EMPEROR AND KING.

THE TRAGEDY OF VON HINKELDEY.

Although Emperor William has selected Frederick the Great as his ideal and as the Prussian sovereign whose glory he yearns to emulate and whose example he endeavors to copy, not only in civil and military policy, but even in manner, gesture and speech, yet it is to his granduncle, King Frederick William IV, that he bears the most striking resemblance. The latter is so great, and the points of analogy so numerous, that considerable uneasiness is felt in official and court circles at Berlin. For while Frederick William was certainly one of the best-intentioned monarchs of the house of Hohenzollern, he was likewise one of the most unfortunate; and after an inglorious reign, the closing years of which were characterized by all sorts of eccentricities and extravagances, he died insane, the loss of his reason resulting from an incurable aural malady, identical with the one from which his grandnephew is now suffering.

It is not my purpose to point out here how that the various generous but oft impracticable schemes devised by the young Kaiser for the benefit of humanity in general, and for his subjects in particular, are but the counterpart of projects of the same kind put forward by Frederick William IV; nor how the species of mystical piety that pervades so many of Emperor William's utterances was likewise conspicuous in his afflicted predecessor, whose nervousness, restlessness, impulsiveness and verbosity he shares in a marked degree. I wish to draw attention here to the analogy existing between the crusade against gambling undertaken by Emperor William and that instituted by Frederick William IV, whose action in the matter led to a tragedy that precipitated the mental affliction of the King. It is an analogy which constitutes the topic of current conversation among the older generation of the great world at Berlin—especially so since the temporary retirement of the chief of the Berlin police for reasons not publicly stated, but which are currently asserted to be connected with the Emperor's edict against high play, which he was called upon to enforce, and which has led to his mind becoming unhinged. Should he recover eventually, as is expected, he will be certainly more fortunate than was King Frederick William IV's chief of police, Baron von Hinkeldey, since the latter lost not his reason but his life in endeavoring to carry out his master's orders in the matter. There were few men who stood higher in the confidence of their sovereign than did this Herr von Hinkeldey, a man of noble birth, of the highest sense of honor, and of sterling honesty.

Greatly exercised by the large number of suicides and desertions among the officers of the army, and especially of those attached to regiments in garrison at Berlin and Potsdam, and which were attributable in nearly every case to the inability to pay so-called debts of honor contracted at the card-table, the King determined to take radical measures for the suppression of gambling in his capital, and invoked the assistance of Herr von Hinkeldey to carry out his wishes. The King proposed to begin by closing up all the numerous small tripots and petty gambling establishments with which Berlin was then, as now, infested; whereupon the chief of police ventured to remark that it would be both impolitic and unjust to adopt any such measures against the small fry, or to endeavor to stop the play of the bourgeoisie and middle classes while princes and nobles were permitted to win and lose fortunes every afternoon and evening at the Hôtel du Nord, where the Prussian Jockey Club, but recently constituted at that time, had established its headquarters. Like Emperor William, King Frederick William IV seemed to attach more importance to being popular among the masses than with the aristocracy, and the same ill-will on the part of the great families of the nobility toward the sovereign prevailed then as it does now, the most illustrious families being conspicuous by their pointed and persistent absence from court. The King, therefore, was without any prejudices in favor of the titled gamblers, and at once saw the justice of Herr von Hinkeldey's argument.

"Within forty-eight hours, Herr von Hinkeldey," he exclaimed, "you must have the Jockey Club closed, and the seals affixed to the doors of the apartments in which the play is going on. It is perfectly immaterial to me whether there are members of the House of Lords there, or not. I will not tolerate any such flagrant disregard of my orders and wishes."

On the following night—it was in July, 1855—a large force of police invaded the brilliantly lighted salons of the Jockey Club, through the open windows of which the passersby in the street could see and even hear what was going on. The moment the police made their appearance the Baron von Rochow, the president of the club, rose from his seat and advanced to meet the Commissary of Police, protesting that it was a private establishment, and that the police had no right to intrude.

"I have received my orders, Herr Baron," replied the Commissary, showing as he spoke the warrant by virtue of which he was acting.

"Ah, so it's Herr von Hinkeldey who has signed this order!" exclaimed the Baron; "that's just like him. Well, I'll see to this. You can tell him from me that his behavior is that of the most arrant of cads."

But this did not prevent the police from executing their orders, and before they left they confiscated not only the cards but what was infinitely more to the point, the stakes, put out the lights, locked the doors and sealed them.

On the following day Baron von Rochow, who, like many other gay young bloods of the aristocracy, had on several previous occasions come into unpleasant contact with the chief of police, sent his seconds to Herr von Hinkeldey, challenging him to a duel. Hinkeldey, however, informed the Baron's delegates that he had no satisfaction to give Herr von Rochow for having raided the Jockey Club, inasmuch as he had only done so by the express and direct order of the King. Baron von Rochow thereupon addressed a most insulting letter to Hinkeldey, in which he stigmatized him as a coward and gave full expression to the contempt with which he claimed the conduct of the chief of police had inspired him. Herr von Hinkeldey did not reply to the missive, but showed it that same evening to the King, who extorted from him a solemn promise not to accept any challenge from the Baron. "You've only acted in obedience to my orders, and should any misfortune happen to you I should never forgive myself, since it would be I who would have to bear the moral responsibility thereof."

In the following spring a grand tournament was organized by the officers of the guard in the great riding school of the Garde du Corps regiment. It was, I believe, in honor either of the King's birthday or of his silver wedding, I forget which, and was attended by Frederick William, the Queen, the members of their court and the flower of the Prussian aristocracy. The principal actors in the performance were arrayed in suits of armor, as in mediaeval times, and the entertainment was arranged on a magnificent scale, regardless of expense. The promoter and leading spirit of the entire affair was Baron von Rochow, who was not, however, at the time in active service, but attached to the Landwehr, his duties as a member of the House of Lords having necessitated his retirement from the dragoon regiment to which he had belonged. The only prominent personage of the court who had received no invitation was Herr von Hinkeldey, the omission being of a most pointed character. Notwithstanding this, Herr von Hinkeldey, arrayed in full uniform, and covered with stars and orders, made his appearance at the tournament, having on his arm the lovely widow of an Austrian General, a lady who at one time occupied a leading position in Berlin society. Suddenly he found himself face to face with Baron von Rochow, who barred his way and exclaimed:

"Kindly show me your invitation, sir!"

"I have none," replied Von Hinkeldey, "but I am, as you know, the chief of police, and as such it is not only my right but also my duty to enter everywhere where the King happens to be."

"Excuse me, sir," exclaimed Baron von Rochow, in the most insulting manner, "the King is here as the guest of his officers; he is in perfect safety in our midst, and we have no need of the police to look after him. If you have no invitation, kindly withdraw at once, so as to avoid any disagreeable scandal. With regard to the Countess, if she will do me the honor to accept my arm, I will lead her to a seat," an invitation which the fair but fickle lady immediately accepted, leaving poor Von Hinkeldey on the verge of apoplexy with mortification and rage.

On quitting the riding school he immediately drove off to the residence of General von Munchausen, the chief aide-de-camp of the King, and with whom he was on terms of great intimacy.

"What am I to do?" he inquired of his friend, tortured between the promise by which he was bound to the King and the necessity of obtaining satisfaction for the terrible affront to which he had been so publicly subjected.

"This time," replied the General, after hearing Hinkeldey's story, "there is no way out of the matter. The insult has been of a public character and the reparation should be of the same nature."

That same evening a grand dinner took place at the palace to which most of the organizers of the tournament were invited, and at which Herr von Hinkeldey, by virtue of his official position, was obliged to be present. Throughout the evening he found himself to be the object of unusual interest on the part of all present, and could not help overhearing whispered comments on what had taken place in connection with his rencontre with Von Rochow. On the following morning the hostile meeting took place on the Hasenheide, near Charlottenburg, and Herr von Hinkeldey was attended by General von Munchausen and by his old friend and pastor, the Rev. H. Richter, who, having in vain endeavored by every means in his power to dissuade him from fighting, had insisted on accompanying him. At the first fire Herr von Hinkeldey fell dead, Von Rochow's bullet having pierced his brain.

A few hours later General Munchausen presented himself to the King at Potsdam, and handed to His Majesty a letter which Hinkeldey had written on the previous evening, resigning his post as chief of police, and imploring his sovereign's pardon for breaking his promise. It would take me too long to describe here the dramatic scene that ensued when it finally dawned upon the King's mind that his chief of police had not only fought the duel, but had also been killed. After filling the air with imprecations against himself for having, as he described it, "literally pushed poor Hinkeldey into his grave," he was seized with an epileptic fit, which proved the commencement of his dementia, and from which he never entirely recovered. Indeed, from that time forth the King only enjoyed occasional periods of lucidity, being apparently haunted night and day by visions of the corpse of his friend Hinkeldey, who was gazing at him, he declared, with looks of reproach in his eyes. Indeed it is to His Majesty's mental condition that must be attributed the fact that Baron von Rochow escaped any kind of punishment, being merely subjected to military arrest of a few hours until the customary proof was given that the duel had been fought in accordance with the laws of honor. It was on that occasion that Prince Hohenlohe, the president of the House of Lords, excused the absence of Herr von Rochow in the following characteristic terms:

"One of our colleagues," he declared, addressing the Chamber, "having had to choose between the law of the land and the exigencies of honor, has obeyed the latter rather than the former, a fact which prevents him from being with us to-day."

It may be added that popular sympathy in Berlin—that is to say, among the bourgeoisie—was altogether with Herr von Hinkeldey, and on it becoming known that he had died almost penniless, a subscription was started in behalf of his family on the Stock Exchange, which in the course of a few hours attained a sum of $30,000.

I may add, in conclusion, that Emperor William's attempt to interfere with the amusements and the pastimes of his officers and nobles meets with just as much resentment and ill-will on the part of the wealthy scions of the aristocracy as was aroused by the similar course adopted by his predecessor, King Frederick William IV, and many of the richest officers and members of the court have preferred to throw up their commissions and their offices and to withdraw from Berlin rather than submit to what they regard as an intolerable piece of interference and invasion of their private life by the Emperor.

EX-ATTACHÉ.

EDWARD GRIEG.

NOTES ON THE COMPOSER.

Edward Grieg, the Norwegian composer, is, as his portrait shows, a rather romantic-looking person. He has large, clear blue eyes, with a light in them like the glint of sunshine through glacier-ice, handsome regular features, a firm chin, and thick hair, now turning white. No portrait can give an

EDWARD GRIEG.

idea of the play of expression, the vivacity of gesture, the whole picturesqueness of air and demeanor which mark Grieg's personality.

He talks English fluently—as indeed he ought to do, having Scotch blood in his veins. His great-grandfather, Alexander Greig, emigrated from Scotland to Norway in the last century, and there changed his name to Grieg. The composer is fond of Scotland and the Scotch, reads Carlyle, and delights in Scotch melodies. He says that he finds a similarity between the Scotch melodies and the Norwegian ones, especially when the sentiment is serious.

HOUSES THAT WITHSTOOD THE CHICAGO FIRE.

From The Chicago Inter Ocean.

Popular belief credits the Ogden residence with being the only one on the North Side to survive the great fire of 1871. It has generally been accepted as a fact that the old house of Mahlon D. Ogden that used to stand on the site of the Newberry Library was the single one that outlived the conflagration.

Now that the historic old residence is a thing of the past, it looks like vandalism to remove the halo of romance that surrounds it. But the fact is it was not the only house that came out of the blaze scathless. At least two others shared this distinction, and neither of them was so favorably located as the Ogden residence.

One of the greatest miracles of the fire is the two-story wooden residence at No. 85 North Clark-st., which still stands. It was directly in the path of the fire, and its occupants left the house and its contents to their fate and fled for their lives. To make any effort to save either at the time looked the height of absurdity. But it came through it with nothing worse than a few blisters caused by the intense heat. It is well known that the north of this whole blocks were wiped out like matchwood, and the fire burned itself out at the city limits.

By a strange freak of the elements, although the immediate neighborhood was a roaring sea of flame, this frail wooden structure lived to tell the story like the lonely survivor of a wreck at sea. C. E. Tuerk afterward occupied this house as a residence.

Across the way in Lincoln Park, about 100 yards from this spot, stood a modest little wooden house, occupied as a dwelling by the superintendent of Lincoln Park. It was, of course, abandoned, no hope being entertained that it would weather the holocaust. But it did. It stood for years after this, having sustained little or no damage, until it was demolished to make room for the new Academy of Sciences. At the time it was torn down it was in a good state of preservation, and the pity is that such a valuable landmark could not have been retained for ages to come on the identical spot where it baffled the elements.

So general is the belief that the Ogden residence was the only survivor, that the majority of those who remember accept this as the truth. A few old North Siders, however, have always been in favor of dividing the honors by three, although the claims of the two rival buildings to recognition have not, up to this time, been published.

DR. GREER'S PAWNSHOP.

HIS SCHEME TO AID THE POOR.

A LOW RATE OF INTEREST TO BE CHARGED—THE BEGINNING OF WHAT MAY BECOME A GREAT INSTITUTION.

The suggestion outlined in The Tribune two weeks ago as to the advisability of some wealthy men starting a pawnshop which would be a permanent institution for the accommodation and for the relief of the worthy poor, without charging anything like the exorbitant rate of 20 per cent per annum interest, is finally going to be taken up on a small scale. The man who has the plan in mind and who says that he has been thinking it out for more than a year is the Rev. Dr. David H. Greer, pastor of St. Bartholomew's Protestant Episcopal Church. When the reporter asked him about it he said he was sorry that information concerning the project had leaked out so soon, as his plan was not as yet completed.

"I have been interested in this problem," said he, "of how to give temporary relief to people in want without making them feel ashamed or being obliged to lose their self-respect in patronizing the ordinary pawnshop, and the acute distress of the last few months has quickened my resolve to see that something is done. The plan that I have in mind has been tried in Boston and found to work well, and I am unable to see why a similar experiment in this much larger city should not also be found to work well. I have examined the methods by means of which this plan is operated in France and Germany on a large scale. I would, however, have delayed the starting of a pawnshop here, only that the extreme distress has precipitated as early an adoption of the plan as possible. I hope we may be able to have it going in a month.

HOW POOR MEN WILL BE HELPED.

"My idea is to devise a means by which a poor man can receive assistance in time of need without compromising his self-respect or his manhood. When such a person, the head of a family we will presume, has exhausted whatever little money he had saved up for a 'rainy day,' there is always some piece of personal property that can be dispensed with for a time, and which he would be willing to deposit as security for some small sum to tide him over the difficulty. Even in normal times there are large numbers of hard-working people who find it hard to meet the rent, which is the most imperious exaction he has to meet, and for the failure to pay which no excuse holds good, or holds good at least for more than one month at the furthest. When such a person found himself better equipped financially he could come back and redeem the article he had pawned after paying a mere trifle of interest, and if he didn't come at all we could sell it without any regard to the question of profit to some one badly in need and glad of the chance of a bargain.

"It is believed that you meant to give the matter a wider scope by providing some means of employment in connection with the shop for women."

WORK FOR WOMEN.

"I have that idea, too," said Dr. Greer. "I expect that many people will send us second-hand clothing, and I would engage a number of women who are out of work to overhaul them and repair them, and these might be afterward sold at a reduced rate to poor people, and in cases of extreme poverty given to them free. Had I been able I should have gone to the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in Chicago and taken the matter for my subject, so deeply am I interested in it."

"To what extent do you propose to lend money?"

"We will begin on a small scale, and make advances of sums as high, say, as $5, not to everybody who comes, of course, but to those whom we know are really in need of the loan. The person offering the pledge would have to be known, and would have to furnish satisfactory guarantees that it was not an effort to get rid of stolen property or to procure money for some unworthy purpose."

"It will require considerable machinery to fill the bill in this respect," suggested the reporter.

"We have it already to hand," said Dr. Greer, confidently. "We have several persons in this parish who are already visiting the poor from day to day, and who have a pretty accurate knowledge of the condition of the people in the districts over which they are accustomed to travel so often. In this pawnshop which I propose to start, only the poor whose condition are known to us will be waited on. We are doing just now through other channels what The Tribune Coal and Food Fund and other such agencies are doing, hunting up whole families and finding out the distress for ourselves. We have investigated the East Side, between Thirty-fifth and Seventieth-sts., and found in that thickly populated section large numbers of needy and worthy people, who, though not actually in want of food, are feeling the pinch of poverty. They are now at the end of their resources and the little reserve capital that they had is gone. When the head of a family such as that, for instance, comes to us to raise a loan on some piece of personal property, he will get it without any hesitation. If our small beginning succeeds, then we can enlarge the experiment and widen the area of our operations."

A SITE ALREADY SELECTED.

"What site have you selected?"

"Somewhere in the neighborhood of East Forty-second-st.," he answered.

"Who will furnish the money?"

Dr. Greer smiled. "There will be little difficulty about that part of the transaction," said he. "I would be willing to start the affair on my own responsibility and wait for the money to come back to me. The money will be found.

"Do you expect it to pay?"

"I am yet unable to say whether the venture will be profitable or not. We do not start with an idea of profit, of course, but it would argue bad management, to say the least, if we were not able to conduct it in such manner as to recoup us for the outlay involved. We may be able to conduct it on a basis of philanthropy and 5 per cent, but if that should be found impracticable we can fall back upon a reduced rate and conduct it on a basis of philanthropy and 2 per cent, or even 1 per cent. It would, I think, be as bad policy to have it a losing concern as to have the business one by which large profits may be made, for that would defeat the purpose I have in view. The sole object is to benefit the poor and to relieve them. Those, too, who are relieved through this medium will not feel any humiliation, and if they offer as a pledge some article which in an ordinary transaction of that character would be regarded as of little value, and if we take it, we shall feel certain, they being worthy people, that it will not be left on our hands, and if it is left on our hands we shall know that they were unable to redeem it. Then we shall sell it to those to whom we know it would be of value at whatever it brings. We may gain or we may lose on that particular item, but in any case the purpose we have in view will be subserved."

A SUPERINTENDENT WANTED.

"When do you propose to begin work?"

"I would begin to-morrow if I found a man competent to act as superintendent of such a place. That is the trouble. We should have a man not alone shrewd and of the best business instincts, but one whom it would be difficult to impose upon and one who would have a sincere interest in the success of the enterprise.

"There is little publicity about what we do for the poor of this parish, and we do not invite it, but as it happens now, in the course of conversations I may as well tell you that we feed from 100 to 150 families every day. We have issued a number of meal tickets, ten in a package. Each ticket represents 10 cents, and for that ticket the head of a family may come to our coffee-house in connection with the parish-house in East Forty-second-st. and obtain food to take home sufficient to give a substantial meal to six persons. I might here mention that, in my opinion, people have not a full idea of the great work which the churches are doing to relieve the distress, and of the well-organized machinery at their disposal for this purpose. We are careful not to cover any ground that other charitable societies cover, thus avoiding anything like an abuse of the system of giving relief. I mention this because there is some danger just now of the good nature of generous-minded people running to extremes, and this, you will admit, would defeat the very purposes for which relief associations have been formed.

"As for the pawnbroking enterprise, I would really like somebody better qualified than I am to take it off my hands, because my time is so completely occupied with other things; but now that I have started in on the matter, it is my purpose to see it through."

THE RUSSIAN THISTLE IN THE WEST.

From The Washington Star.

A box five feet square and over three high was carried into the room of the Senate Committee on Agriculture yesterday, and, Senator Hansbrough presiding, the cover was quickly knocked up and off therefrom. A big brush heap was the apparent contents of the mysterious inwardness of the Senator's box. Appearances, however, are deceitful everywhere in general, and around the Senate end of the Capitol in particular. The box did not contain a brush heap, but the ugliest, meanest, wickedest weed this country has ever known or can know—the Russian thistle.

A few years ago it was unknown in this country, and only travellers in the trans-Ural regions of Southeastern Russia had ever seen it. But it is now in full possession of many a good farm in the Dakotas, and is rapidly spreading its domain toward every point of the compass, with the twin States as its center and starting point. Mr. L. H. Dewey, assistant botanist in the Agricultural Department, returned a few days ago from a thorough-going tour of the Northwest, where the Russian thistle is prevalent, and brought with him the big specimen that is now the cynosure of all eyes in Senator Hansbrough's committee-room. This plant is probably full grown, for it is five feet in diameter, fully three feet high, and weighs twenty-four pounds. It is the result of one season's growth from a single seed, the plant being an annual. The root is comparatively small, being about half an inch in diameter and six to twelve inches long. That part of the plant which is above ground forms a dense, bushy mass full of branches. When it is young and green it looks very harmless, and its soft, fuzzy, tender and juicy little leaves, scattered abundantly all over its myriads of stems look not only edible, but fairly tempting from a bovine point of view.

That the thistle is spreading, is indeed coming rapidly eastward, there can be no doubt. It is estimated that the Russian pest has now spread over 48,000 square miles of territory, and that the borders of this area are constantly increasing at the rate of ten to fifteen miles a year. There are over 1,000,000 acres of wheat land embraced in this Western thistledom, and careful estimates at the Agricultural Department last year placed the loss at $2,000,000 from this weed alone. This last year it has caused a loss in that region, it is calculated, exceeding $3,500,000. At this geometrical ratio it is easy to conjecture what is going to happen in a few years. The danger is so appalling that the States and Congress have been asked to provide relief and protection. Senator Hansbrough has introduced a bill providing a scheme of warfare to exterminate the thistle by digging it up before it goes to seed.

AMONG THE HAPSBURGS.

MATRIMONIAL AND OTHER GOSSIP ABOUT THE NEXT EMPEROR.

Paris, December 29.

The falsely reported engagement of Stephanie, the widow of the late Austrian Crown Prince Rudolph, and the present Crown Prince, Francis Ferdinand, eldest son of the Archduke Louis, was set about by parties interested in having the two imperial personages get married. One of these parties is the Princess Clementine. Others are the Archduke Joseph and his sister, the Archduchess Elizabeth, uncle and aunt on the maternal side of Rudolph's still young widow. They would be glad to secure influence by securing the throne to her. As she has a child, she might if remarried expect again to be a mother, and were she to give birth to a son, the scapegrace Grand Duke Otho would be less likely ever to inherit the imperial purple. One of the great partisans of the projected marriage is the Grand Chamberlain, Prince Hohenlohe, brother of the German Ambassador to the Elysee and actual Stallhalter of Alsace Lorraine. He is bothered with the conflicting claims for precedence of the widow of the late heir apparent, and of her aunt-in-law, the Archduchess Charles Louis, wife of the heir presumptive who now stands next in the order of succession to the Emperor, but who might still, against all probability, be cut out. It is possible that the Empress Elizabeth might die in her husband's lifetime, and that the Emperor might find another wife. If he did, adieu to all the ambitious hopes of the Charles Louis family.

The Archduke Francis Ferdinand is twenty-eight, and is wealthy. He made this year a tour around the world accompanied by some artists who illustrated his diary, the manuscript of which, with the drawings bound up in them, he presented to the Emperor on Christmas Day. He is a little eccentric, hates to be mobbed when travelling, and, to be able to cross the Atlantic incognito from New York, gave out that he had booked a stateroom for Liverpool, which he secretly meant a member of his suite to occupy, and secured, as secretly, another for himself, on board a Havre liner. When he came to Paris he went to see the Eiffel Tower. M. Eiffel was forewarned that the Archduke was coming, to the great displeasure of the latter, and took him up to the room on the summit. "It's beastly ugly," was the Prince's remark on looking down from the platform. "How it dwarfs that beautiful Notre Dame! I've seen enough of it. Please take me down." The other platforms were merely glanced at by the Archduke, who had come unannounced to Paris and was vexed when he found the Austrian Embassy waiting on the platform of the Eastern Railway to see him off after a sojourn of one day. He says that he is not at all sure the Emperor, his uncle, will not outlive his aunt, the Empress, and remarry. What a ridiculous position his then would be, if in the meanwhile he let himself be fawned upon and courted as prospective sovereign!

The Emperor is very much under the influence of the Archduchess Elizabeth, aunt of the Dowager Crown Princess. She being bent on a match with Francis Ferdinand, he has also been a good deal for it, and especially as his eldest nephew likes her better than any of his Imperial kindred or any other Catholic princess that he can think of. But she has had enough of marriage with an archducal heir to the throne, and aspires to nothing more than the free private life that she now leads. It may end in a morganatic match which would not rob her of her royal and imperial rank. In Europe a wife who is lower by birth than her husband rises to his level, and if she is highest does not sink to it. In Spain the husband who is born in an inferior station ascends to share that of a wife born to a superior one, and if she has a title bears it equally with her. Stephanie, as daughter of the King and Queen of the Belgians and widow of the Crown Prince Rudolph, claims the highest precedence after the Empress. Prince Hohenlohe only hesitates to give it to her from a fear of offending the Archduchess Charles Louis. This lady is one of the five daughters of Dom Miguel, the Legitimist Pretender to the throne of Portugal. She was rich in names, but not in money, and is the hope of the Jesuits at Vienna.

The Emperor of Austria is a kind-hearted, well-intentioned and sagacious man. He showed his goodness in lending himself to the desire of his eldest grandchild, the Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, to marry a fortuneless lieutenant, who, by the way, has been turned out of the army for quitting Metz, where he was garrisoned, without leave of absence, to get married. The wedding took place privately at Genoa, the Emperor having first settled a competency on the young couple. Just before it came off the bride's younger sister married a son of the Archduke Joseph and grandson of the Princess Clementine. The hearty sympathy shown by Francis Joseph for the love-match of the Princess Elizabeth was owing to his small esteem for the young generation of Archdukes.

E. C.

IMPRISONED IN A MANHOLE.

An incident which suggested Poe's grewsome story, "The Cask of Amontillado," happened in Printing House Square the other day. Two workmen employed by the Third-ave. surface road raised the big iron cover of a manhole between the cable slot and one track. One of the men got into the hole just as a car approached on the tracks. When his companion had disappeared, the other workman, to the surprise of those who looked on, replaced the heavy oblong cover.

The car passed on, and every one expected that the trap door would at once be raised, so that the man could get out of what must be oppressively close quarters. No air could reach him through the cover, as it was solid. Instead, however, of lifting the cover, the other workman walked calmly up the street. Those who had watched this queer proceeding could hardly believe their eyes. One man ran to a policeman who was on the curbstone, and said to him excitedly:

"One of those workmen has fastened another in a manhole. I saw him do it. Come along."

In some surprise the officer walked toward the manhole. He asked which way the villain had gone. The indignant citizen pointed up the street. There, about a hundred feet off, was a group of workmen about another open manhole. The policeman, with his informant and several others, walked down to them.

"He's the man that did it. I saw him," exclaimed the officer's guide, pointing out one of the men.

"What was that? I didn't do anything," was the astonished rejoinder.

"You did. You put the cover on a manhole after another workman got down in it. He may be suffocated now."

"Ah of course I did. He's working on the cable slot, and he'll be out here in fifteen minutes. You bet he's got all the air he wants."

It wasn't exactly like "The Cask of Amontillado" after all.

SOME RARE OLD RAILROAD TICKETS.

From The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

In the General Passenger Agent's office of the Lake Shore road at Cleveland is a rare collection of old tickets. One, if destroyed, could never be replaced. Every issue of that road from its earliest down to the present has been kept. Several roads which now form part of that system are also represented. The oldest ticket is a coupon issued in 1857. It is printed on green paper of the cheapest kind. From its typographical face it was evidently turned out of an old-time hand printing press. There is no signature, number or limitation placed upon it. The route which is represented was a combination of rail and stage lines. It was a serious matter to undertake a journey in those days.

The first coupon in one old-timer was good over the Cleveland and Erie, from Cleveland to Girard, distance eighty miles. Then a transfer was made to the Ohio Stage Company's coach, and the traveller was transferred from Girard to Erie, fifteen miles. At the latter place the journey was resumed on rail to North East. A transfer was again necessary at the latter station, this time to the Buffalo and State line, finally reaching Dunkirk.

Three changes in 143 miles would rob the modern traveller of all the pleasures of a journey, and a fifteen-mile ride in the finest stage coach would forever kill a road's business with the commercial world. It was a patched-up trip the old ticket represented, but it was the finest in its day.

THE ITALIAN CRISIS.

A GLOOMY OUTLOOK FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Paris, December 29.

The storm flag is flying from the Roman Capitol. In six months' time, so a good part of the signal service in European politics is saying, either Italy will be obliged to declare herself insolvent, as Portugal first and then Greece have already done, equivalently; or Italy must tear herself asunder from that Triple Alliance with Germany and Austria which has brought her to the verge of bankruptcy, and throw herself into the arms of France, which is the only nation rich enough and willing (under conditions) to come to her aid; or else an international war must come to relieve her embarrassment; or, at least, an internal revolution must change United Italy from a kingdom, which will have failed in full youth, into a federal republic. Signor Crispi has come into power to allay each and every one of these four possible storms which may be waiting to surprise us from the springtime horizon.

Several months ago an experienced diplomat, when asked in what country the interest of European politics would be centred this winter, answered without a moment's hesitation, "In Italy." It was the time when the Franco-Russian Alliance and its probable consequences were almost the exclusive object of attention. There was a rumor in the air that Italy had kept her reserve troops under arms along the Alpine frontier after the autumn manoeuvres, and that England had joined Italy and the Triple Alliance against France and Russia, in behalf of her own threatened interests in the Mediterranean. In reply to a second question the same clear-sighted observer said: "It is not the exterior policy, but the internal situation, of Italy, which will demand attention." He added that the financial problems would precipitate the crisis, and that nothing good was to be hoped from a return to power of Signor Crispi.

United Italy from the start has been a spendthrift at home. The army of State functionaries has been double the needs of the Government. The State has everywhere taken on itself heavier expenses in public works and institutions than it could easily support, even with the wholesale confiscation of the old ecclesiastical property. It is sufficient to mention the prodigal scattering of universities in provincial cities and the investment by the State in new and costly lines of railroad. The Italian Government has also been the first to encourage the mania for destroying all the old picturesque ruins and monuments and replacing them by expensive modern buildings. This speculation in masonry, which was rampant for a few years in nearly every city and town, was nearly everywhere followed by financial panic and permanent loss. The result has been a diminution of private fortunes, the immobilizing of needed capital, and the impoverishment of municipalities.

Meanwhile agriculture, especially in the Roman region and in Sicily, has had to struggle with an antiquated system of landholding, in which middlemen add to the burden of rent, and all taxation is sure to fall on the devoted tiller of the land and not on its owner. While little or nothing has been done to remedy this veritable disease of agriculture, politicians have come to be more and more reproached by the public voice with flagrant jobbery and even worse. Signor Crispi's connection with the recent bank scandals is by no means the first example from his own career; and his influence over practical politics has always been assigned, in great measure, to his skill in distributing the spoils of office. No matter what may be the degree of truth in this matter, it is certain that a government notorious for living beyond its means has also lost its reputation for honest dealing among the discontented population.

The foreign policy of Italy, moreover, has of late years led straight to disaster. It is not the mere desire of Italy to pose as a power of the first-class which has brought her within sight of bankruptcy. It is, as everybody now sees, her entanglement with Germany and Austria in the Triple Alliance. It has burdened her with a military expenditure which, added to the interest on an indebtedness that already strained all the resources of the country, makes an annual deficit of $20,000,000 in the budget. In this expenditure any serious economy seems out of the question, unless a total change is made in the foreign policy of the nation. And the national sentiment seems as much opposed to this as does the temper of the king, who rules, however, constitutionally.

It would require a history of the resurrection of Italy in detail to explain the meaning of this Germano-mania. It had its rise in the Vatican-phobia of Mazzini, of whom Crispi was the disciple. In spite of the latter's acknowledged ability of adapting himself and his policy to circumstances, it would be a mistake to imagine that he has ever lost his early hatreds. These were first for the Pope and afterward for France, which was supposed to be always ready to restore the Pope to his temporal dominion. It was this which led Crispi and others like him to engage Italy in the Triple Alliance. Prince Bismarck played skilfully on this one key until the treaty had been secured. The turning of national sentiment against France was then the most natural thing in the world. Italians who do not love Germany because they hate the Pope still fear France, because they are convinced that she desires war. And the Triple Alliance has been presented to them as the only means of keeping the balance and the peace of Europe. To this there seems to have been added in the mind of the King and his partisans a fear that with love of France the republic would make its appearance in Italy. No one at this day can suppose that the French Republic would interfere to give a throne to the Pope. But the Republican confederation of the Italian peoples, who are still far from being united, is always a near possibility.

While the public debt is a burden already incurred, and future economy seems impracticable, any increase of taxation threatens to cause a revolutionary outbreak. The Government monopolies, which embrace even salt, are already severely felt by the common people; and they are not in a mood to submit to a grist-tax or some other similar expedient. The one cry in the Sicilian riots has been against the municipal excise. People who feast when black bread is plenty have called on the name of the King at the same time that they faced the soldiers sent out to fire on them. In Italy alone has the movement of Socialist Anarchy extended to the peasantry. There is no more significant fact in recent economic history. Signor Crispi will need something more than an army to dissolve the Fasci del Lavoratori and others than municipal officers to follow his latest recommendation that they shall collect their taxes kindly. This great economic crisis is superadded to the cruel financial difficulty in which the nation was already involved.

Last of all, it seems highly improbable that Italy should find effective financial aid from abroad. Her naval power is pledged to the support of English interests in the Mediterranean once more against France and Russia. But English capital is guided by the sense of business and not by patriotism. The Italian rente may continue going down, but no London money will float a new loan. The increased strength of France from its Russian alliance will not allow Germany to consent to any diminution of Italy's military power; and German capital is too limited and too much occupied at home to assist even an ally. The last endeavor at such help on the part of the Berlin bankers was only carried out by a skilful unloading on the Paris Bourse. This can hardly be repeated in the present state of the French mind.

All these are so many reasons why Signor Crispi has now to face the question—shall Italy, through a worn-out tradition of fear of the Pope, continue to ruin herself to the sole advantage of Germany and England as against Russia, with whom she has no possible quarrel, and against France, who is her natural ally? But, even if the Prime Minister has the versatility required for changing abruptly his own personal sentiments of a lifetime, the fears and hopes of the King, his master, and the national sentiment itself has not the time passed for such a change? Instead of the revolution in foreign policy required to meet the financial crisis, is it not possible that the economic crisis has been breeding an internal revolution which will bring to naught the best laid plans even of a Minister like Signor Crispi?

It is an answer to questions like these which the new year has in store. If really the difficulties have passed out of the power of politicians' counsels, then there seems little to expect save war abroad or revolution at home; or, more probably, both together.

THEY MARRIED BELOW THEIR RANK.

A LIST OF PRINCES AND PRINCESSES WHO CHOSE WIVES AND HUSBANDS RESPECTIVELY FROM AMONG THE PEOPLE.

The romantic marriage of the Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria and Baron Seefried, a poor lieutenant in the German army, with an income of $800 a year—not a great amount on which to support a royal bride—recalls the fact that many representatives of the ruling houses of Germany have married beneath their rank. Few, indeed, of these marriages turned out happily, as was natural to expect. The romance did not offset the difference in social position and the difference in manners and taste due to the difference in birth and training. Most of them lived comparatively happily for a few months or a few years only, and then the trouble began, ending in most cases in divorce or separation. The wives, where they were of lower station, were almost invariably subjected to ostracism on the part of the relatives of the husband, and although this was accepted heroically for a time, it caused unhappy consequences in the end.

"Most of these so-called love marriages," says a German paper, "are to be found in the Hessian families. The Grand-duke Louis III married as his second wife Anna Appel, who was raised to the rank of Baroness von Hochstaetten. Prince Frederick of Hessen, who was born in 1759 and died in 1808, was married to Karoline Seitz, and the son of this marriage took an untitled woman, Franciska Werr as a wife. Their daughter again married a Herr von Witzleben, the scion of an old noble family. It is well known that the late Grand-duke Louis IV, who died about two years ago, married morganatically as his second wife Madame von Kolemine. But the marriage was annulled almost in the same month, and the Baroness hardly saw her Grand-ducal husband. In recognition of the short union she received the title of Countess von Romrod. The brother of the Grand-duke in 1878 married Karoline Willich, who became Baroness zu Nidda. She died, however, a year later. For a second wife the Prince chose in 1892 Emile Arzic, who received the title of Baroness von Domberg. Another brother, Prince William, also took a morganatic wife two years ago in the person of Josephine Bender, who was 'raised' to the rank of Baroness von Lichtenfeld. The marriage of another Hessian Prince, Alexander, with the Countess Julie von Hauke was recalled recently by the death of their son, Count Hartenau.

"In the older Hessecassel line there were also many unequal marriages. The dethroned Elector, Frederick William, married a Fräulein von Falkenstein, first made her Countess of Schaumburg and zu Hortowitz, and later Princess of Hanau. His ancestor, Elector William II, who died in 1847, had as a wife Emilie Ortlopp, raising her to the rank of Countess of Reichenbach and Lessonitz. Princess Augusta, of the Landgrave branch of the house, was the wife of Baron von Blicken. Prince Franz, of the Phillipsthal branch, married Maria Lindner, later Baroness von Falkner.

"In the royal house of Saxony," continues the paper, "Princess Elizabeth, daughter of King John, married her master of horse, Marquis Rapallo. In the house of Weimar, Prince Alexander took as a wife Baroness von Blenheim, and Prince Gustav, the Baroness Pierina von Neupurg. In the Meiningen family are to be mentioned Duke George II, now reigning, who, after the death of his first wife, gave his hand to Ellen Franz, an actress, now known as Baroness von Hildburg. Prince Frederick Guenther von Rudolstadt went to the altar for the third time in 1861, marrying on that occasion Maria Schultze, later Countess von Brockenberg, who afterward was married to Dr. Wenski. The wife of Prince George von Anhalt was Therese von Erdmannsdorf, later made Countess von Reina, and that of Prince William, of the same house, was Emilie Klausinger, raised to the rank of Baroness of Stalzenberg. Prince Charles of Baden married a Baroness von Beust, whose mother bore the name of Meier. Prince Charles of Bavaria fell in love with Marie Petin, married her and gave her the name of Baroness of Bayrstorff.

"In the house of Schleswig-Holstein—that to which the German Empress belongs—the Princess Henriette, aunt of Her Majesty of Germany, gave her hand to Professor von Esmarch