

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

WHY SHE IS THE MOST POPULAR WOMAN IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Handsome at the Age of Fifty—Her Success as a Leader of Fashion—Able to Make a Bonnet—Her Home Life at Sandringham.

There can be no doubt that the Princess of Wales is the most popular and best-known woman in this empire, says a writer in the London Sun. Our good and wise Queen has lived so retired a life that she is but a name to the majority of the present generation. It is the Princess of Wales who has personally gone about among us as the leading lady of the land, and who has thus added to the traditional and distant respect and interest that is felt in varying measure by different persons for royalty as such, a personal and devoted admiration for her charming self. For charm is her chief characteristic—magnetic charm, that indefinable something that is not beauty, though beauty so helps in making it; that is not merely kindness and benignant graciousness, though without those it cannot exist; that is certainly not intellect, though it includes a fine tact that belongs to the higher mental faculties; but that is a combination of so many gifts and graces that it can be neither defined nor taught. This charm the Princess has in the fullest measure. Who has been in her presence, even as a distant spectator of her looks, her movements, her ways in performing some formal function, is thenceforth her sworn admirer. She is so pretty, so sweet, so gracious, so all those light and pleasant attributes that we sum up as "womanly," that the affectionate feelings that are roused by the spell of her presence are not surprising.

Intellectual she is not. The abstruse studies, the deep and high reflections on the underlying philosophy of politics that the Empress Frederick is famous for, are quite beyond the range of the Princess of Wales. It is hardly conceivable that even the responsibility of being in her own right a Queen Regnant, had the lot been hers, could have made her so capable and earnest a practical politician as Queen Victoria. The Princess does not read serious books or



trouble her head about international relations or political economy. Her cleverness lies in another direction, namely, in her social gifts, in that direction she is unrivalled. To steer through such difficulties and trials as have belonged to her position, and to acquit herself so perfectly, betokens uncommon power of observation and judgment and self-control. These, rather than intellectual depth or brilliancy, have been the mental qualities demanded of the Princess, and she has completely displayed the necessary abilities.

It is a token of true cleverness that she perceived, or allowed herself to be shown, in her girlhood, that she was to play the part of the leader of society, as her husband's wife, and to be nothing else, and to act no otherwise. Life at one time was a difficult task to her, and selfishness or stubbornness on her part might have distressed the country as it was distressed by the last preceding Princess of Wales. But our gentle Princess has taken things lightly. The same amiability and tact with which she lays a foundation stone or walks round a bazaar have been exercised on a larger scale; she has known in her own friendly but calm manner all the people whom it was desirable she should know; she has paid the visits and made the appearances that it was well she should make; and has loyally endeavored to set her own feelings aside when necessary to do so to maintain social concord and domestic unity. If she had been deeper-natured, her task might have been more irksome; but equally, on the contrary, it may be inferred, from how well she has done what she ought, that had her position made different demands on her, she might, perhaps, have met those just as well as she has, in fact, met the real situation.

But the part she plays is that for which nature suited her, really. It is well understood that the Princess gives great attention to her wardrobe, and that her youthful charm has been maintained (practically) to the present day, though she is 50, not, indeed, by the vulgar devices known as "making up," but by those judicious cares that are surely legitimate. For instance, daily massage with cold cream has been employed to the fair face so as to help the natural and acquired art of not thinking too much in warding off wrinkles. To be so perfectly well dressed and well appoint-

ed as H. R. H. always is, takes time and care. But what a beautiful person there was to thus adorn and preserve! Her slender, well-carried figure, her head poised gracefully on an uncommonly long neck, like a flower on a slender stalk, her eyes that can look so sweetly appealing as though she were timid, or flash with fun and mischief, or rest blandly and coldly on the presumptuous, her well-shaped features—what a delightful and beautiful ensemble! There is no turn of her form, no look of her face, that is not pretty. Why, I was shown the other day a series of portraits of ears of celebrities, and invited to choose the prettiest without knowing to whom they appertained, and the one that I chose belonged to the Princess of Wales.

Visions of her rise before me, in one and another situation, from shaking hands with myself to walking down Westminster Abbey next behind the Queen at the Jubilee, and there is never one picture that is not altogether charming. I see her at that wonderful state ceremonial in the Abbey, easily first in grace and dignity amid so many royal ladies, and resplendent in her train of silver and white brocade, with a complete stomacher of flashing diamonds; yet fairer for the air of dependence, and putting herself in the background, with which she slipped her hand through the arm of the Crown Princess of Germany as they walked side by side next the Queen, down the nave. I see her descending the stairs at Sir Frederick Leighton's, holding one arm up so as to clasp above her shoulder the hand of the Duchess of Edinburgh, who stepped on the higher stair, the attitude showing all unconsciously the lithe and elegant outline of the Princess of Wales's figure. I see her holding one side of a basket full of wonderful orchids, while another graceful woman (Countess Granville) held the other side, the Princess turning the dainty flowers tenderly over and over to select some for her own bosom, and looking as exotic and as patrician as the flowers themselves. I see her in all her splendor coming in at the doors of the opera, when there was a state performance, with her tall diadem peaks flashing above her brow, and the riviera of diamonds gleaming on her bosom. I see her suddenly and anxiously standing up with her hands sympathetically pressed together and her face full of kind alarm, when one of the big artillery teams at a military driving competition had gone down in a heap of wild confusion of horses and men. I see her passing through a crowded room, her glance alert and watchful, so as not to hurt anybody's feelings by passing unnoticed one who might claim to be recognized. I see her paying homage to her sovereign as well as ours, stooping to kiss the hand of the Queen on meeting her Majesty. I see her, in short, in a hundred attitudes—and gowns—but never once other than acting in complete accordance with her character for grace and propriety—a true Queen of Hearts as well as by station!

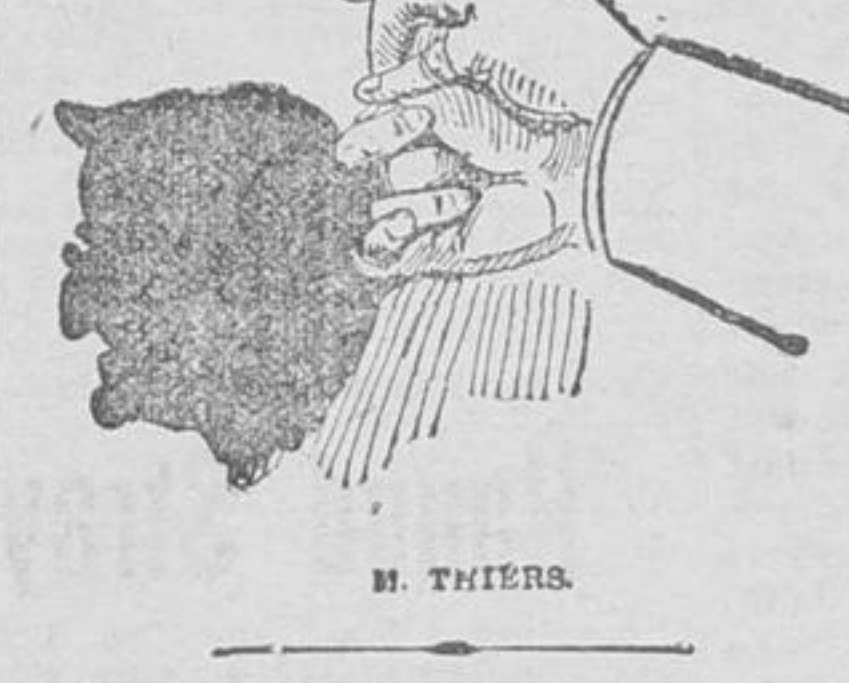
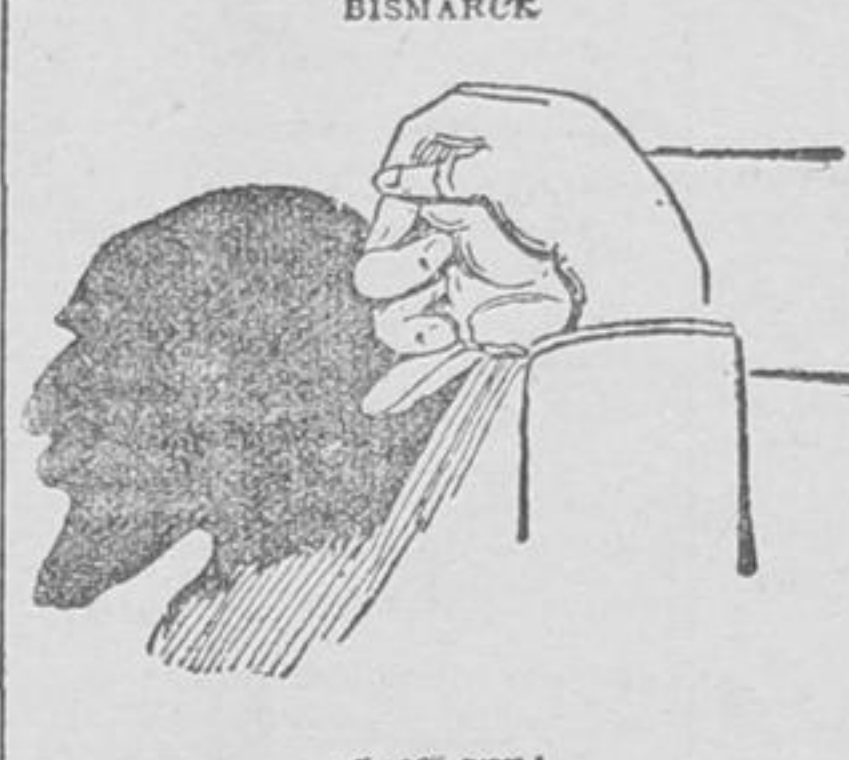
The Princess's celebrated taste in dress does not imply either extravagance or display. Rather, as a rule, her attire is conspicuously simple. Her liking for a small, close-fitting bonnet has won for the shape the title of "Princess," and has given it a permanent lease of fashion. I have known her to wear a favorite dress at intervals during three successive seasons, with but slight alterations. She has had much to do with the continued popularity of the "tailor style," with its severe simplicity, and when, a few years ago, the hateful crinoline made its first attempt at reappearing in fashion, the Princess gave it its quietus for the time by returning to the maker all dresses built for her in which stiffening round the foot had been inserted. The excellent effect of her attire is the result of true artistic taste. Her natural genius this way was cultivated in her early girlhood by the fact that she had herself to make, turn, and rearrange her "things" to produce the best show on little expense. For the royal sisters, who were afterward to occupy some of the richest and most important positions on earth, were the children of a poor man, though he was a Prince. Her father was not King of Denmark till after our Princess was married. Before that, though it had been settled by a treaty that he should be the next King, he was, in fact, only a German younger Prince, married and with a large family, and so poor that he gave drawing lessons to the wealthy citizens of Frankfurt to eke out his narrow income. Thus it was that the future Empress of Russia and the future wife of the heir-apparent to the English throne learned in youth that excellent art of making the best of themselves that is of more importance than any splendor that vulgar wealth can order. The Princess of Wales made with her own needle even the bonnet in which she intended to land on her arrival in England, but the Queen sent a pretty hat to meet her as Gravesend. Later, the Princess returned this motherly kindness by, with her own skilful hands, making her Majesty's Jubilee bonnet, sent home by the milliner stiff and ugly, "fit to be seen."

Home life has been dear to the Princess, by virtue both of her motherly love and her natural tastes. Sandringham is admitted by all who know it to be a perfect specimen of a country gentleman's home. The cottages on the estate are good, and the laborers well looked after. The Princess goes about the neighborhood on foot, or driving herself in her pony carriage, and stops to see the cottagers, just as a lady of the manor should. There is a technical school for the village, in which many arts and crafts are taught, and the Princess herself has taken lessons from its teachers in the same arts that her villagers may learn, H. R. H. becoming an excellent woodcarver and leatherworker by this means. Connected with the house is "the Princess's dairy," no show place, but one in which the wants of the establishment are provided for, and the Princess herself is an accomplished butter maker, having often taken a turn at skimming the milk and "working" the butter. The kennels contain a variety of occupants, for dogs are prime favorites with the Princess, and are there in all varieties, one pet being a huge Russian wolfhound, and another a perky little Pomeranian, so catholic are the mistress's canine tastes.

Though so much has been said, and justly, of the Princess's gentleness and self-abnegation, it must not be supposed that she is weakly or without a will. Quite the contrary. Such popularity as hers is a great power, and she knows it well, and takes to herself the position that naturally follows. She leads the fashion because she has the courage of her own opinions on dress, and she has the same on more personal points. Her will, when she has seen cause to assert it, has been powerfully felt on sundry

occasions. In performing public functions she knows that she is like the bride at a wedding—the real centre of attraction—and she takes the lead with an almost unconscious and graceful yet decided air, that puts the others around quite in the background. On one occasion the committee of a woman's hospital, having asked the Prince to become its patron, were a little snubbed by receiving a note from the Princess's secretary, saying that such an application ought to have been to her Royal Highness, and not to the Prince. In fine, there is just enough self-assertion and self will in our beautiful Princess to keep her in her proper position and to prevent her sweetness being tameness and her lightness frivolity.

POPULAR FRENCH PASTIME.



Do You Know?

- That contentment comes from within?
- That guilelessness is the grace for suspicious people?
- That self-consciousness is an impediment to success?
- That good manners seem to be at a discount nowadays?
- That andromania is the aping of every thing that is mannish?
- That the people who influence you are they who believe in you?
- That to be a good listener is an accomplishment much to be desired?
- That it is a very bad habit to accuse one of always having a motive?
- That to mind your own business is one of the greatest arts in the world?

An Extra Part.

He had been listening to the singing of a song by the choir, and he didn't like the selection so well that he spoke to the leader about it in a cautious manner. You see, explained the leader, that is a four-part song. Four part? he asked. Yes; soprano, alto, bass and tenor. I should say it was a five part. Five part? and it was the leader's turn to be surprised. Yes, explained the objector; the four parts you mention and the bad part you don't seem to catch onto.

The negotiations looking to the raising of a Spanish loan in Paris have collapsed the same way that they fell through in London. Spain is practically insolvent.

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

A Hint About Mending Dresses.

"Oh, dear, isn't that too bad?" exclaimed Nora, looking ruefully at the zigzag rent in her new gown. "I don't know what the fates can have against me, but it is absolutely impossible for me to go near a nail and not have something of the kind happen. And it is in such an ugly place, too, and will show no matter how neatly it is mended."

"Let me tell you how I mend my gowns," said Alice, laughing at Nora's countenance, though she felt sorry for her mishap. "Take a good-sized bit of the material left over from making the gown and ravel out a number of threads. Use these threads to darn the place with, making the work as smooth as possible. After it is done dampen the spot and press it with a warm iron and it would be a keen eye indeed that would detect the spot."

"But I have no pieces left," complained Nora. "The dressmaker did not send any back, and I did not think to ask for them."

"Then use mending cotton such as you use for gloves, as close to the color as you can get it. Even darning cotton isn't bad if you can get it of the right shade. But, of all things, don't use silk to patch a rent of any kind, either in gowns or gloves. It is so glossy that it makes the tear unpleasantly conspicuous, and beside it cuts the material."

"I wonder why I never thought of all that before," said Nora.

Making House-Cleaning Easier.

"It's time enough to cross the bridge when you come to it," said housekeeper No. 1 decidedly. "For my part I don't mind confessing that the whole subject of house cleaning is so disagreeable to me that I can't bear to think of it until it is forced on me."

"That is where I think you make a mistake," said housekeeper No. 2. "I always begin to prepare for it a month ahead and I find it helps me across the bridge wonderfully when I come to it."

"For instance, I see that the step ladder is in good repair, and will not have to go to the carpenter's the day we want to use it. Then I look over my supply of dust and house cloths, and make new ones if necessary and I lay in a supply of brooms, brushes and sand soap, and all other requisites, so that when the seige begins I am altogether ready for it. Then, too, although it can hardly be said to be a preparation for house cleaning proper, I go over all the summer underclothing for the family, and put it in order, so that when I come to cleaning the closets I will not have to stop and sigh over the amount of work to be done in a rush at the commencement of the hot weather, and you know the first hot spell always does come when you are least prepared for it."

"Truly," laughed her friend, "you are one of the wise women, and I think I will pay you the compliment of crossing the bridge this year after your fashion."

The Domestic's Bedroom.

Servants' bedrooms are not, as a rule, properly considered in otherwise luxurious households. Uncarpeted or cheerless, they are apt to have narrow cot beds, hard mattresses and uninviting looking furniture. Surely not only is the laborer worthy of his hire, but he or she should also be worthy of comfort, and particularly of a roomy bed, soft mattress, easy springs, and light, warm covering—all that would be conducive to healthful rest after a day of toil. It would seem to be only just that those who work the hardest should have the most comfortable couches; but what is given to them as a rule is a cot bed, a cheap mattress, cotton "comfortables" (obvious misnomer), which are heavy as lead, and cheap blankets and coarser sheets. Charity begins at home, and a visit of kindly inspection to her servants' rooms would convict many a mistress of thoughtless negligence. In a cheerful kitchen the other day were seen an easy rocking-chair and a rug placed near the window, together with a small table.

"That is Ann's corner," said the pretty housekeeper with a bright smile, noticing her visitor's glance in that direction, and the pleasant look that was exchanged between mistress and maid showed that in that household at least labor and capital understood each other and were friends.

Rice and Oatmeal.

To cook rice and oatmeal without utensils especially made for the purpose.

Many people have no rice or oatmeal kettle or double boiler, as they are sometimes called, nor are they liable to have them if there is no change for the better soon in our country. Here is the way I cook these articles of diet and you will admit, after trying, that my way is good.

In cooking oatmeal have on the stove two quarts boiling water, add to it a tablespoon of salt and 1 1/2 or 2 small cups oatmeal; cover tightly and set on back of stove, or on top of the lid in front, if the stove is not too hot. In a few minutes the oatmeal will be cooked and will require no stirring. Practice will soon teach you just how much to use of water and oatmeal, as no two persons wish it alike. We prefer ours not too thick. Rice should also be put into boiling water or milk, covered over, and set on the back of the stove. It requires no stirring but comes out of the kettle ready to suit the taste, whole, flaky, tender, and delicious.

Useful Recipes.

Salmon Souffle.—Salmon souffle is usually made from canned salmon, and as follows: Drain all juice from one can of salmon, and remove all pieces of skin and bone. Mash fine with a fork and mix with two eggs beaten light without separating, and three tablespoonfuls of cream. Season with salt and pepper, press into greased individual

molds, place in a pan filled with water, so that it will come two-thirds up on the cups, and bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes. Serve with bechamel sauce. This is a cream sauce with the addition of the yolk of an egg just before the sauce is taken from the fire.

Stuffed Eggs.—Boil six eggs hard, cut in halves carefully; remove the yolks and rub them to a paste with two tablespoonfuls of olive oil. Add as much finely chopped chicken as there is egg paste; season to taste with salt, pepper, onion, and celery extract, and if desired a pinch of curry powder. Fill the whites again, press the halves together, and serve on curly lettuce leaves with cream sauce. Or the eggs may be rolled in egg and bread crumbs, and fried in deep fat.

Shirred Eggs.—Put one teaspoonful of butter in each egg pan. Break in the egg and bake in the oven until set. Season with salt and pepper and a little butter.

Mireton of Veal with Tomato Sauce.—Chop fine one cup of cooked veal and one-fourth of a cup of ham or bacon. Chop very fine one slice of onion and a sprig of parsley. Mix the meat with one half of a cup of bread soaked in stock. Season with salt and pepper, add one egg beaten light and mix in a saucepan until heated. Turn into a well-greased dish, bake fifteen minutes in a quick oven. It should form so that it can be turned out of the dish and served whole with a sauce.

Figures Incribed on Human Eyes.

The legendary belief that the eye of a murdered man might retain a permanent image of his destroyer has just received something like scientific confirmation. According to the Revue des Questions Scientifiques, Drs. Deneffe and Claves of Ghent University recently had their attention directed by a medical student to the curious appearance presented by the eyes of a woman under treatment in the hospital. The student declared that he had found certain figures distinctly inscribed on the surface of both eyes. Dr. Deneffe was incredulous, and suggested that if any such marks existed they must merely be the chance result of some injury, and that the resemblance to figures was probably imaginary. Next day, however, he examined the patient himself, and was astonished to find that the left iris bore the number "10," and the right "45," these figures being traced with calligraphic perfection.

Imagination and hallucination are both out of the question, as Dr. Claves and other observers were brought in to verify the phenomenon. The eyes, moreover, were photographed, and on the enlarged proof the numbers "10" and "45" stand out with unmistakable clearness. Nor is this all. Although the origin of these particular impressions cannot be ascertained, it has been proved that their acquisition may be hereditary. The woman's daughter has the same peculiarity in her eyes, but with a much less degree of regularity and distinctness. The girl's right eye is found to bear a feeble reproduction of the number "10," while in the left iris the figure "20" takes the place of the mother's "45." Here, then, is a pleasing puzzle for the physiologists. It would be strange, at this time of day, to discover that the eye, under certain conditions, could really perform the functions of the camera.

A Bullet in His Brain.

George Suesenbach is thirty-nine years old and had been in America only a few months. He was educated in Berlin, and on coming to America went to Chicago. His expectations were not realized and he went to New York, with only a few dollars in his pockets. His money was soon gone, and in a fit of despondency he shot himself. The doctors at the hospital had no hope of his recovery, but the next day after his admission to the hospital, he began to rally from the shock, and regained consciousness. Unless he takes an unexpected turn for the worse, he will be allowed to sit up in a few days, and will be discharged in a week or two. The wound in his forehead just between the eyes, where the bullet entered, has healed, leaving only a slight depression.

In speaking of Suesenbach's case, House Surgeon Voice said that not more than ten similar cases were on the medical records. Dr. Voice attributes Suesenbach's promised recovery to the fact that the bullet passed between the two lobes of the brain without disturbing the motorial nerves. It now lies at the back of the brain, near the skull. It has in all probability become covered with secreted matter, and is attached to the brain tissue, where it will remain, unless broken loose by some sudden jar. "We shall discharge him from the hospital as soon as he is strong enough to leave," said Dr. Voice, "but, no matter how complete his recovery may seem, he will be in danger of sudden death at any time. If he were to fall or receive a severe jar, there is danger of the bullet's breaking loose and causing almost instant death."

An Ingenious Watch Thief.

A rather ingenious theft, of which a Parisian watchmaker has been the victim, is worth describing in order that watchmakers may be put on their guard against similar attempts. The watchmaker in question has a shop in the Rue de la Rochefoucauld, near the Eglise de la Trinite. While he was out on business a stranger came in. The watchmaker's wife was behind the counter. The stranger pretended to be very angry, and told her that her husband had promised to repair his watch and let him have it back at a certain date, but had failed to do so. "There it is," said the man pointing to a handsome gold chronometer. "I shall not leave it here any longer, but shall take it somewhere else." With this, he took the watch and hurried out of the shop. When the watchmaker returned, his wife upbraided him for having kept the gentleman's watch so long. An explanation followed, however, and it became clear that the irate customer was simply a clever thief.