KAISER WILHELM'S NEPHEW

Prince Leopold Astonishes New York Society By Exhibiting His Good Sense.

COGHLAN'S LANGTRY KISS.

A Distinguished Coaching Party—A Pretty Milk Maid—Tall Men the Social Rage—A Shocked Maiden.

NEW YORK, May 11.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—Several little things are big this week to the Fifth avenue section. We have had a real prince here who positively refused to be caged by the swells and lionized. This was Frederick Leopold, of Germany, grand-nephew of Kaiser Wilhelm. He put up at a Broadway hotel, registered as Count Hohenstein. The nobs soon found out who he was, and he was boldly attacked by the tuft hunters, whose cards were sent up to him with all the brazen persistency of life insurance agents or book canvassers. He saw everybody who came, and treated them courteously enough, but he would accept no invitations to social entertainment, save from Germans associated with the German consulate. He was a fair looking young fellow, not airy at all, and bent only on seeing the sights of New York. He wouldn't be petted by our best society, and that was the end of it.

The chief public exhibition of wealth and fashion was small indeed, for it was composed of eight persons only; but they were a Vanderbilt party, posed conspicuously on the top of a tally-ho coach. A four-in-hand coach makes a daily trip from Madison square to the Country club at Pelham. The driver is one of two alternating amateurs, and this time he was Frederick Bronson, a howling swell. William K. Vanderbilt was the host, and his guests were members of his own family. The ladies wore gaver clothing than is usually seen in the street, but no more so than coaching usage permits. Thousands of staring eyes watched the distinguished load as it rolled up Fifth avenue, through Central park, and thence over the country roads at a rapid pace. Photographers caught the passing show at several points.

The cow show has not had the fashionable countenance which had been given to the dog show, though it was visited by many modish women, whose wide-opened, wondering eyes (practicing the celebrated baby stare) saw for the first time that milk was not the sap of some tree. Not all the belles, however affected ignorance of the practical duties of a milkmaid. Mabel Wright is one of the young beauties of pretentious society. She was bantered by a gentleman of her party on her declaration of dairy knowledge, and the upshot was that she won a box of gloves on the wager that she could not milk a cow.

The amateur soldiers of the New York militia regiments, or at least the three organizations favored by fashionable recognition, have gained a transient share of attention by giving exhibition drills in their armories. The chappies brush the minutest particle of dust from their uniforms, burnish their trappings until a sunbeam would slip up on the surface, and then march bravely before an assemblage of invited guests. That doesn't really seem a dangerous or difficult achievement, but the dear fellows are the best material at hand to make heroes out of, and so the girls assume an air of amazed delight at these shows.

"I do like to fool a man," exclaimed one gentle fraud.

"Well, I don't," replied her fair pal.

"And why not?"

"Because it is too easy."

There is nothing much more talked of in society just now than the kissing of Charles Coghlan and Mrs. Langtry in "Lady Clancarty." It is so deliberate, so utterly oblivious of the big fiddle, so unconscious of the base drum, that it has all the meaning and earnestness of a kiss in private life. It is not an exhibition kiss by any manner of means; The rapturous kissing that Emma Abbot used to bestow on Castle never stirred a hair on husband Wetherell's head, nor disturbed the parting of a man in the audience. The kissing of Mary Anderson was the most transparent make believe in the world. When Clara Morris used to kiss Charley Thorne in "Camille" she would take him on her knees before her, muss his hair and devour him with loving looks, dip down upon his face and kiss him lingeringly on his nose, to his intense amusement. When Rignoid was in the country he awoke the town kissing Susan when he played "William." The women in the audience used to admire, but Susan suffered. Rignold was a wiry, red-bearded man, who shaved twice a week, and no oftener. He would powder the stubble on his face till his complexion was lovely, but poor Susan! A section of sand-paper could have hurt no worse. When he got home from sea in the play and met Susan, she would fly into his arms very much (after the previous experience) as thevictim who was sentenced in the inquisition to undergo the virgin's kiss, knowing she had to, and was going to get hurt. He would hold that poor girl's head back, make rush, kiss both eyes, root a second under her off ear, and then kiss her straight in the mouth, and all the while this adjacent field of cheek and mound of chin were taking off her cuticle like a nutmeg grater.

But this business of Coghlan's makes the dude's collar too tight for him, and the uncorking of scent bottles all over the house shows its effect on the women. Coghlan is a serious-faced man of intensity. There are no little nippy-flirty airs or graces about him. All that a kiss can mean or convey when he stoops over the handsome Langtry, who has half fainted, and taking in the delicious opportunity, makes the most of it. The remarks it elicits are funny. The other night as the lingering, real kiss in all its warmth was pressed upon the upturned mouth of the famous Lily, a lady said, with a sigh: "What a pity its in a play."

"I'm sorry we're all here," said another.

But in the orchestra an old fellow who looked through a pair of glasses, and over a lot of grey chin whiskers, just as Horace Greely used to do, slapped his leg with a big, freckled hand, and made a sound with his mouth like encouraging a horse, while he ejaculated, "Jewhillikens?" Everybody who heard him laughed almost as much as they did another night when a small boy, half over the gallery rail, unable to contain himself, cried just as Coghlan's lips met Langtry's: "Let her go Gallagher!"

Tall men are the rage once more. They come around as regularly as any of the other fads of that curious institution we call society. For a time little fellows were all the go, and in this period a man must be small and delicate and pink-skinned if he would win distinction among his fellows. But in due course the effeminate sort of thing has to take a back seat, and the big and burly order of mankind comes up for his inning. Just now, the taller and heavier a man may be the better, always provided he doesn't run too much to abdomen. It is amusing, too, to watch the expedients to which members of my sex resort in order to be right in line. Talk about the vanity of women—why, it isn't worth speaking of in the same breath with the coxcombry of the men. Walk along a crowded street where there are big windows that reflect the figure of the passer by. You will see that the ladies as they sweep along are looking at each with an eye of criticism, while the men, every mother's son of them, are staring at their own sweet selves in the windows, and are smirking away for dear life. Well, now that it is just the proper thing for men to be tall, they are improving on nature and building themselves up to the desirable limit. The way they do it is to have their shoes made with heels more than commonly high and then built up inside at the back to a still greater extent. This has the effect, while raising the wearer, of pitching him forward at an angle that looks as though it must be very uncomfortable indeed. But the New York fashionable doesn't care for a little thing of that sort. Bless you, no. There is one man in particular who is making a sensation on Broadway in these days, partly through his natural gifts as to heighth and partly because he has been assisted by his shoemaker to an extent quite beyond compare. This specimen is a foreigner, and is said to be of gentle birth. In point of fact, he is called a baron. He is naturally over six feet high, and is a fine looking fellow of the brunette order. But, not satisfied with his already advantageous proportions, he has built himself up enormously, and his gait thereby has become the apex of awkwardness.

When a man of genius sets out to be jovial he succeeds. I know a chap of that sort who had a heap of fun. Mrs. Duncan Morgan gave an entertainment called a fancy German. With few exceptions the guests were in character costumes, without masks to be sure, but this young man got up a device that amused him all the evening. To begin with, he had a three-legged stool riveted in the seat of his trousers. The legs were all fitted with hinges that, when he stood up, dropped flat against his own, but when he sat down they fell into place, and supported him as well as a three-legged stool ever supported a man. A band of some stout stuff was fastened across his knees, so that when he sat down he could stretch his legs two or three feet. Over his head, and resting upon it was a yoke, such as French peasants wear to carry milk cans. Thus rigged, the young fellow sat down on his three practicable wooden and two human legs, clasping his hands on his knees and throwing his arms out. He was upholstered in green velvet till he was a spectacle, His arms were tufted. A fine soft seat was run in to go round his waist on a belt and fastened to the band between his knees. A plaited flounce encircled him, and a beautifully padded back ran from his waist up to the yoke on his head. In the center of this was a slit, through which he poked his head, and threw the yoke back on his shoulders. Deep bullion fringe went down his arms and over the flounce. When he stood up he was an ungainly mass of frills, fringes and furbelous; but when he threw up the yoke on his head, drew his noddle in like a turtle, braced his arms in the proper position, and sat down, he was as inviting an easy chair as you would find in a cabinetmaker's store. He would select a quiet spot at the end of a dance, strike his attitude and wait developments. Down would drop some exhausted damsel. Once a fat dogwager nearly pressed the stuffing out of him, but he contented himself by giving way and making madam believe the rickety old chair was coming to pieces with her. But then came the delightful task of holding her pretty niece, and our hero behaved like a chair with a palpitating back and a spring seat as long as he could. An attendant cavalier went off to fetch an ice. The fair maid leaned her head back so that her Grecian knot of hair perforated the slit made for our friend to see through, and stuffed his mouth full of Titian red locks. What should the arms of a chair do then but enfold her? Up came both of his hands and met over the Jack roses on her corsage. Ma'amzelle gave a desperate yell and started out of that shady corner. At that moment our friend sprang up, pushed the yoke off his matted brow, and in the wild disorder of his crazy suit was the first to ask her what the matter was.

To catch up a bottle of perfume and dab the stopper at one's upper lip, I believe is a popular trick with many women. I know I've seen lots of women do it, and did it myself till the other night starting to see Langtry I did that trick in a dark room and have quit it altogether. You see I ran back for a glove buttoner, and prowling over the dressing case struck the glass stopper of a bottle of Cherry Blossom, caught it up and smooched it across my upper lip and gave two little dabs behind my ears so my neighbors should have a smell. Tisn't Cherry Blossom after all, thought I, it's the White Rose extract all the same. And I pranced down and joined my party. We had got into a car when some one said "Good mercy, what have you got on your face?"

"The usual amount of powder, I suppose," I replied aggressively.

"Why, you've got a dark purple moustache."

Great heavens! it broke on me in a minute. That nasty bottle of scented ink, that I myself had left on the dressing bureau. There was no Langtry for me that night. Ninety-six washings only weakened the stain. Sand-paper and pumice stone have removed some of my lip (I always had enough) but it's so dark now, ten days ago it happened, that folks say to me "you must stop using that vaseline, you certainly are getting a moustache," and just behind my ears are two spots that look as if mortification had taken place. However, I didn't make a spectacle of myself as Maria did the other night. Maria has a little wisp of hair—the darkest shade of brown—growing on her head, but she has a lovely switch that she just twists on as natural as life and twice the size. She has been disporting herself all the afternoon in dishabille with just her bang nicely curled, and those 114 hairs of hers in a knob as big as a hickory nut in the back of her head. Some friends came in and Maria began dressing for the theatre. She disappeared into the next room and the two ladies sitting with her went down to the drawing room, where their escorts were waiting. Martha had slipped into her ma's room, just combed out the switch and twisted it in with the devoted little band of hairs that had not deserted her yet. Then she came back to her own well-lighted apartment, put on her bonnet and the party started. The curtain was down on the first act when she leaned forward to speak to one of her friends. The look of astonishment she received told her something was wrong.

"Why Maria, your back hair! why it's—its," stammered the lady.

Maria's hand went up, supposing it was coming down.

No it was snugly coiled and securely pinned.

"Is it wrong," asked she.

"Why, it's milk white."

Ma's $75 switch of silver hair was twisted in and skewered on to Maria's head, which swam, as she contemplated the situation. She half turned and caught the laughing regard of several in the vicinity, and it is a wonder the hairs that grew on her head did not turn white to match ma's switch.

"I cannot stay, I shall faint," murmured the wretched woman, and as soon as the light in the auditorium were put down for the next act poor Maria arose and staggered out on the arm of a friend and cried herself to sleep, that night when the rest of the party were talking it over and laughing at her expense at the supper table.

CLARA BELLE.

To enrich and quicken the circulation of the blood, and to reform irregularities of the system, use Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier.

The Lowell Courier says that the best card in Boston just now is the queen.

There are ninety persons in England with an income of over $300,000.

SWARMING WITH BLACK LEGS.

The Streets of Paris Filled With Titled Villians.

THE GUILD OF LITERATURE.

Emile Zola's Nastiness—Exhibition of 1889—Astronomical Congress—Boulangers's Campaign—Paris Notes.

PARIS, May 1.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—The astronomical congress has commenced badly. It was, in a general way, anticipated, that the first thing it would take in hand before indulging in star-gazing, would be, to lay the terrible east wind, which dries a fellow into a mummy and compels even blue ribbonists to wet their whistles. The east wind is carrying off the rheumatic with an earthquake completeness, so heirs-expectant can console themselves with the reflection, it is a bad wind that blows nobody good. It affects the Jinstitution, as sympathy, in the form of subscriptions, is affected by the prevailing drought. Flowers appear in due season all the same; birds build their nests as if zephyrs dominated, so as the French proverb says, when the building trade is brisk, all goes well.

It must have been the Chinese that gave the French government the wrinkle to invite the astronomers from various parts of the world to assemble in Paris, and form a co-operative society to farm the heavens. All the waste corners of our planet having been appropriated, recently by France and Germany—England having philanthropically left them the pickings, it is only natural the upper regions should become objects of envy. Laplace and Biot attest that the Chinese, 2,000 years before our era, had practically utilized astronomy and made that science a sort of government institution. Meropotamia was also renowned for its astronomical lore and yet neither a Celestial—the most elegant of names at a planetary congress, nor a choldeau, has been invited by Admiral Monchez.

The congress will not be occupied with accepting Greenwich as the first meridian, as France claims the maritime supremacy for Paris, now about being made a seaport, and a sea-side resort. The congress has for end, to allot a certain portion of the firmament to each nation's astronomer royal—or democratic, who is to take photos of the stars in his section of space according to a uniform process, and common apparatuses. In due time all these celestial takes will be sent to Paris, and by a

SYSTEM OF GEOMETRICAL MOSAIC WORK,

pieced together, and thus compare the starry firmament, taken from several points of the earth's surface. Then on the occasion of the centenary of the present congress—and "may we be there to see"—another map, a new edition, shall have been produced, and a comparison instituted between the two pictures.

With a good photographic apparatus, and carefully prepared plates, so delicately sensitive as the latter, that it is as easy to take a likeness of a portion of the sky as of the human face, or a running animal. The image once taken it is examined by the microscope and the micrometer, and what appeare to be only a star or a blotch, will be found to be a cluster of stars. It is the atom of cheese or the drops of water, magnified to unfold its myriads of atomies. Take for example the star, or group, Hercules; to the naked eye it appears simply a diffuse spot, the three thousandth part of a metre in diameter; examined by the ordinary magnifying glass, it will reveal several hundred stars round a kernel; looked at through the microscops, the same photo will reveal thousands of stars. And to think, there are stars whose light—travelling at the rate of 200,000 miles per second since the creation of the world, has not yet reached us, though possibly it may by the time the Irish question is settled.

The astronomers will be entertained to a free representation at the Theatre Francois. It is to be hoped the bills will include "The Voyage to the Moon" and the "Milky Way"—two side-splitting astronomical comedies. A banquet will also be given to the guests; in the absence of ambrosia and nectar, the private dish of Lalande the astronomer ought to be served, namely, spiders.

GENERAL BOULANGER'S PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

not for the invasion of Germany, but for the capture of his own non-commissioned officers, has been divulged, officially. The French, like every other army, and perhaps more so, suffers from a dearth of non-commissioned officers, due to their dislike to re-engage. Indeed, had the French army to rely on enlistment, on volunteers, to be recruited, it would be a skeleton and far below that of Great Britain. Hence, a decided proficient militairism is not popular in France. General Boulanger maintains that the army exists for the non-commissioned as well as for the commissioned officer, and that as the former is more in touch with the men, his condition merits a partial cure.

According to the Boulanger project, henceforth the non-commissioned officers, after eight years' service, will have the right to be commissioned specially by the general commanding their corps d'armee. They can contract an engagement to remain till fifty years of age under the flag, and this re-engagement can even be made after returning to civil life for three years following their compulsory three years' active service. This interim will allow time for the ex-soldier to decide between a civil career and the advantages of a special and privileged non-commissioned officer. In this latter case he can marry, live outside barracks, and receive lodging money; if he commits a fault, among his judges will sit two of his peers—that's a democratic innovation. His pay will be increased with his years of service; so will his pension, which can amount to 1,500 francs after forty-five years under the flag. There are conditions for continuing the pension in case the recipient leaves his wife a widow and his children orphans. He can even quit the army after his re-engagement when he pleases, receiving a pension pro rate to his years of service, nay more, if he possesses the aptitude for certain departments of the civil service, he will be nominated thereto as a matter of right. This is a wet blanket on the civil servants who threaten a strike, because one minister has ruled that all the clerks within his jurisdiction must arrive punctually, must never remain idle, must work eight instead of six hours daily, without any extra remuneration, and at the latter tariff and for longer hours, whenever necessary. Those clerks who dislike this draconian code have only to resign, when General Boulanger will march in a battalion to occupy their vacant stools.

Wonders will never cease. Thirty-two years ago France was ready to restore the kingdom of Poland; the countrymen of Kosciusco were then the fashionable sympathy. To-day they are as much forgotten as Thiers or Gambetta. Stranger still, such are the necessities of politics; an extreme town councillor has just chanted the praises of Holy Russia. M. Martin has just returned from a tour of some

19,000 MILES THROUGH EASTERN SIBERIA.

He travelled with the tribe Toungouzes, lived with them in common like a good socialist; dogs and reindeer drew the sledges. The party consisted of men, women and children, who lived as they voyaged, by fishing and hunting, when M. Martin always enacted his share. A baby was born during the tour, thanks to a lady Toungouzes, and lived out the journey to the river Amour, in eastern Siberia.

M. Martin has only praises to bestow on every thing in the great penal colony. Pity he did not ask Stepniak or the Prince Kropotkine, who is anything but a tory, to revise his notes. In Siberia, the inhabitants are as happy as Dr. Paugloss could desire, every man sitting

UNDER HIS OWN VINE AND FIG TREE,

with prospecting in gold mines as a recreation. The only drawback is, once there, it is impossible to leave. Although the land be flowing with milk and honey the Russian government has a decided objection to making roads to it. Were railroads introduced, the peculiar travelers could never count upon return tickets. The state mines are worked by convicts and ticket-of-leave men. M. Martin did not interview any of these, but he did officials. When an individual leases a mine, he must work it within three years, or he loses his right. All finds must be sold to the government; even before a promoter commences operations, he must provide a pope, a doctor, a midwife, an apothecary, and pay for a guard of cassacks. Chained gangs of convicts—the latter include the educated classes who differ in political thinking from the state, are still marched in relays from Odessa to Siberia—across another dark continent, and the simple peasant still places at nightfall on his window-sill, some bread and milk, to meet the necessities of any fugitive, who may take French leave of Siberia and all its charms. It is the manifest destiny of China to open up Siberia, and liberate the intellectual prolitaires who are miners and sojourners there, against their will.

Minister Lockroy has not yet stated what are the foreign governments which persist in boycotting the 1889 exhibition. France ought to resolutely affirm, that the show is intended to glorify all that was excellent in

THE REVOLUTION OF 1789

for humanity, and depend on herself to fill the places of the absentees. If the policy be adopted of uniting at the centenary side, and assuring the political hesitating that the blow-out is only the usual decennial "versary," the project will share the fate of all the between two stools conduct. There is still much to be done in aiding the efforts of workmen—distinct from capitalized industries, either as guilds, co-operative associations, or simple individuals. It would be well also, to bring out the important experiment now being tried, where the artisans are part associates with the employer.

LIBERAL HELP IN THIS DIRECTION

would stamp the big bazaar, as a people's exhibition, and be a fitting apotheasis of the people's victory in 1789.

There is no reason why literature ought not to have its chaperons, as well as Guinea pigs, shoddyite and petroleum-aires. A society has been formed to combat the circumstances which keep many youths to fortune and fame unknown. Any one who writes a book has only to send it—along with six francs—to a newly formed society, that undertakes to have it read by three competent judges. If the majority give a favorable verdict, the production, whether a play, a charity sermon, a plan of campaign—in the military sense understood, a philosophical treaty, or even a philanthropic subject, will be read, on three france more being paid down, in public and in the ampitheatre of the Sarboune, where publishers will be affectionately invited to attend. Already the new society has received 1,500 literary productions within two days. All the pigeon holes in the offices of the theatrical managers are being cleaned out, and something like furniture vans stand at the doors. Publishers are blessing themselves for the creation of such an intellectual winowing and sifting machinery, and alienists promise to allow their patients to indulge in Higland flings, before the new safety-valve for cacoethes scribendi. Henceforth, no one able to make pothooks and hangers, can complain that his genius has had no opportunity. As it will exercise the mind, the fad ought to cure hypnotism. A poem, as long as a novel, by Paul Teyal or Ponson de Terrail, will be as carefully read as a monologue.

M. Emile Zola verily believes he has a "call" to revolutionize the stage by the naked exposure of all the sores, vices and depraved sins of humanity. There was a time when the theatre was accepted as a place of amusement, but since it has taken to the role of instructing, of charity-sermonizing, of illustrating imaginary social theories and paradoxes, by Dumas, and slum scenes and immoralities by Zola, respectable society has only to fall back on music halls and circuses, or stay at home. "Renee" is the dramatized version of Zola's romance "Curee," in five nasty acts. Renee is a girl who has been miseducated, and goes wrong at nineteen; her father

MARRIES HER TO SCREEN HER SHAME,

To one Succard who wants not the girl, but her money, and aggrees to let her live as she pleases after the ceremony and the cash paid down. She renews into a liaison with her now step-son, and ends in being discovered by her own father, when she blows her brains out. This is called society to life, or naturalism. The most remarkable feature about the representation is the crowd in the house to witness the scavenger literature. It would pay better to hear Billy Hayden, the popular circus clown, read his treatise, which he is about to publish on the "Intellectual Education of the Pig and the Ass"—his performing pets, only he has sent the manuscript to the new Field of Literature, at the Sorbonne, with the six and three francs fees.

Opinion has at last decided to allow the police to complete their charge against Pranzini, who must, when he wakes up in his cell, feel if his head be still on his shoulders. It is worthy of notice that suicides of late have taken a religious turn,. About three unfortunates before putting an end to themselves filled their pockets with books of piety, crucifixes and relics. They wrote they were tired of life.

Even under the second empire Paris was never so full as now of members of the dangerous classes, moving as titled individuals, in the leading hotels. As a rule, in such places, all showily dressed persons should be avoided. The soberly clad are those who pay their out-fitter's bill. Men with eyes rolling as two ventilators, a nose like a parrot's and shaded with wire like eye brows, watch chain that would hold a sheet anchor, and pearl shirt studs large as pigeon's eggs, should be unnoticed with great care, they have generally a title, which they confer on themselves once across the French frontier. Similarly they display the ribbon of some order, for they have a decoratton for every day in the year. They are all black legs and black sheep, without a franc in their pocket; they are in the pay of gamblers and counterfeiters, their decoy ducks, who get them up regardless of expense, and plant them as an investment in the leading hotels, to snare the game at the tables d'hote. Three tourists have been plucked to death by these crimps, within the last ten days; they try to get into conversation with clergymen, the better to blind the mouton to be sacrificed.

The Missouri Pacific Railroad company on the 8th inst. effected a compromise in the following damage suits by employes for injuries received in the boiler explosion in the shops at Palestine, Tex., two years ago: The infant daughter of Engineer Proddy, killed, gets $6,200; wife of Machinist Riggs, killed, $5,400; James Haley, permanently injured, $8,000; M. A. Goodrich, engineer, permanently injured, $5,000; Albert Lang, injured seriously, $1,000.

New York is talking about an angry son who wears mourning because his mother has married.

AESTHETICISM IN COLORS.

Boston Receives with Open Arms the Dusky Queen Kapiolani.

PATTI AS A STREET WAIF.

Boston's Balmy Spring—Clerks Seek Country Resorts—Major O'Brien's Splendid Breakfast—Mansfield's Success.

BOSTON, May 11.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—The caprices of New England weather have finally given up to the sterner demands of the season, and we are at last allowed to breathe the balmy air of spring. These bright days have been a long time coming, and now that they are here everybody is prepared to make the most of them. The rapidity with which Boston packed away her cloaks and furs and donned a fresh spring suit, is astonishing. Balls, operas and afternoon teas are things of the past, and the weather classes are getting ready for the seaside or mountains, or they are planning their first yatching cruise. Every young man or boy belongs to a base ball nine or a bicycle club, or perhaps a lacrosse team, and each one is enthusiastic over the merits of his particular pastime. Every clerk in the city is happily looking forward to his "two weeks off," when he can go on that little picnic excursion into the country with the damsel of his choice. The hardy laborer sees happy visions of cool evenings at City Point, or, perhaps a happy afternoon trip to Nantasket beach on the steamer Pilgrim. The student, and Boston is full of them, is just beginning to "grind" for his final examinations, and in his leasure moments, which are at present very few, he dreams of the blissful times when those examinations shall have passed, when, as a free and happy man, he can be basking on the deck of a cat boat off some old coast town, or take a summer's tramp over the classic roads of Europe. Nature, too, is not behind in heralding the approach of spring, as the verdant lawns and budding elms of our suburbs give ample evidence.

One of the most important events of this most delightful period, an event which the average citizen counts nearly equal to the opening of the baseball season, is the visit of her Hawaiian majesty Queen Kapiolani. The authorities here are doing all they can to make the visit a pleasant one, and her majesty seems to be very well pleased with her reception. The queen and her suite are accommodated at the Parker house in the bridal apartments, which have been from time to time graced by the presence of Patti, Bernhardt and De Lussan. Although these rooms are not intended to bear comparison with the princely halls of the "New Residence" at Munich, they are considered elaborate enough for the entertainment of royalty in democratic America. On arriving at Parker's yesterday morning the royal party was given a breakfast by the mayor of Boston. The banquet hall was beautifully decorated by Florist Galvin, and Baldwin's famous cadet band was on hand with a charming musical program. After the invited guests were seated the royal party entered the hall. The queen was escorted by Mayor O'Brien, Princess Lilinokalani by Governor Ames, while Mrs. O'Brien and Mrs. Ames were accompanied by General Iankea and General Dominis of the queen's suite. After the breakfast came speeches, music and introductions, and the morning passed pleasantly away. Last evening the royal party occupied Manager Stetson's private box at the Globe, and witnessed the performance of "Ruddygore."

To-day the Hawaiin chief will give a reception in Charleston, which will be followed by an excursion to the public institutions in and about Boston harbor. On Thurday the queen will visit Wellesley college and the girls there, are preparing to give her a rousing reception. On her return to Boston Governor Ames will give a reception in her honor at his palatial residence on Back bay. A grand public reception in Mechanics' hall on Thursday evening, will end the programme.

The queen's visit to Boston has not only benefitted the city, but the country in general. It would be inconsistent with our principles to try to extend our influence abroad in any other way than by such friendly relations as these, and in having given the Hawaiian queen such a hearty welcome, Boston has added another bond of friendship and confidence between the Hawaiian group and the United States. Even now a large part of the trade of these islands comes to this country, and we should so keep and extend it that in case of international hostilities these islands would exert an influence friendly to our interests.

The grand opera season has passed away and with it has departed from the Italian opera stage in this country that queen of prima donnas, Mme. Adilina Patti-Nicolini. We may or may not believe the statement which has been so glaringly advertised that Americans will never again hear Patti in grand opera. Even prima donnas have been known, within the memory of man, to make multitudinous "farewell tours," some of them having gone so far as to make a "positively last farewell tour," which rather tends to lead the innocent public to inquire how many professional farewells are in really good form. But say what you will about a gold hunting management, for which the artist is in no wise responsible, "La Diva" Patti stands without a peer in the world. Her history is an interesting one. She was born away off in Spain, but spent most of her young girlhood on the streets of New York; a brown, saucy little waif, with apparently no better future before her than that of the commonest street urchin. Even as a girl, among such unfavorable circumstances, she she was always the jolly and light-hearted Adelina that she is to-day, with her buoyant spirits. Her career as a singer was begun in Mr. Beecher's Sunday-school room, and in a short time she was traveling about the country, though not in her own car as she does now, singing in concert under the management of her brother-in-law, Maurice Strakosch. Her success as a jubilee singer was doubtful even then, and it was a great question in the mind of Mr. Strakosch whether the young voice would ever develop into a rich and golden soprano. Besides, if she ever did learn to sing, people said she couldn't act. She was nervous and diffident, as beginners generally are. But the whole world knows that this doubt didn't last long. It seems absurb to think that Patti ever appeared shy or awkward, she who has so long been recognized as the very embodiment of self-possession, of careless, yet artistic gracefulness.

Patti's first appearance in London marked a decisive change of fortune. English audiences praised her acting as well as her singing. The Times and other journals lauded her to the skies. This set the ball a-rolling and in a short time the bare-footed New York roysterer was so well established in the haute volee of London that she secured a real marquis for a husband. She was received into court circles at every capital in Europe as well as at London, and her path was literally paved with roses. But those were the days of her prime, and since she left the Marquis de Caux and married Nicolini, English aristocracy has seen fit to turn up its nose. But never mind! Those things are all passed now, and the celebrated singer is getting well on in life. Whether she goes on the stage again after completing her three months tour in South America, under the management of Mr. Henry E. Abbey, is a question. If she leaves the stage she will have to refuse $5,000 a night for the use of her vocal organs, which is more than the average woman could do. In any case the "Diva" will probably be contented, because if she retires she can spend the rest of her days in luxurious seclusion at her Welsh castle of Craig-y-nos, wher she lives like a queen.

The most important change of bill at the theatres this week is at the museum, where Mr. Richard Mansfield gives the first performance, on any stage, of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Any one who has read this wonderful piece of imagination by Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson can easily imagine what interest must center around its being played by such a brilliant and talented young artist as Mr. Mansfield. It will be remembered that the dual nature of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is the main point of the work. Dr. Jekyll, who is represented as a good-natured and highly intelligent gentleman, is able by the help of a powerful drug, to change his nature to Dr. Hyde, who is a downright bloodthirsty and murderous nature. The play is of a ghastly nature, but the difficult parts and quick changes of the leading character are so well brought out by Mr. Mansfield, that it appears on the stage as a decided work of art. Mr. Mansfield's success in the play is assured.

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