



The Old Castle, and part of the King's Palace, Stuttgart.

A SOJOURN IN STUTTGART.



HE quaint little city of Stuttgart is in mourning. King Karl of Wurtemberg is dead. King William reigns in his stead.

Not a bad exchange for Wurtemberg, or for the poor old King either perhaps. Queen Olga has ruled lately, not only the kingdom, but the King himself. Ruled well too, and it must have been no easy task to have kept his Majesty in good humor, and yet have checked his many whims and vagaries; particularly his partiality for Americans which has caused so much discontent among the worthy Wurtembergers.

You have, I suppose, heard of the young American called Johnson, who has for years been the chief favorite of the King. Will he return to the wilds of his native Illinois I wonder, and regale the awe-stricken (?) natives with tales of how he once hobnobbed with royalty? Well, if he does leave here, he leaves with eighty thousand marks of good German money. When the King first proposed to him to come and be his secretary and confidential adviser, the shrewd, long headed young American made it a condition that he should get, at the King's death, that substantial sum, and receive a salary of eight

thousand (\$3,200) marks a year during his life time. Not a bad reward for being the petted favorite of a weak minded old man, but now his brief reign is over, for the new King will not be apt to encourage the foreigner who has always excited the jealousy of the German nobles.

King Karl has been buried in the Altes Schloss (old castle) that stands beside the royal palace, with only a narrow street between. It is a quaint old place, built of grey stone, and covered with ivy, in the shape of a hollow square with a large court yard, around which are two galleries, one above the other. Centuries ago it used to be the King's palace, but since the new "Konigliche Residenz" has been built, the "Altes Schloss" has been used for the residence of the Prime Minister.

The Princess von Thurn und Taxis, a friend of the present Prime Minister, took me over the old place not long ago; she knows all the queer old rooms and corridors well, for her father, Baron von Seckendorf, was Prime Minister and lived in the castle when she was a child; she was baptized in the little castle chapel where King Karl has just been buried, and has played many a game in the galleries around the courtyard. The lower gallery is reached, not by a staircase, but