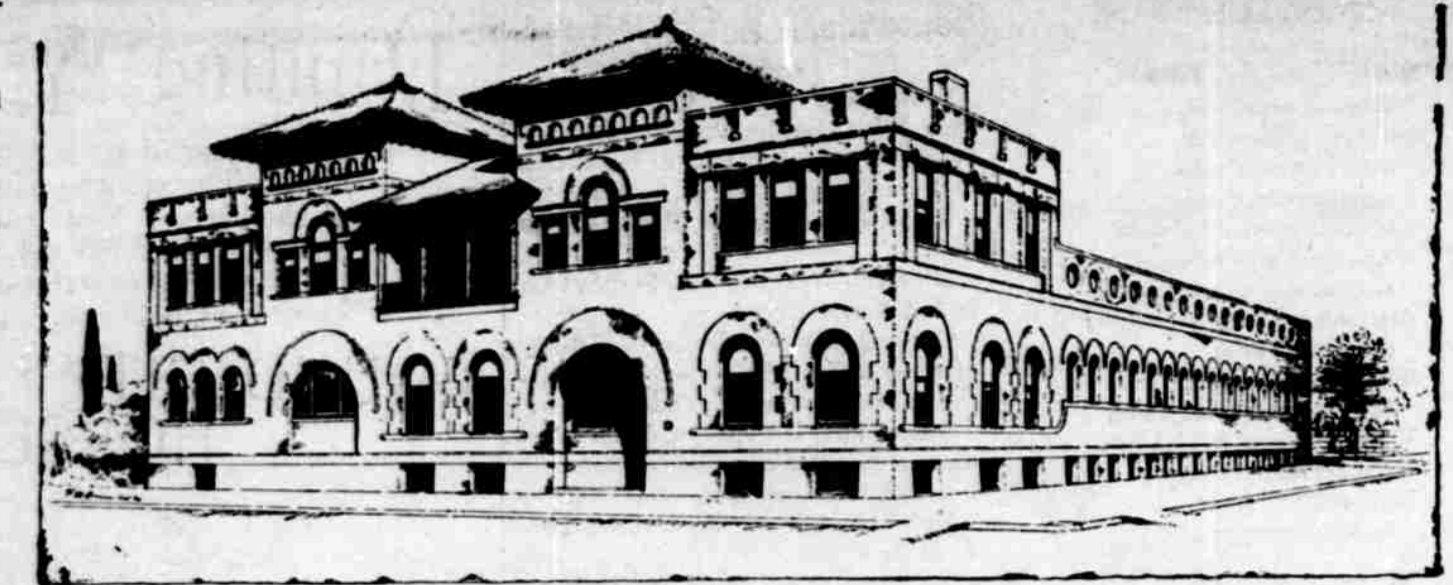


Town Topics' London Correspondence.

Undoubtedly the royal visit to Ireland has done even more good than was hoped. Not a single untoward incident has been reported; and the cordiality evinced on all sides has been most gratifying. I recently saw a letter written on the spot by a very bright woman. She says that the great success of the visit is mainly due to the charming tact of the Duchess of York. She has absolutely done everything she ought to have done, while she has avoided any mistake. She has also looked bright and bonnie all the while—a circumstance that made a good deal of difference to the susceptible Paddy heart! My correspondent relates an amusing conversation with one of those irrepressible beings, the Dublin car drivers, in the course of which he alluded to the immense benefit to all trades arising from the gay doings in the city, and added: "Faith, it's a grand thing entirely to see the streets full of ladies and gentlemen drivin' like mad to get to places in toime, and wantin' to be in every place at once! I've been as good a Home Ruler as any of them; but sure, when I see the prince and the purty lady passin' by, I jumps up and waves my whip wid the best of them. An' what I say is this: God give them a safe home-comin' and a happy return." The duchess looks very happy, as well she may. That she might one day do something to heal the breach between England and Ireland was one of her girlhood dreams. It seems like'y to be realized.

One of the interesting visits paid by the royal pair was that to Lord and Lady Ashbourne, at Howth Castle. Alas! The Earl of Howth can no longer afford to live in his ancient home, so full of memories of the glories of this race. The fair duchess looked with reverence at the gray walls, and took a deep interest in their traditions. She was told the



**Sulpho-Saline Sanitarium, Cor. 14th and M**

All Kinds of Baths—Scientific Masseurs. A Deep Sea Pool, 50x142 feet.

Shaving—Hairdressing.

DRS. EVERETT, Managing Physicians.

story of the changing of the family name from Tristram to St. Lawrence, on account of the victory of a knight of old over an invading army on St. Lawrence's day, when the pious conqueror vowed to hand down the saint's name to his successors for ever. And she was shown the sword of Sir Americus, with 200 followers and a few mounted knights, was attacked in Connaught by O'Connor, king of that province, and outnumbered. When he saw that the day was lost he could yet have saved himself, having a fleet horse; but he refused to abandon "his poor friends," the men-at-arms. "I would rather," said he, "die with them in honor than live in disgrace." Having spoken thus, he knelt on the ground, kissed the cross of his sword, then plunged the blade into the heart of his gallant steed, exclaiming: "He shall never serve against us, with whom he hath so truly and so worthily served afore." And all the riders fol-

lowed his example, with the exception of two young squires, whom he sent to watch the battle from a hill near by, begging them to take word of his fate to his brother. This they did, and also secured the sword. "Thus," says the old chronicle, "died Sir Americus Tristram, chosen for beauty and courage among a thousand knights; yielding to none but in the way of gentleness."

The duke and duchess also saw at Howth "The Tree of Dion," which—so the peasants say—will die when misfortune threatens the house of St. Lawrence. I fear the tree will not be long-lived, in that case; for the present Earl of Howth is unmarried and his age is seventy, while he has no male heir. Truly, it is a pity that the fine old races should die out.

The three York babies have been with the Queen during their parents' tour. Little Princess Victoria is a sweetly pretty baby, just beginning to make her own observations of life; and her venerable granny is perfectly happy with her. Nothing delights the queen so much as to "fuss over" a baby. She insists on seeing the wee people bathed, and loves to help to dress them; nor does she in the least mind the liberties which the sturdy Prince Edward takes with her, or the cool things which he says!

Speaking of babies reminds me that some interesting new arrivals have lately been welcomed into society. Lord Bennet—son of the Earl of Tankerville—rejoices in the possession of a new son and heir. As Lord Bennet has lost both his own brothers, the family was anxious to see the succession secured. You remember that Lord Bennet's wife is an American—a Miss Van Marter. And what a charming man he is! So handsome, so cultured! Some years ago he made quite a sensation by his miniature painting, of which he exhibited a great many beautiful examples at the Royal Academy. It was rather an odd craze for a man; but his success justified the undertaking. Chillingham, the famous estate in the Northumberland, where the wild white cattle have wandered and multiplied from early days in English history, belongs to the Tankerville family.

Another welcome baby is the handsome young marchioness, of Hamilton's second girl—though, doubtless, a boy would have been preferred. The elder daughter, aged nearly two, is Lady Rhodesia Hamilton, Cecii Rhodes being her godfather. The Marquis of Hamilton is the heir of the Duke of Abercorn—no connection, except perhaps a very distant kinship, with the Duke of Hamilton. Are not our family trees confusing growths? He and his young wife are both over six feet high: She was Lady Roaline Bingham, and is as fair as he is dark.

The gay world is migrating from the continental spas at last. You will be grieved to hear that the Prince of Wales found fault with your compatriots at Marienbad because they would take snap shots of him at every minute of the day. I hear that Mr. Wyndham's children's garden fete was a popular feature at Homburg. The Duke of Cambridge gave away the prizes for the sports and wheelbarrow races, and enjoyed himself very much. The prizes consisted of every sort of whistle, trumpet and mouth organ that was ever invented. The din was terrific, and the duke's roars of laughter actually made themselves heard above it. The old gentleman must have felt that the piece's desertion of Homburg was his own opportunity, for he has certainly received a wonderful amount of attention. It is said of him that he has never been known to refuse an invitation unless he was actually ill. However, it is a fact that our smart ones are wearying of continental resorts. It is now the thing to go to Scotland, but to which part of Scotland? That depends upon your particular form of smartness. If you are "intense," and belong to the "Souls," or if you are devoted to both eclecticism and golf, you will choose North Berwick, with the company of the Asquiths, the Tennants, some of the Rothschilds, Lady Henry Lennox, Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimer and Arthur Balfour; but if you belong to either of the "royal sets," the sober one that encircles the queen or the more go ahead clique surrounding the younger royalties, you will tie you to the banks of the Dee. Here cycling is a great attraction and fishing has its devotees. One of the first things that the queen means to do in Scotland is to erect an arch at the entrance to Balmoral; this is to commemorate her first visit to her beloved Highlands after her Diamond Jubilee.

Paderewski really has had his hair cut short. Jean de Reszke now declares that he will not rest till he has taught his distinguished compatriot to bicycle. This reminds me of a tale told by a certain bad man, who professes to have heard a woman say in the stalls of the opera, this season: "Yes, the de Reszkes are such a clever family, you know. There's Jean de Reszke and Edouard and Pad de Reszke."

So Marie Corelli is at last going to allow her portrait to be published in the "Birthday Book," compiled from her writings. There will be joy in Philistia. I hope the picture will be worth the long waiting of so many devoted admirers. And I hope she was tidy when it was taken.

**LINCOLN STEEL RANGE**

**Best on Earth**



We make them in all styles and sizes and sell them on monthly payments and guarantee them in every particular.

Call and see them before you buy.

RETAIL STORE . . . 1028 O STREET.

**Buckstaff Bros., Mfg. Co., Makers.**

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY**  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c