



BY M. I. HOSKIN.

THERE is a little romance attached to the recent marriage of the bright and popular Princess Henrietta of Flanders. She had her portrait painted about two years ago by the Duchess d'Arsl, who last spring exhibited it at the Society of Lady Amateurs in Paris. There it was seen by the young Prince Immanuel of Orleans, and so greatly was he taken with it, that his wise, old grandfather, the Duc de Nemours, suggested that he should go and see the fair original. No sooner said than done. He set out to Brussels with his father; there he met and was introduced to the Princess, and later, during a trip through Switzerland and northern Italy, wooed and won her; succeeding, where others had completely failed. For she being a young woman of character and determination, had declared that never would she marry any one whom she did not thoroughly love, a declaration to which she stoutly adhered in spite of flattering proposals and urgings to the contrary.

Princess Henrietta is the second child of the Count of Flanders and Marie of Hohenzollern, and was born November 30th 1870. Like her mother, she is extremely popular, and greatly beloved by the Belgians, and is blessed with a bright, happy nature and a kind heart. Her bridegroom comes of a family renowned for their good looks, his mother being sister to the once beautiful Elizabeth of Austria, and to Marie ex-queen of Naples; and his father, the Duc d'Alencon, was, in early manhood styled, "the handsomest man in Europe." There seems every possible prospect of a happy,

harmonious future of this union, and, if good wishes count, they have them *ad libitum* from the very hearts of the good people of Brussels.

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ENGLAND as well as America has her heiresses, as a recent marriage shows, and like the latter she pours her hard-earned ducats into the empty coffers of a titled foreigner. A short time ago the daughter of Sir Blundell Maple, one of the many civic knights, bestowed her hand upon the Baron Von Eckhardstein, together with the modest marriage portion of £1,000,000, a house in Grosvenor Square, valued at £80,000, and a magnificent tiara of diamonds and pearls. In all probability the Baroness will be presented at the same time as the young Duchess of Marlborough, and it will be interesting to see which outvies the other in gorgeousness of attire, and in *savoir faire*.

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How often occur by seeming accident, by some trivial action, or slight divergence from our ordinary path, the most important events, the turning-point, so to speak, in our lives, after which "life is never the same again."

It was even so in the case of General Washington, meeting with his future wife. All by the veriest chance, the result of a wavering decision, seemingly. It happened in this wise. He was crossing Williams' Ferry, hurrying to meet the Governor on important business, when Major Chamberlayne, whose house was close by, met him at the landing, and urged him to stay over for a few days. At first he refused, but