Heiress of Queens.

By far the richest royal heiress in Europe is to be Eugenie, the daughter of the Princess Beatrice, Queen Victoria's youngest and favorite daughter, and the late Prince Henry of Battenburg.

It has been an open secret that Queen Victoria has designated in her will this granddaughter as her heiress, giving to her all the accumulations of a long and thrifty life, besides the Castles of Balmoral, in Scotland, and Osborne, in the Isle of Wight. The savings, it is said, are something enormous, amounting to at least $7,000,000, enough, in all conscience, to maintain in royal state the two magnificent properties named. What a prize for some impoverished German princling a few years hence, as, indeed, her mother was for the handsome, if henpecked, Battenburg.

Word is announced by cable that the former Empress Eugenie, relict of the third Napoleon, has lately drawn her will, bequeathing all her property to the same little Princess. Verily, to him or her that hath, shall be given.

A strong bond of affection joins the widow of Louis Napoleon to her namesake, the granddaughter of her friend, Victoria. The latter's kindness to the exiled Empress is of forty years' standing. It dates from the imperial visit to England in 1857. Eugenie was then in the glow of her beauty. When Napoleon brought her to Windsor the Queen and Prince Albert were enraptured with her grace and beauty. Victoria forgot that this newly made Empress was the granddaughter of one of her forbear's own subjects, and that the Emperor had only lately dwelt in poverty in London itself. The good-natured Louis pointed out to her Majesty from the royal carriage the garret in which he had starved while waiting for his ship to come in, and the Queen laughed with him at the change.

"How wonderful," she wrote in her journal that night, "that he should be with us now as Emperor." As for Eugenie she could find no words to describe her beauty and grace.

Beatrice, best beloved of Victoria's daughters, inherited her mother's love for Eugenie, and when the little Princess was born named her after the sad-faced woman at Chiselhurst. Only a few weeks ago Princess Beatrice made an extended visit to the exile, who seemed greatly to enjoy her guest's society. Of recent years Eugenie has shown appreciation of so few earthly pleasures that the circumstances was noted as significant. Undoubtedly this bond between the three royal widows has bridged over many differences of temperament, education and feeling. It has certainly resulted happily for the little Princess.

How much has the widow of Louis Napoleon to bequeath? Much more, probably, than she had at the death of her husband. When by the aid of the American dentist Evans she escaped to England in 1870 in Sir John Burgoyne's yacht, she brought with her only a handful of traps and money. When her husband rejoined her it transpired that he had laid up against a rainy day, in the safe form of English securities a handsome fortune—a very handsome fortune. This fortune had not grown less. It is a saying that Eugenie has learned from her friend Victoria habits of thrift, but a juster view is that revealed in the memoirs of MM. de Lano and d'Herrison, that the Empress was always fond of money.

It was a proverb thirty years ago that the French Empress was the most extravagant woman in Europe. Indeed, she did spend fabulous sums upon her dress, her jewels and her laces. But even so partial a historian as M. de Lano declared that under this lavishness lay a strain of caution or even parsimony. Her intimates said she was with-al a "stingy Empress." She checked up all her own dressmakers' bills and laid strict injuction of economy upon the ladies of her court. Perhaps it was the Scottish strain in her blood.

Eugenie's son, the unhappy Prince Imperial, made his will before starting to his death in Zululand. The document is extant. It constituted his mother his "universal legatee," but subject to legacies amounting to close upon $200,000. These gifts were to his cousin, Prince J. N. uMrat; to Pietri, to Baron Corvisart, to his tutor, Filon; to Conneau, Epinasse and Capt. Bizot—each $20,000; to servants and friends. Only a very rich man can bestow such favors. And they were only tokens to be subtracted from the magnificent total left to his mother.

There was even something of irony in the poor young man's making a will at all, since, if many observers are to be believed, the old lady led him a hard life in his last years, watching expenditures as if he were a schoolboy, opening his letters and ruling him with a rod of iron. It was even said that he fled to the war to escape from her loving tyranny.

Chiselhurst was sold five years ago. The Empress is living now at Farnborough, an extensive domain in Hampshire, quite splendid enough for a royal heiress. When Prince Victor visited her, not long ago, the report arose that property for him. It was purchased out of her private purse, and is hers to bestow as she pleases.

Fine as the place is, Eugenie has maintained it without great expense. Few were the household at Camden House; they are not more numerous at Farnborough. The stables contain but few horses, among them the ponies driven by Eugenie herself and the horse she brought back from the Cape. Five or six carriages bear the imperial arms and crown. The servants, though not numerous, are of old standing.

The mansion, of no particular style, seems merely the agglomeration of different buildings, both pseudo Norman and Gothic, so much affected in England. The beams and bricks are partly hidden by trailing roses and creepers, while a new wing contains the dining hall. The irregular roofs and gables and the whole character of the house give it far more the aspect of belonging to a wealthy commoner than of a princely abode. A splendid avenue of stalwart trees leads up to the principal entrance and to grounds of great beauty, with French gardens and stiff yews similar to those of Versailles. On one of the terraces, surrounded by flowers, stands a fine marble statue of the Premier Consul. The conservatories and greenhouses are splendid, and at the furthest extremity of the park lies a lake of some ten acres, beyond which stretches out the forest. This spot the Empress calls her Compeigne, and it affords the imperial visitors excellent shooting. It will be appreciated by the Prince who shall marry little Eugenie.

Besides Farnborough there is a winter place at Cape Martin, the wooded promontory between Monte Carlo and Mentone. Five years ago, when Eugenie was returning from a long journey in Italy, she stopped to rest in the pretty hotel overlooking the promontory. She was at once struck by the beautiful repose pervading the spot—a tropical forest in the very center of the territory which her husband had helped to make French. She bought a tract of several thousand acres and named it "Cyrnos," the Greek name for Corsica. Here she built a beautiful villa, which Victoria's granddaughter will find as nearly paradisical as any earthly place can be.

It is barely remembered by many that the estate of Eugenie was greatly curtailed by her voluntary act about fifteen years ago. In 1882 the municipality of Marseilles set up a claim in court to the imperial residence at Point Pharo, near the city. This estate, valued at $15,000,000, had been given to Louis Napoleon by the city while he was Emperor, presumably with the not wholly unselfish purpose of attracting to the merchants the advantages of a near-by court. The gift was unsolicited, and was even accompanied by an urgent request that the Emperor would graciously be pleased to accept it.

Twelve years after the thrifty Marseillaises repented of a gift which could no longer react in their favor, and sued the widowed Empress to regain possession. Their petition was in marked contrast to the sycophantic deed of gift.

"We have summoned," said the Council, "the Dame Marie Eugenie de Gusman, Countess of Teba, widow of the Sieur Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, without profession, domiciled and living in Chiselhurst.

The composition of formal documents afforded to the French lawyer great facilities for addressing gratuitous insults to the widow under guise of descriptive words. None of these facilities was overlooked. On the contrary, much ingenuity was displayed in making the document as offensive as possible.

With a glimmer of her old-time spirit, Eugenie fought the case to the end and won it. The petition was thrown out of court and the great property remained in the rightful possession of Eugenie. It was then that the Empress did one of the most graceful acts of her life. She gave the park and mansion of Pharo to the people in perpetuity in a spirit which is best described in her own words:

"In defending my rights before the tribunals I was chiefly actuated by respect for the French magistracy, for to suppose my cause lost beforehand would have been to assume that passion or personal interest could influence the decrees of our country's justice. But now that those rights have been acknowledged, I will not keep the land which the City of Marseilles once spontaneously gave to the Emperor, and which it now disputes. I consequently beg you to take the requisite steps for giving the city, in my name, the park and the mansion of Pharo, which the Emperor erected at his own expense. In thus acting I believe myself to be guided by the ideas of those who are no more, and I hope that you, who were their devoted friend, will approve my conduct."

Thus a great hole was made in the estate. But enough remains to enrich the granddaughter of Victoria, even if she were not already rich beyond the dreams even of most princesses.

DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

The Duchess of Sutherland and her two beautiful little boys have been familiar sights in London for months past. The Duchess is a decided contrast to her sister, the Countess of Warwick, not in point of looks, though even there there is a difference, but in the style in which she dresses. Both are beauties; indeed, there are no two sisters more lovely than these ladies in the whole range of high society. The keynote of the Duchess of Sutherland's taste in dress is simplicity. She likes to wear a toilet composed of cream muslin or grass lawn, belted with a pale blue sash, and a demure mushroom hat, softly trimmed with flowers or ostrich plumes. Perhaps she never looked better than at her sister, Lady Angelina Forbes's, wedding a few weeks ago, dressed with the utmost simplicity to suit her girlish beauty yet in all points perfectly attired.

Rich elaboration on the other hand, becomes the stately beauty of the Countess of Warwick. During the past season the Duchess of Sutherland has, with her usual generosity, lent Stafford House for a variety of charitable purposes. As a writer of great ability she naturally was graciously pleased to allow the Society of Women Journalists to celebrate its first birthday party in Stafford House. This, it will be remembered, is the magnificent abode of which the Queen said, when she once paid a visit there from Buckingham Palace, "I come from my house to your palace."

The Duchess of Sutherland was married literally out of the nursery. It was as a beautiful and radiant girl coming in to dessert with the little ones that her future husband saw and fell in love with her. Their wedding tour lasted for a year, and the account of it the young bride afterward published under the title, "How I Spent My Twentieth Year." One of Her Grace's most lovable points is her care for little waifs. She has done much to assist the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

A SMOKING CONTEST.

A tobacco-smoking contest was recently held at St. Maurice, near Lille, France. The condidions of the match involved the smoking of one ounce and three quarters of tobacco in a pipe. There were 50 competitors, and the victory fell to M. Daas, a gentleman 45 years of age, who consumed the specified quantity in exactly 13 minutes, while the second best was a smoker who got through the ounce and three quarters in 20 minutes. Considering that there are many tobacconalians who find one ounce of tobacco a fair week's allowance, M. Daas achieved a very remarkable performance.

A CANADIAN ON CANADA.

SIR JAMES GRANT AT THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION MEETING.

He Speaks of the Great Development of Canada in the Last Quarter Century, the Canadian Pacific Railway, Trade and Commerce, Climatic Conditions of the Country, and Mining Prospects.

In the Geographical section of the British Association, which has just concluded its meeting in Liverpool, Sir James Grant made an address on the progress of Canada. He said that few colonies of the British Empire had made more remarkable progress and development within the last quarter of the century than the Dominion of Canada, and the construction of the Canadian Pacific railway, to which the president had referred, had intensified among other people, not only the feeling of unity as far as they were personally concerned, but of attachment to the Mother Country. He had the honour of journeying over that great railway in company with the present Lord Mayor of Liverpool a year or two ago, and the reception accorded to the Lord Mayor was such as even the Prince of Wales might have felt proud to receive. No man, probably had done more to promote British interests, British feeling, British unity, and the feeling of attachment to the British Empire than the present Lord Derby when he presided over the destinies of the Dominion of Canada. (Applause.) It was really marvellous how great had been the development of the Dominion since the construction of the Pacific railway, and he looked forward confidently to a time in the near future when a great stimulus would be given to the

QUESTION OF EMIGRATION

as affecting the Dominion. He referred to the progress of its trade and commerce, its admirable situation on the American continent, the prolific nature of its soil and said that though there were only 28,000,000 acres under cultivation, with a population of only 5,000,000 the 28,000,000 acres would support 28,000,000 people. For that reason he said that those who desired happy homes and happy firesides should emigrate to the Dominion and contribute their share towards the further development of that portion of the Empire. Canada was a large country, almost as large as the United States, and it was a mistake to assert, as many did, that they were always frozen out. The climatic conditions were not at all serious, and they were finding, through their agricultural schools, that the natural resources of the country were being developed to a most marvellous extent. Within the last few years, remarkable discoveries had been made of gold and coal. Coal and iron did much towards giving England its reputation as a manufacturing country, and they had precisely the same conditions in Canada. The coal area of Nova Scotia was found to be 635 square miles; it was estimated that there were 150,000,000 tons of coal in New Brunswick, and Dr. Dawson, after a most careful survey had arrived at the conclusion that the coal area in the North-western Territories alone was over

50,000 SQUARE MILES,

which would find fuel for generations to come for those who desired to settle in that quarter. In reference to the discoveries of gold, it was said that there was gold in almost every portion of the world. Rich gold streaks, as they know, were found in Nova Scotia in 1860, but in 1885 quite a new era in gold mining set in, owing to the investigations of science and the introduction of means and appliances for the removal of the metal from low grades of ore, and from that time the mines of Nova Scotia had become extremely lucratives. In 1885 the production of gold exceeded the average annual production by 7,000 ounces, and in 1889 it ran up to 10,000 ounces over the annual output. The average production from the Cambrian, or Cambro-Silurian measures in 33 years was $13 to the ton and up to 1895 fully $11,500,000 were found in Nova Scotia alone. In Quebec speculators were now rapidly taking up every available acre of land, knowing the gold-yielding character of the locality, and only last year Professor Hardman in three weeks' time extracted enough gold from one mine alone to pay the entire expense connected with his work. There was no part of the Dominion where discoveries of gold had been more remarkable than in the Province of Ontario, and he knew of no place which offered better facilities for development in gold-mining than at Manitou, about 100 miles from Winnipeg, where there were immense seams of

ROCK WITH GOLD

on the surface. Sir James Grant exhibited what he described as a cake of gold taken from the neighborhood, and proceeded to speak of British Columbia as a part of the Dominion presenting splendid opportunities for the discovery of gold. He urged that for a country 3,000 miles in extent, with only 5,000,000 of people, there was ample and every opportunity for developing the superfluous energy of the British people. They trusted that Canada might long remain, as she was to-day, one of the proudest colonies of the British Empire; one that every Canadian was proud of, and one that every true and patriotic subject had no desire to leave, for they had nothing in their country known as the principles of annexation. They let their American friends enjoy their language, their laws, and their pastures, which were precisely the same as those of Canada; but they had an Anglo-Saxon element which was their glory. They had the Union Jack floating over them, and the only desire of every true Canadian was to continue a British subject, enjoying a rule they delighted in under Her Majesty the Queen. (Applause.)

AN EXCEPTION.

She—Do you believe that when poverty enters the door loves flie out of the window?

He—Not at all. It was my poverty that induced me to fall in love.

BEAUTY TO ORDER.

The latest developments of modern surgical science are making it evident that good looks are now no longer to be confined to those born with a heritage to them, but may be purchased in the open market, says the Pall Mall Gazette:

It will no doubt be good news to the unhappy possessor of an uncompromising snub nose to be made acquainted with the fact that, for a fairly respectable sum of money, his nasal appendage can be converted into a thorough-going aristocratic "Wellington," with no nonsence about it, and the spinster lady, whose proboscis is of the "parrot" type, and whose matrimonial chances have consequently suffered, will hail with a good deal of satisfaction, and possibly renewed hope, the statement that a generous fee to the facial surgeon will transform the offending organ into the dearest of little "Grecians in the world, while an extra payment will secure for her two or three coquettish dimples on the cheeks and chin.

The science of facial surgery is, of course, not exactly a new one. Experiments without number have been made in the London and continental hospitals for many years past. It is not very long ago that the operation of making a very decently formed nose for a young woman whose face had been mutilated in an accident was successfully performed at the Royal Free Hospital. The breastbone of a blackbird was cleverly inserted into the cartilage of the nose, and the skin deftly drawn over it and sewn with such neatness that in a short time the seams made by the surgical needle completely healed.

As might be expected, facial surgery came to us from America. There it is practiced in every large town, while a college for its special study exists near Philadelphia, granting diplomas and degrees for proficiency—genuine ones, too, it should be added.

That the science will make its way in England there is not much room for doubt. Already a private doctor living not a hundred miles from Bond street is making quite a reputation in the direction of facial surgery, and his handsome consulting rooms are thronged each day with crowds of wealthy "patients," who are anxious to personally test his powers, and who go away eminently satisfied with themselves, and convinced that if "beauty is but skin deep," it is a possession worth having, and worth paying for.

So far, only those with almost unlimited purses are able to avail themselves of the doctor's ability; the operations are of such a delicate nature, and require so much technical knowledge, mechanical skill, self-possession, and nerve on the part of the operator, that no patient can grudge a generous fee.

The sensitive man, with a wart on the end of his nose, for instance, goes through life full of trembling self-consciousness. He feels that every glance is directed toward that terrible disfigurement, and he becomes nervously apologetic in his general bearing. Imagine what a heavenly vista of happiness and security must unfold itself to such a man, when, under the magical knife, that accursed wart disappears forever, and how his gratitude can but be adequately rendered by a substantial expression of it. His delight can only be equaled by that of the fair youth who knows that his ears set out at right angles with his face, and who is always uncomfortably conscious that they are a subject of criticism to the young lady whom he passionately admires, when he discovers that a visit to the facial doctor will set matters right, and that in future, he can meet the admired and admiring one with an easy conscience.

Electricity is a useful help to the facial surgeon, and by its aid all kinds of minor blemishes are removed, and tell-tale red noses are completely cured.

The only drawback to obtaining a really complete transformation is the possibility of a question of identification arising. One can imagine the unenviable position of the gentleman who in the absence of his wife and family at the seaside, takes the opportunity of considerably improving his personal appearance by exchanging a somewhat bulbous nose of a deep shade for one of clear-cut and classical proportions, being confronted with the unfeigned astonishment of the partner of his bosom, and, perhaps, repudiated as "not being the man who led her to the altar!" Such a situation would not be an easy one to solve.

The advantages of the science, however, undoubtedly greatly outweigh its disadvantages.

WANT BETTER MAIL SERVICE.

The municipality of Alberton, in the Rainy River district, is petitioning the Dominion Government to establish a postal route between Waligoon on the C.P.R. and Fort Frances on the Rainy River. In the winter time the mails are sent to Fort Frances over the ice on Lake of the Woods and Rainy River from Rat Portage. They arrive only once every two weeks, and in the springtime, when the ice is breaking up, five or six weeks often elapse between the arrival of mails. As Fort Frances is the distributing centre of the mails for the extensive mining country around it, much importance depends upon the prompt delivery of the mails. Last winter private individuals of the mines paid passengers to bring letters from the State of Minnesota.

VANCOUVER ISLAND.

It is refreshing to read in British Columbia papers of exploring expeditions on Vancouver Island, which sound as remote as if Madagascar were the scene of operations rather than a portion of the Dominion of Canada. So accustomed are the wild beasts to the sight of man that young deer showed no alarm at the sight of the explorers. The island is only a corner of the great Pacific Province, and has been longest settled, but it is still largely in a state of nature.

FROM WHITE TO BLACK.

IS STANLEY, THE GREAT EXPLORER, TURNING NEGRO?

African Blood Injected Into His Veins to Prevent Fever, and Now He is Said to be Turning Black—A Black Man May Turn White, But a White Man Turning Black is a Great Curiosity.

It is not a new thing to hear of a negro gradually turning white as the result of a peculiar skin disease. Such cases are quite frequently recorded in medical journals. But to find a white man gradually turning black is certainly one of the curiosities of the age. A German observer has recently called the attention of scientists to the fact that the skin of no less a personage than Henry M. Stanley, the famous African explorer, is gradually becoming black.

STANLEY NATURALLY FAIR.

Those who remember Stanley as a newspaper correspondent years ago will recall the fact that he was then quite fair. When one contrasts the color of his skin at that time with his appearance at the present day the claim of the German scientist seems a very reasonable one.

It is a well known fact that the climate of certain portions of Africa is extremely dangerous to foreigners. The danger is particularly great along the west coast, where the land is low and intersected by numerons creeks and rivers which are subject to freshets. As a result this land gives a malarial character to the entire section. Although there is much dry and elevated land it is surrounded by swamps, making a uniform malarious atmosphere. Europeans who travel through this part of Africa are almost invariably attacked by a very severe form of malarial disease called by any one of the following names: African, Guiana, Bulam or Coast fever. This fever is similar to the malarial fevers of other countries, differing only in severity.

INJECTED WITH NEGRO BLOOD.

When Stanley travelled through this section of Africa it was observed that he alone of those who made up his party escaped the terrible fever. It is now stated that Stanley, learning of the immunity enjoyed by the natives, and that blood transfused from a native to a foreigner would protect the latter against the disease, submitted to the operation five times. That the treatment proved successful cannot be doubted, as Stanley travelled repeatedly with impunity through the "fever country."

The operation of transfusion is not unattended with danger, the greatest care being necessary to prevent the introduction of air into a blood vessel. When performed by a skilful operator the proceeding is simple enough. The apparatus used for the purpose consists of a rubber tube with a bulb in the centre. To each end of the rubber tube there are attached metallic needle-pointed tubes.

Before using the apparatus the air is forced out of the bulb and tube by filling them with a warm solution of salt. The patient and donor are placed side by side, and the tubes, still filled with the salt solution, are inserted in openings previously made into the veins. Then the operator compresses the bulb, as well as the tube from the donor's arm, and the salt solution is forced in. Then pressure is made on the tube connected with the patient's arm and the blood passes from the vein of the donor filling the bulb. Pressure is again made on the bulb and on the tube from the donor's arm as before, and so on until sufficient blood has been injected.

STANLEY TURNING COLOR.

The German physician mentioned above claims that Stanley not only became an immune to the fever, but that, through the African blood transfused into his circulation, and absorbed, a gradual metamorphosis has taken place, with the result that we no longer behold the fair-skinned Stanley of years ago. In his stead we see a man who presents the appearance of a mulatto, and a dark one at that.

Accepting the antitoxin theory as advocated by medical men nowadays, the question of immunizing one with the blood of an immune, is certainly reasonable. Many may claim that the very pronounced change in Stanley's color is due to pigmentation dependent on disease, such as malarial fever, or perhaps to a liver disorder, which might cause jaundice. Such suggestions, however, cannot obtain in Stanley's case, for it is a matter of history that he suffered neither one nor the other during his travels in Africa.

Again, there are those who will say the discoloration is due to the fierce heat of African sun—a fairly reasonable supposition until we consider the fact that not only is the skin of his face and hands dark, but the skin of his entire body is said to be uniform in color. This, then, demolishes the tan theory, and leaves us with the one advanced by the Teutonic observer, who firmly believes that Stanley, through the absorption of African blood, with the subsequent development of the peculiar pigment found in the African skin and gradually deposited in his skin, is constantly growing darker.

GOOD-BY, SIR!

Good-by Mister Summertime—
Take the shortest way;
Only fault we fin'wid you—
Make too long a stay.
Dat's de song!
You stay too long!
But Mister Winter's comin' strong.

Good-by Mister Summertime—
Pack yo' t'ings en start!
Only heart dat break for you
Is de watermelon heart.
Heah dat song!
You stay too long!
But Mister Winter's comin' strong!

Good-by Mister Summertime—
Peaches mighty sweet,
But taterpone is comin' on,
En juicy 'possum meat!
Heah dat song!
You stay too long!
But Mister Winter's comin' strong!