

London Correspondence.

Every one says that the Prince of Wales has shown great wisdom in preserving an attitude of neutrality in the Danish family quarrel. Of course he is devoted to his pretty youngest daughter; but he is essentially a lover of justice, and he knows very well that she is seeking to evade the express agreement, made on her marriage, that she would reside part of the year in Denmark. The old King says that it is the duty of the Danish princess to remain in the service of their country; Prince Carl's father and mother add that Princess Maud was quite old enough, when she married, to know what she was about. No one seems in the least inclined to let her off her promise. The fact is that the royal family of Denmark never cordially wished her to wed Prince Carl—the idea had always been to save him for the young Queen of Holland; but impetuous Princess Maud fell in love with him, and, being a very charming little person, easily captured his susceptible heart, after which there was no more to be said. Both the Princess of Wales's youngest daughters inherit her strong will. How strong it is few people know, because she is naturally quiet and seldom exerts it; but when she once makes up her mind to a thing nothing will turn her. She is a long while taking a prejudice against a person, but when once she has done so, her cold northern hatred is bitter as death. The Queen is the only person who can induce her to modify her attitude in the least degree—a thing which policy has necessitated several times of recent years, and then there have been terrible struggles.

Your clever compatriot, Miss Kussner, is having such a boon now since she painted the Prince of Wales's miniature in his fancy dress that she has raised her charge to 200 guineas. So delighted was H. R. H. that he has sent her a diamond brooch representing Persimmon with the jockey "up" sporting his racing colors.

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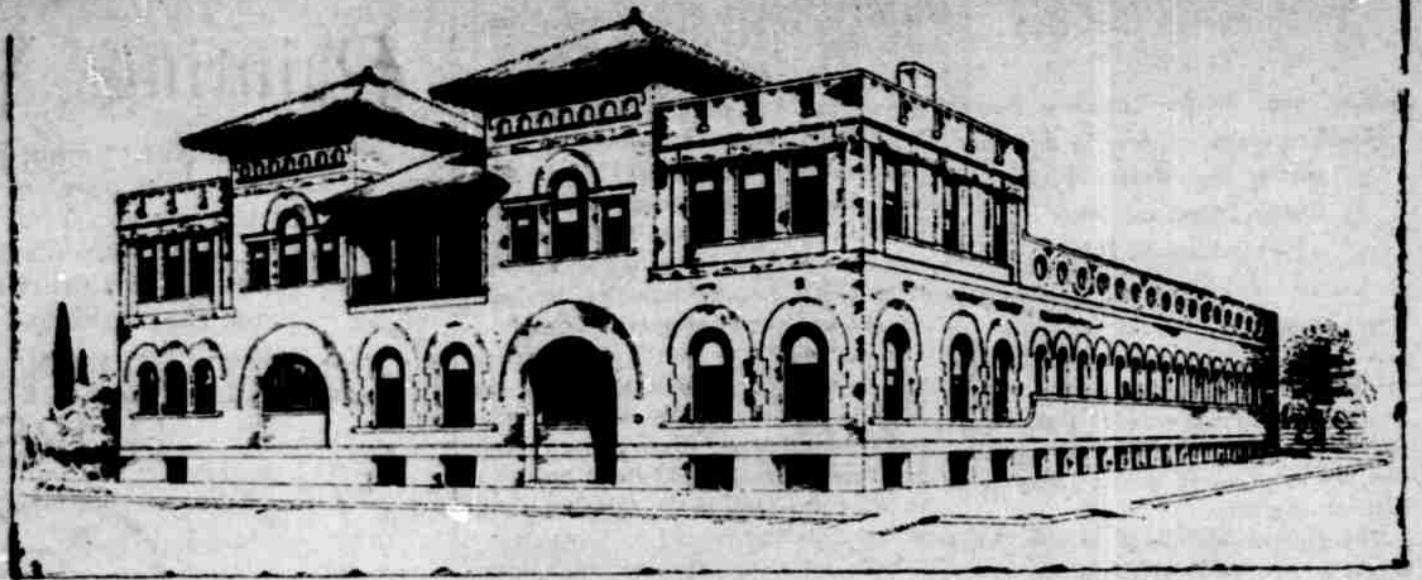
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Genial Henry W. Lucy ("Toby," of *Punch*) has been enjoying a novel experience. He and his wife have been awarded the Dunmow fitch. Probably some few of your readers may not know what that means. Let me briefly explain. The little town of Dunmow, in Essex, possesses a fund which provides for the purchase every year a "fitch" of bacon, to be presented to the married pair who can prove to the satisfaction of a jury that they have not had one word of disagreement since their wedding day! Applicants come from all parts of England, and the process of judgement is, as you may suppose, very amusing. The jury consists of twelve bachelors and twelve maidens.

The two smart amusements during the dull season—prior to the opening of the skating palaces—have been consulting palmists and going to the play to glean ideas for new frocks. Occultism is growing a craze among us; it usually crops up in the dark autumn days,

which, I suppose, favor eerie fancies and superstition generally. The fashionable seers are doing great business. Appropriately, too, Clifford Harrison is just about to issue his book on various branches of "the uncanny." I must say that he looks as if he could tell us something about it. His eyes are those of a seer of visions. He has just begun his winter recitals again, always an intellectual treat; only I wish some one would tell him not to allow his accomplishments to overpower his voice.

It is not at all unusual for a woman to go three times running to the theatre in order to get the details of a certain gown into her head. I hope no one will do this on account of Mrs. Brown-Potter's dinner-dress in "Francillon." (I suppose I must call it a dress but really the compliment is too great.) The material of the skirt is black velvet; the bodice consists mostly of diamond daggers and a few violets! One critic naively remarked that "the scantiness of the corsetage was made up by the elaboration of the coiffure." How, I wonder? The whole attire reminds me of the old epigram which used to amuse our grandfathers:

"When dressing for evening
the girls, nowadays,
Scarce an atom of dress
on them leaves;
Nor blame them, for what
is an evening dress
But a dress that is suited to Eve?"

Maybe so; but one prefers Eve civilized. I wish our smart theatregoers would take example by your women. Just now our theatres are crowded with Americans, usually in chic high bodices and with their hair exquisitely dressed. Our *grandes dames* go in the stalls in gowns too low to be nice for dancing. I often think what a view the "gallery boys" must have! The approaching marriage of Miss Sybil Sanderson with Mr. Antonio Terry is now officially announced. This is accompanied by the statement that the American prima donna will not appear again on the operatic stage. Thus ends a romance which has been followed by the Parisian public for several years; and thus apparently ends a career as brilliant, in Paris and St. Petersburg at least, as has been realized by any American artist of the present generation. Paris is noted for fidelity to its favorites, and Miss Sanderson, apart from her voice, had many features of superiority over her rivals for captivating Parisian hearts. She was the favored pupil of Massenet, and Sybil Sanderson's shapely shoulders became as essential a part of the life of Paris as the unseen ears of Cleo de Merode did afterward. The shoulders were not unseen, and they were perfection. No photographer who respected himself could possibly omit them from his show-win-

dow. But it was at the grand opera, in Thais, that shoulders and music did their work most effectively. The musicians of the orchestra declared they could not attend to the score under the circumstances. The sight of Sybil made it impossible to play save in the more feverish tempo. The green lampshades under their noses were not at all sufficient to neutralize the rosy glare of those shoulders. This was at the dress rehearsal. At the public representation the directors of the opera were obliged to veil the charms slightly, but the *boulevardiers* raved only less than the more favored flute and violin players. When the daily *Eclair* started a public election of the Paris queen of beauty, Sybil Sanderson's name had the majority of votes and Cleo de Merode came after.

Appropos of the biography of the late Lord Tennyson by his son Hallam, the present bearer of the title, and which has created a furore in the literary world, I am reminded of an amusing story about the laureate told by James T. Fields, and which does not appear in the present memoir. Tennyson, who was a large man, was very bizarre in his dress, and always affected a cape coat and a huge wide-awake hat. He went up to Oxford on a bright May morning in 1802 to receive his doctor's degree, which the university had just conferred upon him. Although he had become famous, he had passed his life in such retirement that he was not known to the English public, and the greatest curiosity was felt to see the man who had written "Maud," "In Memoriam," and particularly the "May Queen," which then was the most popular of his earlier works. The great university hall was crowded with students and visitors to the topmost galleries. Suddenly a hush fell on the vast assemblage and a whisper was heard everywhere: "Tennyson—Tennyson." There he stood in the doorway, his tall figure swaying from side to side, his cape coat unbuttoned, and with a pair of white gloves that he had only half drawn on, so that the unfilled finger-ends stood out on his hands. The silence was profound and almost painful as each one of the assemblage gazed their fill on the really great man. Suddenly from one of the topmost seats a little piping voice—afterward discovered to be that of a freshman—called out: "Did your mother call you early, Alfred, dear?"

The effect may be imagined. Tennyson retired amid the uproarious laughter which greeted this sally, and was with difficulty induced to return and receive in public the degree that had been conferred upon him.

"They say Writemup is a shrewd editor."
"He has to be to keep out of jail."