The Red Witch

Or The Wooing Of Constantia.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEEDING CHAPTERS.—Constantia's cousin, Donna, after travelling abroad, returns home as Mrs. Dundas and finds that during her absence Lord Varley, an old flame, has married. While Garret Barry, a suitor of Constantia's is calling on her, Featherston, another suitor is announced. They discuss a ball to be given by Lady Varley. At this tall O'Grady, cousin of Featherston, falls in love with his hostess not recognizing her.

CHAPTER IX.

Constantia was busy with her afternoon tea-table. Not that it was afternoon yet. It was indeed quite early, barely eleven o'clock. But Constantia, nevertheless, was in a very agony of bustle, this being the first time she had ever entertained anybody within the walls of the Cottage.

And it was not to be the orthodox, meager tea either, where a cup is handed round to one with a morsel of cake or a bit of bread-and-butter, but a real, honest, handsome affair, with a snowy cloth, and hot cakes and cold cakes, and jam, and honey, and delicate little tart lets that Mulcahy was an adept at making when safe from the thimbleful. She, Mulcahy, was in wonderful preservation so far, and quite gay in the knowledge that she was somehow circumventing Miss McGillicuddy, who would have died rather than waste a cup of tea on anyone

Constantia had got out all the best china—the lovely old Crown Derby that was shut away in a corner, and dented the light from year's end to year's end. It looked what it was, very beautiful, and the silver teapot, and sugar-bowl, and cream ewer of a quaint Queen Anne shape shown amongst it.

There flowers, too, in profusion though it was only May, and as yet the roses were a little shy. The whole room smelled sweetly of them; the shabby little parlor, with its dull curtains, and worn carpet, and general air of angry depression. There was an exquisite view from it, however, that had a touch of salt spray in it, and a wild washing of waves against great barren cliffs; and, as I have said, the odor of the flowers pervaded it.

Norah was standing beside the table lost in admiration, as Constantia put in a blossom here—in the huge bowl that adorned the centre of it—or took out one there. As she watched she crooned little verses to herself, and stood now on one leg and now on the other. She was restless with excitement, and rather worried Constantia with her convictions, that up to this Donna Dundas had never yet seen so desirable an entertainment as was now going to be offered to her.

"Don't be a goose, Norah," said Constantia, with that noble simplicity of language that characterized the McGillicuddys when conversing in private one with the other. "Donna has lived in such an atmosphere of luxury all her life, that she will feel nothing but an intense amusement, when she sees the arrangements you so much admire."

"I don't believe a word of it," she said. "Everything looks lovely; and if you ask a person to tea they know what they are going to get, don't they? And there is only one thing necessary, and that is to make it strong enough. I have told Mulcahy, and she says it will be stingo. Oh, Connie, how beautiful you are arranging those flowers! there must be some charm in the ends of your fingers—a 'pishogue,' Mulcahy calls it."

At this moment George, who had been fishing since early dawn, came in, and flung his basket on the ground, and looked with an admiration wide as Norah's at the table.

"I say, what a spread!" a distinct joy in his glance. "How did you do it? What a girl you are, Con!" He advanced towards her with open arms. "What a regular sw-e-e-et-e!" Oh, why am I your brother?"

"Why, indeed!" returned she, with cold disdain. "I am sure nobody would think it."

"What misfortune flung us both in the same cradle? If I were somebody else's brother, let me tell you (with an eye on those cakes) that I should not hesitate for a moment—I should instantly marry you."

"I don't think you would," said Constantia dryly.

She moved back, to avoid the embrace that was descending upon her, but too late. George, before she could escape, had enveloped her in a bear-like hug that only gained in intensity as he felt her shrink from it.

"Oh!" cried she indignantly, pushing him away; "what a wretch you are! Now look at my sleeve! There is the lace in ribbons!"

"I say, wife, George, you would take yourself and your horrid fish out of this," broke in Norah, who couldn't bear to see the tears in Constantia's eyes.

"Go and wash your face and make yourself respectable before they come."

"At eleven o'cock! I think I see myself. At four I shall put in a very dignified and aristocratic appearance, but not a moment sooner. I say, Con, I'm sorry if I vexed you, old girl. See, I caught all these trout for you, and beauties they are; you shall have them for your breakfast, and I'll cook them in a way the Red Indians do them, and that I'm sure is a grand plan."

Constantia laughed, which meant that the breach was healed.

"I was saying to Connie, before you came in," said Norah, addressing George, with a tinge of melancholy in her tone, "that I hope when she marries she will have everything lovely round her, she would know so well what to do with them."

That remark would be quite as applicable to me," responded George. "I should know what to do with them. I should eat them. As for marriage, I can't see why Connie hesitates; if she won't have Featherston there is Barry, and if she turns up her nose at Barry there is still Stronge. Really, on the whole, I think I should recommend Stronge. After the way in which he distinguished himself the other day at hare and hounds by falling into and over everything, without looking very much the worse for wear afterwards, I am inclined to think he must be considerably on this side of ninety."

"Nonsense! Donna says he is only thirty-five," exclaimed Norah, who was a rabid partisan of Stronge's.

"It would not matter if he were on the wrong side of a hundred," said Constantia, tilting her head to one side to mark the effect of the last flower put into the Chelsea bowl. "To fancy him would require an effort. He is in my opinion, about the ugliest man you could see anywhere for a penny."

She straightened her head and lifted it to make another remark, but the words froze on her tongue. There was an open window right behind where Norah and George were standing, a window almost on the ground (as were all the windows on the floor of The Cottage), and at it stood—Mr. Stronge! There was something in his face that told her he had heard her luckless speech.

Her agony of regret, her horror, so changed her expression that Norah and George, looking at her, felt that something awful must have happened. Instinctively, they glanced behind them, and then as instinctively they fled!

Constantia was alone. In her need (as she told herself bitterly) they had deserted her, and left her to face "the ugliest man you could see anywhere for a penny" unbefriended! She stood motionless for a full minute, unable to lift her eyes from the carpet; and then, having discovered that the unsympathetic earth was not going to open and swallow her up, she drew her breath hard, and lifted a face shamed and crimson to Mr. Stronge.

He himself was decidedly pink as he stepped through the window and came straight towards her.

"Never mind," said he earnestly. He took one of her hands and pressed it kindly. The distress on her pretty face made him so miserable that he hardly knew what he did. "What on earth does it matter?" he exclaimed. "Think no more of it. I cannot bear to see that look in your eyes."

He had become quite calm now, and remembering, sought to release her hand; but her fingers tightened upon his, and held him closely.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" she stammered, tears filling her eyes. "And besides it wasn't true. Only George is so tormenting, and he was saying——" She broke off abruptly, and grew even redder. "I mean—that is—there really wasn't a word of truth in it. I have known any amount of people ever so much uglier. Oh, no, that is not it!" cried she, horrified at her last mistake, which indeed crowned the other. "I mean I have known many not so good-looking as——"

Mr. Stronge broke into a loud and hearty laugh. It was a laugh evidently from his heart, and irrepressible, and it had the effect of at once dispersing the cobwebs of awkwardness that hung on the mental atmosphere.

"Let us adhere to the truth at all risks," entreated he, still laughing. "If Nature refused me her blandishments, who shall dare to blame her? Not I, for one. We can't be all—like you, for example."

He bowed over the little hand he still held, and kissed it lightly—so lightly that it would have been impossible for her to understand the depth of the happiness he felt as his lips touched her. He was now smiling at her with the gentlest eyes in the world.

"But still—you must listen to me—I say you are not ugly," persisted Constantia. "And—and I don't suppose you will ever like me again, but——"

"Do not say that," interrupted he, still smiling, though now his smile had taken a tinge of sadness. "I shall always—like you—as you put it."

"It is very good of you, then," said Constantia dejectedly. "And I only hope that by-and-by when you leave this, you won't think it over and change your mind about me. But if you do, please—please remember how dreadfully sorry I was."

"Tut! Nonsense!" said he gayly.

At this juncture the door was partially opened, and Norah's head appeared. Finding matters on quite an amiable footing, she took heart of grace and entered boldly. Behind her was George. They had both been, evidently, listening outside in the hall to see if their assistance would be required in case Mr. Stronge should take the affair badly. Assault and battery might have been in their minds, to judge of their anxious faces that first presented themselves. However, they now grew quite chirpy, and advanced on Mr. Stronge with beaming faces and extended hands.

He met them half-way. He had grasped the situation at a glance, and was amused by it. When he had greeted them, he went back to the window and stepped outside. Was he going away? The consternation of the McGillicuddys was intense. Constantia grew pale. Mr. Stronge, however, only stooped to the ground and then brought to view a large basket, which he placed with some difficulty upon the sill.

"I—I thought you might like some strawberries for—Mrs. Dundas," he said. "My gardener tells me they are early, and so I brought them."

"Brought them!" exclaimed George, surveying the dimensions of the basket.

"Drove to the gate, and brought them down the avenue."

"Strawberries!" cried Constantia and Norah in a breath. There was another pair of famous Chelsea dishes downstairs; upon them they would look just beautiful. Norah cast a lightning glance at Constantia. "Now will she laugh?" said the glance.

"Oh, how good of you—how quite too good!" said Constantia, with a remorseful glance at Stronge.

"They were the very things, of all others, we wanted. But you have robbed yourself," looking at the large and apparently very heavy basket he had now lifted into the room. "We—we shan't know what to do with all those."

"To tell you the truth," began Stronge, growing very red, and bending determinedly over the basket as if to take out the strawberries. He did not tell the truth, however, whatever it was, but paused in a rather ignominious manner and looked so confused that the three pair of eyes watching him came to the conclusion that he was, somehow, thoroughly ashamed of himself.

"Yes?" said Constantia at last, very gently. She was feeling wonderfully kindly towards him just then; she wanted to help him if she could.

"Well, it is this," said Stronge—"that I thought, knowing Mrs. Dundas abroad, you see, and being pretty well acquainted with her tastes, I thought—in fact, I know she would like a glass of champagne; and I—fancied—it would please you," looking entreatingly, as if for pardon, at Constantia, "to have it to give her. Of course, I should not have presumed to bring it but that I knew of your aunt's objection to wine of any sort, and therefore guessed it would not be in the house."

"In the house? Was it ever in the house?" thought Constantia, and her brow clouded. Stronge, seeing the sudden cloud, misunderstood it.

"But—but if you think I shouldn't—if, that is, you think it better not—why," seizing the basket in his agitation, "I can take it away again."

"Take it away? Oh, don't!" cried Constantia, with a gesture full of entreaty. "Champagne! Why, it is the very thing. I don't believe in Donna and tea conjoined, but Donna and champagne! That sounds quite correct." She went up to him. Her face was charming always, but now it was really lovely, with the sparkle of excitement in the eyes, and the quick smile on the mobile lips. "How did you think of it all?" she said. "You are the kindest man on earth, I think. How you must have studied Donna!"

If she had arranged the speech, it could not have hurt him more. So that was how she took it? He studied Donna; not her! Good heavens! how blind, how ungrateful a woman can be, when her thoughts are full of another! He had felt great joy when his present was accepted; when he knew he had not offended the one he loved best on earth, in his desire to please her; but now——

"I was not thinking of Mrs. Dundas," he said stiffly.

"No, of course not," exclaimed Norah, with an indignant glance at Constantia, who had really meant nothing unkind. "You thought of Connie, wasn't that it?" She had thrust her arm through her protege's, and was looking at him with a tender, protective gaze.

"Yes, that was it," returned he, smiling; something in Constantia's surprised face that told him she had meant nothing by her words, had reassured him. "I only came down for a moment to bring these things," he said, "but I'll be back about four. Will that do, Miss McGillicuddy?"

"Don't be later," said she, with an anxiety that sent his blood rushing gladly through his veins. He looked round him.

"How pretty the table is!" he said at last. Indeed, the flowers were so exquisitely arranged that they struck him at once. The whole effect is so charming that you must forgive my remarking it."

They forgave him with a heart and a half. They were indeed delighted with his criticism. The knowledge that his own house was a very magnificent affair, and that footmen in plush and many such purchasable luxuries were not unknown to it, only added to the worth of his opinion.

"I have a few pretty things at Inchirone," he said, looking at Constantia. "I wish you could see them. You have been at Inchirone?"

"Yes. In the Desmond's time," replied she, flushing warmly. The Desmonds were a good old Irish family who had come to grief, and whose estate had been put in the market and bought by old Stronge—the blanket man, Andrew Stronge's father.

"But never since?" asked he, taking no notice of her quick change of color, though he felt it, and understood it thoroughly.

"No." She shook her head, paused a little, and then said impulsively, "but I should like to."

"Should you, really?" asked he eagerly. "Of course I have been longing to ask you, that is, everybody, to Inchirone for ever so long, but there is something so specially awkward about being a bachelor."

"Still, I don't see why you couldn't give us a dance, or something, in spite of that great want of yours."

"Yes, a dance; with Chinese lanterns in those lovely groves, and a band, and a moon," cried Norah, clapping her hands. "Oh, do think of it, dear Mr. Stronge!"

To be continued.

ANIMALS OWN COUNTIES.

SOME HAIRY LANDED GENTRY IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Herd of Wild Cattle Have 300 Acres of Pasture Land Settled on Them.

The Cranbury herd of British wild cattle in Warwickshire, England, which are almost the only ones left of their kind, have settled on them 300 acres of good fat pasture-land, absolutely their own, and worth about $25,000. Neither they nor their owner will allow any trespassers on their estate, and only the herdsman is tolerated by them.

This land runs to about ten acres per beast, and they are the sole survivors of the old English race of wild cattle—perfectly white—with the exception of one other herd, and a couple of representatives in the Zoo. They have a stream of their own, and their estate is walled off by a ring fence. They are always in the pink of condition—so pink, in fact, that if any stranger enters their domain they soon make him show his very finest sprinting form. Unless they all die out—which is unlikely, for there are thirty of them, increasing slightly every year—the land will never be put to any other use.

There is a very proud old family of beavers in Bute, Scotland, which Lord Bute introduced there a long time ago, and they have 100 acres of charming woodland of their own, with river running through it; and nobody but themselves is allowed to enter or build there. They have increased to forty families, each family having a house three feet high of its own building, with the front door under water. They have the exclusive rights of felling timber on the estate, and have cut down a great many big trees, which they slice up for building purposes, and to make dams

ACROSS THE RIVER.

They keep out weasels, rats, and other vulgar outsiders, and altogether are very select. The land is worth about $5,000, and the beavers themselves possibly $1,000 more; but they are not for sale, and never will be. Their chief amusement is engineering; and the dams they build and the houses they erect are perfect master-pieces.

They have an advantage over the bustards, of Norfolk, which own more land, but have not been there very long. These birds, which have the distinction of being the biggest British feathered creatures, were once plentiful in England; but they died out, and a new family of them has been imported from Spain. They have an enclosed 20 acres of land of their own, with the right to roam as far as they please; and they are specially protected, it being understood that they are not to be shot at, wherever found. There were about thirty originally, and they were taken over to England at a cost of $1,250. It is hoped they will gain a footing, and they will be allowed some more land if they increase. All undesirable animals are kept away, and nobody is allowed to disturb their peace; and when their numbers increase they will be able to hold their heads as high as the beavers.

Rats, as a rule, are not very much cherished; but there is a rat aristocracy on Mr. Price Parry's rat estate at Greenlees, Montgomery, which owns eighty acres all of its own, partly barns and old buildings, and partly meadow-land and copice. These are kept

OLD BRITISH BLACK RATS,

which are fast dying out all over the country, for the ordinary brown rat came from Norway, and has almost exterminated the ancient English variety. On these eighty acres the black rats hold absolute sway, and no dogs, cats, or brown rats are allowed to escape the vigilance of the keeper, and invade the estate. The old black rat is a handsome creature, and much more docile and harmless than the fierce brown variety, which kills him off whenever it finds him. This estate, worth $3,500, is an absolute dedication to the black rat race; and in hard times sacks of grain are left about, for the owners and occupants to help themselves from.

The American bison, which fifty years ago was a vagrant, roaming in millions over the great plains of the west, is now almost extinct; but the remainder have become leisured landowners, for they have a national reserve of land settled on them, and are protected from hunters under the severest penalties. They are well off, owning 3,000 acres of enclosed land in the Yellowstone Park; and there they lord it royally, and chase all intruders off their estate.

GROWING GIRLS.

OCCASIONALLY REQUIRE A TONIC MEDICINE.

It Will Keep the Blood Rich, Red and Pure, Strengthen the Nerves and Prevent Decline

Mrs. Hiram Rinkler, the wife of a respected farmer in South Pelham township, Welland county, Ontario, says:—"It is with great pleasure that I give this tribute to the health restoring virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When my daughter Lena, (now thirteen years of age), began the use of your medicine, a little over a year ago, she was in a most wretched condition. In fact we were seriously alarmed lest she might not recover. The first symptoms were a feeling of languor and weakness, gradually growing worse. She became pale, lost flesh, had little or no appetite and was apparently going into a decline. Finally the trouble became complicated with a persistent sore throat, which gave her great difficulty in swallowing. I gave her several advertised medicines, but they did not benefit her. Then she was placed under the care of a doctor, who said her blood was poor and watery, and her whole system badly run down. The doctor's treatment did not help her any, and then acting on the advice of a neighbor, I began to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The confidence with which this medicine was urged upon us was not misplaced, as I soon noticed a distinct improvement in my daughter's condition. The use of the pills for a few weeks longer seemed to completely restore her, and from that time she has been a cheerful, light-hearted girl, the very picture of health. I will always recommend Dr Williams' Pink Pills to other sufferers, feeling sure they will prove quite as efficacious as they did in my daughter's case."

Mothers with growing daughters will make no mistake if they insist upon the occasional use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; they will help them to develop properly; will make their blood rich and pure, and thus ward off disease and decline. The genuine pills are sold only in boxes bearing the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. None other is genuine, no matter what some self-interested dealer may say. If in doubt, send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50.

MEN'S PAJAMAS.

36 to 44 Inch Breast.

The comfort and the utility of the pajamas are acknowledged facts. Like many another garment brought to us from the East, they have become a necessity and make an essential part of every masculine outfit. The trousers are simple and straight drawn up at the waist by means of tapes inserted at the upper edge. The coat is loose, but shapely, and cut on excellent lines. At the left side is a patch pocket, and the neck is finished with a soft, turn-over collar.

To cut these pajamas for a man of medium size 8½ yards of material 21 inches wide, 7¾ yards 27 inches wide, or 6 yards 32 inches wide, will be required.

English apple orchards cover 180,000 acres, against 560,000 acres in France.

Three per cent. of the able-bodied men of the Christian world make their living at sea.

Cologne cathedral is the highest masonry building in the world, with a height of 528 feet. The Washington monument, 505 feet, comes next.

DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

Admirable Traits of His Royal Highness.

By the accession of Edward VII to the Throne of his ancestors, a new and deeper interest naturally attached to His Majesty's second and only surviving son, the Duke of York, who, by the elevation of his father to kingly rank, at once became heir apparent of the Crown, while also succeeding to the title of Duke of Cornwall. But this was much more than a title. It has often happened that there has been a duke without ducats, but the Cornwall title is one not merely of a dukedom, which might conceivably carry with it neither land nor lucre, but of a duchy, with its solid and "delectable" income of £60,000 a year—a sum which has fallen to the heir to the Throne as part only of the income essential to the keeping up of his dignity; and in the case of our last Prince of Wales this income amounted to over £100,000, apart from £10,000 allowed for the separate use of his Consort. Sixty thousand a year alone from the Duchy of Cornwall is a handsome enough revenue, and it may truly be said that it could not have devolved upon a more careful economist than its present possessor, in whom there never was anything of the wild "Prince Hal," still less of the Prodigal Son.

HIS CHARACTER

was formed in the two best schools of our national virtues—the family circle and the fleet. In his messages to the navy and army on succeeding to the Throne, Edward VII. rightly thought he was paying the former the highest compliment in his power when he reminded it that, as her deceased Majesty "had made it the profession of my late lamented brother, so I also chose it for the early education of both my sons."

After two years' training on the Brittania, the Royal brothers were transferred to the steam corvette Bacchante, commanded by Captain (now Admiral) Lord Charles Scott, and as "middies" on board this vessel they made a memorable voyage round the world, visiting among other places, Halifax, N.S., the West Indies, South America, the Cape, Australia, Fiji, Japan, China, Singapore, Ceylon, Egypt, the Holy Land and Greece; a voyage of which the Princes kept a careful diary-record, which was afterwards published as the "cruise of H.M.S. Bacchante," with additions by Mr. Dalton, and was read by the public with the deepest interest.

On returning from the voyage round the world the two brothers went to Lausanne, in Switzerland, for six months to perfect themselves in French, and then their paths for the first time diverged, to their great sorrow—for they had ever been a devoted pair—Prince "Eddy" coming ashore, so to speak, to acquire those graces and accomplishments, indispensable to a prince standing in direct succession to the Throne, which were impossible of attainment on the deck of a ship; and Prince George

STICKING TO THE SEA

as to a scene of future honor and usefulness. As a midshipman on the Canada he served with distinction on the North American and West Indian Stations, which gave him an opportunity of visiting the Dominion, then under the governorship of his uncle by marriage, the Marquis of Lorne. On his nineteenth birthday (June 3, 1884) he passed as sub-lieutenant, obtaining a "first-class" in seamanship; and in little more than a year thereafter, having spent the interval in hard study at the Naval College, Greenwich, and H.M.S. Excellent at Portsmouth—a ship which is not a ship but an island—he obtained his lieutenancy, after taking a "first-class" in five of his subjects—seamanship, navigation, torpedo, gunnery and pilotage; and it is known that his severe examiners were no respecters of persons.

After this his career was as rapid as it could be by dint of honest merit and not of rank, which is not a thing to conjecture with in the British Navy in matters of promotion. First appointed to the Thunderer on the Mediterranean Station, he was transferred to the Dreadnought, and to the Alexandra, flag-ship of his sailor-uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, under whom he remained for three years, during which time he visited the Sultan at Stamboul, his maternal uncle the King of Greece at Athens, and the late Khedive Tewfik at Cairo—having experience of men and things wherever he went. After another course of gunnery training at Portsmouth, to which he volunteered he was next appointed to the Northumberland, flag-ship of the Channel Squadron, and during the naval manoeuvres of 1889 he was placed in command of a torpedo boat—which, by the way, also took part in the grand review at Spithead in honor of his cousin

THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

As a result of his solid merits Prince George was soon thereafter (May 1890) appointed to command the gunboat Thrush for service on the North American and West Indian Stations, a command which he held for thirteen months, and it was during this period that he was deputed by the Queen to represent Her Majesty at the opening of the Industrial Exhibition in Jamaica, on which occasion he specially requested of the Admiral in charge of the station that he might simply be treated as an ordinary naval officer. On returning to England the Prince was promoted to the rank of commander (of the second class cruiser Melampus) being then only in his twenty-seventh year and the fourth of his naval service, but with as good a record behind him as any of his contemporary mates. This was in August, 1891, and a few months later it seemed as if his career were to be suddenly cut short by a serious attack of enteric fever, which caused his mother to hurry home from Livadia, where, with her daughters, she was on a visit to her Imperial sister of Russia. From this dangerous attack the Prince recovered, but a few weeks later his brother, the Duke of Clarence, succumbed at Sandringham to a similar malady, it being fated that one should be taken and the other left. And now the life of Prince George took a totally different course. He had been looking forward to the further pursuit of his naval career, but he was suddenly diverted from his path as a sailor to prepare himself for becoming a sovereign.

To begin with he was created Duke of York, a title which, created by Richard II. in 1385, had always been confined to

THE ROYAL FAMILY.

It had generally been conferred on the Sovereign's second son; and in three cases at least they had succeeded to the Throne—two of them, Henry VIII. and Charles I., after the death of their elder brothers. The last bearer of the title had been the soldier son of George III., who was our commander-in-chief for many years. Having thus succeeded to his brother's position as heir apparent to the Throne, the new Duke of York after a decorous interval, also stepped into his brother's shoes in respect of his betrothed, Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, whose formal engagement to Prince "Eddy" had only been announced a few weeks before he died. This matrimonial arrangement has its analogue in the case of the Czar Alexander III. of Russia, who had similarly taken over the matrimonial engagement of his elder brother, the Czarevitch deceased, to Princess Dagmar of Denmark, sister of the Princess of Wales.

It was said that Prince George had long been an admirer of Princess May, but had stood aside in favor of his elder brother, and had now simply reverted to his old love. This was the first time since James II., who had also been a Duke of York, that an heir to the Throne had chosen an English bride, so the British public were all the more in favor of the marriage, though the blood of Princess May was not exactly a fresh introduction into the Royal family, she and the Prince, among other consanguineous ties, having had a common ancestor in the person of George III. Never was a Royal marriage more popular, and its celebration on July 7th, 1893, will always rank as one of the most splendid and memorable pageants of the Victorian era.

The Duke had once already, if rumor could be trusted, returned to his old love and now he was to go back to an older one still—his

AFFECTION FOR THE SEA.

Before his marriage in 1893, he had been raised to the rank of captain in the Royal Navy, but it was not till 1898 that he was given his first commission. The interval had been sediuously devoted to the learning of all his new ceremonial duties as Heir Apparent—duties which included a semi-state tour in Ireland in company with his wife, when he rendered a real service to the cause of Hibernian pacification and Imperial unity. But the time had now come when he thought he might safely exchange, for a little while, his functions as Sovereign-in-waiting for those of an active sailor on the waves, and in the summer of 1898 he assumed command of the Crescent. This fine vessel he commanded for three months, partly at the manoeuvres, the rest of the time in various Channel ports, and in the solent his vessel was visited by the Queen, who complimented him on its very smart appearance. As the Duchess of York had shared her husband's society during a part of his time on the Crescent, so she is again his devoted companion on the Ophir for his second voyage round the world, commencing with Australia and

ENDING WITH CANADA.

That the Heir Apparent is deeply imbued with the idea of Imperial unity may be inferred, among other things, from the fact that he and his Consort, conferred the significantly additional names of George Andrew Patrick David—those of the patron saints of our four nationalities—on their eldest son, Prince Edward, who now stands in direct succession to the Throne and thus in his own boyish self incorporates the United Kingdom. The Duke of York is now engaged in a mission which is bound to result in the closer unity of the whol Empire. Apart from its purely political aspects, this mission, with its bracing sea-breezes and its healthful changes will also, as we all hope, have the effect of strengthening the constitution of its illustrious chief, whose illness prevented him from being present at the final scene in the momentous life-drama of his grandmother's reign, as well as the opening scene in the drama of King Edward VII.

DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

Supposing I give you your supper, said the tired-looking woman. What will you do to earn it?

Madam, said Meandering Mike, I'll give you de opportunity of seein' a man go t'roo a whole meal wit'out findin' fault wit' a single t'ing.

The woman thought a minute and then told him to come in and she'd set the table.

Duchess of Cornwall and York.

A BRITISH PRINCESS AND A FUTURE QUEEN.

H. R. H. Princess Victoria Mary Augusta Louisa Olga Pauline Claudine Agnes, Duchess of Cornwall and York, is a great-granddaughter of King George III. of these realms. King George III. had fourteen children, but of these there were singularly few descendants in the second generation. Several of his sons either did not marry at all, till quite late in life, their marriages were hurried on because it was seen that the line was in danger of failing while others only contracted childless or unrecognized unions. The Duchess of York's grandfather, Prince Adolphus, Duke of Cambridge, was one of those who married to oblige the nation, when he had reached the age of forty-two. He then had three children, the Prince now known to us as the Duke of Cambridge (the late Commander-in-Chief of the army); Princess Augusta, who married the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; and Princess Mary Adelaide, who married the Duke of Teck, and became the mother of the present Duchess of Cornwall and York, as well as of three sons.

PRINCESS MARY ADELAIDE

was the only young Princess about the Court in the late Queen's younger days, and thence bore something like the relation of a younger sister towards her. But, though thus seen and admired by many, it was not till she was thirty-three years old that she met her fate. Then a young Prince, a few years younger than herself, and almost as handsome as the Queen's husband, appeared on the scene. He was Prince Francis of Teck, the only son of the then Duke Alexander of Wurtemberg. The children of this union, the eldest son being the father of the Duchess of York, were called "Teck," as that is one of the lesser titles of the Kings of Wurtemberg.

The young Prince Francis of Teck went to England in 1866 to visit the Prince of Wales, whom he had met on the Continent. He was present at a dinner at St. James's Palace on the 7th of March, and there met the Princess Mary Adelaide; on April 7th, while walking with her in Kew Gardens, near Kew Cottage, where she lived with her widowed mother, he proposed to the Princess and was accepted, and the wedding took place on July 12th, after some sixteen weeks' acquaintance. Queen Victoria was present at the wedding in Kew Church.

The Duchess of Cornwall and York was the first child of the young couple, and was born at Kensington Palace at one minute before midnight on May 26th, 1867. The baby was baptized in the long string of names above given, in Kensington Palace, the Queen being one of the sponsors by proxy, and the Prince of Wales, who was present in person, another.

PRINCESS MAY

remained her mother's only girl; three brothers did not take the place of the one daughter, and the tender relation between the Duchess of Teck and her one girl was of the closest and fondest throughout their life.

Between Princess May and her brothers and the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales there was a good deal of intimacy and frequent family visiting. They were much of an age, the Duke of Clarence the Prince of Wales' eldest son, being three years and the Duke of York only two years Princess May's senior. Prince George (now Duke of Cornwall and York), was the "pickle" of his family at the time, full of gaiety and pranks. He had not then hanging over him the responsibility of being heir to the throne, but expected to pass his life in the perhaps really more pleasant comparative obscurity of a younger son. Princess May was very gay and lively too; but perhaps the gentle and more melancholy elder cousin was more attractive to her lively spirit at that time.

Many as are the calls and responsibilities of a Royal housekeeper, and costly as is the education of sons, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, whose income for their station was small, found it necessary in 1883 to give up altogether their London apartments in Kensington Palace, and to close White Lodge and spend some time as economically as possible abroad. The greater part of their period of absence was passed in that home of art—Florence, and there Princess May, now an intelligent maiden in her teens, studied art under the guidance of her mother, and with the willingly-given aid of the authorities on the subject who cluster in Florence, amidst the treasures of the Pitti and Uffizi Palaces and other galleries. Here, too, she perfected her knowledge of foreign languages; and she returned to England with her parents after an absence of some eighteen months to take her place in

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a more accomplished and cultured young lady than she could possibly have been but for that experience.

Princess May attended her first Royal Drawing-Room in the spring of 1886, and was present at two or three other State functions in that year. She was a constant companion of her mother at all the private gatherings at which the Duchess of Teck honored with her presence, as well as at the theatre and other public places, and the bright, self-reliant, almost audacious countenance of the gay and happy young Princess became familiar to many people.

Constantly together as they were, Princess May could not but be inspired with the characteristics of her "English" mother. Of these perhaps the most notable were charity and industry. The Duchess of Teck was very industrious. All her housekeeping was done by herself; she wrote innumerable letters, both friendly and charitable, with her own hand; and she always had some piece of needlework ready to take up to fill unconsidered trifles of time. In a little paper that she once wrote to recommend the "Needlework Guild" to ladies, she observed that both she and her daughter always had a piece of knitting or needlework lying ready to take up at an odd moment, and that the result of these accumulated moments was astonishing. Charity, indeed, took almost the form of a business—at least it was an ever-present duty—with the Duchess, and in this respect, too, Princess May was trained to follow her mother's example.

Such work as all this is not done so whole-heartedly and kindly without winning recognition; and when it was announced in December, 1891, that the then Heir to the Throne, Prince Edward, or, as the public knew him, Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence, was betrothed to his pretty cousin May, public satisfaction with the

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the daughter of the beloved Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, was very great. The Queen, who had always felt and shown great kindness to her cousin's family, gave her hearty approval to the match, and preparations for the wedding were immediately begun. Alas! those happy plans were clouded over almost instantly. Only two or three weeks after the betrothal, influenza broke out with great virulence at Sandringham. Prince "Eddy" was taken ill only on January 8, and on January 14 he passed away!

Something more than a year elapsed before it was made known that the Duke of York had offered himself to his cousin, and that after all Princess May was to be the bride of the Heir to the Throne. The same reasons that had made the original marriage with the Heir popular were now added to by public sympathy with the loss that she had sustained, and the marriage was generally approved. The Queen gave it all the distinction in her power by attending in State at the ceremony, which took place in the Chapel Royal, St. James', on July 6, 1893.

Many public functions have been performed by the Duke and Duchess of York. One of the most important events in their history was their State visit to Ireland. But the increased consequence now given them by the accession of the Duke's parents to the Throne will render their public appearances even more numerous and interesting in future, and the journey to Australia, South Africa and Canada has proven that they can fittingly fulfil valuable high ceremonial duties.

Between 1850-1860 one and a half million people emigrated from Ireland.