

THE BACHELOR.

He sits alone
within his room,
And gazes at
the dying fire,
Whose fitful flames
beats through the gloom
The burden of
his heart's desire.
Sometimes he starts,
as if he heard
A woman's footstep
on the stair—
'Twas but a creaking
board that stir'd,
Unless a spirit
lingered there.
But often, as the
smoke-wreaths rise,
Sad fancy comes
with all her brood,
He sees a face
whose dreamy eyes
Rebuke him
for his solitude.
A woman's garment
rustles low,
His name is murmured
by wan lips:
Soft fingers touch
his wearied brow,
And in his own
a small hand slips.
Thus sits he,
lost in wistful dreams
Of what the past
may never be,
And all his lonely
musing seems
Lit up by fairy phantasy.
While in the wide,
wide world somewhere
Within a chamber,
where the dim
Soft shadows haunt
her eyes and hair,
Some love-lorn woman
waits for him.



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good looking and devoted to sport. The eldest son of the house, Lord Chelsea, is a merry little fellow; and his wife (Lord Alington's daughter), though a trifle more serious than the family of her adoption, is very sweet and thoroughly nice. Then Prince and Princess Henry of Pless are an addition to any party, as the Duke of York seems to think, since the blonde Daisy of Pless has fallen to his lot to escort about a great deal. They had a laughable adventure at Leopardstown races. The Viceregal party left the state enclosure and went to see the horses walked about in the paddock. Being young and active, the Duke and Princess Henry of Pless go

to the entrance first. Of course, being such distinguished people, they had no passports, such as are demanded from ordinary visitors in order to safeguard the valuable animals; and, to their amazement, the sturdy Celtic gatekeeper refused to let them in! "But we've come from the Viceregal stand," explained the Duke of York, quite meekly. "Shure, I know nothing to the contrary; but ye can't pass in," quoth Pat, unmoved. Here the Duke, who is sometimes very boyish, burst into a shout of laughter. His pretty companion, who had been looking a trifle worried and shocked, saw the funny side of the adventure, and chimed in with a silvery peal; so there the pair stood, speechless and shaking, until the Lord-Lieutenant came up and received them. "Don't you think it was rather too bad of you to stop the Prince like that?" said somebody to the gatekeeper, later. "No, begorra," was the reply; "how was I to be afther knowing him? But, of course, I knew his Excellency, and when he said it was all right 'twas good enough for me."

There has been talk of the purchase of Powerscourt for a royal residence in Ireland. It is beautifully situated, amid lovely scenery, and near Dublin; in fact, it would just suit the York family, but at present Lord Powerscourt does not seem inclined to sell it.

Rumor has betrothed two of the Duke of Westminster's granddaughters. One, Lady Beatrice Butler (the Marquis of Ormonde's elder girl), is a great beauty; indeed, she and Enid Wilson have been called the unmarried belles of the last two seasons. You will almost guess before I tell you that the mate assigned to her is Lord Willoughby d'Eresby. However, we shall see. I hesitate to accept the story. The second engagement is much more likely. Lady Lettice Grosvenor and Mr. Osbert Molyneux. Lady Lettice—a dainty maid of twenty—is the second daughter of the Duke of Westminster's dead son. Her mother is sister to Lord Scarborough, Lady Zeland, Lady Bolton and Viscountess Newport, and married *en secondes nocces*, Mr. George Wyndham, M. P. Lady Lettice is a great favorite with the Duke of Westminster, who will probably dower her handsomely. Her fiance is the second son of poor Lord Sefton, whose death I reported a few months ago. You remember that the eldest son is in a private asylum and not expected to live; indeed, death would be a friend to him, poor fellow. So Lettice Grosvenor will probably be Countess of Sefton very soon, if the marriage really comes off. Mr. Osbert is a nice boy, aged twenty-six.

A clever man was declaring to me the other day that our London streets are more Americanized than those of New

York! Not only are they thronged with Americans, but even our own young women copy your dresses, your walk, your speech. I hope you feel flattered!

Arthur Balfour got a new bicycle before he went to Baireuth. It was made on purpose for him; and one of its peculiarities is that the action of the pedals is vertical instead of circular. They remain stationary instead of revolving when the rider is descending a hill with the feet at rest. His brother Gerald, the Irish secretary, has been down at Knebworth, in Hertfordshire, assisting at the coming-of-age of his wife's brother, young Lord Lytton. The boy is, of course, the grandson of the novelist and the son of "Owen Meredith." He should have talent somewhere!

The autumn has brought forth two new little fads in fashionable attire—chateaines and crosses. The former went out of fashion for several years, and have remained out, despite the efforts of a few extravagant elegantes who had them made in pure gold. I suppose that the reason for their exclusion was the difficulty of fixing them under a lodes which ended at the waist; but now that the "moujik," or Russian bodices, with full basques, are being made by the best tailors, that trouble is removed, and the chateaine jingles gleefully at the side of every fourth woman who one meets at a gay watering place or on a railway. A few *grandes dames*—Lady Seconfield, Lord Rosebery's sister, among them—never gave up wearing it in its most neglected days. And we are also wearing crosses. They are made of chased gold, sometimes; but the smartest—if one may use so inappropriate an epithet—are of black enamel on gold, set with diamonds, pearls and other stones. Emeralds on the black are both effective and becoming; so are turquoises, to fair beauty.

The Duchess of Hamilton is looking radiantly happy since her marriage to Mr. Foster. Did you know that she sacrifices one-half of her fortune for his sake?

It is to be hoped that Prince Aloysius Esterhazy will not marry Mrs. Langtry, for the sake of the susceptibilities of his family! It would be an unusually fragrant *mesalliance*, as he is chamberlain to the Emperor of Austria, and next in succession to his brother, the reigning Prince. His father, Prince Nicholas, represented Austria at the Queen's coronation, and for many years in London; his mother was Lady Sarah Villers, daughter of the famous Lady Jersey, whose portrait was given to us by Disraeli, in "Tancred." The poor Esterhazy! Fancy their dismay! Of what use is it to be the wealthiest house in Hungary, with a rent-roll of £240,000 a year, and the right to contract legal, not morganatic, marriages with any sovereign or reigning house, if the heir presumptive to all their privileges must needs go and marry a fat person of doubtful character and no social standing, without even beauty left to recommend her.

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