

London Letter.

You are right in saying—in the issue which has just reached me—that there is no serious idea of letting the Prince of Wales go to America. With your usual astuteness, you will have observed that there are certain American papers which live up to the motto, "When in doubt play the Prince of Wales," and which trouble themselves no whit about the accuracy of their so-called "news." It is true, however, that H. R. H. has remarked, on several recent occasions, that he would "jump at the chance" of going; he said so particularly to one charming lady, adding at the same time that "there was no chance existing, worse luck!" Your contemporaries did not derive their rumors from this fact, I will wager, since they had no possible opportunity of becoming cognizant of it! The good gentleman is very cheerful still. "The Tory," as he always calls his daughter—is in devoted attendance. She is less reserved with him than anyone. Many people were surprised at her ready consent to stay behind with him instead of going to Denmark with her mother, especially as she thus misses the chance of seeing Princess Maud, her married sister; but the fact is that there is a small mystery surrounding that little lady. She remains in Copenhagen—possibly for reason of health—whereas her mother and the rest of the Danish Royal family are at Bernstorff; moreover, the Princess of Wales hardly sees anything of her. Either there has been some little "tiff" between her and her own people or—which is more likely—she has at last found it politic to avoid exciting the jealousy of her new relations, which was powerfully excited when she made the abortive attempt to wean Prince Charles from his allegiance to his own country. The Prince of Wales promptly "threw her over" then; and I fancy the high-spirited girl has never forgiven this.

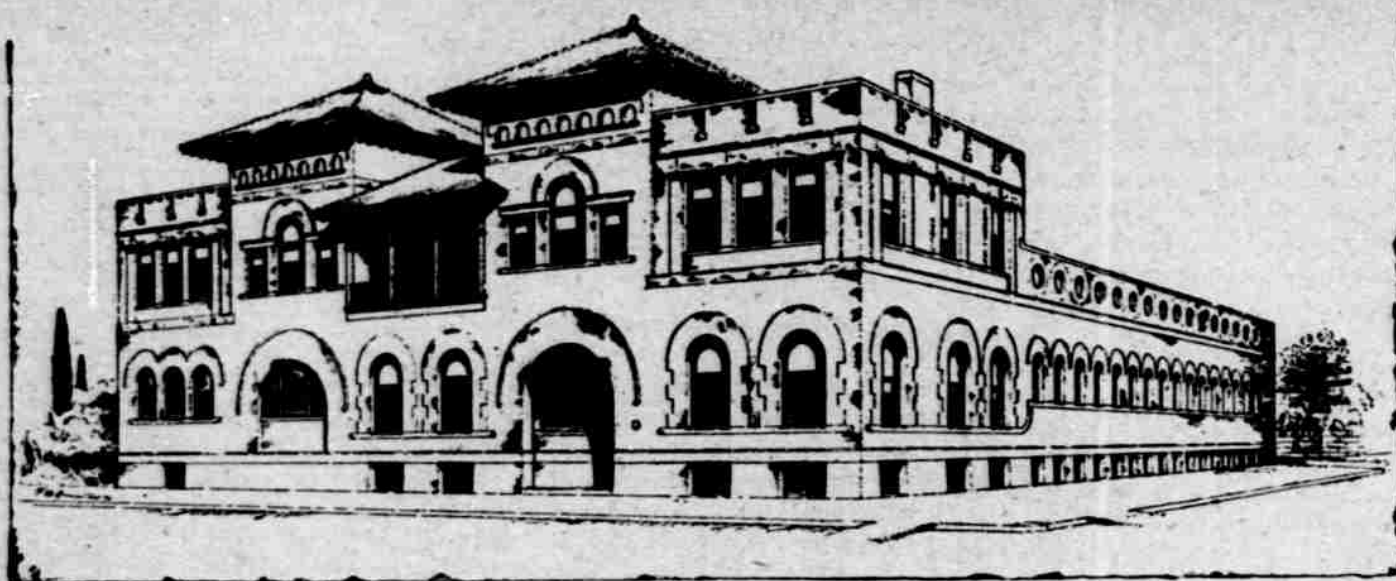
The Prince's knee is not going on as well as the doctors would like. I mean that its progress is very slow. When the president of the college of surgeons was first called in, the Prince, in his cheery way, said, "It might have been worse, you know; I might have broken my leg!" Sir W. McCormac gruffly said: "Wish you had!" He saw the possibilities of the future.

The Duke of Marlborough has had trouble again with his throat, and has gone to Mount Dore under advice.

The Duke of Westminster has caused a good deal of amusement by a letter to the papers. "M. A. P."—that very enterprising if somewhat daring personal sheet—had a paragraph about him lately. The Duke writes to contradict the statement that he was named Jack Sheppard at school "because he was so plain" (he says it was because his hair was so short); he also denies that his income is £400,000—it is not half as much. Further, he begs to say that the rents of his London houses do not fall in exactly one shilling per house! I sympathize with His Grace; but really he might have let the Jack Sheppard incident alone! What can it matter to a man of sixty-one if he did get called "plain" at school?

Mrs. Gladstone has been taken by her family to a Welsh health resort. She is very well, considering all things, but quite vacant, poor old lady! She hardly seems to know what is going on around her, and will sit for hours in a sort of a dazed silence.

Another item of Welsh news is that Adelina Patti has obtained from the Roman Catholic authorities permission for a priest to live at Craig-y-



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nos permanently, as domestic chaplain. This has surprised the world, but not her friends, who knew that she was all along deeply attached to her religion and secretly miserable under the ban which her connection with Nicolini brought upon her. Her Greek marriage to him was, of course, regarded by the church as no marriage at all, and therefore stood in the way of her being admitted to the religious observances necessary for inclusion "within the pale." But of late years her relations with him were purely platonic; and when she was in London or on the continent, her greatest consolation was to go quietly to some church and hide herself in the crowd of worshippers. Undoubtedly she was wretched during her most brilliant years on account of her severance from her faith. On one occasion, a young woman, a Catholic, of course, wrote her an earnest letter, urging an admiration amounting to affection as an excuse for the liberty, pointing out that no worldly success could satisfy the soul. "I can see by your face that you are not happy," she said; and went on to promise Patti her own lifelong prayers. In conclusion, she asked the diva, instead of answering the letter, to send her photograph as a sign that she was not offended, and, "as a proof that you, too, long for the day when true peace can be yours." Apparently Patti detected the sincerity of the unconventional appeal, for she sent a magnificent panel photograph—one that was never seen in public—and signed it "Adelina Patti-Nicolini," underlining the last name as though to intimate that there lay the obstacle to the hope which she shared with her unknown friend. If the woman—She can be no longer young—who made that vow of intercession be still living, she is probably happy in the fulfillment of her desire. The story—for the truth of which I can vouch—is one to make us worldly folk pause and wonder.

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During August, the Burlington route will run two low-rate excursions to Hot Springs; one on the 9th, the other on the 26th of that month. Tickets will be sold at one fare—half rates—and will be good to return any time within 30 days.

Organize a party. Arrange about your hotel accommodations at Ho Springs; arrange for ticket at B. & M depot or city ticket office, corner 10th and O streets.

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