PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.

An American Bride Suggested for Him—An Alliance Which Would be Popular in England.

A London cablegram says: The Queen's visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham ended yesterday morning, and the Queen returned to Windsor Castle yesterday afternoon. Much has been printed about this visit; little is really known except what happened in public. There is a theory that a family council has been held and that various family questions have been discussed. Supposing that to be true, no decision that could have been taken would be valid without the approval of Her Majesty's Ministers. Two subjects are said to occupy the Queen's mind—a financial settlement for the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, commonly called Prince Eddie, and his marriage. This Prince is now 25 years old and has no separate establishment, no income of his own, no wife, and no immediate prospect of marrying. No Minister has yet ventured to ask Parliament for an allowance. There would be opposition, and rather than face the discussion which is sure to be raised, the Prince of Wales himself is opposed to an application till his son marries. As he must marry a Protestant, his choice among the European daughters of royalty is strictly limited. None of them seems a favorite.

In these circumstances Sir Edward Sullivan has conceived the notion that the Prince should marry an American. Why should he not? asks Sir Edward; and he proceeds to argue the question at length. Such an alliance, he thinks, would bring about a closer intimacy between the two nations. Americans, in his opinion, would like to see one of Columbia's daughters sharing the throne of England—he had better have said the prospect of the throne—and thirty-four millions in England would welcome with delight a Queen of their own blood, breed and speech. Sir Edward, like most Englishmen, admires the American girl, and the American people generally. He believes the two great English speaking peoples destined to rule the world, and advocates such a marriage on international and political grounds. This suggestion has been heard before, but perhaps nobody has seriously urged it except Sir Edward Sullivan. So strong is the feeling in England against more Anglo-German marriages that an Anglo-American alliance might well enough be popular for that, as for many other reasons.

Latest from Ireland.

The Parnell Indemnity Fund now amounts to £35,153.

The new Munster and Leinster Building in Waterford will be opened in May.

Dr. Luke P. Shanley died lately at his residence, Athlone, of congestion of the lungs.

Lord Rathdonnell has been elected a representative peer for Ireland, in room of the late Lord Dunsaney.

The Mayor of Gork states that it is contemplated to hold an exhibition of the smaller industries of the South of Ireland.

A serious accident has happened to Lord Ernest Hamilton, M P. for North Tyrone, whilst hunting. His Lordship fractured his ribs and broke his collar bone.

A man named Peter Stafford was executed on the 8th April in Kilmainham Prison, Dublin. On the way to the scaffold he struggled violently with the officials.

The Irish Presbyterians desire that Rev. R. J. Lynd, of May Street Presbyterian Church, Belfast, should succeed Dr. Porter as President of Queen's College, Belfast.

"The gallant 'English' officer," says the *Freeman's Journal* sardonically, "who saved his ship, the Calliope, when the ships of America and Germany were wrecked off Samoa, is a Dublin man, Captain Kane, a son of Sir Robert Kane."

Joseph Gidlow, gamekeeper for the Earl of Carrick near Thomastown, County Waterford, a married man with nine children, left home on the 4th April to proceed through the demesne, and his body was found next morning on the banks of the Nore. The jury returned a verdict of murder by some person unknown.

An Extraordinary Invention.

A London correspondent writes: The extraordinary invention patented here by the Food Preservation Company, which, by means of a vapor, succeeds in fortifying all food against putrefaction, and keeping it sweet and fresh, is likely to have an enormous influence on the frozen meat trade At present the cost of freezing mutton and transmitting it in refrigerating chambers from the antipodes is about 2½d. per lb.—that is, 10s. 5d. per sheep of 50 lbs. But by the new process, I learn that half a dozen sheep can be "preserved" at a cost of 6d. or 7d, and the freight for these as ordinary cargo, as which, it is asserted, they may be shipped after treatment, would be under ½d. per lb., or 2s. 1d. per sheep of 50 lbs. Thus the whole cost of preservation and transit would be 2s. 2d. per sheep, against 10s. 5d. by the freezing process. These figures speak for themselves.

Personal Points.

Father Mathew's centenary is to be celebrated elaborately next year.

Bill Nye has cancelled all his engagements and has returned to New York, where his children are all sick with typhoid fever.

"Sir Julian Pauncefote is afflicted now and then with the gout. This is better than having the swelled head, a disease very common to diplomats," says the New York *World*.

Dr Robertson Smith, having accomplished the arduous work of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," has left, along with his sub-editor, the Rev. J. Sutherland Black for a trip to Carthage.

Conquered.

She (after a lovers' quarrel)—I suppose you want your presents back

He—Ah, no; keep them. If any of the fellows ask about the presents, I'll explain that they were fully paid for in hugs and kisses.

She (on second thought)—My dear, suppose we forget we have quarrelled, and begin over again.

An Eye to Business.

Mrs. Taylor, an El Paso lady, fell thirty feet from a Memphis (Tenn.) elevator on her bustle and escaped unhurt. Old newspapers for sale at this office. —*Tombstone Epitaph.*

MANY MANITOBA MATTERS.

Messrs. R. A. Lewis, Meagher and Taylor, the eastern gentlemen in the employ of the Ontario Government who were at Rat Portage in connection with the skipping timber inspector, A. F. Dulmage, have returned home. The shortage, so far as known up to the present time, is about $20,000. Further investigation will, it is said, reveal more shortage.

A bad fire occurred at the Hermitage, near Edmonton, last week. Canon Newton and his family fought the fire coming from Mr. Carey's place, south, most of the night. On Wednesday it got beyond control in pine swamps close by and swept away fences, timber, stables, church and everything in its way. Loss, $2,000.

May 2nd has been proclaimed Arbor Day in Manitoba.

Gabriel Dumont returned from Batoche to-night and was met at the station by a large number of French Canadians. Although this was the anniversary of Fish Creek fight, there was no demonstration.

It has been decided to organize a big wheat festival for Winnipeg in August. Farmers' excursions will be run from Eastern Canada to attend it.

The Northern Pacific, having made a sale of bonds of its Manitoba road, has purchased in England rails sufficient to lay 150 miles of the track in this Province this fall.

The people of Battleford intend erecting a monument to those who fell at Cut Knife Creek.

The latest issue of the Prince Albert *Times* to hand talks in pretty plain language regarding the situation of people up there, owing to the absence of railroad facilities, and says that serious depression or worse will come if their grievances are not remedied.

Michael Dumas narrates in the *Sun* to-night the history of the half-breed rebellion, filling several columns of that paper. In the course of it he says:

Another blunder, and the biggest ever made, was the appointment of Joseph Royal as a member of the commission, for certainly he was the wrong man. Riel himself would have had nothing to do with him, and far less the Metis population. On his arrival at Batoche he would have met with a well-organized guard, and been lodged in a secure lock-up, there to repent his past actions in durance vile, for the history of Joseph Royal has never been made public, and well knowing himself that there was nothing good for him in Batoche, he turned back from Qu'Appelle with a lengthy report, turned out to please his leaders and thereby gaining some notoriety. The feeling of the Metis at this time was to meet Roger Goulet. The appearance of this man at Batoche would have stopped the Northwest troubles, and if the Government had acted wisely, and sent out one Goulet to every one hundred Middleton's, history to-day would not contain on its pages what it does unfortunately contain.

He says the half-breeds had four killed at Duck Lake, six at Fish Creek and eleven at Batoche. He gives the names.

All Sorts.

Captain Murrell, of the steamer Missouri, is 29 years of age, and a native of Colchester, Essex, England.

In the Carter divorce case now going on in Chicago it came out that the defendant had paid $10,000 for a seal coat.

Billingsgate is said to be named after a King Bilin; Cripplegate after St. Giles, an abbot said to have written a work on palsy.

The Corporation of London are going to make a novel experiment. They are placing six huge square boxes on the flagging in front of the Royal Exchange, and in these shrubs are to be planted.

The sole income of the President of the United States from the public treasury is his salary of $50,000 a year. He draws it at the rate of $4,166⅔ a month. This is a fraction more than $960 a week and $160 each for six working days.

An English doctor at Hong Kong declares that the opium habit among the Chinese is not really more dangerous, when indulged in moderation, than that of tobacco smoking, and that the evil is not to be compared with the abuse of alcohol.

"Don't you believe that I am dead until I write and tell you so." Such was Stanley's last good-humored remark to his English friends. The warning was not unnecessary. Livingstone once declared that his death had been "confirmed circumstantially for the seventh time."

A Cork Bonnet.

A clever milliner—and not a French milliner either—at the Ladies' Dress Association in London has invented a cork bonnet. It is built wholly of the bark of the cork tree, and the milliner says she had some trouble in getting such odd materials made up. It is an ordinary shaped bonnet, that would suit any woman, and is trimmed with rosebuds and leaves and green ribbon. The bonnet is very light. Alsatian bonnets, although they look very flat, have been modified lately with ospreys, passementerie and gold lace. They are very quiet and ladylike. Nearly all the milliners, however, say that they are not popular yet. A hat at the Dress Association was trimmed with daisies, butterflies and foliage. It had a streamer of daisies behind. This was a model, and had been copied many times, but always with a streamer.

A Chicago "Personal."

The following is a characteristic Chicago "personal" from the *Tribune* of that city: "P. D. Armour is in Carlsbad, after having visited the principal cities in each of several European countries. He seems to be making the tour of Europe with nearly the same celerity as that with which a pig goes through his packing house, but with a different result. He retains his individuality through the journey."

It was beautifully said that "Washington was left childless that a nation might call him father;" but in view of the host now demanding recognition at the Centennial as lineal descendants of his family, it would seem that his relatives married that a nation might call him uncle.—*Brooklyn Standard Union.*

Every time we read of a railroad horror we are thankful that the Martha's Vineyard Railroad owns only one train. No fear of collision can afflict the travellers on our road.—*Martha's Vineyard Herald.*

YOUNG KING BENJAMIN.

A Yankee Sailor Who Has Twenty Wives and Fifty Children.

George Wright, who arrived in San Francisco on the steamer Australia a day or two ago from the Caroline Islands, tells the story of the sudden rise of a sailor to distinction in one of the largest islands of an archipelago, seventy-five miles west of Haweis, where Mr. Wright has a trading store.

"The sailor," said Mr. Wright, "is Carl Benjamin, and he has no less than twenty odd wives and fifty copper-colored children. He was wrecked in the schooner Bombazine off the Ladrone Islands nine years ago, and floated at sea on a raft a couple of weeks before he struck land.

"If you will look at a map you will find lying midway between the Tropic of Cancer and the equator thirteen dots. On some maps they appear marked 'Thirteen islands, well inhabited.' Well, it is on the biggest one of these, called Benjamin Island, in honor of himself, that he has taken up his home. It seems odd that an island as big as this has not been got down finer by the geographers, but it remains practically a terra incognita, although it is ten by twenty odd miles in extent.

"'Well inhabited' means that there is quite a sprinkling of dark-skinned native residents there, as well as many men who move to and fro in their light native boats. They eat bread fruit, bananas, cocoanuts and fish, and that's the end of it. They don't work at all.

"Benjamin has got to be a king in his far-away home. There the white-capped waves beat against the coral shores, and Benjamin has got nothing at all to do but to go swimming in the surf, talk the native gibberish, which he has learned, or loll under a palm tree. Some times he has his wives fan him while he smokes the kaziba leaf, which grows so plentifully there, and which, after you get to using it, you like better than tobacco. Maybe you think he hasn't a soft thing of it.

"However, Benjamin is doing some good work there, despite the hot climate. He carried three or four books with him on his raft—the last thing you would expect—and he has continued to instruct the natives in the English language. Benjamin is an American of German or Jewish descent, and is a lover of books. The first thing he did was to select an intelligent native and teach him the alphabet. He learned rapidly, and soon began to teach it to others, and a number of them can now speak English, while the rising generation immediately around are gradually picking up a primitive knowledge of the language. Benjamin is looked upon as a sage. All the chiefs come to him for points, and of their own accord they have made him their reigning potentate. The chiefs, of whom there are three, are his Cabinet.

"Benjamin has picked out the handsomest women for wives. They esteem it an honor and readily acknowledge him as their lord and master. He lives in a straggling bamboo village, the village of Ki, on a coral reef. His children are a sprightly, lively lot. Nobody bothers much about clothes away down there in the South Pacific. Still, he wears a little something, as do some of the natives, thanks to his teachings, for he has instructed them that there is no civilization without some clothes.

"He is about 30 years old and came from Newburyport, Mass., but says that he no longer has any desire to return to this country, and that he is perfectly contented to end his days there. He is the only white man, with one exception, for hundreds of miles around.

"He has taken to wearing a string of shells around his neck like the natives, and he sometimes imitates their example and puts dots of blue paint, got from a native shrub, on his face. This is only on State occasions, however, when there is a discussion of important question on hand with his subordinates.

"The permanent population of the island is perhaps not over 600 or 700. It is a very pretty and picturesque place, and the soil is very rich. It is indented with beautiful bays, whose shores are dotted with trees and shrubs of a tropical growth that are oftentimes covered with fragrant flowers. The island is about 600 miles west of the Marshall group."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Unstorklike Conduct.

Daisy—Mr. Tallboy, why don't you stand on one leg when you come here?

Mr. T.—Why, what a queer question!

Daisy—Well, Sister Alice said that you are a regular stork, and all the storks I ever saw stood on one leg.

No Shamming There.

Bagley—I understand your wife is sick.

Bailey—Yes, she hasn't spoken a word for three days.

Bagley—By gracious! She must be a pretty sick woman!

The Last Word.

Mr. Smallpay—More money for corsets! My dear, Mr. Tiptop told me that his wife never wore corsets.

Mrs. Smallpay—Huh! She don't need to. She's bony enough without 'em.—*New York Weekly.*

A Counter Accusation.

Henrietta (lecturing her wayward cousin)—Some young men never can say "no."

Jack (unabashed)—And some girls never can say "yes."

The Toronto underground wire deputation to American cities has reported in favor of the scheme of burying wires of telephone and telegraph companies.

By eating five dozen eggs inside of three minutes on Monday Prof. Glass, at Verndale, Mich., was in $40, not counting the value of the lunch—an eggs-ample in this way. His eggs act time, as recorded, was two and three-quarters minutes.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A St. Louis paper has been interviewing 500 Missouri women on politics. Miss Elizabeth Harrison, of Rolla, says: "Notwithstanding the present prominence of the family in the Republican party, and despite the fact that I call President Harrison cousin Ben, I have never strayed from the paths of righteousness. I am a staunch Democrat."

A philanthropist sent a box of cigar-ends to the workhouse at Brighton for the use of the inmates, and the guardians passed a vote of thanks.

RUNAWAY HORSES.

A Good Way to Check Them With Little Danger.

When you see a runaway coming do not try to check him by a rush from the opposite direction or the side, for you will be immediately knocked flat by the collision, but instead prepare yourself for a short run with the horse. Measure with your eye the distance and start for the run while he is yet some way off, perhaps ten feet in the case of fair to medium runaways. You may depend upon his keeping a straight line, for a really frightened horse is half blind and would not veer for a steam engine. He will go straight ahead until he smashes into something. So do you get close to the line on which he is rushing, and, as he passes you, grasp the reins near the saddle. Gather the reins firmly, and then, leaning backward as you run, give them a powerful yank. You may be able to brace yourself somewhat as you give this yank, half sliding on your feet. The strong jerk on the bits tells the horse that he again has a master, and prepares him for the final struggle. A step or two forward after the first yank, do it again. This is the finishing stroke. It never fails when given by a determined man. The horse is on its haunches. Keep a firm pull on the rein till you grasp the horse by the nostrils, and hold him so until he is pacified.—*Southern Cultivator.*

Queer Italian Matrimony.

Last autumn Paola Manescalo lived in an Italian boarding house on James street. Germano Vecchio and his wife Josephine also lived there. Vecchio went to Italy and left his wife here. Josephine asked Manescalo to marry her. He consented, and they were pronounced man and wife by a Brooklyn magistrate. Soon afterward Vecchio returned from Italy and found his wife living happily with Manescalo. He made no disturbance, but quietly notified both that he must have her back. Josephine consented and returned. Manescalo made no protest, but thought it best to have his marriage annulled. This was done yesterday by Justice Bartlett in Brooklyn.

"Do you live with her now?" the Justice asked the first husband.

"Yes, Your Honor," replied Vecchio.

"Then this marriage has not interfered with the harmony of your domestic relations?"

"No, sir."

"This is one of the most extraordinary cases I have had the fortune to hear," concluded Justice Bartlett.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Business Maxims.

Endeavor to be perfect in the calling in which you are engaged.

Think nothing insignificant which has a bearing on your success.

There is more in the *use* of advantages than in the measure of them.

Become known—and favorably known.

Never refuse a chance if you can get it.

Ready money is a ready friend.

Nothing valuable is lost by civility.

Keep accurate accounts and know the exact condition of your affairs.

Interest and small expenses are commercial moths.

Pathetic Scene in Buffalo.

"Did you feel the pulse of the sick woman?" asked the benevolent man of the police reporter. "No," answered that worthy, while his face wore a sad, far away look, "but I had a long conversation with her brother." Then a hush fell upon the company which was broken only by the pants of the Council reporter as he gasped for a sandwich.—*Buffalo Express.*

A New Explosive.

"Ah," sighed Jones, "I suppose these new explosives we read of are useful, but I have one which can blow up any number of men at once and immediately be ready for another attack. I would gladly dispose of it to any foreign government, the more distant the better. I refer, gentlemen," he explained to the interested crowd, "to my wife."

Making Himself Solid.

The wife of Politicus, who has been electioneering, lets him in at 3 o'clock in the morning. Politicus—"Lashkey won't work, dear." Wife—"What have you been doing all night?" Politicus (smiling)—"Hic! Making myself solid with the boys, hic!" Wife—"No, sir; you have been making yourself liquid."

Not In Her Set.

Old sport—Miss Betterton, do you see that young fellow with the large diamond on his shirt front? That is Maud S.'s jockey.

Miss Betterton—Indeed? What a rich young lady Miss Maud must be!—*Jewellers' Weekly.*

A Yankee Baroness Deserted.

The Baroness Von Sucrow, formerly Miss Millie Constable, of Baltimore, is on her way across the Atlantic in search of her husband, who left New York suddenly last Tuesday after telling many strange stories about fortunes he had inherited abroad.

Wrong Premises.

The Professor—You have the most strongly developed bump of veneration I ever saw. Clinchy—Tak yure hand aff'r that. Th' ould woman aised me out o' bed this mornin', an' I shtruck me hid agin th' flure.—*Boston Post.*

Standing on Etiquette.

Mrs. Smilk—"Are you going to your friend Mrs. Blank's funeral to-morrow?"

Mrs. Nubbs—"Certainly not. She owed me a call."

A musket ball was recently extracted from the right shoulder of J. E. Floyd, of Mount Calvary, Ga., which he had carried since the first battle of Manassas in 1861, when a Union soldier fired the ball into him.

For the fourth time in English history the title of Duke of Buckingham has become extinct. In late Plantagenet times it was worn by cousins of the blood royal, who finally lost it through the interposition of the executioner's axe. Then the upstart Villiers family held it for a while, and then it died out, and in the next generation the Sheffields obtained it, and again also it died out. Now it disappears by the death of the late Duke, whose family name was Grenville, and who was a descendant of Henry VII. through his youngest daughter, Mary.

KATE WON THE RACE.

Three Milwaukee Girls Have a Wild Race on Horseback.

Miss Katie Peck, the lovely and dashing daughter of Editor Peck, of the Milwaukee *Sun*, and Misses Margaret and Jessie Sanderson, daughters of Ed. Sanderson, the large mill owner, secured saddle horses at a riding school and started out for a ride. They took a brisk canter to the Soldiers' Home and there met Mr. Sanderson in his buggy by appointment. The girls started to return and, touching up their horses a little, galloped away at a lively gait. The three horses were running together, head and head, and the young ladies did not notice that their steeds were gradually increasing their pace. Suddenly it dawned upon them. They pulled on their reins in vain, the only result being that the horses took longer, surer and faster strides. The blood of their Kentucky racing sires was up in each of the three "saddle horses." Down Long Arde avenue, which is Milwaukee's boulevard, they tore directly toward the heart of the city. First one was ahead and then the other. It was a grand race. With hair flying in the wind, for their hats had been blown away, the three girls, who were as thoroughbred as their steeds and as game, hung on to the reins and swung backward and forward with each stride. People on the streets saw them for an instant, and before they could hardly cry out they would dash by. They were riding at a racing gait. Suddenly, about two miles from Grand avenue bridge, Margaret Sanderson's horse began to fall back. As the other pair drew away he slackened his speed and the young lady jumped off. She was uninjured. For nearly a mile further it was a neck-and-neck race between the other pair. In front of the Schandein residence Miss Jessie Sanderson's horse swerved into the other, and the next instant she was hurled from the saddle. When picked up she was found to be only slightly bruised. The horse that Miss Peck rode was bred to run the old style, four miles and repeat. He kept right on. Down into the busy part of Grand avenue he dashed, and, as luck would have it, he was on the right side of the street and happened to get a clear track. Men saw him coming, and half a dozen would-be rescuers made daring dashes, but failed to stop him. Just three blocks from the Grand avenue bridge, where a terrible accident would have been unavoidable, a man jumped out into the street and held his ground. The horse swerved sharply, the saddle girths burst and the plucky, but exhausted girl was unhorsed, saddle and all, to the pavement. Nearly a hundred men rushed to her assistance, and she was carried into a store and a physician summoned. Under his treatment she speedily regained consciousness and was found to have sustained nothing more than a bad scalp wound. She was then taken to her home in a carriage. Mr. Sanderson followed the runaways in his buggy, with his horse at a gallop, and picked up his two daughters on the way.

Cruel Man.

Wife—Are you going to buy me a new spring bonnet, John, dear?

Husband—What is the use, my love, of buying a new spring bonnet when you haven't a new gown to wear with it?

"Buy me a new gown then."

"What's the use of buying you a new gown when you haven't a new bonnet to wear with it?"

Professional Etiquette.

First Medical Student—Good morning, doctor.

Second Medical Student—Good morning, doctor.

F. M. S.—Fine morning, doctor.

S. M. S.—It is indeed, doctor.

F. M. S.—Good morning, doctor.

S. M. S.—Good morning, doctor.

Lenten Deprivations.

"Why, Maria, aren't you going to church this afternoon?"

"No, not to-day."

"Why, I thought you were so passionately fond of Mr. Higginson's preaching?"

"So I am, but I've sworn it off for Lent.'

There Was a Limit.

She—"You are sure you love me?" He—"Love you? Why, I am ready to die for you." She—"When we're married will you always get up and start the kitchen fire?" He—"Er—er—pray be reasonable, my dear."

A Fair Political Economist.

Edwin (who likes his Angelina to take an intelligent interest in the leading topics of the day)—What a terrible thing this sweating system is—and no cure for it!

Angelina (who is of a medical turn)—Have they tried massage, darling?—*Punch*

An Interesting Suit.

First Young Lawyer—What are you doing now?

Second Young Lawyer—I am interested in a suit that may make my fortune.

First Young Lawyer—What is it?

Second Young Lawyer—I am trying to marry a rich girl.

A Western View of It.

There's a struggle in progress in New York city to pull down the telegraph poles. They are no longer needed there, as lynching is out of style.—*Hutchinson (Kan.) News.*

Lots Like Him.

Wales—I suppose women are all alike. My wife is always coming to me for money.

Albert—What does she do with it?

Wales—She doesn't do anything with it; I never give her any.

Not Fair.

Heard from the platform of a city street car:

Conductor—Get in, ladies; get in! But there ain't no seats unless you can stand.

First Lady—No seats? Well, we'll not pay to ride if we have to walk.

There is a Canadian Customs establishment on the Magdalen Islands, which last year cost no less than $1,314, and the amount of Customs duties collected was $4 38.

The appearance of Matthew Arnold's letters seem to be awaited impatiently in London. It is said that in the hands of another Froude Arnold's letters might be found to vie even with Carlyle's in frank criticism of his contemporaries.