

LUDWIG OF BAVARIA.

The Story of One Who Was a Body-guard of That Unfortunate Monarch.

The mysterious circumstances surrounding the death of King Ludwig II. of Bavaria would be mysterious no longer, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch, if the story of J. Erlanger, of Forbes street, this city, is accredited. This Erlanger is the private soldier, King Ludwig's private body-guard. He claims that during all that time he was never over an hour away from the royal personage and he asserts he can make an affidavit to all he says. Erlanger was born in the Bavarian mountains. He entered the Royal Life guards as a private soldier, but one day on parade Ludwig II. was attracted by the handsome young soldier and singled him out from the regiment to attend upon him at his castle, near the lake at Starnberg. Mr. Erlanger while at the house of a friend on Gist street last evening told the following story:

"First of all, let me tell you that Ludwig II. was not mad at all. He was as sane as ever any man was. He was the soul of goodness. It is true he withdrew from the society of the world and preferred to live by himself. But he did not do that because he hated the world or the people, but because he had to hide himself to escape the dagger of some mysterious assassin or the pistol of a hired murderer.

"The cause of all his trouble can be traced back to two points—he was an enemy of Bismarck and he refused to marry a woman who had been relegated to him by royal order. He was the cause of constant controversy with the minister of war in Berlin. Various innovations were proposed by Bismarck to be introduced into the Bavarian army, but Ludwig II. always refused to sanction them. Politically he was always at variance with Bismarck, and several of the pet schemes of the iron chancellor had to be abandoned because King Ludwig refused to put a word to them. For that reason several conspiracies were formed to remove the king in some way. At first the machinery was set to work to replace the king by Prussians. Then a physician was obtained to examine the mental condition of the king. Nobody had ever before thought such a thing necessary, but his enemies succeeded, and a doctor, I forget his name, pronounced Ludwig II. insane. The next move was to have him placed in a lunatic asylum. The plan had been well laid. The carriage which was to carry him to the doors of the asylum got within the gate of the royal castle, when the plot was discovered and the king was taken out. I remember the day well. Several of us were standing around his majesty when the announcement was made that the carriage was waiting to take him for a drive. But no sooner had the door closed again than Baron von Zeckingen, the king's second physician, came in. He implored Ludwig not to go out and revealed the whole plot. The king arose and quietly walking over to one of us, saying: 'Command that carriage to be taken away again, I do not care to drive today.'

"That settled it. The evil had been averted that time, but his enemies were not to be daunted by one failure. Baron von Kudder, a Prussian, and soon gained the confidence of the king. The meshes were silently but cunningly woven by this man, whom I knew to have been in the pay of Prussia. How he succeeded the world knows, but nobody thought the wily baron meant to draw the king. However, the facts are these:

"On the morning of that fatal day on which the body of our beloved king was drawn from the lake, Baron Kudder gave this order to the guards: 'Unless the king makes a special request for your attendance, let him go unaccompanied on his walk through the grounds.'

"Of course we obeyed. The king went out, never to return alive. I was at the lake when they dragged his body from the water. The king's hand had a strong hold of Dr. Kudder's throat. In addition to that the lapel of the coat was torn off and his face was scratched in several places. All this pointed to the fact that a severe struggle had taken place. You must remember that the king was a very strong man. He measured six feet and four inches and weighed 275 pounds. No sooner had we seen this sight than we knew that there had not been a suicide or an accidental death, but a foul assassination.

"The only redeeming feature in the whole affair was that the murderers had died with their victim. Preparations were at once made to have the whole thing kept a secret. The attendants were immediately discharged. A few days after the catastrophe a number of us were singing in a beer den, when one of our number openly stated that the king had been assassinated. A few minutes later he was arrested and has never been heard of since. This was the end of the matter and we escaped. I left the country without a passport. We had at first intended to make the whole thing public, but knowing that we would all be imprisoned without gaining our point we abandoned that plan.

"But you have not explained to me why the king so strenuously refused to marry." "Simply for this reason: The king was in love with a miller's beautiful daughter and he would not give her up to please even his mother. His family wanted him to marry the Princess von Darsow, a lady of the royal house of Bavaria, but he did not want her and that settled it.

"Do you know anything about his relationship with the miller's daughter?" "I know all about it. Often have I gone to her house with baskets of flowers, wine, fruit, and other delicacies for the young lady. She was the most beautiful girl I ever saw. The king became acquainted with her while hunting in the Bavarian Alps. Her father had a wind-mill on the top of a hill, about five miles from the Starnberg castle. He was lame and walked with a crutch, so we called him the 'Crooked Miller.' The young lady was born May 24, 1864. She was tall and dark, with deep, hazel eyes. She had a remarkable gift of writing poetry, and I had a whole volume of verse written by her. The king was passionately fond of her, and had it not been for the fact that he would have angered all the crowned heads of Europe he would have married her. Her first name was Ellapenia. I do not remember her maiden name, but she was always called her Frauchen or Ellapenia.

"All the stories that have been told about King Ludwig's eccentricities are false. He never ordered the top of his company of Munich to play before him alone. He never ordered them to come to his castle in the middle of the night, and he never asked them to act before him in a state of nudity.

"It is also untrue that he would jump out of bed at night and ride over the mountains by himself. I can assure you he never went anywhere alone, never too far. I am sorry I have to bother you so much, but some of my good friends compel me to have a body guard at all times.

"His bedstead had a battery of all kinds of electrical machinery attached to it. If he only moved from one side to the other while asleep all the bells in the room would ring. He was also particular with his food. He never touched a morsel of bread even unless one of us tasted it. He knew that his enemies had spies always surrounding him and he meant to guard himself as well as possible.

"I also think that the report of his ex-

travagant habits is unfounded, because when he died he was rich. There are many things connected with the life of the dead king that I might tell, but it is useless. You may rest assured of the facts, however, that King Ludwig of Bavaria was a sane man and never drowned himself, but was killed by the man who died with him."

REBEL GUERRILLAS.

An Incident that Vividly Recalls Methods of Bush-hacking Warfare.

Four times in my life I have stood in the shadow of death—death deliberately planned for me by superior power—and four times have I escaped it, says an old stager in the New York Sun. I therefore assert that I have a right to my say in answering the query always before the public: "How does a man feel in the presence of death?" The question does not, of course, apply to soldiers in action or to men who face death by accident. It is only when the grim monster is slow in his approach, and a man is given to understand that his very minutes are numbered, that the query has force.

In the summer of 1864, when the rebel guerrilla Joe Shelby and his band were the terror of Southern Missouri, I was captured by a detachment of them while acting as a regimental mail carrier. At a lonely spot on the highway between the union videttes and the camp, three men suddenly sprang out of the bushes at me. The hour was 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and as I was within the Union lines I was unsuspecting of danger. Just a minute before the three men sprang at me a rabbit had crossed the highway ahead of me, and I had drawn my revolver, hoping for a shot. I therefore had it in my hand when the trio made the rush. One sprang to the left, another to the right and the third closed in broadside. I fired and killed the first man dead in his tracks. As I wheeled to fire on my right, my horse made a spring to the left and the man in the left shoulder. Before I could make another move the third man pulled me from my horse. We were only half a mile from the Union camp, and they did not do any shooting for fear of creating an alarm. As I was pulled to the ground the man struck me on the head with the butt of a revolver, and for the next five minutes was unconscious. When I came to I had been dragged off the road into the bushes, as had the dead body of the guerrilla, and my horse was standing near by. The one whom I had wounded had his knife in his hand and wanted to finish me, but the other protested and held him off. I was lying on my back, and the man made fast under the saddle, and, after going through the woods about thirty rods, we came to the spot where the guerrillas had left their horses. They mounted, struck into a bridle path, and after going about three miles we came upon the guerrilla camp. There were from eighty-five to a hundred men, and things looked as if they had been there several days. They had no tents, but some of them had erected brush shelters. While I heard the name of Shelby many times, he was not in the party. I do not know for sure that it was a party of his command, as there were several hands raiding through that section, but the impression I got was that it was a party sent out by him. The only name I heard given the captain was "Cap'n Bill," and the lieutenant was referred to as "Lieutenant Jim." They were a tough-looking lot of men, dressed in all sorts of clothes and armed with all sorts of weapons, and I gave up all hope as soon as I set eyes on them. The rebel guerrillas of the Union occasionally spared a prisoner, but the western guerrilla had no pity.

As soon as it was known that I had killed one man and wounded another they were for killing me at once. A dozen ways of doing it were suggested, but it was now growing dark, there was a large mail to be opened and read, and "Cap'n Bill" ordered that I should be tied to a tree and guarded through the night, and added that my case would be disposed of before they moved in the morning. I was lashed to a tree in a sitting position, a guard took a seat on a stump near by, and they began the night. The guerrillas cooked and ate supper, but refused me both food and drink. When I protested at this treatment the guard was ordered to blow my head off if I didn't shut up.

The man sentenced to be hanged doubtless hopes for a reprieve until the noose is placed about his neck. While I was hanged there I was numbered, but I had nothing to hope for. It was an extra mail I was riding with, and my failure to appear would not be noticed. The reports of my revolver could not have been heard by any of my friends nor was the presence of the guerrillas, so far as I knew, even suspected. I turned the matter over and over in my mind and I could not satisfy myself of doing it, and I was not a coward. How would they kill me? I had seen a dozen victims of guerrilla vengeance, and they had either been knifed or the muzzle of a revolver had been pressed to their heads and they had died. In either case the suffering was of brief duration. After I had figured it out that I was to die I felt relieved. Indeed, there was a feeling of elation about it. I was young and robust and life was sweet, but I did not cling to it as you might expect. The thought of begging them to spare me never occurred, and I was not a coward. I was not a coward. I should have fought the whole crowd instead of running away.

Soon after midnight I fell asleep, and that with considerable ease. I was around me. It was daylight when I awoke and the men were turning out. They cooked and ate breakfast, offering me no part, and I knew that every minute brought me nearer death. I was not nervous, but I was curious to know what method they might adopt. After breakfast had been disposed of the men gathered about me, and I was taken to a man whom I had wounded in the shoulder: "He's your meat, of course, but the boys want to see some fun out of it. You kin crack him off hand."

The man had his left arm in a sling. He drew a heavy revolver and walked off a distance of fifteen paces, and then turned and counted. I got to "seven" when the report came. The bullet hit the tree six inches above my head, and to the right and there was a general laugh. He raised his arm again, and this time I had only counted "six" when the report came. He made a line shot, but was not a crack shot. The bullet hit the man in the chest and he fell dead around me. The men laughed and jeered, but he shut his teeth hard, raised his arm slowly, and fired. The bullet hit the man in the chest and he fell dead around me. The man passed my right ear by no more than half an inch.

"That's bully!" shouted half a dozen men in chorus. "One more shot and you'll hit the bull's eye!" He was just lifting his arm when a musket crack followed by a volley, and half a dozen men fell dead around me. No resistance was made by the guerrillas, and out of the band not over fifteen escaped. My capture had been witnessed by two of our men who had been out foraging, and the guerrilla camp had been located soon after daylight. About 300 of our infantry were quietly brought up through the woods and when in position opened fire, and it was just in time to save me. When our troops poured into camp they found about 20 wounded men. It was an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth in the west. When we rode away we left none but dead men, and not one of them got burial.

PRETTY GIRLS OF CUBA.

They Understand the Fine Art of Flirting and Keep Counters.

Havana Letter to the Standard.

Life in this island, whether in January or July, is an unending struggle to maintain an agreeable temperature. The Cubans achieve this important object by never exposing themselves to the sun, sitting indoors or in shaded piazzas, riding in covered victorias, providing themselves with large parasols, placing awnings over the sidewalks and even stretching canvas across the narrow streets. Curiously enough shade produces coolness, as Cuba enjoys constant winds, blowing softly but steadily, by which the people are fanned and cooled. In direct conflict with the sun's rays those breezes amount to nothing; it is the shade which makes them so cooling, that stepping out in the sunshine in Havana is like going from a New York sidewalk into a cellar. Nobody walks in the daytime. Ricketty, tumble-down victorias are so numerous that there always seems to be a vehicle to freckle your face or to shelter you. The ever-sleeping drivers must be aroused with blows and endearing epithets when one desires to use a victoria for shopping, sight-seeing, making calls, or even going from a hotel to a cafe only two blocks distant.

During my year's residence in Cuba I have seen assumed the number and the variety of cooling drinks in ordinary use. On entering a cafe a Cuban will commonly order a glass of cocoanut milk, or a glass of cocoa and gin or tamarind water; or penales and water, which is merely the white of an egg and sugar made into a glass of water. The number of drinks made from water having the sting taken out of it with wine, alcohol, fruit or sugar, is surprisingly great, and the amount of good they do in cooling humanity is immeasurable.

Did Sol prescribe the style of architecture as well as the mode of life to such an extent that were the Cubans not Christians, they would doubtless be sun worshippers? Cupid's torch has a hand in this important matter. Every afternoon a Cuban town resolves itself into a beauty show. As soon as the sun's rays slant across the streets in shades of pink, the girls, wearing their lightest costumes, lounge in picturesque attitudes in the windows to enjoy the street scenes and the admiring glances of the passer-by. The windows are cupid's own. They are as large as stable doors while the cool marble sills, composed of China tiles, are as wide as ordinary sofas and extend two feet into the sidewalk. Here the larger orbed, languid beauties repose at half length, resting their bodies on the window frames, displaying their high art shoulders and necks in all the softest shades of gay silk hose, and manifest an entire surrender to dreamy indolence and chronic languor, killing time with an ease and content which Northern competition and rivalry, but for they are caged. Whether with or without glass, the windows are the eyes of the girls, wearing their lightest costumes, lounge in picturesque attitudes in the windows to enjoy the street scenes and the admiring glances of the passer-by. The windows are cupid's own. They are as large as stable doors while the cool marble sills, composed of China tiles, are as wide as ordinary sofas and extend two feet into the sidewalk. 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