THE CROWN PRINCESS FLEES FROM SAXONY.

Strange Disappearance of the Wife of the Crown Prince.

Left During a Ball and Slipped Away——All Europe Hunting for Her——Fled From Her Home at Salzburg After Midnight Dec. 12 and Has Left No Trace Behind——Rumored Domestic Discord — Left Dummy in Bed.

Dresden, Saxony, despatch: The Crown Princess of Saxony fled from her home during the night of December 11-12. The Dresdener Journal to-day says:

"The Princess, in a state of intense mental excitement, suddenly deserted her family at Salzburg and went abroad. The Saxon court functions for the winter, including the New Year's reception, have been canceled."

The foregoing paragraph in today's official journal, which was inserted by order of the King and Crown Prince, has turned into truth what for several days past has been regarded as an incredible tale. The Crown Princess, surrounded by her ladies-in-waiting and numerous attendants and servants of the Royal household, has vanished so utterly that the police of every kingdom of Europe have for ten days been unable to trace her. The official announcement was made in order to obtain the aid of the general public in finding the Princess, and because the court fiction that she preferred to remain in retirement at Salzburg rather than to return to her husband and children at Dresden, cannot longer be maintained.

Developed Eccentricities.

Accompanied by the Crown Prince, the Princess went to the castle of Emperor Francis Joseph, near Salzburg, a month ago. A week after their arrival the Prince broke his leg while hunting, and was brought back to Dresden. The Princess, however, still remained at the castle. Why she did so the people of the court did not know, except that the Princess, with gloomy tenacity, usually does what she wants. For a little while this explanation sufficed; then fragments of gossip began to reach Dresden. It was said that the Princess had surrendered herself to periods of nervous excitement, and that her eccentricities of deportment caused much concern to her suite, and to some of her Austrian kinsfolk, who were staying in the castle with her. It is now believed that she was under surveillance.

Left Dummy in the Bed.

The narrative of the events at Salzburg during the nights of Dec. 11 and 12, as told in Dresden, is that the Princess, who appeared to be in an unusually tranquil mood, retired before 12 o'clock, and after the music in the salon. Three hours later, when a maid looked into the Royal bedchamber, something in the appearance of the bed prompted her to go closer and examine it. Instead of the Princess the maid perceived a dummy figure. She awakened the lady-in-waiting, and the latter, with other members of the Princess' suite, searched all the neighboring apartments, then the entire castle, and finally the grounds of the castle ,but no trace of the Princess was found. At dawn the police of Salzburg were informed of the disappearance, and enquiries were made throughout the whole countryside, but with no tangible result. The enquiry by the end of that day had extended to all parts of the Kingdom of Saxony, and on authority from Dresden on the end of the second day to all of Europe.

Dragged Water in Vain.

The theory of suicide was suggested, and a fruitless search for the Princess has been made. All the ponds and other pieces of water in the vicinity of the castle have been dragged without result.

The disappearance of the Princess will doubtless cause the circulation of many stories. It is already related that she eloped, but enquiries made here have brought out nothing to substantiate or support this supposition.

Due to Domestic Discord.

Dresden despatch: The flight of the Princess has caused great excitement. It is reported that the Archduke Ferdinand, accompanied by one of the court chamberlains, went to Geneva, whither it was supposed the Princess had fled, but failed to find any trace of her. The Princess' brother, the Archduke Leopold Ferdinand, is said to be with her, but nothing can be ascertained as to her whereabouts.

It is officially explained that the Princess' disappearance is due to mental derangement. There is little doubt, however, that it was caused by domestic discord, growing out of her husband's relations with an actress of the Dresden Court Theatre. It is asserted here that the Princess frequently threatened flight on this account, and that she was incensed at her father, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, for counselling her to forgive her husband. She is said to be enciente.

It is rumored here to-night that the Princess was accompanied by the French tutor of her children.

Dresden, Saxony, Dec. 29.—King George and the Crown Prince Frederick know where the Crown Princess Louise has sought refuge, but they have decided to accept the estrangement of the Princess and her husband as irreparable. They have made the Cabinet privy to the circumstances of the Princess' flight, as they see them, and a decree of divorce is talked of as a necessary sequence to the Princess' resolution to leave the court forever.

LORENZ FAILS IN ONE CASE.

One Physician Faints at Sight of the Heroic Operation.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 29.—Professor Lorenz failed of complete success in an operation for hip trouble at the Children's Hospital here yesterday, but the subject, a boy, was past the age limit.

Dr. Lorenz, succeeded, however, in placing the crippled limb in a position, which probably will help the patient materially. Two other cases were treated successfully.

During the demonstration in the first case the unusual force employed by Dr. Lorenz in breaking down, and in stretching other muscles, made such an impression on a man of middle age, that the company saw the unusual spectacle of a physician fainting in the operating-room. A second physician was just saved from fainting.

NEWS IN BRIEF

CANADIAN

A case of smallpox is reported at London, Ont.

The house of ex-Mayor Shaw, of Toronto, was entered by burglars.

The Bank of Toronto opened a new branch at Oakville.

Thieves took $610 from the safe of the Union House, Toronto.

Col. Prior and Mr. Eberts, of the British Columbia Government, are going to Ottawa to negotiate for better terms.

Toronto's order for 1,000 tons of Hocking Valley coal has been cancelled.

Dominion Line steamers between Liverpool and Boston will call at Halifax, beginning next month.

The Court of Appeal will begin on Jan. 7th the hearing of the appeals in the South Oxford and Lennox election cases.

Mr. Joseph Brunet will appeal to Supreme Court from the decision of the Montreal court unseating and disqualifying him.

A portrait of the late Principal Donald A. McGregor was unveiled by Hon. John Dryden at the McMaster University at home.

William Henry Barnes, a colored lad, of 163 Clinton street, Toronto, died under circumstances which have been investigated by the police.

Hon. J. Israel Tarte refuses to discuss the report that he may seek a seat in the British House of Commons.

Burt Barker, an English lad of 18, was killed at Port Colborne by a broken whiffletree striking him and breaking his neck.

The resignation has been announced of J. Francis Lee, who was Traffic Manager of the White Pass & Yukon Railway.

Sir William Mulock was banqueted by the citizens of Meaford in recognition of his services in aid of their harbor improvements.

Mr. H. W. Auden, M. A., assistant master of Fettes College, Edinburgh, has been chosen Principal of Upper Canada College.

Rev. J. W. McMillan, of Lindsay, will accept the call to St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg, with the consent of the Presbytery.

Iron and Steel manufacturers, members of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, met to consider suggestions of members regarding the tariff.

Wm. Porter has been arrested on a charge of assaulting, with intent to rob Richard Wood, of Flesherton, who came to Toronto with cash to buy a horse.

The proposition is on foot among quite a large circle in Toronto to have George F. Marter come out as mayoralty candidate, if that gentleman is willing himself to come forward.

Hon. Sydney Fisher, Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Hon. William Paterson, Hon. J. Israel Tarte and Mr. R. L. Borden were among the speakers at the banquet of the Dominion Commercial Travellers' Association at Montreal.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

An underground railway for Calcago business sections is talked of.

German electrical firms are organizing gigantic combinations.

Don Carlos, of Spain, is said to have abdicated in favor of his son.

The State of Connecticut was declared free of the cattle disease.

It is believed that President Roosevelt will consent to act as arbitrator in the Venezuela trouble.

The personal effects of Mascagni, the composer, were attached at Chicago, and his tour is again abandoned.

Marconi, the wireless telegraphy inventor, talks of going to Cornwall in a short time to make arrangements for opening the system for commercial business.

More United States patents were issued to residents of England during the year than to people of any other old world land.

BERNHARDT'S LAURELS.

Makes a Hit in a New Play Before Parisian Audience.

Paris despatch: Sarah Bernhardt, playing at her own theatre to-night, added a fresh branch to her many laurels by the creation of the title role in "Theroigne de Mericourt," a new play, by Paul Hervieu, which deals with the meteoric career of a now forgotten woman who, beginning as a courtesan, became a prominent personage during the reign of terror and ended in a lunatic's cell. Mme. Bernhardt's impersonation of the heroine was warmly applauded by a typical audience of Parisian first-nighters.

A LONG VOYAGE.

Seven Weeks From Australia to England.

CROSSING THE EQUATOR.

Pleasure and Excitement of Sleeping on Deck.

EATING FIVE MEALS PER DAY.

"A ship, a ship, don't you see the ship?" was shouted from bow to stern, and all, eager to get a glimpse of this welcome visitor of the deep, rushed to the lee side, where in the far distance could be seen only just with the naked eye a speck against the horizon, which, by degrees, grew larger and larger, until funnels and masts were plainly visible without the aid of field glasses. Oh, what joy, to at last be able to rest the eye upon something or some object from the outer world. The last month seems to have been multiplied to many, so long does it seem since leaving Australian shores. It really is a great novelty travelling on these vast southern oceans, and to make up one's mind to settle down to such a life for seven weeks. Many may wonder how such a length of time is spent, and I would like to give my readers a little idea of how the time is passed among a ship load of 600 passengers. The first week is usually taken up with making acquaintances and choosing one's friends, arranging committees for the various games and outdoor sports, also concerts, dancing and card parties, and as our fellow passengers on this trip were more or less all Australian, some of old country birth, it goes without saying that there was no lack of amusement, and, remarkable to say, they were all of the Saxon tongue, not one exception, and many an interesting hour was spent in quietly watching or listening to the life history, more or less, of many of our fellow passengers. There are times I have known when a stranger sitting next will ask if I know one of my best friends, when upon further acquaintance he or she may also prove to be a friend of the same party, which was a most pleasant surprise.

We had several fairly good artists. The portrait painters had no trouble in securing subjects, and our gossippy little newspaper, published once a week, had the cleverest cartoon for heading, showing wonderful talent, which is more than I can say for the editor.

A penny a peep was charged for this paper and then passed on.

The chairman of committees, the Hon. Richard ——, led the life of a martyr until things reached a climax, and he resigned in despair. Announcements were usually made at meal times, which would be the signal for outbursts of applause.

This all one class and go-as-you-please style of living seemed like one big picnic. One might wear the same frock for tea as one wore for breakfast, and it would pass unnoticed. What a relief. I am sure many will agree with me that there should be no such thing as swell dinners or full dress entertainments on board a ship, but think instead of a fine game of two's and three's or a turn at skipping the rope up on the forward deck where there was plenty of room and a splendid breeze. An hour or more of this healthful exercise, every afternoon, Sunday excepted, just before tea, was the finest appetizer. Could it be wondered at if there was a general stampede when the bugle call was heard for tea, a rush to the cabin to get slightly straightened up a bit, and then commenced the work for the poor table stewards, but it seemed a hopeless task trying to fill this vague whole, for immediately one meal was cleared away another had to be prepared. Five meals a day, not counting an early morning cup of tea and biscuits at 5.30 and another at 11 a.m. Afternoon tea at 3 p.m., was the ladies' favorite hour when their own dear old tea pot, the Australian woman's delight, was filled to the brim several times over to a party of invited friends either in the dining saloon or in some cosy corner on deck. The gentlemen especially would be sure of an invitation, and such a feast of good things, composed of the choicest confectionery from a rich fruit cake to a lady finger. If the private store be exhausted there was more at the bar, where an abundance of the same could be bought at store prices. At 8 p.m. sharp, supper is served under any and every circumstance. A steward with a 12-gallon can of excellent oatmeal gruel is seen looming in the distance from the kitchen, and by the time the poor fellow reaches the dining saloon he is so surrounded with customers, armed with cups and spoons, he knows not where to turn or whom to serve first with his huge ladle; beside this, there were splendid bread, butter and cheese in abundance, which were so thoroughly appreciated that nothing but empty dishes were to be seen in a few minutes. It was really quite a source of amusement every evening to watch this famished throng who had just two hours previously taken a good square meal.

The spiritual part of these few hundred souls received no lack of attention either. It reminded one more of revival meetings than otherwise. Three Methodist and two Presbyterian ministers were on board. They contrived to have a prayer-meeting every morning at 7.15 to 8 o'clock, Sundays and week days, the usual Sunday service at 11 a.m., Sunday School for the children at 3 p.m., conducted by a prominent sister of the Methodist Church in Melbourne, who also gave a few very interesting lectures on her work among the poor in the slums of that great city, sometimes service for the sailors was held on the forward deck, from 6 to 7 p. m. which was entered into heartily by some of the crew, especially when well known hymns were sung, followed by the evening service from 7 to 8 p.m. Wednesday evening prayer meeting was never omitted either. These meetings were very fairly attended as a rule. Of course it is needless to say that the Sunday morning services were always conducted after the Church of England form, which is the rule on board all His Majesty's ships, wherever floats the British flag on the high seas, the captain himself or the chief steward taking this service, if there happened no minister aboard to do so.

Another notable experience was camping out at night while crossing the tropics to avoid the great heat and stifling atmosphere of the cabins. And what heaps of fun there is in it! About 10 p.m. the women all robe in their dressing gowns and then may be seen a procession resembling an army of mammoth ants laden with blankets and pillows bound for the upper deck and bow of the steamer, where the sailors have already been at work canvassing up the railing to make it more secluded. Beds are constructed by placing two deck chairs together and blankets spread lengthwise, some of the more fortunate using hammocks. I shall never forget what a charming view of the heavens one can get here at night, and on waking up about 3 a. m. there, shining right in our face, in all her glorious beauty, was Venus, her appearance far exceeding in radiance anything I had ever seen before, with the moon as her escort and rival on the wane. About the second quarter, both had risen but a short distance from the horizon, and there straight across the water gleamed the shimmering light. I happened to have pitched my bed at the extreme bow end of the vessel that night, so had none to disturb in the silent morning watch, nothing save the constant thump of the screw directly beneath to remind one of things of this world, and the wonderful works of man, whose presence was evident and a little embarrassing, too, for when on the way to our cabin in the morning one would encounter heaps lying about on the lower decks with bare feet projecting at one end and a head at the other, pyjamas of every conceivable pattern, rising like Phoenix from its ashes, and flying about armed with bath towels, their path of glory leading—but to the bath, one of which had been erected of huge proportions, made of sail cloth, away up on the forward deck for the accommodation of a dozen at a time. Yes, the men's resting place was not always certain. I remember one poor fellow who had pitched his bed too near the drain trough, got an awful ducking, quite unknown to the sailors, as they flooded the upper deck in the early morning. This was the means of a very stormy and wet "son rise" that morning.

Sometimes when the alarm of approaching rain was signalled by some of the officers from the bridge the greatest excitement prevailed among the women. In their anxiety to get dressed and flee with their beds to the cabin, they would fairly tumble down the ladder, a little episode those cruel officers enjoyed immensely. The children who were aroused in haste from sleep would cry, "Mother, have we got to England?"

No, we had yet between two and three weeks of life on the ocean wave before reaching the homeland, but the few days' tropical heat was over; we had crossed the equator and were breathing freely again. The old custom of punishing the uninitiated is merely a thing talked of nowadays, and tales are told of the dreadful games played on them when crossing this mysterious line.

Now, when I reflect over some of the discomforts of ship life in a great heat like this was, it makes one feel glad it's a thing of the past. For instance, to have an extremely stout companion in the same cabin with you, a misfortune that has been mine twice at such a time. The poor souls, it is a shame to say misfortune too, for they were the very essence of good nature and tried so hard to make the very least of themselves, knowing so well that their room was much more acceptable than their company, and then again the appearance of the table stewards made you feel that the food as to its condition was very questionable, especially the soup! Many complained of it being too hot to eat, which was true enough. But what about those who had the preparing and serving for so many in this great heat? I was often struck with the wan and thin appearance of the stewards, but it is easily accounted for when one considers their daily routine of duties, even through the hottest weather.

Then one sad occurrence of the voyage happened about this time, when an aged passenger succumbed to the trying heat and the body was buried at sea about 8 o'clock in the evening, by lamp-light. This was a most impressive ceremony, and the fact of there being no relatives or friends of the deceased on board made it all the more solemn. The poor old soul's great desire was to reach the land of his birth and to see the dear ones once more, but

"Now the laborer's task is o'er,
Now the battle day is past,
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last."

As our voyage approached the end the all absorbing thought was how to pack and stow away all that's not wanted, a difficult task for those who had a family of children. I wish my readers could get a peep down into the hold on one of these occasions, what a weird scene would meet your gaze, all under electric light in the bowels of the ship. Many packing away, others nailing or mending in some way much abused luggage, and the best of good humor prevailing with all.

The last day seemed the longest of the 49, owing to every one's great anxiety to land. All the concerts, dancing and card parties were something of the past, not forgetting the chess tournaments, my favorite amusement. I felt quite triumphant in the fact of having beaten all the best players on board, and they really played very well.

The women could have held quite a creditable bazaar with all the pretty and useful articles that had been made. Many were able to keep their hand in at the wash tub too, having every accommodation in the way of laundry room, stationary tubs, plenty of fresh water, heated by steam, drying grounds were legion on the spacious decks, a hot flat iron could always be had from the cook for a small fee.

But, "throw up your hats, boys!" some one was heard to say, for we are at last sailing up the dear muddy old Thames, and Tilbury docks are nearly reached. Then two last hours are spent in bidding adieu to our friends of the ocean. At last we are being towed into port. But listen, the Australian call, "Coo-ee," comes across the water from one anxiously waiting among the throng on the pier, which greeting had a most cheering effect upon all his countrymen on board.

I conclude by quoting the following lines as they occurred to me when descending the gangway of our good ship for the last time:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean,
Thou vast and ever sounding sea,
Wonderful art thou, great element.
I love to wander o'er thy billows
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
Eternity, eternity and power."

—M. J. S., Hamilton.

ROBBERS USED DYNAMITE.

Blew Up a House, Killing the Owner of it.

ATTEMPT AT COWARDLY MURDER

Mannington, W. Va., Dec. 29.—The residence of Robert Floyd, two miles north of here, was blown up with dynamite by robbers last night. Mr. Floyd was killed instantly, and Mrs. Floyd and the servant girl were seriously injured. The house was completely demolished. One thousand dollars, which, it is said, Floyd had in the house, is missing.

Eoline, Ala., Dec. 24.—A. M. Bass, foreman of the coal chutes of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, was killed and J. F. Jones, agent of the road here, was wounded last night, while sitting at the supper table of a hotel, the assassins firing through the window. There is no clue to the perpetrators.

Bloomington, Ill., Dec. 24. — The jury in the case of Daisy Carlton, charged with the murder of Mrs. Joseph Leslie, has rendered a verdict of not guilty. Her plea was self defence. Mrs. Leslie who was said to be jealous of Miss Carlton, attempted to horsewhip the latter, waylaying her on the street. Miss Carlton, who had been warned, carried a revolver and shot her assailant when attacked.

DEFEATED TURKISH TROOPS.

Pretender to Throne of Morocco Scores.

LATER REPORTS SAY HE FLED

Tangier, Morocco, Dec. 29.-- The Imperial troops have been totally defeated after a sanguinary battle with the rebels headed by the Pretender to the throne. The latter decapitated forty of the Sultan's soldiers. Their heads are now ornamenting his tent.

Imperial reinforcements have been sent to attempt the capture of Taza, the headquarters of the Pretender. Incensed by the successes of the rebels, the Sultan has ordered his soldiers to spare no one at Taza, in spite of the counsels of the chiefs, who counselled him not to indulge in excesses.

London, Dec. 24.—In a despatch from Tangier, dated yesterday, a correspondent of the Daily Mail says the Sultan's troops have entered Taza, and that the Pretender has fled to the Chiatta Hills.

CANNOT BE A BROKER.

King Vetoes Proposal of Prince Francis of Teck.

London, Dec. 29. — A story is printed to the effect that the King has vetoed a proposal by Prince Francis of Teck, a brother of the Princess of Wales, to become a stock broker. The firm of Panmure, Gordon & Co. offered the Prince £3,000 a year to enter into a partnership. Other prominent firms have since offered much higher figures, there being a keen contest to secure his services.

The King, however, would not hear of a brother of the future Queen assuming such a position, which would be in any case a delicate one, and which would become impossible in the event of the Prince of Wales becoming Sovereign.

FATALLY SHOT BROTHER.

A Shocking Tragedy on a Farm in Middleport.

TOOK HIM FOR A BURGLAR.

Wesley Watson Comes Home From Detroit to Spend Christmas—His Brothers Thinking He Was a Burglar Ran Off—Came Back and Shot Down.

Brantford despatch: As already reported, Wesley Watson, aged 25, was shot and instantly killed by his brother, James Watson, at the family home, near Middleport, Brant county, at 9 o'clock this morning, being mistaken for a burglar, who was supposed to have entered the house during the course of the night.

The scene of the shocking tragedy was on the Karn farm, two and a half miles west of Middleport village, in the Township of Onondaga. The farm, which was rented by Samuel and James Watson, is in rather a lonely part of the township, some distance off the main road. The Watson brothers, who are bachelors, had their mother as housekeeper for them, while the other brother, Wesley Watson, was supposed to be in Detroit, where he was employed. Some days ago the mother left to pay a visit to some friends in another part of the township, leaving the bachelor brothers to keep house.

Returned Unannounced.

After dark last night the younger brother returned unannounced and unexpectedly from Detroit, and went to the farm house after the elder brothers had retired for the night. Some time after retiring they heard somebody about the premises, and subsequently an entrance was made to the rooms downstairs. The two brothers, who are of rather a timid nature, immediately supposed they were the victims of a burglary, and, gathering a few articles of clothing, they made their escape out of a bedroom window and fled to the house of a neighboring farmer, Mr. Dougherty, where they reported that their house had been entered by burglars, and begged to be allowed to remain for the night. Accommodation was provided for them, and they remained until after daylight this morning. Shortly before 9 o'clock they repaired to their own home, armed with a shotgun, and upon entering the premises downstairs saw that someone had entered the house and had been making himself at home. With the gun they proceeded to make an investigation.

Shot as He Lay in Bed.

Upon going upstairs to one of the bedrooms they found one of the doors half open, and the form of a man lying in bed. As they reached the door, the sleeper raised himself slightly upon his elbow, and one of the thoroughly frightened men, imagining in the dusk of the darkened bedroom that this was the burglar of the night before, immediately took aim and fired. The charge, which was of small shot, took effect in the man's head, almost blowing the side of his face off and killing him instantly.

In an instant it became apparent even to their disordered imagination that the supposed burglar was the brother whom they thought to be still in Detroit.

The brothers Samuel and James Watson immediately gave the alarm to the neighbors. The unfortunate young man, however, was beyond the reach of all aid, and must have died instantly. Mr. A. E. Harris, of Onondaga, a well-known farmer in that section, who was called in shortly after the enactment of the tragedy, immediately repaired to the city and gave information of the affair to the police. The County Coroner, Dr. Fissette, left immediately for Middleport to hold an investigation and make arrangements for an inquest.

Brothers Were Good Friends.

The relationships between the brothers in Middleport and the unfortunate visitor from Detroit are understood to have been of the most affectionate character, and no motive for the commission of the crime has been suggested.

As soon as an information has been sworn out Samuel and James Watson will be placed under arrest.

Both men are reported to be of a very nervous and timid disposition, and are said by those who know them best to be incapable of harboring any ill-will against their brother. Their grief, when it dawned upon them that they had deprived their younger brother of his life, was heartrending in the extreme. From what can be learned of the situation it seems they have been annoyed by people approaching their premises after dark, and that repeatedly they had expressed their fears that their premises and the lonely situation of the home made them peculiarly liable to interference.

CAN'T FIND THE CAPTAIN.

Cardiff Gentleman Who Has Disappeared From Montreal.

tery surrounds the disappearance of Captain Frederick J. Lewer, of Cardiff, England, from the Bath Hotel, St. Monique street. He came here with his family six weeks ago, and on Thursday last he left word with his young son that he would not return for lunch that day. Since then he has not been seen by any of his friends, and Chief Carpenter and all his staff combined have failed to get the slightest trace of him.

"How is your friend the carpet cleaner?" asked the mat.

"Alas!" cried the Persian rug, "all is over! He shook me for a girl with money."—Princeton Tiger.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO