

IN ENGLAND'S CAPITAL

THE GAY DOING OF SOCIETY IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

Balls, Parties and the Doings of the Different Royalties—A Lord Who was Known by His Hat—The Last Drawing Room—Brilliant Mansion House Ball.

LONDON, May 26.—Things really are beginning to brighten up, and there was a great deal last week—not, of course, as much as there would have been if the lords of creation were not at Newmarket. Lady Ancester began the week with her ball—very smart, but not many men at first, for they went to Mrs. Van Raalte, who had a dinner and early dance in Charles Street; and I am told Lady Ancester only invites men that she knows personally. The house was very prettily decorated, and everything was very well done, and it was very cheery. The Duchess of Abercorn went to Lady Ancester's ball—the first I have seen her at since Easter; and Lady Phyllis was looking very fresh and bright (now, I suppose, they will be shut up by Lord Edward Somerset's death; he was the Duchess's nephew). The Duchess of St. Albans and Lady Alice Beauclerk were there; Lady Leonfield and her daughters; the Duchess of Roxburghe and her girls, and a great many Lincolnshire people, I fancy, whom nobody knew very much about. Lady Ancester really looked as young as her daughters, and she is certainly one of the stateliest people I know, and so very gracious and kind.

Wednesday night was a very political evening. Mr. and Miss Balfour gave a dinner of 28 people, and a party afterward. The rooms in Downing street are really fine, and the dining-room, which is very stately, paneled with oak, was built by Sir Robert Walpole. The drawing-rooms are fine, only the green decorations are spoiled in some bright red velvet curtains, which are very new. The young Duchess of Marlborough was there, looking well, with such a chain of pearls! Lady Zetland looked young and pretty in blue, but Lady Rothschild's pearls, however, are far more beautiful than any others one sees. There was a most fearful crash after dinner in getting away from Downing street, for there is only one staircase, and everyone came and went at the same time, and Cabinet Ministers, painters, politicians, soldiers sailors were all struggling to get up or down for over two hours.

On Saturday we went to the opening of the Blackwall Tunnel, that wonderful feat of engineering about which you have, no doubt, read in the daily papers.

The progress of the Prince and Princess of Wales to the Far East was something like a preparation for the jubilee procession the streets through which they passed being decorated and crowded with spectators. The Princess looked charming, and the Prince made a graceful speech in his usual genial way in reply to the address which was presented to him by the chairman of the London County Council.

The sudden death in Paris of the Princess Isabella de Bourbon, at the age of seventy-six, recalls the memory of a romance which excited universal attention in the year of the Queen's accession, and now, curiously enough, seems to be wholly forgotten. (The Infanta Isabella (then a beautiful girl of sixteen) was at that time an inmate of the ultra-fashionable Parisian institution familiarly known as the convent des Oiseaux, where a Polish refugee, Count Gurovski (many years her senior) gave lessons in riding. The Infanta eloped with the count and succeeded in reaching Namur. Louis Philippe promptly communicated the news of their flight to his newly-married son-in-law, Leopold I, by means of the semaphore, and the fugitives were arrested in the historic Hotel d'Hatscamp, where George IV dined after visiting Waterloo, and famous with epicures of all nations for its Burgundy cellars excavated in the sandstone rock. After several weeks of diplomatic pourparlers the Infanta's peccadillo was condoned and Count Gurovski and his bride took up their abode in Brussels, where they adorned a large mansion on the boulevards with the Spanish arms reproduced in every conceivable form. For nearly a quarter of a century they held a prominent position in Brussels society, and finally sold their house to the late Baron Hirsch, who never removed the Infanta's decorations. For a whole decade the Princess had devoted almost her entire income to works of charity, and she will be greatly missed by the poorest classes in Paris, among whom she labored with exemplary devotion.

Some years ago Sir William Harcourt happened to be staying at a country house where they have a habit of asking people to write in the visitors' book something in addition to their signatures. On the usual request being preferred to him. Sir William wrote: 'W. V. Harcourt—For the people.' The next visitor to whom the book was handed was curiously enough,

the Earl of Warwick, who very neatly capped his predecessor's entry thus: 'Warwick—For the other people.'

Lord Hardwicke, who died this week, was much better known to the sporting world before he succeeded to the title, and was Lord Royston, than in his later dignity. At one time the dandiest, dressiest, nattiest, slimmest man about town, even then always with a resplendent silk 'batle,' Lord Harwicke, after his step in the family, put on flesh, lost his man-about-townish dash, and was a far less noticeable figure to the general public. He maintained his individuality in later years very much through sticking to a peculiar species of bell topper, not all like the style Lord Lord Royston affected. Anyone who wanted to find his lordship in a crowd would look for the hat first, and be quite satisfied if he could discover the headgear.

The German Empress, who has become very stout of late years, has undertaken a cure, which has reduced her in a most surprising manner, and her majesty has now a slight, girlish figure. Unfortunately, her complexion has suffered from the too rigorous course of diet that she has had, and looks now very pale and much older. Her beautiful fair hair has become quite white, and she has quite lost the cheery, pleasant expression she formerly had, though her smile, as she speaks is as sweet as ever.

On Monday last we all wished 'many happy returns' to our beloved Queen on reaching the seventy-eighth anniversary of her birth, and everybody was pleased to hear that her Majesty appears to be in excellent health and spirits, and that the reports of those intimately concerned confirm the belief that the Queen will be able not only to go through the programme of the approaching festivities, but to enjoy it.

Among the first of the Court guests at that date will be Prince Henry of Prussia (with the Princess), who will come over about that time to attend the jubilee, as the Queen's private guest, and not, as stated, as the representative of the German Emperor. His Imperial Majesty will be officially represented by Prince Albrecht, of Prussia, should the Regent of Brunswick's health be equal to the strain of the journey to England.

The last drawing room, though less crowded than the previous one, was remarkable for the many well-turned-out carriages and the number of state coaches, nowadays so seldom brought out into the London sunshine. The Duchess of Devonshire came in her chariot, which was as usual, perfectly appointed. The Duchesses of Marlborough and Abercorn both attracted much notice in their splendid crimson coaches; that of the Austrian Ambassador (red and white, with liveries to correspond) proved equally attractive, and among the general company the two best chariots were occupied by Lady Melbourne (in violet velvet, with a most imposing "tender" of diamonds) and Lady Caledon who wore white with a train of turquoise-blue velvet.

There were present numbers of pretty women and fair debutantes, and among those presented was the Princess Louise, Wertheim, whose wedding I described to you last week. She appeared after less than three days of honeymoon clad in her bridal robes—a very unusual occurrence.

There have been so many balls and receptions last week that a full account of them would weary you, but one of the most successful balls was that of the Duchess of Roxburghe, where there were lovely decorations, excellent supper and plenty of dancing men; so the girls had a good time. Then there was a ball at the Mansion House, given by the Lady Mayoress, than which, strange to say, nothing could have been more fashionable and select. The Duchess of Buccleuch, Lady Lansdowne and no end of smart people were there, and no such gathering was every known before at a civic entertainment. One of the most amusing sights of the jubilee will be the procession of the Chancellor and the Speaker to present the address from both Houses of Parliament to the Queen at Buckingham Palace. The Lord Chancellor will go in his state coach, and the Speaker will also travel in his state carriage, which, I am told, weighs over three tons, and can only be drawn by a pair of horses, and that there are very few horses big or strong enough to draw it. It has not been taken out since the Prince of Wales went to St. Paul's to return thanks, and the Speaker followed in the procession. It is a huge carriage with a great deal of glass, and the Speaker sits facing the horses, the sergeant at arms with his back to them, and the secretary and train-bearer on the little low seats looking sideways. I believe the Lords are to wear their robes, and the faithful Commons what attire they like, only levee dress is preferred. The Queen is to receive them, and is not to read, but speak, her reply to their address.

Miss Helen Henniker, the ever-youthful one, gave a pleasant party at the new ladies' club, The Empress, in Dover street. The dinner in the winter garden was pretty good, but the club felt very cold and new. I think I told you that the Empress Club, which is another jubilee commemoration, is for ladies only, though members can invite men to meal, there. It promises to be a success, though whether the jeune personne for whose benefit it is especially intended will use it, without abusing the protection it is supposed to afford, remains to be seen. I hardly think our grandmothers would have allowed a girl to come to London and go to a club only attended by her maid.

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Mr. Henry Oppenheim's flower ball, with animal and representatives of all the loveliest flowers that grow, was one of the prettiest sights I have ever seen. I think I told you that each lady was to represent her favorite flower. The hostess herself was dressed to represent a basket of poppies; Lillian, Duchess of Marlborough, chose her own name flower, which was displayed most artistically in a dress of white satin with high stems of white regal lilies arranged up the skirt as if they were growing.

The Duchess of Leeds looked charming in a dress of handsome brocade in a design of roses, and trimmed with garlands of roses shaded from deepest crimson to soft pink, with foliage and softly embedded in tulle. Mrs. Aquith came as a red rose. The skirt of rose-red satin was veiled with rose-pink accordion-pleated silken muslin, on which were strewn branches of roses, while a ruche of the queen of flowers encircled the hem. The Hon. Mrs. George Keppel was cherry blossom and gave fulfillment, as well as promise, as her gown was trimmed with fruit besides flowers, while her humble cousin wore a costume to represent a 'La France' rose. The ball was very bright, plenty of fun and chaff, and not a little heartburnings about the buttonholes worn by the men, some of whom it appeared had been mistaken as to the identity of the senders.

DRUDGING IN A DESERT.

American Enterprise Retracing Prohibited Canals in Southern Arizona.

'During my last visit to Arizona I saw, in the Salt River Valley, a sight that would strike a stranger as queer,' said a New York man who makes an occasional trip to the Far West. 'A steam drudging scow, such as is used in deepening rivers and harbors for navigation, was voyaging slowly and steadily through a wide strip of arid desert. It had started landward from Salt River, and was excavating its own channel ahead, the river waters following and floating it as it advanced. But the work done was not, in fact, the making of a new channel, but the digging out of an old one, the irrigating canal made by a civilized people that lived and flourished and departed before recorded American history began. That there was a time when this wide valley, now being again redeemed to man, was a garden of plenty, teeming with inhabitants, is shown by the extensive and regular system of broad canals leading from the river, through which water for irrigation was conveyed out upon the cultivated lands. These canals, though choked for centuries with drifting sand and earth, still are plainly indicated on the face of the ground, and so skilfully were they planned and built that modern engineering science applied to irrigation can do no better than retrace their course and restore them.

The region was well chosen by the primitive canal builders as a land of habitation. The climate is dry, sunny, and even of temperature, and the arid earth, at the touch of water, becomes fertile and productive. Here the apricots and oranges ripen long in advance of those fruits in California and Florida and are of rare quality. What race laid out the canals and built the towns whose ruins are strung along the valley is a question not yet settled by archeologists. Aztecs or Toltecs, or each nation in turn, probably tarried here in their centuries-long migrations southward to the valley of Mexico, and the ruins may be of an older people than either of these.

'Near Mesa in this valley, six miles east of Temple, is a particularly strange and impressive ruin—the ruin of an immense building, now fallen into a moundlike heap covering an area of two acres. Its walls were of the fashion the Mexicans call adobe. It is believed that the material used was clay mixed with cane juice, which hardened into a cement as durable almost as rock. The settlers in the valley come long distances to the ruin to get this material, which they use in making mortar for housebuilding, pulverizing it and then mixing it with water, as they would lime.

MUCH TOO RISKY.

The Traveller Wouldn't Risk Sleeping With the Trapper.

If it is true, as is generally conceded, that one must be easy in mind and body to go to sleep quietly, it seems unlikely that a recent sojourner in a Western State can have passed a restful night on one occasion.

He was detained by a snow-storm in a small town, the one 'hotel' of which could scarcely be said to deserve the name. It was crowded to overflowing, and the traveller was assigned to a room in company with a tall, hard-featured backwoodsman, who seemed inclined to give the stranger a cordial welcome.

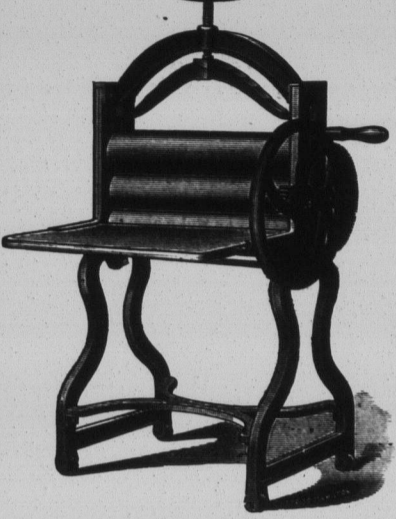
'There's only one objection to your sleeping with me,' he said, heartily, 'and that ain't any objection to me, but you may

Good Words From Old Students. No. 12.

The young man who is fortunate enough to spend six months at the Saint John Business College can be in a position, at the end of that time, to be most desirable person for any business firm to take into its employ.

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feel different about it. You see, I'm an old trapper, and I generally bark back to the past in my dreams, and live over the days when I was shooting wild animals and killing Indians.

'Where I stopped last they charged me two dollars extra because I happened to whistle up part of the foot-board while I was dreaming. But I feel kind of calm and peaceful to-night, and like as not I may lay as still as a kitten.

The traveller surveyed the narrow bed, and reflected that he was about half the size of his prospective bedfellow, and a sound sleeper into the bargain. He sat up in one chair with his feet in another that night.

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