symptoms of or liability to inherit heart disease, dropsy, insanity, jim-jams, Bright's disease, scrofula, consumption, etc., 10 to 20 per cent.

Those actually afflicted with these diseases (or any of them) 20 to 50 per cent., according to severity of attack.

Occupation premiums—Brakemen, conductors and engineers, 15 per cent. extra.

Spring poets, 75 per cent. extra.

Murderers awaiting trial (if poor and friendless) 95 per cent. of amount of policy.

.B.—Murderers awaiting trial, (if rich or with influential friends, will be charged an additional premium.)

Professional baseball players, 50 per cent. extra premium.

Umpires of baseball games, 100 per cent. extra.

Miners, seamen and river navigators, 33 1-3 per cent. extra.

Aeronauts and trapeze performers, 100 per cent. extra.

House builders and submarine divers, 50 per cent. extra.

House servants who start fires with kerosene, 100 per cent. extra.

Employees of gunpowder or dynamite works, 500 per cent. extra.

Painters and steeple climbers, 300 per cent. extra.

Texas horse thieves and Mississippi editors are not taken at any rate whatever.

Thus hazardous occupations get a show, while we exclude the two classes whose way leads to certain and sudden death.

For further information address

TOM WRIGHT, Sec'y and Mgr.

WIDDOWS' RECORD.

The Remarkable Career of a Religious Impostor.

DOINGS IN CANADA AND ELSEWHERE.

Our despatches a few days ago contained an account of the trial, conviction and sentence of "Rev." Francis George Widdows and Charles Hart Burleigh, described as a clerk in holy orders, for shocking acts of indecency with pupils of Christ Church Hospital, London. The Judge, it is learned by mail, addressing Burleigh, said he could find no mitigating circumstances, and sentenced him to ten years' penal servitude on one charge and penal servitude for life on the other charge. The prisoner fell back in a swoon. Widdows was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

The career of Francis George Widdows, who is falsely described as an "ex-Franciscan Monk," and who has now been committed for ten years on a disgraceful charge, is sketched in the Norwich *Argus*. Norwich is Widdows' birthplace, and a gentleman there has kept track of his career as a religious philanthropist, who has devoted his life to exposing Romanism. fant Samuel was due on Father Ignatius' stage. The monastery was broken up after four years. Young Nobbs or Widdows then proceeded to London. He dressed himself as a priest, and travelled with a companion similarly attired. He called himself Brother Aloysius, and his companion Brother Stanislaus. Brother Aloysius was next heard of in his native town as the centre of attraction in the Marylebone Police Court. The charge was similar to the one for which he has now been sentenced, but he escaped punishment through the failure of the prosecuting witness to appear. He then went to Rome, to France and to Canada, where he began his life work. Seeking ever those localities where fanaticism was most rampant, he was able to find people to listen to him in many places, and the extent to which he deluded his sympathisers would be amusing were it not for the peculiar moral depravity of the chief actor. In the midst of his Canadian career he was arrested in Toronto, tried, convicted, and sentenced to prison for two years. After leaving prison he returned to England, went to Glasgow to lecture and to Dundee. In a few days he converted the latter town into a first-class bedlam. The average Dundee citizen is a man of strong convictions, and while the mob did not know exactly what they would do with Mr. Nobbs, they earnestly beseeched to be allowed to get at him. One evening, while he was lecturing, the angry citizens surrounded the hall, and he had to don female attire and escape over the roofs adjoining the hall. The Dundee *Advertiser* thereupon took an interest in Nobbs' career, and sent to Toronto for all the documents pertaining to his conviction, which they duly published. Nevertheless Nobbs went back to Norwich, drove about the city in an open carriage displaying a life-size portrait of himself which his Dundee flock had caused to be painted. The most singular thing about his career is that he has always found people of the fanatical temperament to believe in him, and his Dundee following look upon him as a martyr, and made up a purse for him. With this money he went away, and afterwards turned up in Liverpool and other towns, and then went to London and began lecturing at Hackney. At Hackney he called himself a "Martin Luther man," build him a chapel [illegible] sympathizers there to Martin Luther Chapel, and now the congregation have been deprived of their pastor.

Ladies Looking at a Battle.

On a lovely spring Sunday some months ago some English ladies in Suakin mounted to the housetops and witnessed a thrilling spectacle. In the clear atmosphere every movement was visible on the sandy plain behind the town, across which Osman Digna's horsemen, poising their long spears and with terrific yells, charged furiously, while the Egyptian troops, drawn up in battle array, pour volley after volley into the turbaned hosts. Shells from the gunboats in the harbor hissed over the heads of the ladies and plunged into the mass of advancing Arabs. The charge was as desperate as the furious rushes at Abu Klea, and the tremendous fire that emptied many a saddle did not daunt the fanatical courage of the desert warriors. Then the ladies saw on the yellow sand a fierce hand to hand fight, soldiers who were defending themselves pierced with spears, a wavering of the charging line, and finally the slow retreat of the enemy, who carried their dead and wounded from the field as they sullenly retired. There was not a tree or a house to hide a single detail or to impair the vividness of that Sunday morning spectacle. It cost over 200 lives, and it was one of those rare occasions when noncombatants are able to see, spread out before them as on a stage, the carnage and all the realities of battle.

A Mother's Sacrifice.

At Bristol, on Wednesday, an inquest was held on the body of Emily Hunt, wife of a tailor. She was preparing her husband's supper, when a paraffin lamp fell to the floor and exploded close to the cradle containing her infant child, and the flames set fire to the pillow. The deceased seized the infant, and her own clothes then took fire; but she ran with the child to the further corner of the room, laid the child down, and then fell near the door. When the neighbors came to her assistance the mother was dead, her body being terribly burned.

"My little boy is wonderfully polite," said a doting mother the other day. And yet it is recorded of the very polite little boy that he left a lady caller standing in the hall of his mother's home one day while he went the rounds of the house and grounds yelling at the top of his voice: "Mother, mother, where be you? where be you, I say? The new minister's wife i here and I forgot to tell her you wan' home."—*Kingston Freeman.*

A number of New York swells have lately made up what is known as "Raining in London" trousers. They have the bottoms neatly turned up and stitched in place.