THE EMPEROR DEAD

SYMPATHY WITH EMPRESS VICTORIA.

THE SCENE AT THE END.

The Life and Achievements of a Popular Prince.

WARRIOR, STATESMAN AND SOVEREIGN.

THE DEAD EMPEROR.

Death came to Emperor Frederick at a comparatively early age for one coming of the long-lived family of the Hohenzollerns. He was born in the New Palace at Potsdam on 18th October, 1831, and he was therefore in his 57th year. In his boyhood he was sickly, but he grew to be a strong and robust young man. In 1857 he attended the opening of the first great International Exhibition in London, which was devised and carried out under the auspices of the Prince Consort. One result of the exhibition which the Queen and the Prince Consort had scarcely foreseen was the betrothal of their daughter Princess Victoria to Prince Frederick William of Prussia. It is obvious from the very cool way in which Prince Albert writes of the event to his friend, Baron Stockmar, that the match was not thought to be a very grand one, though, on the whole, quite satisfactory. Prussia was not the power in 1851 that it is now; and the House of Hohenzollern, now the most illustrious in Europe, was then judged by the pitiful policy of its two last representatives on the throne, who were content to play second fiddle to the Emperor Nicholas of Russia. What appeared to reconcile the bride's father to the marriage was his observation that the young people seemed to like each other and that the young Hohenzollern had "honest eyes and a frank and amiable disposition." It was not until 1855, however, that the engagement was made public, and the way it was received by the English press of that day would scarcely now be credited, if it were not a matter of history. The *Times* particularly distinguished itself by heaping abuse upon the royal house of Prussia. The wedding was postponed, on account of the extreme youth of the bride, until January 25th, 1858. It took place in the chapel of St. James' Palace, London. After the ceremony Queen Victoria embraced and kissed her daughter and son-in-law, and turned her cheek to the latter's father who had respectfully stooped to kiss her hand. When the young couple embarked at Gravesend in the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, there was an enormous concourse of people, who were wildly cheering, and even the river was covered for miles with boats, from which innumerable handkerchiefs waved a last good-bye to "the fair rose of England." Particularly amusing to the Prince was a homely and disrespectful advice freely imparted by the sailors and Thames boatmen who crowded about the royal yacht. "Be true to her now," one honest fellow called out. "Keep her well," another shouted. "God bless you for it," was the greeting of a third. The railroad journey from Brussels to Berlin was a triumphal progress, full of interesting incidents.

THE WAR WITH AUSTRIA.

As Crown Prince, the late Emperor took part in three great wars—the Danish, Austrian and French. In the first-named, however, he was only a spectator attached to the headquarters of Marshal Wrangel. His first leadership was given to him in the Austrian campaign in 1866. In that war the main thing to do was to prevent the forces of South Germany joining with those of Austria that had been gathered in Bohemia. King William led three separate armies, the first called the Army of Bohemia, 100,000 men, under Prince Frederick Charles; the second, the army of Silesia, 116,000 men, under the Crown Prince; the third, the Army of the Elbe, 40,000 men commanded by Herwarth von Bittenfeld. Moltke's plan was "March separately; strike combined;" and in seven weeks the war was over. On the 23rd of June Prince Frederick Charles crossed the Austrian frontier, and six days later he was joined by the Army of the Elbe. They were at Gittschin. On his left the Crown Prince, with his army, was at Koeniginhof, a day's march away, while the Austrians had retired on Koeniggratz, ready for battle. The plan of attack was very simple. Prince Frederick Charles, with his three corps, was to assist Benedeck with his five, while Bittenfeld was to fall upon the left flank of the Austrians and the Crown Prince attack their right. But the Crown Prince was 25 miles away, and it was 4 in the morning before Col. Von Frankenstein, after a terrible ride, arrived at the Crown Prince's headquarters with the King's command to join Prince Frederick Charles. The battle began at 8 o'clock in the morning, the King, Moltke and Bismarck being on the field. The needle gun worked terrible havoc among the devoted battalions of Austria, but they kept their ground, and for a long time the scales of battle hung pretty evenly. For a time it seemed indeed as if victory would rest on the standards of the Hapsburgs, and the Prussians looked for the coming of the Crown Prince as eagerly as Wellington had once looked for the coming of Blucher.

"Would to God the Crown Prince would come!" Suddenly Bismarck lowered his glasses and drew attention to certain lines in the distance. All telescopes were pointed thither. At first the lines were pronounced to be furrows. "They are not furrows," said Bismarck, "the spaces are not equal; they are advancing lines." It was the Crown Prince's army that had been delayed by the condition of the roads, which the rains had made all but impassable. Only twenty-five miles, but it took the army nine hours to do the distance, and the Crown Prince lost 25 per cent. of his men through exhaustion by the way. The Crown Prince lost not a moment in getting his forces into action. Violently assaulted on both flanks, and fiercely pressed in the centre, the Austrians began to slacken their fire, to give way and then to retreat. The battle was won, and the honors of having decided it were the Crown Prince's. Bismarck himself admits how critical was the situation of the Prussians at one point of the battle. After the victory, late in the evening, the Crown Prince met the King, who embraced him affectionately, and decorated him on the field with Prussia's highest military order, "Pour le Merite." That meeting has become as historical as that of Blucher and Wellington.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

"Unser Fritz's" part in the Franco-German war is almost too well known to bear repetition. As in the Austrian campaign, the German forces were divided into three armies, under the command of General Steinmetz, Prince Frederick Charles and the Crown Prince. Under the Crown Prince's command were the two Bavarian army corps and three Prussian ones, one division of Baden, one of Wurtemberg and two cavalry divisions—over 200,000 men. He had the honor of striking the first blow by falling upon the French at Weissemburg on August 4th, and two days later assaulting MacMahon at Worth and causing the Duke de Magenta's hosts to tumble back partly upon Strasburg and partly upon Chalons. To the Crown Prince was given the duty of pursuing the Duke de Magenta towards Chalons. With him co-operated the Crown Prince of Saxony, at the head of the Fourth Army, and between these two armies marched the royal headquarters. He arrived at Sedan in time to close up the ring formed by the German army on 1st September, and was with the Emperor on the hill when Baron de Raelh, Napoleon's aide-de-camp, arrived with the letter from the Emperor expressing his willingness to surrender his sword. On the following day he assisted at the celebrated meeting with Napoleon at the Chateau de Bellevue. From there he pressed on to Paris, making his headquarters at first at St. Germain and later at the villa "Des Ombrages" at Versailles. "Unser Fritz" was immensely popular with his men, and especially with the Bavarians, and of his popularity many amusing anecdotes are told. After the war the Crown Prince took prominent part in the triumphal entry of the Bavarian troops into Munich, where he was greeted with such immense enthusiasm that King Ludvig was greatly offended, and at the banquet given in the Rathhaus the same night failed to put in an appearance. The young dreamer was already far off on his way to his mountain retreat at Hohenichwangen. The Crown Prince was also present at the triumphal entry of the Prussian troops into Berlin, and sat beside his father, surrounded by the brilliant group of princes and generals who watched the victorious troops passing down the Unter den Linden.

On the death of Kaiser William in March last the Crown Prince succeeded him as Frederick the Third. But for some months before his accession to the throne he himself had been in the shadow of death. It is not necessary to enter into particulars regarding the disease which has proved fatal. Suffice it to say that he bore his sufferings like a hero. In private life the deceased was to all appearances a happy man. His home life, even when in good health, was one of great simplicity. He took a pleasure in receiving artists, litterateurs and savants, even those who were inveterately opposed to him in politics. His own politics were those of a moderate Liberal. He was invariably consulted by Emperor William and the Chancellor in matters of grave importance. The Bismarck policy of peace with France, and which has for its ultimate end the *entente cordiale* between the two countries, was known to be warmly approved of by him, though it was no secret that he differed from Bismarck with regard to the latter's taste for absolutist methods in home affairs. The deceased showed a greater fondness for travel than for military pageantry, being in this respect totally different from most members of the Hohenzollern family. History presents few figures more melancholy than that of Frederick, ascending the throne in his prime, but with the death-rattle in his throat. "There was a time when his friends imagined a very different career for him," says Max Muller in the *Contemporary Review*. "They believed that he might succeed to the throne in the very prime of manhood. His father, the late Emperor, then Prince of Prussia, had been the most unpopular man since 1848, and it was considered by no means impossible that he might think it right to decline the crown and to abdicate in favor of his son. The star of Prussia was low in 1848, and it sank lower and lower during the last years of the afflicted king, Frederick William IV. Few people only were aware of the changes that had taken place in the political views of the Prince of Prussia, chiefly during his stay in England, and the best spirits of the time looked upon his son, Prince Frederick William, as the only man who could be trusted to inaugurate a new era in the history of Prussia. His marriage with the Princess Royal of England gave still stronger zest to these hopes, for while he was trusted as likely to realize the national yearnings after a united Germany she was known as the worthy daughter of her father and mother, at that time the only truly constitutional rulers in Europe. England has then the ideal of all German Liberals, and a close political alliance with England was considered the best solution of all European difficulties. Young men, and old men too, dreamt dreams, little knowing how distant their fulfilment should be, and how dashed with sorrow when at last they should come to be fulfilled."

Germany's New Emperor.

"The King is dead! Long live the King!" Crown Prince William succeeds his father; in fact, became Emperor of Germany the moment Emperor Frederick breathed his last. No new occupant of a throne was ever more closely watched than will be Emperor William by the whole civilized world. His figure rises like a dark cloud upon the peace of Europe, ominous of lightning flashes and the reverberations of artillery's thunder. He is more than a Boulanger. A soldier, passionately fond of military exploit, self-willed, forceful, in a moment he assumes power and responsibility so vast that it can hardly be estimated. Picture to yourself a young man in his 30th year, six feet in height, straight as an ash sapling, with finely-formed, slender limbs, narrow hips, swelling chest, and square, broad shoulders, with a smallish head on a long, full-throated neck, held proudly upright, and an oval face, with an aquiline effect of profile, clear-cut, strong chin, bended nose, prominent though not high cheek bones, and good open forehead, with clear, sharp, cold gray blue eyes, light brown hair, close cut behind, but longer on the crown, and rising from the temples to form a sort of ridge from the parting across the brow and a yellowish mustache, loosely curled up at the ends, and you have such a portrait as words can paint of the new German Emperor.

The new Emperor is married to a German Princess, and they have several of a family. He is fond of military life, and has never taken a very prominent part in public affairs. He is a firm believer in the "divine right of Kings."

The New Emperor's Crippled Arm.

A "Former Tutor" writes: Much has been said and written about Prince William's arm that is far from accurate. I had been n the habit of sitting close beside him every day for weeks before I noticed that his arm was in any way different from that of other people. Even then, I only observed it because my attention was called to it by others. Then I perceived that the left arm was always in almost exactly the same attitude, and that the Prince could only move it very slightly, bending it a little up or a little down from its normal position across the body, as though it were fixed in an invisible sling; and that if he wished to use it to steady the sheet of paper on which he was writing, he was obliged to raise it on to the table with the other hand. No doubt this lack of power is a great loss and inconvenience, especially to so ardent a soldier as William, for it compels him, I understand, to ride only horses that have been specially trained for his use, but it is fortunately no disfigurement whatever.

ROASTED HIS FEET.

Masked Robbers Torture an Aged Man to Make Him Give up His Money.

A Pittsburg despatch says: An atrocious outrage is reported from Fairchance, about two miles from Uniontown. Samuel Humbert, an old resident of Fairchance, was assaulted by masked men at his residence at midnight Saturday, and subjected to great tortures to make him disclose where his money was secreted. At that hour Humbert, who lives alone, was aroused by a knock at his door. In response to his inquiries as to who was there, the men outside asked for a drink of water. When the old man opened the door to comply with their request he was seized and gagged. Two ruffians then searched the house, but failed to find anything of value, whereupon they commanded their captive to surrender his money and valuables. He insisted that he had no money. The two fiends then built a fire in the grate, and, drawing the old man up to it, roasted his feet until they were blistered and shockingly burned. Still the old man protested that he had no money, and implored them to release him. They threatened to set the house on fire if he did not confess. After turning everything in the house upside down, and ripping up the carpet in their search for money, they bound the old man hand and foot and departed. Humbert, after a desperate struggle, freed himself and gave the alarm. His neighbors quickly gathered, and organized a search party to hunt the rascals down. The fugitives were tracked a considerable distance, and have, it is said, been located. The community is greatly excited over the outrage, and if the perpetrators are found, the chances are that they will be treated to a dose of Western justice.

FOUND IN THE POOR-HOUSE.

A Broken-Hearted Man Leaves His Home and After Years is Discovered in Illinois.

A Shelbyville, Ill., despatch says: Twelve years ago there resided in Gallatin county, Kentucky, Martin H. Phillips, his wife, a son and a daughter. The family owned a section of land and was possessed of considerable money. The daughter was given every comfort wealth could afford, but she became wayward and broke her father's heart. Half crazed he took several thousand dollars and departed from home, declaring he would for the remainder of his life be a wanderer. His friends made every effort to find him, but were unsuccessful, and finally gave him up as dead.

A few days ago his son, still living on the farm with his mother, in looking over the list of pensions allowed saw the name of Martin H. Phillips as having been pensioned for services in the Mexican war, and that he resided at Shelbyville, Ill. The son immediately started and arrived here yesterday to find his long-lost father an inmate of the poor-house. The young man will soon take the wanderer, who is now 72 years of age, back to his once-forsaken home, where the family will again be re-united.

IN DEFENCE OF HIS MOTHER.

A Fifteen-Year-Old Maryland Boy Kills his Drunken Father.

A Baltimore despatch says: Peter Alt proprietor of the Arlington house, near the Pimlico race track, was shot and killed last night by his son William, aged fifteen years. The shooting took place in the kitchen of the residence and was the outcome of a family quarrel. Alt's wife says the shooting was done in her defence. Her husband had been on a spree, and just before the tragedy he came into the house, and after breaking a heavy cup and saucer on her head began to call her hard names and to beat her. She struggled with him and they fell on the floor. He got hold of her throat, and she thought he meant to kill her. She was almost insensible when she heard the report of a gun. Her husband's grip on her throat relaxed, and he fell over on the floor. Young Alt, who is a bright-looking little boy, was arrested and locked up after an affectionate parting with his mother.

An Anticipated Boom.

A Maryland widow set a bear trap and caught a young man. We expect this will cause a boom in bear-traps.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Correct Diagnosis.

Doctor (feeling patient's pulse)—What is your husband's business? Patient's Wife—He is a photographer. D.—Has he been working hard of late? P.W.—I don't know, doctor. He took the portraits of four babies yesterday. D.—H'm! Brain fever.—*Boston Courier.*

—Smith—Squivens has broken himself completely down. Brown—Ah! How so? Smith—Practicing on the health lift.

A WOMAN'S CONFESSION.

She Murders Her Husband and Children to Get Their Life Insurance.

HER TERRIBLE STORY OF THE CRIME.

A Philadelphia telegram says: Mrs. Sarah J. Whiteling, 40 years old, was committed to prison by Coroner Ashbridge this afternoon, after she had confessed to deliberately murdering her husband and two children for less than $400, for which their lives were insured. The Whiteling family consisted, besides the wife, of John Whiteling, the husband, aged 38 years; Bertha, aged 9 years, and Willie, aged 2 years and nine months.

The husband died March 20th, and Dr. G. W. Smith, who attended him, gave a certificate of death due to inflammation of the bowels. On April 24th Bertha died, and Dr. Smith certified that her death was due to gastric fever. May 26th Willie died and Dr. Dietrich, who was called in after Dr. Smith had abandoned the case, said death was caused by congestion of the bowels.

SMALL PRICES FOR MURDER.

John Whiteling's life was insured for $145 in the John Hancock Company. He was also a member of Herd No. 2 Benevolent Order of Buffalos, which pays a death benefit of $85 to the widow. This money was collected by Mrs. Whiteling immediately after her husband's death. She insured Bertha in the Hancock Company for $122, and Willie was insured in the Prudential Insurance Company for $17, and in the Hancock Company for $30. The amount of money received on the death of husband and children was $399.

The fact of the three deaths at intervals of only one month was brought to the notice of Coroner Ashbridge, and after examining the records in the Health Office he was satisfied the case was one his office should investigate. He communicated with Chief of Detectives Wood, and Detective Gyer was detailed to assist the coroner. The bodies had all been buried in one grave in Mechanics' Cemetery.

CRIME DISCOVERED.

The Coroner ordered them to be exhumed on Wednesday. Professor Leffmann made an analysis of the parts given to him by the Coroner and on Sunday reported to Coroner Ashbridge that he found arsenic enough in the bodies to cause death. Mrs. Whiteling was taken in custody and locked up in the Central station. She was closely watched to prevent her from committing suicide. She spent most of the day in praying, and on Monday she suffered so from nervous prostration that a physician had to be called in. The Coroner charged her with killing her husband and children and told her to send for him when she was ready to make confession.

CONFESSION MADE.

To-day she made a full and clear confession to the Coroner and was committed to Moyamensing. The inquest was to be held to-day at 11 o'clock.

In her confession Mrs. Whiteling says: "My only reason for poisoning the children was that Bertha might grow up to be a sinful and wicked girl, as she had at various times stolen pennies and once a pocketbook from her teacher at school at Hancock and Thompson streets. Bertha acknowledged taking the pocketbook. She told many bad stories. She was very sinful for one so young, and I did not want her to grow up and become a great sinner. My little boy was sinless, and I poisoned him because he was in the way. I could not go out to work for there was no one to take care of him, and he was a burden to me. Without him I could get along. Now I know my children are angels in heaven and I want to meet them there when I die."

The Speed of Trains.

There is not one person in one hundred of the millions who travel on railroads in the course of a year has any idea of the speed of a train. A large per cent. of even the regular train men of the country cannot tell with any degree of accuracy how fast a train is running. Frequently engineers are despatched on a trip over a line of railroad, with instructions to run at a speed of a certain number of miles an hour. The engineers do not carry a speed indicator, but have learned by various methods to gauge their engines so as to make only the slightest variations from their orders. The majority of engineers use their driving-wheel as a gauge. They know its circumference, and by counting its revolutions within a certain time can tell very accurately the speed at which they are running. Another method is to time the run between the mile-posts, and still another is to make calculations from the number of telegraph poles passed in a certain time. These poles, in a level country, and where four or five wires are used, are spaced that there are thirty to the mile. If only a single wire is used they are spaced from twenty-five to twenty-eight to the mile. The most accurate method, and one most in use by experienced railroad men, is to count the number of rail-joints the train passes over in twenty seconds. The rails, in nearly all cases, are thirty feet in length, and the number passed over in twenty seconds is the speed per hour the train is running. For instance, if a passenger sitting in a sleeper can count thirty clicks of the wheels on a rail-joint in twenty seconds, the train is running at the speed of thirty miles an hour.—*Kansas City Times.*

An Immigrant Cruelly Swindled.

A Montreal telegram says: Another party of Poles, numbering 20 or 25, arrived in the city yesterday. A few of them had a little money, but these were unwilling to lend to those who had nothing, and hours were spent on the part of an interpreter trying to urge the party to remain together and to go to work railroading at Sudbury. A cruel circumstance was brought out. On the interpreter making inquiries as to what money they had, one of them produced a number of what looked like American three dollar bills. Upon examination, however, they turned out to be advertisements of a stationery firm in St. Paul. When the poor fellow was made to understand that the so-called bills had no value his distress was extreme. He stated that a friend had sent them to him from the States.

England's leading woman doctor is Mrs. Garrett Anderson, who has a practice worth $50,000 a year.

BEST FEED FOR MILKERS.

Mr. Vallancey E. Fuller on the Value of Ensilage.

SOME INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS.

One of the speakers at the successful picnic of the East York Farmers' Institute in Scarboro' Friday was Mr. V. E. Fuller, of this city. He announced he was a lawyer, dairyman and whatever else folks choose to call him—but an admitted enthusiast on the question of "Ensilage as a food in the production of milk." Referring to the address of Professor Robertson he said his (Mr. Fuller's) own progress had been much impeded from want of an education such as that furnished at the experimental farm, and he would therefore urge upon farmers the necessity of giving their sons the training he had so sadly missed. As President of the Central Institution he felt confident, from what he knew of the vast influence exerted by his fellow-agriculturist throughout the country, that if true to their best interests and less bigoted in politics they would speedily obtain whatever was necessary to the furtherance and development of the important industry they were there to represent. People talked of tightness in the money market and attributed it to bank failures, etc., but it would be found on examination that the real cause was a shortage of crops, amounting last year to something like sixteen millions of dollars. He (the speaker) had seven years ago stated that the dairy cow would some day become

THE QUEEN OF CANADA,

and he held the same opinion still. The cheese production of Ontario was an honor to the country, and the butter output "a curse and a disgrace." For every tub of good butter produced there were twenty bad—all owing to a lack of information how to properly manufacture it. Only when the farmer is educated in this respect will he discover that the cow is the best bank account he has. He can no longer rely upon grain growing, and the sooner he is made aware of the fact the better that the cow is the principal factor in his redemption. The speaker next described the proper sort of cow to select, viz., such as produced the best results in quantity and quality. There were many cows in this country that had to be kept the year round and yielded only 125 lbs. The better plan was to keep none that yielded less than well up to double the quantity, and when old "give her a decent burial." He would urge upon farmers the advantages of inter-dairying by means of creameries, and thus not only relieve their wives and daughters of the present drudgery, but retain much of what was vital to the well-being of the soil. The day was not far distant when, as in Boston and New York, milk would be sold in Toronto on its merits, and at prices proportionate to the solids it contained. He would also emphasize the importance of giving warmer water to milch cows. At Oaklands the temperature was raised in this respect to 70 degrees. Butter sold by the pound should be stamped with the maker's mark or name, as by so doing, if good, it would always command purchasers at a price over the unstamped article of 2 or 3 cents a pound.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT FACTOR

was the "production of feed at the least possible cost." Five years ago the speaker constructed an ensilage pit 24 feet long, 16 wide and 18 deep, supplied with fodder raised from Southern corn, sown early in June, which proved quite a success; and a similar one constructed by a New York gentleman was opened after seven years and the contents discovered to be in a state of perfect preservation. The essential point was to render the silo air tight, otherwise as in the case of canned fruit when exposed, the contents would rapidly become so much putrid matter. The corn the speaker would recommend for ensilage was the "B & W," "Mammoth South," and "Red Cob" varieties—preference being given to the last named—some three inches between each kernel, and in rows 2½ feet apart, or sufficiently so to admit the cultivator, which is kept going until the height of the stocks prevent. The crop is cut when at the glazing point, allowed to wither, hauled in and cut into ¾-inch lengths, put into a silo, will tramped; sinks a good deal; filled up again—and still again if necessary—until done settling; covered with tar paper, and above this, six or eight inches of earth, and the thing is done. Such ensilage, the speaker remarked, averages 50 pounds to the cubic foot, will keep for an indefinite period, and is one of the most valuable foods for milk production that a farmer can possibly raise.

Mr. Fuller was voted hearty thanks for his able address.

Swallowed the Testament.

A Birmingham, Ala., despatch says John Hauk, a well-known religious farmer, recently sentenced to 45 years in the mines for murder, has gone crazy and is now chained to his cell in the County jail. This morning he commenced to pull his clothes off, a little piece at a time. When perfectly nude, hair by hair, he pulled them all off the right side of his head. He then commenced to pull little pieces of flesh from his legs, and when he attempted to butt his brains out he was chained. He called for a bible and swallowed half of the new testament, leaf by leaf. He is rich, and has a large family.

Toothless From the Cradle to the Grave

A Dakota paper reports that John Hyatt a citizen of Minot, who is 70 years of age, has never had a tooth, none having ever grown; but his gums are almost as hard as stone. He says he can eat almost anything, and while in the army could master hard tack.

Getting His Money's Worth.

Dealer—That hat's worth $2.50, but I will let you, as a friend, have it for $2.

Brown—All right; but, say, the fifty cents goes with the hat, don't it?

Confession of a Country Journalist.

According to our experience it takes longer to run down a hen than it does to run down a mountain.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Queen Victoria is afflicted with insomnia. She is sometimes put to sleep by having her brows stroked gently by a camel's hair brush.