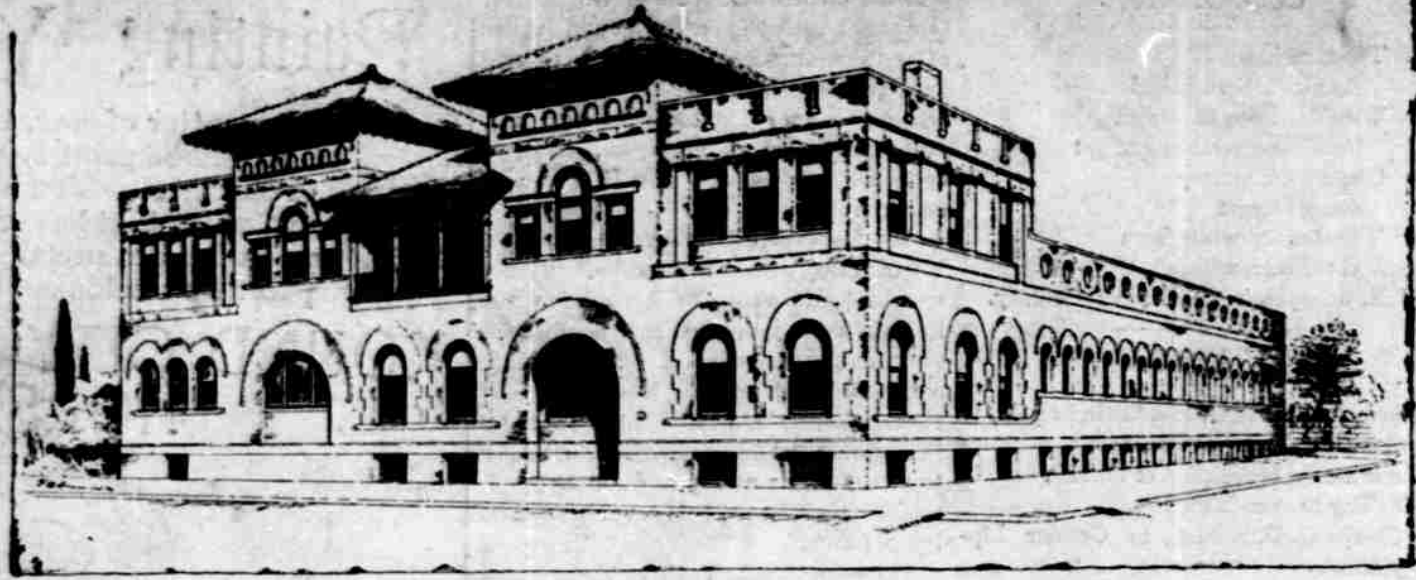


London Correspondence.

We are becoming hopeful of a gay time this winter, if report speaks truly. The Prince and Princess of Wales have resolved that London should have a winter season, and that they are going to reside for some time at Marlborough house instead of spending all the time at Sandringham. This will, of course, insure the town being full. By the way, the proprietor at Klinger's hotel, at Marlborough, has been belauding the Prince. He says "he never had a pleasanter visitor or one who gave less trouble."

I hear that the Braemar gathering was not quite so gay as usual because it was given out that the queen would not be present; however, she and Princess Beatrice were seen driving, and accepted the salutes of the visitors. On this occasion the Balmoral Highlanders were commanded by Mr. James Forbes, as commissioner for Her Majesty; they wear a sprig of oak leaf in their bonnets. The games and competition went off well, so did the ball in the evening, and I suppose everything not entirely Scottish was weary of bagpipes before all was over. This reminds me that Miss Elopeth Campbell, the handsome girl whom Princess Louise is always taking about, led the band of pipers at Inverary recently. She has been studying "the pipes" for some time, and is now very proficient, but I hardly think she will find many imitators of her own sex, for the strength of lung required to produce a proper "skirl" is so great that hitherto only men have attempted the feat.

I heard a nice little story recently about Princess Frederica of Hanover. You remember that she is the daughter of the blind king of Hanover, to whom she was devoted; even now she takes immense interest in all charities connected with the blind, which is her way of honoring his memory. She is a very handsome woman, and married the Baron von Pawel Kammingen, her



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father's secretary, by which love match she forfeited many of her hereditary privileges. The queen gave her a suite of rooms at Hampton Court. Well, the other day she was strolling through the state apartments in the palace, in company with a gentleman attendant, when she stopped in front of West's painting of two little boys, the Duke of Clarence (afterward George IV) and the Duke of Kent. "Dear me," she said, "the Duke of Kent is exactly like George was when he was in his teens." She was, of course, referring to the present Duke of York. How I should like to have a copy of this picture." Now, as luck would have it, a young American, who was engaged in "doing" London and the neighborhood, happened to be in the galleries taking photographs of the picture, and he at once offered to gratify the attractive stranger's desire. He probably had no idea of her identity, but four days later he got a very nice letter of thanks, ac-

companied by a pretty gold and ruby scarf-pin.

The venerable and cheerful Duke of Cambridge has come home looking hearty, and has been to Newmarket to see the St. Leger run. He is a funny old gentleman, but not nearly so funny as his father was. Did you ever hear the story of the latter's habit of making loud remarks in church, or rather responses out of his head? The royal chaplains got quite used to his ways at last and did not even smile. When the clergyman said "let us pray," the Duke would say, "by all means," with an air of devout approval. On one occasion when the prayer for rain was started, the old gentleman cried, "no good at all while the wind stays in the east." On another day, the words occurred in the lesson: "Zaccheus stood forth and said, 'Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor.'" The Duke fidgetted, looked alarmed, and at last exclaimed, "No, no, that's too much; gad, I don't mind subscribing, but I can't stand that much. The commandments used to elicit very odd comments, such as, "quite right, quite right, but very difficult sometimes," or "no, no, it was my brother Ernest did that."

I wonder if Prince Alexander of Teck will really marry an American, as some seem to think! If so, one of your beauties would be sister-in-law to the future King of England. Prince Alexander is a serene—not a royal—highness, so he can legally marry whomever he pleases, without the consent of the queen being necessary (as is the case of princes of the blood), to render the union valid.

Jean de Reszke has organized a company of his own to exploit Wagner in German for the enlightenment of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw and other Russo-Polish towns. If the musical papers are correct, the tour will be under the patronage of the Czarina of Russia, and will commence in March next. Emma Eames, Frau Moran Olden and Theodor Reichmann (of the Vienna opera) are already engaged, and Jean hopes to secure Hans Richter as conductor.

Patti was in town last week, and went to see "La Poupee" one night. She looks tired and grave. Her English tour will not be a long one this year; indeed, anxiety has rendered her unfit for it. Nicolini has started for the south of France, where he is to winter.

Ellen Terry is doing a driving tour by way of a holiday. Last week she visited Stratford-on-Avon, and wrote in the parish clerk's album, "I were but little happy if I could say how much."

You will not be surprised to hear that Marie Corelli has turned round and sent to the press an indignant denial "that her portrait will appear in the 'Birthday

Book,' or any other volume." Now, as a matter of fact—but there! The fair scribbler has certainly shown herself rather changeable over many matters lately.

From Brighton comes a characteristic Kipling story. The elusive novelist was passing through Rottingdean—a primitive little village near the gay watering place. He was on his "bike," but a certain journalist—such a sharp fellow!—was driving, and recognized the features of Mowgli's creator. What a chance of copy! He started off along the chalky roads in pursuit. For some time Kipling kept ahead; but a steep hill—and those Sussex hills are steep—combined with a stiff gale, gave an advantage to the pursuer, who eventually found his prey panting on the hill-top. He, therefore abandoned hurry, and blandly unfolded the little plan which had caused the novel chase. He wanted an interview. Rudyard is a person of much stamina. He needed but the few seconds occupied in explanation in order to "get his wind up." Looking the newspaper man calmly in the face through those inscrutable spectacles, he said, "I'm off!" leaped upon his bicycle and "scorched" down that hill as no mortal creature had ever done before! A horse wasn't in it, even at the risk of broken knees; so that interview was never written.

I have just received information from a friend who is connected with one of the royal households, and who has lately been staying up in the north with Prince Alexander and his parents, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, to the effect that not only is the Prince not coming to America; but that there has never been even any question of his doing so he is under orders to rejoin his Hussar regiment in South Africa as soon as his leave expires, which will be very shortly. Indeed, the Prince seems to have been not only surprised but also vastly amused by the story of his alleged project of crossing the Atlantic, since it was evident that some mere off-hand remark that he may have made about being anxious to see the States had been taken up and exploited for the purpose of giving temporary importance to certain persons possessed of stronger social aspirations than social position.—*Town Topics.*

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