

PRINCE WILLIAM.



CONTRIBUTOR to the *Sunday School Visitor* relates the following characteristic incident of Frederick William, Crown Prince at the time the incident occurred, and afterwards Emperor of Germany. It was during the war of 1870, when the German troops were marching on Paris, Filippé Lerouge, a young French girl living not far from the city, had a pet cow, Fauchette, which was almost the only support of her family. To save the animal from the Germans she was taken out to graze only at night, and kept hidden in the daytime.

It was Filippé's task, as soon as she had cleared away the supper things, to take Fauchette to the meadow where she grazed, and stand guard over her for the hours necessary to give her sufficient time for her meal. It was a lonely and dreary vigil, and many times Filippé felt her heart sink while undergoing it.

One night, when the new moon gave just enough light to make out objects clearly, Filippé was suddenly startled by the sound of horses' feet coming along the road. It needed no glance in that direction to know that a body of horsemen were approaching at a slow gallop.

With the swiftness of the wind, she flew to Fauchette's side, and, with her hand on the gentle creature's shoulder, was about to push her away toward a clump of tall bushes. But through some carelessness, the bell had not been removed, or either it gave out a tinkling sound or Filippé's swift running had drawn attention to herself. At any rate, before she could move the cow, a gruff voice called to her in her own tongue:

"Hold on there! We see you! Don't take that cow away!"

Overcome with terror, Filippé could only stand with her hand against the cow's shoulder, looking in the direction whence the gruff voice had come.

The soldiers had halted. Some had already dismounted, and were climbing the fence. Others tore a wide gap and entered through it on their horses. How their guns and sabres glittered in the moonlight!

"O Fauchette!" exclaimed Filippé with a burst of tears, as she threw her arms around her dear cow's neck, "I am afraid they are going to kill you!" Then with a sudden determination she cried, "But if they do, they shall kill me first!"

"Let go that cow, girl!" said the same harsh voice, now unpleasantly near to her. "We must have her."

"What do you want of her?" asked Filippé, raising her head and wondering at her own bravery.

"To eat!" was the gruff response.

At these words Filippé burst into tears. To eat! Her beautiful Fauchette? No, no, no!

"Are you going to get away or not?" the man asked again. "If you do not, I shall take you away by force. Come!"

She did not move, but stood with her arms firmly clasped about the neck of Fauchette. The officer turned to two of the men who had dismounted and were standing near.

"Seize her!" he said.

They started to obey orders. Filippé saw them coming, and her screams rung far and near. They were echoed by an angry exclamation from the direction of the road, and the next moment a horseman on a powerful horse came galloping through the gap into the field.

He was a man in the prime of life, with an air that bespoke the commander. When they saw him the men who had been about to seize Filippé moved away. Only the officer held his ground, looking confused.

"What does this mean?" sternly demanded the new-comer. But he didn't wait for an answer; he seemed to comprehend the situation at a glance.

"There, little girl, do not cry!" he said in the kindest tones. "They shall not take your cow. Go home with her. It is late for a little girl like you to be out."

Then when Filippé, smiling through her tears and courtesying, drew Fauchette away, the commander turned and she could hear him, after she had gone some distance, angrily reprimanding the soldiers.

Filippé did not know until long afterward that the noble-looking horseman who had come just in time to save her dear Fauchette was no less a personage than Frederick William, Crown Prince of Germany—the good "Unser Fritz," as he was called, who died nearly three years ago, so universally loved and regretted.

WHO PULLED THE BELL-ROPE?

FROM THE "YOUNG CANADIAN."



DOZEN railroad engineers and conductors met by chance the other day, and an old grey-haired veteran of the war, told a story. He had been an engineer with a big reputation as a "runner" in the years gone by, but, on account of failing nerves and eyesight, was now enjoying an easy berth around the shops, says the *Kansas City Star*. He said:—

"It was when the old Y. M. & B. was first opened up," he began. "I was pulling passenger, and took the first coach over the road. I got a good run, all day-work, and was holdin' her down as a good thing. 'Bout a year after we'd got to doin' a good business, I had some extra runnin' and lost my turn for a while, and run nights all of the time. It was my last trip