MR. TIDYWAITE'S ADVENTURE

TERRIFYING EXPERIENCE OF A SUBSTANTIAL BUT BADLY FOOLED ENGLISHMAN.

No slight sensation was occasioned in the household of Mr. Joseph Tidywaite, the senior partner in Tidywaite, Chink & Bullen's bank, Pall Mall, when that gentleman announced his intention of enrolling himself as a special constable.

"Surely, Joseph, there are plenty of younger men available!" said Mrs. Tidywaite.

"Younger men! Pshaw!" exclaimed the valiant banker, drawing himself up, like a hero of romance, to his full height, which was 5 feet 6½ inches. "We must show the youngsters that a man need not be past serving his country at fifty-nine."

"But consider the weather, Joseph, and your rheumatism," continued his wife.

"Think of your asthma, papa, dear, and these dreadful fogs," added Miss Tidywaite.

"Nonsense, nonsense!" replied Mr. Tidywaite, a little impatiently; for, to tell the truth, he had thought a good deal about all these circumstances already. "It's a matter of duty, Eliza. Besides, I have promised Lord Bayswater that I will serve. He called at the bank this morning to obtain recruits, and I wish to set the clerks an example."

Mrs. Tidywaite expected that the allusion to Lord Bayswater would have effect upon his wife, and he was not disappointed. Miss Tidywaite, however, a young lady of much sense, as well as independence, was not so easily shaken.

"I can't see why they want to call out special constables at all," she observed. "There are not to be any more attempts to hold meetings in Trafalgar Square; and, if the people had not been stopped from going there, there would have been worse than disturbances."

"And where did you learn that, pray?" inquired the banker, sharply, and casting a suspicious glance at his daughter.

Winifred blushed slightly and turned away. "I have read people say it," she replied. "But, papa, dear, if there be any danger, as you say, surely the police and the military are sufficient without the help of old gent—I mean persons in your position."

"My dear Winifred," replied her father, "you must excuse my saying that you do not understand what you are talking about. The magnificent spectacle of a mass of law-abiding citizens marshalled in support of the civil and military forces will of itself strike terror into the mob and nip the spirit of anarchy in the bud."

Winifred was a devoted daughter, but she had a sense of humor, and the magnificent spectacle of her father striking terror into the mob was more than she could discuss with gravity. The subject consequently dropped. Later on, however, when Mr. and Mrs. Tidywaite found themselves alone Joseph suddenly said to his wife:

"Wish I'd O'Brien here now again!"

"Not to my knowledge," replied the lady. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I am convinced that no one but O'Brien could have put that radical clap-trap about the special constables and the people into Winifred's head."

"I think that she met him last night at Mrs. Somerset's, Joseph."

"Then understand that I distinctly forbid her to go to Mrs. Somerset's again," said the banker, angrily, "or anywhere else where she is likely to meet that young jackanapes. He has quite turned the girl's head. We shall have her defying her own father next."

Now, Mr. Edward O'Brien was a young relative of Mr. Tidywaite, who had come to London from Dublin to study medicine. Although he had distinguished himself at the hospitals, he was still on the threshold of his profession, and, as his private means were small, he was hardly an eligible son-in-law for the senior partner in Tidywaite, Chink & Bullen. Moreover, he was earnest nationalist and a democratic, disbelieving radical. Mr. Tidywaite, those characters doubly obnoxious to Mr. Tidywaite. When, therefore, the banker was appalled that an attachment had grown up between his daughter Winifred and the young man, he promptly ordered the latter out of the house and requested that the subject never be mentioned again.

On the morning after the above conversation Mr. Tidywaite, accompanied by his son, the partner, and a formidable body of their employes, was duly sworn in as a special constable. He had his first taste of active service on the following Sunday, when, after he had duly rendezvoused at Albany Street barracks, he was marched off through the mud and the fog, perspiring and breathless, to Cavendish Square, and there "held in reserve" till about 5 p.m. The mob, to do them justice, did not appear overawed by the spectacle, on the contrary, they occupied themselves throughout the above period with facetious comments on the appearance of the "specials" individually and collectively. Mr. Tidywaite, although he had contrived to get into the rear rank, came in for his share of this fun, and he went home with the rudiments of a bad cold, an unpleasant stiffness in the legs, and an aggravated sense of grievance against the lower orders generally, but Portland Place in particular. A week or two later, however, his fortitude and sense of duty were put to a sharper test. He received a notice that, in view of a threatening demonstration being organized at the other side of London, the special constables of his district would be withdrawn in the evening, and special mounties in pairs would replace them on their beats. The beat assigned to Mr. Tidywaite included Portland square, Duchess Place, and several adjoining streets in the West End.

The day duly arrived, and a dreadful day it was. Heavy snow in the morning was succeeded by a genial drizzle as the day wore on. The cold which Mr. Tidywaite had caught in Cavendish Square had now assumed portentous dimensions and had settled on his chest. His rheumatism was also troublesome. At the last moment Mrs. Tidywaite was anxious for a medical certificate, but unluckily did not think of it till too late, and she was above to help her husband get ready for his work when they were informed that a police superintendent desired to see Mr. Tidywaite.

"I just called, sir," said the officer, "to warn you to keep a sharp look-out in Portland Square, it is the duke of Dublin's house. He is the president of the Irish Landlords' Ancient Rights Maintenance League, you know, sir."

"Ah, certainly. You are not anticipating any attack on the duke's house, I hope?" inquired Mr. Tidywaite, rather anxiously.

"No; but we have standing instructions to look after the residences of gentlemen in the duke's position, and we know the dynamiters are very active again just now."

"Dear me, how dreadful! And can you tell me who will be with me on my beat?"

"The Hon. Guy Wyldfire, sir—Lord Littlebrain's youngest son. You will find him a very pleasant young gentleman, I think. Good night, sir. Sorry you have such a nasty evening."

This interview did not raise Mr. Tidywaite's spirits. On the contrary, it filled him with uneasiness. It was his rule never to keep firearms in the house, but he wished now that he had had a pistol that he could put in his pocket to supplement the protection of his truncheon. As it was, he could muster no more deadly weapon than a pair of handcuffs, which he had purchased shortly after having sworn in, and which he carried in the event of his having to effect an arrest. These he now stowed away in one of his deepest pockets, while Mrs. Tidywaite assisted him in his other preparations, wrapping a good length of stout flannel round his knee—the rheumatic one—and stuffing his pockets with sausage rolls, sandwiches, a flask or two of comforting cordials, and a plentiful stock of cough lozenges. Thus provisioned and equipped in his largest overcoat and a most effective of galoshes, the banker marched forth.

"Stop, Joseph, stop!" cried his wife, as the door was closing on him. "You are going without your respirator."

"I didn't forget, my dear," said the old gentleman, her nervous. "But I thought that it would look—a—that is, that I should hardly require—"

"Look or no look, Joseph," replied his wife, who was accustomed to be obeyed in such matters, "you put on your respirator before you go outside the door."

Poor Joseph submitted with the best grace he could. The respirator was duly adjusted and the good man made the best of his way to the spot where he was to relieve the morning constable, and where he found not only the Hon. Guy Wyldfire, but also a select quorum of street boys and loafers who had come to see the fun.

"Eyes, eyes! eyes! The city Corp ration been and swore hisself in as a speshull!" ejaculated one of the bystanders at the sight of Mr. Tidywaite's portly form.

"Hallo, copper! when did you see your toes last?" inquired another.

"I say, Bill," said a third, "what's the bloke been and gagged hisself for?"

"To save his false teeth from bein' knocked down his throat, most likely," replied Bill.

"Yes, sir, he poisons 'im, sir, the hextra, or the hextra speshull," cried a cheeky Arab.

Amid an encouraging chorus in this key the two constables started on the rounds. They walked slowly over the extent of their beat and then came to a standstill in Portland Square. Snow had now set in again vigorously, and a keen northeaster drove the flakes in the faces of the two, stings and caused the elder to shiver beneath the wraps.

"Do you think," said the banker, presently, "that it would appear—a—unprofessional if I were to put up an umbrella?"

"Contrary to all the regulations," replied Mr. Wyldfire, who kept up his spirits very creditably under the circumstances; "don't you let inspector catch you at it! I think, though, that I can put you up to a better dodge than that."

"Pray, what is it?" inquired Mr. Tidywaite, much interested.

"P. 73, the peeler on the beat, tipped me a wink as he was going away, and whispered that we should find No. 24 the right sort of shop. I can't guess what he meant, but I caught a glimpse of a lark-looking start y at No. 24 Duchess Place as we came by. I mean to have another look. If you'll stop here a minute I will return anon and report progress." And, without further explanation, the scion of the aristocracy departed. At the end of about a quarter of an hour he returned visibly satisfied with the result of his mission.

"It's all right," he said. "P. 73 is a brick. There's a comfortable kitchen entirely at our disposal at No. 24. The slavies are full of fun. The family are out, and I've sent for a bottle of whisky. Come on."

The banker gazed at his comrade in blank amazement.

"You don't mean to say," he gasped, "that you expect me to—"

"Why not? What's the use of playing a peeler if you don't do the thing properly?"

"But what about the beat and the Duke's house here?"

"Oh, they'll look after themselves for half an hour. For the matter of that, it wouldn't be much loss to society if the Fenians were to blow old Dublin to smithereens. You had better come. The cook's a topper, I can tell you—just your sort."

Had it been any one less than an earl's son who spoken, Mr. Tidywaite would undoubtedly have met this ribald speech with the rebuke it merited. As it was, he contented himself with declining the invitation as stiffly as politeness permitted.

"As you please," said the Honorable Guy. "You will know where to find me if I'm wanted. No. 24—don't forget. Ta-ta!"

He was soon out of sight, and Mr. Tidywaite was left alone with his own reflections. Solitude did not add to the charm of his situation. The storm seemed to be steadily increasing in violence, and though he had no desire to imitate the example of Mr. Wyldfire, the banker prosaically moved around his beat, looking for a chance of gaining shelter. He came thus to No. 9, the Duke of Dublin's house.

It was a fine mansion, with a large portico extending to the pavement; and remembering his instructions from the inspector, Mr. Tidywaite thought he would be doing his duty, as well as consulting his inclination, if he stood up against one of the pillars at the side, sheltered from the wind. He had stood there about a quarter of an hour, his toes numbed and his teeth chattering, when the clock of a neighboring church struck nine. The last stroke had scarcely ceased when Mr. Tidywaite was startled by a low whistle close at hand. Looking out from his shelter he perceived a tall man in an ulster standing under a neighboring lamp-post. As if in response to the whistle, two other men hurried up from opposite directions. Their movements were so mysterious that the special constable drew back as far out of sight as he could get. The men were now talking together, and the inspector's instructions—the allusion to the Duke of Dublin and the dynamiters—recurred painfully to Mr. Tidywaite's mind, as he caught fragments of the conversation in a rich Milesian brogue.

In another minute or so the two last-comers again departed in opposite directions, and Mr. Tidywaite's heart sank into his boots as he saw the tall man advance stealthily toward No. 7. He was now close alongside the special and looking into the area, beyond doubt with some sinister purpose. The inclination to fly was almost irresistible in Mr. Tidywaite's breast, but he summon d up all his sense of public duty, and, with a supreme effort, stepped out and accosted the mysterious stranger.

"Now, sir," he said, "what is your business here?"

"What has that to do with you?" returned the man.

"I am a representative of the law, and it is my duty to ask what you are doing."

"And suppose I don't tell you?"

"Then I must ask you to come along with me."

"And suppose I say I shan't come?" said the man with a contemptuous laugh.

"Then I shall arrest you in the queen's name," replied the valiant constable. And producing his handcuffs he made a vicious grab at the stranger. Perhaps the tall man was taken aback at this unexpected display of resolute government. At any rate he stood quite still, much to Mr. Tidywaite's relief, and allowed the bracelets to be slipped on to his wrists. Then he began to move off.

"Stop!" cried the special; "we are going the other way."

"I ain't!" said the tall man. "You can if you like."

Unfortunately, however, Mr. Tidywaite had taken the precaution of attaching the handcuffs tightly round his own wrist. The prisoner showed no disposition to stop, and as his advantage in strength more than counterbalanced the special's superiority in weight, and as, moreover, the pavement was too slippery to afford any foothold for resistance, Mr. Tidywaite felt himself reluctantly compelled to follow.

"Help, help!" he cried, frantically, as he found himself being hurried into a trot.

The two confederates came running up at the sound of his voice.

"Stuff his mouth for him, Mike," said the tall man, "and tie his muffler over it, or he'll rouse the whole neighborhood."

This was quickly done, in spite of Mr. Tidywaite's resistance, and the unfortunate special found himself again dragged off behind his prisoner, while each of the accomplices held one of his arms.

There was just one hope, he thought of escape. He was being marched toward Baker street, where he knew that other special constables were on duty. The idea, however, seemed to strike the conspirators as soon as himself, for, at a word from the tall man, one of the others presently took the handcuffs from Mr. Tidywaite's pocket, and in another moment the special himself was handcuffed while the tall man took possession of the truncheon, and transferred the constable's armlet to his own arm. No sooner was this done than they met a pair of sp cials on their beat.

"It's all right," said the tall man in answer to a question from one of the constables. "He was drunk and disorderly and assaulted this gentleman here. But we've got him safe enough now." Poor Mr. Tidywaite was just attempting to explain matters when he was hurriedly carried on by his captors and not allowed to again stop until the party arrived at a large gloomy house in the neighborhood of High street, Marylebone, where the prisoner was conducted to a large room scantily furnished in the upper part of the house. A very few minutes' observation satisfied the terrified banker that he was the victim of conspiracy. Indeed, he was marched off at once to the apartment of a dark and malignant character. To begin with, his three companions as they entered the house one and all assumed black masks. They exchanged remarks, too, in a language which Mr. Tidywaite had never heard before and addressed one another by numbers instead of names. The prisoner was bidden to sit down at one end of the room. His pockets were turned out, and his stock of provisions were distributed among the gang, who helped themselves, excepting the cough lozenges, with evident relish. Then, on his solemnly swearing neither to move nor speak, the handcuffs were removed, and an individual known amongst his fellows as "Number Seven" took up his post beside him, pistol in hand. In the course of half an hour two or three other desperadoes, all masked and armed, dropped in and took their seats at a table at the other end of the room. When half a dozen were thus assembled "Number Seven," at a word from the tall man, led the prisoner into a small room adjoining.

"The Council are going to consider your case," said Number Seven. "You'll know your sinthence in the course of an hour. In the meantime keep quiet, or ye're a did man."

"One moment," whispered the banker, as his jailer was about to leave the room. "You cannot object to tell me who you are and where I am."

"Sure ye can guess!"

"I may be wrong; let me know the worst."

"Ye're just in the hands of the Clan-na-Gael, and the gentlemen whom ye've been introjuiced are the Executive Council of the London Division, more power to them!" And with that, Number Seven hastily retired.

Heavens, what a situation! The banker's head reeled, and he wiped the perspiration from his brow. Presently he looked around the room, but it contained no window, nor any hope of escape or succor. For half an hour or more he remained there, listening to the voices in the next room, at the end of which time he was reduced to the last stage of mental and bodily prostration. Once Number Seven returned, revolver in hand, and led him into the presence of the Council, who were seated around the table, all masked.

"Joseph Tidywaite," said the chairman, whom the banker at once recognized as the tall man whom he had captured in the square, "you have been charged with being an inimy of Oireland, and with thwarting an important operation of the Provisional Government. The Council have considered your case, and your sinthence is—Death by the Third Process."

The wretched man essayed to speak, but terror tied his tongue, and he clung to Number Siven to save himself from falling.

"The council have, however, mercifully attached a proviso to the sinthence," pursued the chairman. "Your life will be spared on condition of your taking the oath of fidelity to the Orfish Republic. Ye will have five minutes to make your election. Siven, give the prisoner a chair!"

At the expiration of five minutes Mr. Tidywaite made the choice that might have been expected, and he took the oath of fidelity to the Irish Republic in the following terms:

I, Joseph Tidywaite, solemnly renounce all allegiance to the Queen of Great Britain, her heir and successors, and declare myself a true and loyal subject of the Irish Republic, to the Executive Government of which for the time being I swear henceforward to render with body and soul unquestitional obedience, for good or evil, for life or death. So help me God.

This oath having been administered, Mr. Tidywaite signed his attachment in blood from one of his own veins, which Number Seven deftly had opened for the purpose with a lancet. The ceremony over, he drank "God Save Ireland" in some hot whisky and water, and was then blindfolded, led out of the house, and restored to freedom in the shape of a hansom cab.

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It was nearly a fortnight before the doctors allowed Mr. Tidywaite to leave his bed, but as soon as he was able to get about again the old gentleman sent for Edward O'Brien. On the young man's arrival he at once narrated the story of his terrible experience.

"Now, sir," said he to you, Edward," he said at the conclusion of the recital, "in the hope that you might have influence with some of your Irish friends which would help me out of my horrible position. Think of it, Edward! think of me sworn body and soul to the service of a treasonable conspiracy! How can I, as an honest citizen, see my duty to disclose the whole business to the government?"

"Good God!" exclaimed O'Brien, "now can you talk of such a thing? Do you know what it means? Remember James Carey!"

"I know, I know," replied the wretched banker. "I am aware of my peril, and the knowledge is driving me mad. Can't you help me, Edward?"

"If things had been otherwise," said O'Brien presently, "I mean if there had been any tie between you and me on the score of community, I might have made a personal appeal to the executive, I tell you frankly there is no man in London who has a better right to ask a favor of the Clan-na-Gael than I have. But as it is, on what ground can I appeal to them?"

"My dear Edward," replied the banker, "I have never desired more than to be convinced that you and Winifred were sincerely attached to one another. If my consent to your engagement—conditionally, of course, on your rendering me this service—will facilitate your negotiations with the Council, pray consider that you have it."

This assurance did facilitate matters very much. Two or three days later O'Brien reported that, after a difficult negotiation with the leaders of the Clan-na-Gael, he had persuaded the council, in recognition of his own services to the cause, to recall Mr. Tidywaite's oath of allegiance, on his swearing perpetual secrecy as to his own relations with the Clan. A few days later the banker was conducted again, this time by O'Brien, to the headquarters of the London division. Here certain formalities were gone through, the oath of allegiance was rescinded, and the special constable found himself once more a faithful subject of the queen.

Early in the honeymoon O'Brien told his wife how her father's consent to their marriage had been obtained.

"But I don't understand it now," said Winifred, when she had heard the story of her father's singular adventure. "Who were the other conspirators? And who planned it all?"

"The conspirators, my dear, were a party of promising medicals from St. Mary's reinforced by one or two of our compatriots from Guy's. It was my respected best man, Jim Sullivan, who captured your father. He met you at a dance, you may remember, there you told him the governor was going as a special. He planned the business—bless his soul—as a mere practical joke at first. We developed the idea afterwards."

A LONDON JOURNAL SCED BY AN AMERICAN.—Some months ago Mr. Tidywaite would undoubtedly have met this ribald speech with the rebuke it merited. As it was, he contented himself with declining the invitation as stiffly as politeness permitted.

"As you please," said the Honorable Guy. "You will know where to find me if I'm wanted. No. 24—don't forget. Ta-ta!"

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A LONDON JOURNAL SCED BY AN AMERICAN.—Some months ago Butterfield went to London from San Francisco to sell the May, Lundy and other mining properties in the Homer district, California. A company was formed, with a capital of £1,000,000, to buy the properties. The *Financial News* attacked the scheme, and only £3,600 out of the £1,000,000 was subscribed by the public. The attacks upon the company having been continued Mr. Butterfield has brought a libel suit against the *Financial News* and Mr. Marks, the editor of that paper, claiming £1,000,000 damages.

THE DEAD EMPEROR.

Last Hours of the Aged Sovereign—Emperor Frederick's Journey to Berlin.

Divine service was held in the mortuary chamber of the palace at Berlin last night. The cathedral choir performed the choral parts of the service. The Berlin papers last evening contain what are reported to be the last words spoken by the emperor. They are: "Alexander has promised me that he will not make war against us." It is reported that the emperor also said: "I am convinced that we ought not to go to war with Russia, toward whom thé most friendly attitude ought to be adopted." The Berlin *Reichsanzeiger* gives the following details of the last hours of Emperor William: On Wednesday, when his strength began to fail, the emperor spoke repeatedly to Prince William about the condition of the crown prince, and about political and military affairs. On Thursday he talked with his daughter, the grand duchess of Baden, about the death of her son, Prince Louis. At noon he asked for Prince Bismarck, who came and conversed with him on the political situation. The emperor spoke clearly, and thanked the chancellor for his services to the country. Increased feebleness soon followed, attended with delirium. His voice became feebler and feebler, finally sinking to a whisper. At 5 o'clock he was so weak that the members of the family, Prince Bismarck and Count Von Moltke, and the servants of the household, gathered around the bed. The emperor, supported by the doctors, held the hand of his wife on one side and his daughter's hand on the other. Prince William stood alone at the head of the couch. Chaplain Koegel spoke a few words of consolation, to which the emperor whispered occasional responses. At 5:30 o'clock the patient manifested extreme weakness, and death seemed imminent. Suddenly the emperor rallied and asked for Count Von Moltke and Prince Bismarck, the last of whom he talked about the state of the army and the Prussian people entering into minute particulars when speaking of military matters, to the astonishment of both of his listeners. He then referred to Germany's alliances with various countries, and the possibility of war. But during the latter portion of his remarks, the fantasies of delirium were mingled with coherent utterances. This temporary recovery of strength lasted till 10 o'clock. At frequent intervals he conversed in a touching, earnest manner with those about him. Between 10 and 12 o'clock he appeared to sleep. At about 2 o'clock it was observed that a serious change was beginning to take place in the emperor's face, although there was again a slight improvement in his condition. But at 7 o'clock it was seen that the emperor's last moments were near, the members of his family were again summoned to his bedside, and at 8:30 the doctors declared that he was dead. During the last few hours the emperor was partially conscious. Emperor William left 300,000,000 marks in cash.

THE NEW EMPEROR.

Yesterday afternoon the chancellor received the following telegram from the Emperor Frederick, dated at San Remo: "At this moment of deepest sorrow at the decease of the emperor and king, my beloved father, I must express my thanks to you, and to the ministers of state for the devotion and loyalty with which you all served him. I rely upon the assistance of you all in the arduous charge which has devolved upon me. I leave here to-morrow."

The emperor also forwarded the following ordinance to the ministers of state on the subject of public mourning:

"With regard to the national mourning which has heretofore been customary, we will not order any provision, but will rather leave it with every German to determine how he will give expression to his affliction at the death of such a monarch, and how long he will deem it appropriate to restrict participation in public entertainments."

The emperor, it was announced, would leave San Remo for Berlin today. He will reach Berlin by a special train, which will reach Turin on Saturday night and Munich at 8 o'clock Sunday morning. It is expected that one of his majesty's first steps will be the granting of amnesty of political offenders.

At Berlin yesterday the regiments of the guard were on full dress-parade, in the act of presenting arms, when apprised of the death of the emperor by their officers. They will not take the oath of allegiance to the new emperor until his commands are received. Preparations for the reception of the new sovereign are actively going on at the palace.

MOURNING AT EUROPEAN COURTS.

In all the courts of Europe, yesterday, some action was taken to express the regret with which the news of the death of Emperor William of Germany was received. The Italian chamber of deputies adjourned till Monday. King Humbert and Premier Crispi started for Genoa to meet the German emperor. The Prince of Naples and Genoa, Viale, the minister of war, will go to Berlin to attend the funeral. When the death of the emperor was announced the pope sent a message of condolence to Berlin. At Brussels the Belgian chambers adopted an expression of sorrow, but did not adjourn. The king and queen of Belgium left, on their way to Berlin, to attend the silver wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales, just before the news of the German emperor's death arrived. At Vienna the Emperor Francis Joseph paid a personal visit to the German ambassador. In the Austrian Reichsrath appropriate announcement was made. The queen regent of Spain and the government sent telegrams of condolence to Berlin. The court goes into mourning for twenty-four days. The Greek court will mourn six weeks for Emperor William. Prince August, brother of King Louis, of Portugal, will go to Berlin to represent the king at the funeral of Emperor William.

EMPRESS AND EMPRESS DOWAGER.

The Law of Succession to the German Imperial Crown—No Woman Can Rule the Empire.

The wife of the dead Emperor William becomes now empress dowager, her place as empress being taken by the wife of the new emperor, who in turn will become empress dowager when her husband dies, if she survives him.

Prince William has ceased to be prince regent, and is now crown prince of Germany and prince regent of Prussia. The proclamation issued by the emperor last November making Prince William regent, in order that he might direct current affairs of state, ceased to be operative, and there will be no regent until it is arranged with the new emperor that there shall be. If the incoming empress can prevent it, it is stated, there will be no regent.

There have been conflicting statements concerning the consequences to the eminent persons named in the event of the old emperor's death. The question of succession has also been raised, and several correspondents at London and Berlin have stated that in the event of the death of the crown prince after becoming emperor, his wife would become queen regent. This is a mistake. No woman can govern the German empire. When Bismarck welded the German states into an empire, he placed his royal master, King William of Prussia, on the imperial throne, and he arranged that his heirs should always have its king emperor of Germany, and that no woman should, under any circumstance or in any contingency, act as regent.

The law on the question, from the Prussian constitution adopted in 1871, is as follows: The crown is, according to the laws of the royal house, hereditary on the male side of the royal house, according to the rights of the first born. The king attains his majority at his eighteenth year. When the king is incapacitated from governing by not having attained his majority, or from other causes, then the regency is taken by the next heir presumptive who stands next to the crown, and it becomes his duty at once to summon the chambers, which in a joint session resolve as regards the necessity of appointing a regent. If there is no heir at hand who is of age, and no provisions arrangement made to govern the case, then it becomes the right of the cabinet to summon both houses, who, thereupon, in joint session, elect a regent, and until he comes to the regency the cabinet conducts the government.

The regent exercises the power of the king in his name, and takes the oath of office as such.

The Romanoff Taint.

From the New York Times.

It is recalled now that Bismarck, who was already the chief man in Prussia in 1858, strenously opposed the marriage of the crown prince with the English Princess, saying that he was against any "blood alliance with those scrofulous Guelphs." The existing situation is a strange retributive comment on that utterance. Scrofula, or that worse allied disease with which so many royal strains of blood are contaminated, lays a heavy hand on the Hohenzollerns at San Remo and Berlin alike, but taint has not come from England. A fact which has been privately known here for some months may now properly be mentioned. The present aged empress of Germany, mother of the crown prince, has been a victim to scrofula in youth, of a congenital malady, for many years. She got it from her mother, Marie Paulowa, who was a daughter of the crazy Czar Paul, one of the most thoroughly diseased men of his generation. One of Paul's daughters transmitted the taint to their descendants. One of them Anne Paulowna, was mother of the present king of Holland, and the recent death of both its sons and the extinction of his male line are attributed to this. In the male Romanoff line the same malady caused the death of the czarevitch, who was the elder brother of the present czar, and now renders it very doubtful if the present youthful czarevitch will ever reach manhood. In the Hohenzollern case, not only the crown prince is suffering from this hereditary taint, but his son William, who in a few weeks or months will be emperor, is hereditarily deaf, and was born with a mere shapeless bulb of flesh where the right hand ought to be. The crown prince's only sister is the grand duchess of Baden, and of her two sons one died last month, and the other is ill at Cannes and not expected to recover, both from scrofulous developments. The malady can, in truth, be traced all through the Almanack Gotha listing descendants of the Czar Paul. The disease only showed itself in the Empress Augusta when she had advanced in life, since when she has worn high dresses, and frequently was not visible to the public for months at a time.

CARDINAL GIBBONS IN BOSTON.—Cardinal Gibbons arrived in Boston last evening, and at once proceeded to the rectory of St. Patrick's church. He will be the guest of Rev. Mr. Gallagher during his stay in Boston. To-morrow morning he will be present at the exercises at St. Patrick's church, and in the evening will be given a reception at the residence of Dr. Jas. Dwight, 235 Beacon street. Monday morning St. John's Ecclesiastical Seminary at Brighton will be visited. In the evening the Catholic Union of Boston will hold a reception in St. Joseph's Hall in honor of his eminence Wednesday the cardinal will return to Baltimore

Cardinal Vladimir Czacki died in Home yesterday of apoplexy.

Capt. Robt. R. Carter, of Shirley, on the James River, died Thursday night. He was formerly of the United States Navy, and late of the Confederate navy.

METHODISTS IN COUNCIL.

Lay Delegates Elected by the Baltimore and Washington Conferences.

After the report of the session of the Baltimore M. E. Conference in Baltimore closed in yesterday's STAR, a resolution was adopted that it was the sense of the conference that the treasurer of the episcopal fund should be authorized by the general conference to pay the salary of a bishop or superintendent engaged in foreign work out of that fund.

The lay convention elected Alexander Ashley, of this city, and Geo. W. Corner delegates to the general conference, which meets in New York in May next, and F. M. Byrd and B. F. Bennett were elected reserves. A resolution was adopted asking the general conference to give to the laity a representation of one from each presiding elder's district in the annual conference. Resolutions were passed against liquor, Sabbath-breaking generally, unnecessary work of all kinds, and saloons and all pleasure-seeking which involves a violation of that day. Also, censuring the Government for its action in forbidding the Bible to be used in the Indian language in the mission work, and praying the general conference to fix the status of Bishop Taylor in a manner commensurate with his ability and work.

In the evening the church was crowded to its utmost capacity hear the speech of Chaplain McCabe, who is now engaged in mission work for the entire Methodist Episcopal Church. His address was on the subject of missions. An address on the same subject was also made by Bishop Hurst. Bishop Andrews presided. During the day Bishop Andrews was in Wilmington, Del., where he attended the session of the Wilmington M. E. Conference.

AT THE WASHINGTON M. E. CONFERENCE, in session at the John Wesley church in Baltimore after the STAR's report closed, a resolution was adopted fixing the standard for the passage of examination of candidates for the ministry at 60 per cent. The average of the examination for this year had been fixed by the committee at 65, which was considered too high. Parkersburg, W. Va., was selected as the place for the next meeting. In the evening the Women's Foreign Missionary anniversary was celebrated, and addresses were made by Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Hart.

The lay delegates to the conference met in the basement of the church, and elected Samuel Tyler, of this city, and Geo. W. Hollinger, of Wheeling, W. Va., delegates to the general conference, which meets in New York in May.

PASSING NOTES OF THE STYLES.

BUSTLES continue to shrink.

NEW IMPORTED tailor gowns are simplicity itself.

NANKEEN is a dull yellow which will be in high favor the coming summer.

VERY FEW LONG GARMENTS are seen for spring wear, everything being jaunty and short.

WOOD COLOR AND WHITE is a very stylish combination in the light-weight fabrics for summer wear.

GLOVES THAT BUTTON or lace up the arm are just now in more request than the longer Mousquetaire gloves.

COAT SLEEVES now fit easily, and have a simple cuff or a few fine tucks or pleats upon the outside of the arm.

THE ENGLISH BODICE pointed both front and rear is the most stylish form for the spring costumes of heavy wool.

THE FLAMING SCARLET COSTUMES, which shocked the eye last season, are, happily, said to be *passe*, except for children.

THE POPPY, the peony and the hibiscus run riot in the new brocades, and quite put out of countenance less majestic blossoms.

A VERY NEW FASHION is to put a fold of sharply contrasting color on the foot of foundation skirts, so as to show an inch all around.

GREEN is a color seldom used in cotton fabrics, but this season it will be seen in combination with all sorts of colors in sateens in ginghams and lawns.

LINGERIE for the neck is beginning again to be becoming and graceful, the old stiffness of finish in picot ribbon gives way to soft lace jabots and frills of filmy Russian net and Brussels web.

SOME PARISIAN THEATER BONNETS, simple, yet wonderfully stylish, are of fine velvet, folded over a small and pretty frame, and ornamented with a bow or one large flower.

ENGLISH WOMEN are using very fine double woolen shawls to make themselves bath-gowns, which are lined throughout with silk, and often worn till lunch time, even if women visitors come in.

ENGLISH TAILORS are making walking jackets and medium-length coats for spring wear in dark shades of terra-cotta, green, marine blue, golden brown and several soft shades of gray, both dark and light.

THERE ARE NO VERY STRIKING FEATURES in new hats and bonnets thus far. The shapes are mostly pretty and stylish, with but few pronounced effects. The princesse bonnet, so dear to the hearts of Frenchwomen, has a perennial popularity, and appears in this season's fashions in straw, felt and velvet, to suit the exigencies of our fickle climate.

THE NEW FRENCH COSTUMES and toilets, both for home wear, visiting and the promenade, show two decided extremes. One style is severe, elegant and artistic; the opposite effect is elaborate and dressy. Gowns in the first-mentioned style show the master hand in fit, finish and the chaste disposal of partly falling undraped folds. In the details of the latter style of dress are rare manipulations of a deft, artistic Parisian are manifest.

Tragedy in Grand Army Hall.

A YOUNG DOCTOR ASSASSINATED BY A WEST POINT CADET.

A telegram from York, Pa., March 9, says: A deliberate and cold-blooded murder was committed this evening in the rooms of Post 37, G. A. R., in this city. The Sons of Veterans, who occupy the post room, were assembling to hold a meeting, and but few members had gathered in the room. Among those present were Dr. Robert F. Stahle son of Col. James A. Stahle, lieutenant-colonel of the 87th regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers. Dr. Stahle was engaged in conversation with some of the members of the Sons of Veterans, when Elmer Relsinger, a rejected West Point cadet, entered. Dr. Stahle greeted the newcomer kindly, and he replied, it is said: "This is for you!" at the same time drawing a pistol and firing it at the doctor's face and firing. The ball entered the right side of the larynx, passing backward and downward, close to the spinal column.

The act was so sudden and unexpected that the assassin was allowed to retire a few very young men in the room, who immediately gave attention to their wounded comrade. Dr. Stahle lay on the floor gasping for breath, and beside him was a large pool of blood which had flowed from the wound. Surgeons were summoned, and in their power for the wounded man, but expressed the opinion that he could not survive. No cause has been assigned for the assassination. Dr. Stahle is a young man of excellent character and kind disposition. Elmer Relsinger, the assassin, was appointed as a cadet to West Point and was recently rejected, failing to pass an examination, and had only returned to York, his home, a few weeks ago. After committing the deed he walked out to the alley at the rear of the city and surrendered himself to Sheriff Grenwald, saying that he had shot Dr. Stahle.

Sam Jones' Daughter Insulted.

A YOUNG MAN, IN PRAYER, SAYS HE IS GOING TO

Miss Annie Sam Jones, daughter of Sam Jones, the evangelist, has left the Female College, at Millersburg, Ky., under singular circumstances. Rev. Joe Jones, brother of Sam Jones, is conducting a revival at Millersburg. A few nights ago at the close of the preaching he called on J. B. Shockley, a student in the Wesleyan Theological School at Millersburg, to pray. The young man was sitting a short distance from Miss Jones. He prayed that the young lady might be the Divine blessing, besought that while Samuel Jones was going about saving sinners, the Master's grace might bring salvation to his daughter, who was going to perdition as fast as she could. Miss Jones arose and walked out of the church, and later, saying she would not stay in a community where women were not safe from insults, left for her home at Atlanta, Ga.

The Mississippi legislature adjourned *sine die* yesterday afternoon.

Robert Harden, a colored school teacher at Utica, Ky., is charged with the seduction of nearly all of the girls in his school. Amanda Fry, aged fifteen, will die. He gave her medicine to produce an abortion and then fled.

LA TOSCA.

FANNY DAVENPORT'S GREAT SUCCESS.

A Letter to the Public From This Accomplished Actress.

PROVIDENCE, April 7.

MY DEAR MADAM.—Purely by accident one day in Chicago I bought a pot of your Cream, because the jar was so pretty, and on trying it found it the most delightfully refreshing thing I have ever applied to my skin. Most assuredly you have made a marvellous discovery, and one and all of our sex should heartily thank you. I find it is not only a refreshing, soothing article for the skin at night, but for the day use also. Please send me another of the Balm and another jar of the Cream to the Brunswick, Boston, and believe me, very thankfully yours, FANNY DAVENPORT.

MRS. Ayer's assurance of the efficacy of the Recamier preparations has brought these justly celebrated articles into universal use by all women, old and young. They are in no sense cosmetics, as evidenced by their winning the first prize at the American Exhibition in London, 1887. Mrs. Ayer gives them herself for years before the necessity arose to manufacture them for sale. The Recamier Cream and Lotion will remove pimples, blackheads, liver spots, and all of the various imperfections which render their victims hideous and repulsive, alike to men and women. Recamier Powder is the purest powder ever made. It will not rub off or mask the face shine. (A sample will be mailed you free on application.) Recamier medicated soap is the purest and best. Madame Patti, in a letter of recent date, declares it excels all others. Any woman wishing to preserve a healthy body, firm to the touch and fair to the eye, with the elasticity of youth well prolonged into age, should sponge the entire body with Recamier lotion after the daily bath. Refuse all substitutes for the Recamier preparations, even though represented "just as good." Several women have been severely injured by these fraudulent imitations, seeking to sell on the reputation of the genuine articles.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street, N. Y. ja9

SPRING GOODS.

We are in daily receipt of SPRING GOODS.

Newest styles and latest Novelties in all kinds of DRESS TRIMMINGS, EMBROIDERIES, LACES, BLACK DRESS GOODS, RIBBONS, &c., always to be found in our stock.

To-day we particularly call attention to our offerings of

NEW SATINES,

in Black, Black and White, choice styles, elegant designs, at lowest prices for reliable goods.

ALSO

New Lace Flouncings from $1.50 to $12 per yard, New styles in fine Hamburg Edges and Flouncings, in Swiss and Nainsook, beautiful goods. One case checked India Linens, newest styles at 12½c. One case lace stripes and checks, at 20c., worth 25c.

Our new stock of Ladies' Cotton and Cambric