

THE HOHENOLLERNS AT ROME

THE MOHENDOLLENARS AT HOME.
The aged Emperor Emperor—The Crown Prince and His Wife. Bellevue Castle, on the outskirts of Berlin, once the residence of the grand Prince Ferdinand, has again become the favorite resort of members of the royal family. The

aged Dowager Empress take her daily walks there. In the beautiful park from which the emperor's private carriage is starting on a quiet bend in the Spree, a path has been made for her especial use, ornamented at short intervals by heavy railings on which her Majesty can rest. Though she is really stronger than a few months ago, it is a melancholy sight to watch the old lady, who has gone through so many stormy seasons, walking with great effort from cool to cool.

There seems little life in the tattered gait, little vitality in the wrinkled, care-worn face. Yet I have wondered why no enterprising photographer steals her likeness amid these romantic surroundings, though it would arouse the wrath of the venerable Queen. Her vanity is still boundless, and no man has taken her portrait for over thirty years, a fact which explains the surprise of foreigners who purchase groups of the Imperial family and find the beary widow looking younger than the present Empress.

Victoria. She was then in her prime. But near the Dowager Empress on these afternoon walks is another picture which is in bright contrast to her and often engages her Majesty's attention—the frolics of her great-grandchildren. A part of the park has been laid out for their use, and here, true to the Hohenzollern blood, they play "soldiers in peace." The eldest, Prince Frederik William, the ruler of Germany in the days of some future Bismarck, now six years old, is commander in chief.

...with the importance of his position. A few days ago he asked his mother to have a fort built for his amusement, but she was so well disposed to content him with a little brother to stand watch, salute him as he passed, with the little wooden gun, in regular military fashion, and reward him regularly by brother number 2. At other times she would drill them, and in his mind time to form, demands unconditional obedience to the very highest military discipline.

the part of the junior crinoids, it is amazing to see the perfection with which the commands are executed and hear the comely soprano of the commander-in-chief, the high-sounding language when a stomach is too far forward or a foot out of place at "right, dress!" The youngest boy is just out of his cradle; still he toddles about in his own peculiar way, and gives promise of a future leader. The father appears among them often; and takes command, degrading the eldest son to the ranks for the time being. — *Brooklyn.*

The little fellows were the joy of their great-grandfather and went almost daily to bid him good morning. Then at his request they all stood up in a row and heard the question: "But why have you not brought the little brother with you? You have run so fast for him!" "But, great-grandpa, he

True, I forgot that. But you could have said!" "No, no, no!" they protested; but he will follow us soon." And then receiving some little present, they left the room where the old monarch would never allow them to remain to make his cabinet the theatre of their romps.

The Crown Prince is waging war against the dandies of the Prussian Army. He recently gave orders that the English trousers and pointed faced shoes—"English points,"

they are called—"which some of the gentlemen wear of late," should be abolished and replaced by the military trousers and Russian shoes—most unornamental covering for the feet. The order is not liked, and increases his popularity only among the older officers. He also ordered the bands of the various regiments under his command to practice the historical tunes of which he professes to be a great lover. The modern airs, which had become popular among the soldiers, are doomed, and already the tunes of

hoenfriedberger," "Torgauer," "Selbst-
pol," "Radetzky," and "March to Paris."
He again along the streets of Berlin. The
small boys do not whistle the accompani-
ments to these, however, a certain proof
that they are not popular. But the Prince is
happy, and thinks he is daily increasing
resemblance to Frederick the Great.

The Marvint.
Examiner.

Crop prospects have been everywhere low.

by the recent cloudy weather, with occasional showers. The early forecast of an exceptionally bad harvest has not been borne out, and the probability now is that the crop returns for the present year will equal that of last season. This is very different from the impression which was sent abroad for speculative purposes, but it has been set very much at the *Examiner* anticipated would be the case.

Local speculation, however, has checked some. Should the same policy continue

the new crop begins to come in freely, convenience will be caused, and the accumulation of grain may lead to a disastrous crash in prices. It is neither possible nor desirable to check speculative operations in grain, but there is a limit beyond which it is not safe to carry it. The great Chicago wheat deal ended disastrously, as did the recent California deal. If vast capital resources failed to control the world's market, it is not likely that values can be kept for any very long period above the

sping point when these conditions are
satisfying. As this as it may, it is satisfactory
know that the farmers will have moder-
ly fair returns this season.

Native Fruit Trade.

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