

Emperor and Empress Pay Their Respects to the Dead—Scene in Death Chamber.

Friedrichshof, Aug. 3.—The grounds about Prince Bismarck's castle were thronged with people early Tuesday, crowds of Hamburgers being attracted there by the prospect of seeing Emperor William pay a tribute of respect to the dead. Many of the people were in mourning. Under the trees 60 men of the Thirty-first infantry from Altona, and the sergeants of Prince Bismarck's regiment, from Magdeburg, had arranged their messes. The sergeants, in their white uniforms with yellow facings and burnished helmets, furnished a guard which was on duty on the terrace facing the garden behind the castle. The latter remains strictly closed. A little side gate was opened occasionally to admit messengers with telegrams and wreaths.

The emperor and empress of Germany arrived here at six o'clock Tuesday evening, accompanied by Baron von Bulow, the minister for foreign affairs. The empress was in mourning. The members of the late Prince Bismarck's family received the imperial party and the emperor on alighting, kissed Prince Herbert Bismarck on both cheeks and shook hands with Count William Bismarck. The party then entered the castle, passing through detachments of the Thirty-first regiment of infantry, which were drawn up along the road and up to the castle gate.

It was a mournful procession that led into the death chamber, Prince Herbert leading, with the empress and the emperor following with Princess Herbert, after whom came the privileged members of the imperial suite, and the wife and daughter of Dr. Schweininger and Baron Marck, in all about 30 personages. Chairs were disposed around the catafalque and Pastor Westphal stood at the head of the coffin. When their majesties entered they knelt down around the coffin in silent prayer. Then a hymn was sung and Pastor Westphal delivered a discourse extolling the deeds of the deceased prince. Another hymn and the benediction closed the simple ceremony, which lasted 20 minutes.

Their majesties deposited beautiful wreaths on the coffin and, under the guidance of Prince Herbert, inspected the numerous floral tributes. The imperial party then left the Schloss in the same order as on its arrival, bidding the members of the family a tender farewell. The emperor again kissed Prince Herbert on both cheeks, the public, watching the departure, reserved a respectful silence, only waving hats and handkerchiefs as the train left for Potsdam. Amateur photographers were all about and displayed the greatest activity.

Bismarck's body was attired, not as customary, in uniform, but in ordinary grave clothing, with a white neck cloth adjusted as he used to wear when not in uniform. Dr. Schweininger himself arranged the body in a lying posture, lying on the side. Wreaths were placed in the hands by Princess Marie von Rantau, the daughter of Bismarck. Two death photographs were taken, one solely for the members of the family and the other for an illustrated life of Bismarck, which it is believed Prof. Franz von Lenbach, the painter, will undertake.

It is expected that the coffin will remain in the death chamber until the mausoleum is completed, or, if the sanitary authorities object, it will be taken to the so-called Tower house. Hamburg friends have already subscribed 300,000 marks to build the mausoleum.

HAS GOOD GOVERNMENT.

City of San Francisco Pointed Out as a Notable Instance of Progress in Self-Government.

Detroit, Mich., Aug. 3.—Some 500 fathers and officials attended yesterday's sessions of the League of American Municipalities. The feature of the session was an address upon self government for cities, by Prof. Frank Parsons, of Boston university, president of the National League for Promoting Public Ownership of Municipalities. He advocated the initiative referendum, woman suffrage, cooperative industries instead of monopolies and entire self-government of cities free from state control. The professor asserted that the present charter of San Francisco is the most notable instance of progress toward self-government of cities.

Questions of policy concerning regulations of saloons developed an interesting discussion in the afternoon. It was participated in by Mayor Perry, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mayor Farnsworth, of New Haven, Conn.; T. A. Mumford, Jr., of Atlanta, Ga.; Mayor Evers, of Charleston, S. C., and others.

Prevailing Rates Are Too Low.

New York, Aug. 3.—The Times says: Delaware Insurance company of Philadelphia has reinsured its New York city business in the Liverpool, London and Globe and retired for present from the metropolitan district. The cause of this action is believed to be that the prevailing rates are too low.

THE "BUMMERS" OF WAR.

Deeds, Reckless, Criminal or Lascivious, Committed by Them During the Rebellion.

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By CHARLES B. LEWIS.

There was no man in civil life to whom the term "bummer" was applied previous to 1861. The war brought out the man and the name. Sherman's "bummers" gained a reputation over those of any other army, but every command held its free lances, and they were more or less of a factor in the field.

The "bummer" of the war was neither a guerrilla nor a robber in point of fact, though the element had its dregs. He was a man restive of discipline. He didn't shirk fighting, but he wanted to fight when and how he pleased. His appetite craved something better than army rations, and he also had a curiosity to know what was going on between the lines. No matter how stringent the orders or how watchful the provost guard, the "bummer" found a way to get out of camp and go wandering about. The advance guard of a marching army, whether cavalry or infantry, always found the free lances ahead of them. Now and then they acted as scouts and brought in valuable information, but as a rule they had little concern except for themselves.

Saving the Provost Guard.

Just before Hooker set his army in march for Chancellorsville a provost guard of 100 men was ordered out to round up a lot of "bummers" who were raiding the country to the east. Four or five men had been overhauled and made prisoners, when the guard rode into a confederate ambush in the

shot at him. The story got to Washington and was commented on by President Lincoln, and it has been asserted that the president's levity caused the general to tender his resignation.

A Woman's Round-Up.

When Stonewall Jackson flanked on Pope the "bummers" were scattered over a large extent of territory. There was not a company in any regiment which had not contributed at least one man. They went roaming in squads of three or four over highways where no commander dared send less than half a regiment, and many were shot or taken prisoner. Enough were left, however, to terrify the people of every farmhouse in every direction. By some circumstance about 40 of them reached a certain farmhouse at the same time, and, finding only a woman and two or three children about, they killed the only pig left, devoured the last few chickens and plundered the house of whatever took their fancy. As it was a rainy night they took up their quarters in the barn. No sooner were they settled down than the woman took her children and set out for help, and after walking seven miles she encountered a confederate picket post and told of the game in the trap. Before midnight the barn was surrounded and every "bummer" captured, and some of them had not got back to their regiments when the war closed.

Burnside's Order.

A month before Gen. Burnside was relieved of his command the "bummer"



"WE CAN'T JEST GET ONTO THE HANG OF THINGS."

woods and a sharp fight began. Unknown to either side, a crowd of about 50 "get-aways" were encamped in the same piece of woods about half a mile away. As soon as the firing began they seized their muskets, fell into line, and under command of one of their number they marched through the woods and fell upon the enemy's flank and routed him. But for their timely arrival and the way they fought not a man of the provost guard would have escaped. They had been raiding farmhouses, and some of them were wearing women's bonnets and skirts as they went into the fight. Three or four of the fellows were killed, but the body of them escorted the guards back to within a mile of our lines and then sent a dozen fat chickens to Gen. Hooker as a token of their esteem.

Holding Up a Bank.

Perhaps the first confederate bank raided by union soldiers was one at Charlestown, Va., as Milroy was making his way up the Shenandoah valley. "Bumming" was in its infancy then, but a dozen of the fellows found themselves ahead of the army and resolved to strike for a big stake. They made a sudden attack on the town at daylight and then dashed in and made for the bank. They broke in the door with an ax, obliged the banker to unlock his safe, and something like half a million dollars was carried away as they retreated. A day later they bundled up \$100,000, strapped it on the back of an old lame mule and hired a farmer to deliver the "wealth" to Gen. Milroy in person. Accompanying the money was a note which advised the general to bribe the confederates to keep ahead of him and do no fighting. As his military maneuvers had been checkmated right along and his reputation was under a cloud, it was a hard

element was called to his attention so forcibly that he issued more stringent orders than had ever before gone out. It was announced that any soldier who should be found absent from his command without a pass would be imprisoned during the remainder of the war, with a forfeit of all pay and allowances. The provost guard was increased and ordered to do constant scouting, but the "bumming" went on just the same. Then came a second order, to the effect that any soldier absent for two days without leave should be considered a deserter and treated accordingly. This brought back some of the men to duty, but one of the professionals at least came into headquarters solely in search of information. He did not get to see the general in person, but he had an interview with one of the staff, and, holding up a printed copy of the last order in his hand, he said:

"Kornel, the boys kind o' want to know what this means, and have sent me in to find out."

"Can't you read?" demanded the colonel.

"More or less, but we can't jest git on to the hang of things. Is the war coming to an end?"

"It doesn't look like it."

"That's the way we all argue, and being as Gen. Burnside can't down Lee in a square fight why don't he let us go ahead and eat him out of house and home till he has to surrender?"

The "anxious inquirer" was sent to the guardhouse pending a return to his company, but he managed to get away in a day or two, and the next thing heard of him was a scrawl in which he said that four of them had run a confederate calf into the woods and would divide the veal with headquarters if a regiment was sent to assist them to make a capture. Had Burnside hung

on he might have issued a third order, but even had it announced instant death as the penalty of "bumming" he could not have abolished it.

Caught in the Spring-House.

A portion of Custer's command was scouting towards Berryville one day before the battle of Winchester when it came upon a queer set of affairs at a farmhouse. Two hours previously a gang of seven "bummers" had come along and started in to loot the house. The farmer was a confederate soldier, who was home on furlough to be nursed for a wound in the thigh. He was not able to leave his bed, but his wife handed him his musket, and he shot one of the men dead and drove the rest out. They did not go away, however, being determined to kill him and burn the house in revenge. He had his bed drawn to the door, and being propped up he kept them away from the rear of the house, while his wife, who was armed with an old revolver, fired often enough to prevent any approach to the front. There was a spring house of solid build a few rods from the back door, and the "bummers" entered it to regale themselves before closing in on the house. The door opened inwards, and while they were playing havoc with the milk pans the woman approached and pulled the door to and thrust a stick through the handle. The structure was too solid to be beaten down, and as there was but one window, the men tried to make their escape that way. Propped up in his bed, with his wound paling him at every movement, the confederate fired at every head thrust out, and his bullets flew so close that all attempts were soon abandoned. We found him with his musket in his grasp and a dead man on the floor, and we also found the soldiers huddled together in the spring-house. The confederate could have been carried off a prisoner of war, but he was not disturbed. On the contrary, while a hundred blue coats were dividing their rations with the wife, the officers were making cash donations to the husband. As for the "bummers," they were turned over to the rank and file to be kicked, and they got a dose to be remembered all their days. Custer rather favored a man who set out for adventure between the lines, but he had no mercy on looters and robbers.

The Gettysburg Campaign.

As the confederates were fighting mostly at home there were few "bummers" in comparison. There were guerrilla bands who robbed friend and foe alike, but individual soldiers were not given to it. The golden opportunity came when Lee invaded Pennsylvania. Before crossing the Potomac he issued the strictest orders against looting, but they were observed only in Maryland. When the Yankee state was once reached thousands of men went to foraging on their own account. They were ahead of the army—behind it—on both flanks. They foraged on horseback, on foot and in wagons. For 15 miles on either side of the highways they did not miss a farmhouse. The first callers gobbled the horses. The next wanted provisions. The next looted the houses. Men on foot bore away looking-glasses, trunks, bedding, crockery, tinware—anything they could carry. Those on horseback had great bundles in front and behind them. In a train of 23 confederate wagons captured on the retreat was found almost every article in use by civilized people. The "bummers" had taken plow points, drag teeth, old harness collars, rusty spikes, cracked jugs, kegs of vinegar, handleless axes, and even the "old oaken buckets" from the wells. There were crowbars and iron wedges; there were buggy wheels and lace curtains. There were farmers' boots, children's shoes and women's slippers, and hosiery belonging to all of them. In one wagon a family Bible, two checkerboards, an old gun barrel, children's picture books, Webster's dictionary, a lot of cucumber pickles and a worn-out harness were flung into a box together. The Pennsylvania Dutchmen were the principal sufferers, and they did not get through filing claims for five years after the war. No houses or barns were burned, but no farmer escaped being despoiled. Not one in a dozen of them had time to hide anything, and a quarter of an hour after the first "bummer" showed up the farmer was a financial wreck. Nine-tenths of the stuff loaded up was worthless to the captors, but forage and commissary supplies were thrown away to take it in. After the battle of Falling Waters, when Lee finally crossed the river, he left on the Pennsylvania shore about 30 broken-down wagons. In one of these was a Dutch bedstead of mahogany, which looked to be 200 years old, and it was so heavy that it must have taken four men to lift it. In another was an iron safe, empty, and with one hinge broken. It weighed 300 pounds, and what its captors were going to do with it was a puzzle. There was at least one big looking-glass to every wagon, and the various rug carpets put together would have measured two miles. A coffin and a tombstone were about the only two articles missing.

Approved.

Smithers (society poet)—I am thinking of issuing a volume with wide margins. Do you like the idea?
Miss Do Facto (warmly)—Indeed, you cannot make your margins too wide for me. I adore blank verse.—Harlem Life.

ILLINOIS STATE NEWS.

State Charity.

The financial record of the state charitable institutions for the three months ended June 30, 1898, shows the following:

The total ordinary expense of the 13 institutions was \$365,982.11. The total net expense to the state was \$229,119.15. The total number of inmates present at the beginning of the quarter was 9,130; since admitted, new, 1,531; former inmates readmitted, 250; absences returned, 390, making a total of 11,290. The number discharged or absent was 2,547, and 143 died. There were present at the end of the quarter 6,205 males and 3,326 females. The average cost per capita was \$41.04.

Suicide at Midnight.

George Moll, a prominent and wealthy farmer residing one mile from Mascoutah, committed suicide. He got up at midnight, took down a shotgun and went out on the lawn, where he placed the gun to his head and pulled both triggers with his toe. The top of his head was literally blown off. Deceased was 59 years of age, and for 30 years has owned one of the finest farms in southern Illinois. He leaves a widow and four grown-up children. No cause is known for the deed.

Prison Employe in Jail.

Elmer A. Lutes, a trusted employe of the Illinois state penitentiary, was arrested in Joliet and placed in the county jail, charged with stealing tallo from the state valued at \$400 and of having been an accomplice of Frank Popp, the ex-convict, in pilfering several hundred dollars' worth of rattan furniture from the prison warehouse. Lutes confessed to the stealing and said it had been going on for two years.

To Brazil in a Canoe.

Guy U. Lee, of Rockford, a student in the Wisconsin university, has started from Madison to Brazil in a canoe. He went across Lake Monona and followed the Yahara south. He will go down the Rock river to the Mississippi, thence to New Orleans, then across the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean sea to the South Atlantic ocean and Rio Janeiro.

Arbitrators Decide.

The state board of arbitration has decided the case of the striking miners at Pana by awarding the miners 33 cents per ton, gross weight, and recommending that certain orders which the coal companies at Pana have been issuing to their employes, and then discounting six per cent, when they were cashed, be discontinued.

Dancers of the Globe.

The Sycamore Daughters of the Globe, the first organization in Illinois to offer its services to Gov. Tanner to furnish supplies for sick and wounded soldiers, is carrying on the work extensively. The work is under the supervision of Mrs. James Shafter, wife of the brother of Gen. Shafter, at Santiago.

Died Suddenly.

Swan Johnso, an aged citizen, dropped dead in church in Moline. He had just closed the testimony of his faith in God and announced that he was only waiting for the summons when he hesitated, sank back into his chair and expired without a struggle. Death was caused by heart disease.

Drowned in the Wabash.

John F. Taylor, George Wilson and Ed Stricker, well-known citizens of Wabash township, were drowned in the Wabash river, eight miles southeast of Marshall, while seining. John Davison and Irvine Crumrine, of the same party, had a very narrow escape from death. All have families.

Told in a Few Lines.

Isaac Chenoweth, a retired farmer, became violently insane at Lincoln.

Gov. Tanner granted a pardon to Thomas Hamilton, convicted of robbery at the December term, 1897, of the criminal court of Cook county, and sentenced indeterminate to the penitentiary.

The superintendent of insurance has revoked the license to do business in Illinois of the Equitable Life Company of Boston.

An army and navy league was organized at Mount Vernon with Mrs. R. N. Hinman as president and Mrs. J. F. Hogan, secretary.

Miss Geneva Walker, of Oskaloosa township, wandered three days in the woods without food. When captured she was insane.

The large sales barns in Bement owned by Al Remp, of Buffalo, N. Y., were destroyed by fire with 16 horses.

Harry Foraker, fell from a barn loft at his home in Casey and broke his neck.

According to the school census, just completed, the population of Evanston is 17,144. The Chicago suburb has ten public schools, attended by 1,467 pupils. The state law making it a crime for bankers to receive deposits when insolvent was sustained in the United States circuit court in Chicago in a decision rendered by Judge Showalter.

Joseph Donovan, who was an authority on pugilistic matters, died at the county hospital in Chicago, aged 40 years.

Rufus William, a log hauler near Dix, fell against a circular saw in motion and his head was almost totally severed from his body.

JOE HAD GOT TOO PEART.

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At the little railroad station of Bell River there was a young man lying on the platform with a broken leg and a dislocated shoulder and as we inquired what sort of an accident he had met with, an old man who was supplying the victim with water to drink, explained:

"It's my son, Joe, and it was the bull-gine on that other train what laid him out. Jest picked him right up and histed him 30 feet away, and he won't git over it fur months."

"He got in the way of the engine, did he?" was asked.

"Yes, sah, and he got thar' on his own account. I told you not to do it, didn't I, Joe?"

"Yes," was the faint reply.

"He reckoned no bull-gine could buck him off the track, but he didn't stand no show. If it had been a elephant he might have got hold of his trunk, or if it had been a bull he might hev got hold of his horns, but thar' wasn't nuthin' to ketch on to. Joe was too rampageous. I knowed he was goin' to be, and I says to him:

"Joe, don't go to makin' a fule o' yourself. That bull-gine is machinery, and no man can't tackle machinery. You'll git histed, fur suah. I said them words to you, didn't I, Joe?"

"You did," replied Joe.

"But you thought you was earth-quake and whirlwinds rolled together, and you jest throwed down your hat and whooped and dared that bull-gine to come on. Joe was too peart, gentlemen—a heap sight too peart."

"And he's badly injured, is he?" asked one of the passengers.

"I reckon he is," replied the father.

"You'd call it badly injured, wouldn't you, Joe?"

"Yes."

"That leg is broken, shoulder all out o' shape, and he seems busted up all around. I knowed he would be, but I couldn't hold him. When a young man gets too peart the sense all goes out o' his head. He'd tackled bars and bills and men, and he thought nuthin' on airt could stand agin him. That's what you thought, didn't you, Joe?"

"Reckon I did," replied the victim, as he opened and closed his eyes.

"Yes, that's what you thought, and you was knocked 30 feet high and all busted to squash as a consequence."

"If he gets well he'll probably know more," said the conductor, as we were ready to proceed.

"That's what I'm thinkin'," replied the father, as he sprinkled on more water. "He's a rip-roarin' young man, Joe is, but he was gittin' altogether too peart. He'd got to that pass whar' nuthin' had too many claws and teeth fur him to tackle. I'm thinkin' it was the doin's of the Lawd to bring him to his senses. Do you feel that it was good fur you, Joe?"

"I reckon."

"Yes, I reckon so, too. If you'd whooped that bull-gine you'd hev turned on your father, and your own father would hev driv you out o' sight into the sirth and bin a murderer. Yes, it's all happened fur the best, and if any of you folks kin leave me a chaw of tobacco and a teetle whisky, I'll git him home and see that he don't tackle nuthin' bigger'n a landslide arter he gets well."

He Knew Later.

"It's a pretty name," the impressionable traveler murmured. "But tell me, why do they call you Manita?"

There was an arch smile on the savage maiden's face.

"Evidently," she said, as she signaled to her brothers, who were concealed in the bush with clubs, "you did not know our favorite food."—Harlem Life.

Everybody Turned Out.

Billiger—What's the great rush down the street there? Is there a fire somewhere?

Ackley—No, there's no fire. Those fellows are going to Washington. Somebody started a rumor, a little while ago, that the president has decided to appoint six more colonels.—Chicago Daily News.

Maintaining Her Rights.

"But you don't carry your views so far," said the caller, agast, "as to claim that women should take a part in the war?"

"Surely I do," replied Mrs. Knott-Meeker. "I expect to send Mr. Meeker to the front as my substitute."—Chicago Tribune.

Typist Again.

Instructor—Now, Miss Novice, you must touch the keys lightly, but smartly—staccato, you know, only softly. But what on earth are you doing?—you are not supposed to type with your feet!

Miss Novice—I'm trying to find the soft pedal, sir!—Moonshine.

A Reproof.

Chimmie—Say, Mag, I wish yer wouldn't git dat hungry look in yer eye ev'ry time we passes an ice cream stand. How'd yer s'pose I kin save up enough money fer us ter git married if I've got ter gratefully yer extravagant tastes?—N. Y. Journal.

Her Announcement.

Medium—The spirit of your dead husband is present, madam.

The Widow—Tell him I am engaged.—Up to Date.