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THE MAD KING'S LIFE.

PORTRAIT OF LOUIS, OF BAVARIA, ALSO OF HIS SLEIGH.

How He and Wagner Lived the Life of the Future, and Listened to Its Music. Six Castles and Four Millions of Debts Left Behind.

It is well, perhaps, that the descendants of great poets, artists and musicians do not inherit their parents' gifts. In the case of the hapless king of Bavaria, three generations of artistic tendencies led to madness. King Louis I., or Ludwig, as it is in German, grandfather of Ludwig II., was the first of his house to manifest the artistic tastes. He made Munich a beautiful city. He ordered imitations of the great art works of the world to be built for his capital, and in some instances the imitations are better than the originals. Riding out of the city in the direction of the Pinacothek library and museum, the tourist passes through a magnificent gateway, which is the copy of a famous ancient work at Rome. No European monarch of modern times has benefited his realm as much as Louis I. of Bavaria did. Then came his son, King Maximilian. His brain ran to science and architecture. He encouraged men of letters and erected stately buildings.

In 1845 began the life of his son, Louis II., that strange, inexplicable life which has sought its own exit from this world through the waters of Lake Starnberg. Maximilian died in 1868, and Louis, his son, reigned in his stead.

It was one of Louis' eccentricities that he would not have portraits or photographs of himself taken. There seems to have been only one in existence, that from which the illustration here given is copied. Louis II's particular fads were music and castle building. He delighted to reproduce in landscape and palace the scenes of Wagner's music.

He had six castles. One of his hobbies was to begin a magnificent edifice, planned with all the accessories of barbaric splendor, and a fabulous amount of money on it, then either grow weary of it or else have the cash fail him and leave the work unfinished. One of these failures is



HOHENSCHWANGAU CASTLE.

In the days when he was in fact a young king and not yet a Wagner music Hohen-schwangau palace, high up in the Bavarian Alps, was his favorite residence. It was fitted to be the original home of the swans and the swan knight. On the mountain opposite the picturesque old castle of medieval times he started to build a splendid new one. He thought he wished to live here forever. He spent some millions of marks on it, then grew weary of his playing and abandoned it. You see the scaffolding still hanging about the unfinished, ruined palace.

The great Wagner festival at Bayreuth, where the music of the future was produced on a scale of joys and sorrows which has never since been equaled, probably never will be, was paid for with King Louis' money. Richard Wagner was for many years the one being whom the king could tolerate. Him he adored. But Wagner was quite as extravagant in his tastes and nearly as eccentric as his royal friend. He demanded new tapestries and furniture for every one of the four seasons of the year. Moreover, he dressed himself to correspond. "When he had donned his celebrated gold braided dressing gown, he could not live in a room unadorned by orange or canary colored tapestry." Every day he demanded new watches, jewels and snuff boxes, as though, for aught we already lived in a Wagnerian future, when a wish and a thought could create the object of desire. As it was, both the king and Wagner lived in our time, and all these fancies cost money. Wagner and the king foreshadowed the race of the far future. Soon the state treasury was hollow as a log-gar's stomach at midday, and Herr Wagner was hissed and almost mobbed in the streets, and shortly took himself out of Munich forever.



HIS SLEIGH.

When Louis rode or walked out for recreation it was always in the dead of night. In winter there would prumps be suddenly heard a clatter of bells and horses in the streets, and next morning it would be found that the king had been taking his pleasure. He imitated the Louis IV style in his belongings. The sleigh here seen is a masterpiece of wood carving. It has in front a kind of swan neck's head rising to a height of ten or twelve feet. Amovables. By in front, the one holds a crown, the others bear sword, scepter and imperial apple and garlands. Four horses drew the king along over the mountain roads. Out-

wore the costume of the period of Louis XIV.

The train traveled at a mad gallop always. Sometimes he disappeared altogether, and then the Bavarians lost their king for a while. He traveled occasionally to Paris or Italy incog. His own ministers half the time did not know where he was. Politics he hated. The one achievement of his life was that he introduced and popularized Wagnerian music.

He was a finished pianist. Von Bulow was his teacher. He had special theatrical representations at midnight in the court theatre, at which he alone was the audience. He was one of the most singular characters of many centuries. A strange and very unpleasant love disappointment in early life in a way may not have had something to do with his eccentricities.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

The World-Famous War Correspondent to Settle Down at Last.

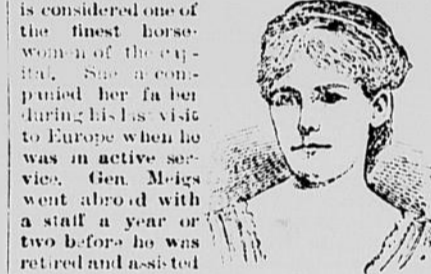
Mr. Archibald Forbes, the celebrated war correspondent of The London Daily News, whose brilliant adventures and thrilling letters from bloody fields on several continents have electrified the world, has married and is to settle down at last. After observing the girls of two hemispheres with the critical eye of a newspaper man, he has selected for his bride a Washington lady, the daughter of Gen. Meigs, now retired quartermaster general of the United States army. The happy couple were married on the 19th inst. in St. John's Episcopal church, Washington.

Mr. Forbes is now in that city, and Mr. T. C. Crawford says of him in a recent letter: "Mr. Forbes is nearly 48 years of age. He is tall, angular and thin. He has a high, sloping forehead, straight nose, dark gray eyes and wears a graying blonde mustache and imperial. He is quite stiff from rheumatism and exposure. He speaks with a very strong Scotch accent. He could never go through again what he has in the past as a war correspondent. He says that he has served his time at that and is ready now to give way for younger men. He says that there is nothing which will sooner exhaust and break down a newspaper correspondent than to engage as a 'spec.' in the field. He attributes all of his rheumatism and bad health to the exposure and fatigues of his many campaigns. His marriage with Miss Meigs has been postponed several times on account of his ill health. Miss Meigs is in the neighborhood of 28 years of age. She is of medium height, with a very well rounded figure, almost inclined to be stout. She has a very clear pink-and-white English complexion, dark brown eyes and irregular features. Her expression is, however, very pleasant. Her hair is a golden red. She nearly always dresses in black and is considered one of the finest horsewomen of the capital. She accompanied her father during his last visit to Europe when he was in active service. Gen. Meigs went abroad with a staff a year or two before he was retired and assisted in the grand review of the German armies. He also saw all of the great military establishments of Europe, and made a most elaborate report thereon. He lives in one of the handsomest of the old houses of Washington. Since his retirement he has given a good deal of attention to building plans. His latest work was the erection of the pension building in Washington, though he is not responsible for its hideous architecture."

Miss Meigs.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

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MISS MEIGS.

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