

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1896.

ALMOST A LOVE MATCH

VICTOR EMANUEL AND PRINCESS HELENE OF MONTENEGRO.

She Accepts His Suit, as She Failed to Capture the Present Czar, and Will Be Elevated from Her Father's Tiny Court to the Throne of Italy.

'We learn that the betrothal of these two personages is the result of a love affair of long standing.'

From time out of mind the patient editor on the European Continent has published this statement two or three times a year, or as often as a marriage has been arranged between a prince and a princess of the blood.

My weapons are sharp as swords; I will drive them far into your heart, Will chain you and bind you, And will take you from your mountains And hold you forever as my prisoner.'

Once in a long while the patient monarchical editor thinks he has useful evidence of romance and affection in a royal betrothal. He then calls it the "result of a real love affair," thereby directing attention to a distinction as subtle as that between a privy councillor at a crossroads court in Germany, in such an exceptional case, moreover, he prefaces his statement with the words: "We learn from a high authority, which we heretofore have had no reason to question," &c.

It is not necessary to go far to learn why this label of "Romance, Extra Special," has been stamped on the affair of Victor Emanuel and Helene. The principal reason is the Montenegro Princess herself. She is one of the most beautiful women in Europe.

That is not a very long list of accomplishments for a princess of 23 years. Think for instance, of the English princesses that carry meerschaum pipes and cut rare woods and beat brass!

WHAT THE MAIDEN SAW. The mother said to her daughter: If you would know what the world is like. Keep your eyes ever open.

Saw the wonderful valleys between, Saw the golden glow of the sun. Saw all the stars, the clear shining ones. Saw the dark floor of the sea, Saw the foaming, tossing brooks, Saw the gay colors of the towers, Saw the birds with splendid feathers, Saw the yellow harvest of the fields, Then, sinking heavily her head, She saw the most wonderful of all, Saw the picture of the lover

THE YOUTH'S REVENGE. The youth strode up to the maiden, Boldly barring her way and saying: "Now at last, O lovely maiden, You are delivered into my hands. Now at last I shall punish you; Now you will feel the weight of my vengeance.

Bind me fast, chide me, too, Your chains will only bind me to you. Keep me as your lifelong prisoner; Keep me, O chosen one of my heart! Lead me forth from my native mountains; Lead me home, your wife for eternity."

In the original this poem has considerable fire. It suggests the poetess of passion. It is, in fact, just what might be expected from a robust young Slav woman born and bred in the semibarbarism of the Balkans.

Leaving aside all questions of State, most Americans are likely to wonder why a young woman of such rare beauty and such tempestuous temperament should reach her twenty-third, yes, almost her twenty-fourth year without a betrothal. The explanation is that her father, who regards her as a flower of his six daughters none of whom is plain, has expected to make a great match for her.

So, after all, it looks as if the Continental editor had some reason, from the Italian side, for his "extra special" asseverations of romance and real love. Of Princess Helene's heart's desire, no revelation has been attempted. There seems to be some doubt, however, that a man too weakly and cold for a princess of England could suit the tempestuous mountain beauty of Montenegro.

As a drinker a Russian Grand Duke is never ashamed of his abilities. In fact, he is regarded as beyond competition at any court of central Europe. But on this occasion a Grand Duke showed the white feather. Before the first of the magnams arrived he fled.

Just how Princess Helene felt about her father's failure to take the Czarevitch by storm the world never has been able to guess. There was no doubt, however, about her father's feelings. He no sooner set foot in Cetinje than his chagrin gave way to thirst for vengeance and his vengeance fell upon those subjects nearest him. Although he is called the "brother of his people," the Prince is the scourge of his subjects when in anger. He had not been home six weeks before he had banished from his court and country the Wrbitzas and Martinovics and Brvitzas and Petrovics as well as many other 'itzas and 'ios who went to make up the aristocracy of his land.

even his own son and heir, Prince Danilo, conspiring with his disgruntled subjects against him. He pursued his enemies with an arm of iron, however, and eventually put them down. It was during this season of unrest that he wrote his one long narrative poem, 'The Emperor of the Balkans,' which the reconciled Danilo is said now to be setting to music for a grand opera.

Nevertheless, Prince Nicholas was not discouraged. He could at least try; it wouldn't cost much, and there were still leaders in Montenegro. So when King Humbert and Queen Margaret and Prince Victor Emanuel opened the International Art Exhibition in Venice a year ago last spring they found Princess Helene and her mother there. The success of Nicholas's plan seemed assured from the first. Humbert, whose appreciation of female loveliness greatly disturbed domestic peace at the Quirinal years ago, at once pronounced Princess Helene the most beautiful woman of her years in Europe.

Wherever the Princess went crowds gathered to admire her. She made the popular success of her life and she captured a Crown Prince. If he must marry, as he had just promised his mother he would within a year, he would take Prince Nicholas's daughter. But the Italian Cabinet of a year ago last spring was averse to the match. The Ministers regarded it as poor politics to marry Italy's Crown Prince into a powerless little house like that of Montenegro, and to call a Slav woman, no matter how beautiful, to sit on the throne of Italy. The negotiations for the betrothal had had another slip between the cup and the lip, and must resort to more banishing and borrowing to relieve his feelings. However, it came otherwise. A new Cabinet was formed. Victor Emanuel again met Helene at the coronation ceremonies in Moscow. King Humbert, while not favoring the politics of the match, remembered his youth and his unofficial humanity enough to consent to it. The Cabinet was willing. The Slav girl and the Italian boy were betrothed. He gave her a betrothal bracelet which cost \$200,000. He wrote to a woman in Florence who enjoys his confidence:

'Florence, the beautiful city in which I have passed so many years of my life, shall be the first to learn—and from your own sweet mouth—that my approaching journey to Montenegro means the greatest good fortune of my life, the crowning of my keenest hopes and wishes. For the first time in my life I can say that I am happy, entirely happy.'

In some parts of Europe, where the politicians pretend to be so keen that they hear the grass grow, there has been a laborious attempt to account for this betrothal by State reasons alone. "The wires of diplomacy that cross in Cetinje" is a phrase now seen quite often in South European newspapers as "the wires of diplomacy that cross in Copenhagen" was seen formerly in North European journals. There has been much talk about Italy's trying to reach the hand of friendship to St. Petersburg via Montenegro's capital. That would be the longest way around and one that could occur only to the most devious diplomatist that ever conceived an intrigue for the sake of intriguing. From Italy's point of view it is hard to find any high politics in the match; from Cetinje the betrothal looks undoubtedly like an enormously fine matrimonial bargain for old Nicholas and that is about all.

All things considered, the patient Editor on the European continent is nearer the truth than usual with his announcement of a love match, for there is undoubtedly a one-sided fancy between the betrothed. And so they will be married and (officially) will live happily forever after.



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CHINESE HARD TO LEARN.

It Bristles With Difficulties for the Student The obstacles interposed by the Chinese language to direct conversation between Li Hung Chang and his Caucasian acquaintances are set forth in the Revue des Revues. To those persons who may be thinking of taking up the study of Chinese, the writer offers the advice to master, instead, five or six European languages, including Russian, as the labor and mental effort required would be far less, and he cites in support of his position John Wesley's remark that the Chinese language was invented by the devil to keep missionaries out of the Celestial Empire.

The dictionary of the Emperor Kang Hi contains about 44,700 different characters, to say nothing of 50,000 other characters which are so ancient that they may be neglected by the modern student. This refers only to the Kouwen, the learned language, the language of books. Besides this language of the educated there are also the Kouan-ha, the spoken tongue used by the mandarins, which Bazin, the famous sinologue describes as a beautiful and noble language, having a syntax and a grammar; the Wen-tchang, which occupies an intermediate place between these two and in which modern books and newspapers are printed; and lastly, the many dialects peculiar to the various provinces of the empire, the local idioms, the slang, and the different languages spoken from time immemorial by the natives of certain provinces. The differences of these idioms and dialects are so profound that the inhabitants of various provinces are so profound that the inhabitants of various provinces cannot understand one another. Toward the end of the sixteenth century the Emperor Kang-Hi, exasperated by the confusion caused by the inability of his officials to understand one another, decreed the unity of the language. Schools were established in various parts of the empire to bring about the unification of the dialects; but all the emperor's efforts were in vain. To-day, as in the time of Kang-Hi, China constitutes the true tower of Babel. The inhabitants of the same city are sometimes obliged to have recourse to an interpreter to understand each other.

But to return to the Kou-wen language, which is studied by European missionaries and scholars. It includes some 260,000 characters, according to the Ju-pien dictionary. Ideographic in their nature, these characters have the monosyllabic qualities which are characteristic of this language. The Kou-wen is the most monosyllabic language in the world—that is to say, it contains the greatest number of words expressed by the same sound. Scholars have reduced the whole number of characters to 214 keys. Each one is composed of strokes varying in number from one to seventeen. The difficulty of learning and especially of using these characters will be seen. It has been said that the characters are ideographic in their nature. When it comes to expressing a word in writing it is drawn. The word man is expressed in Chinese by a perpendicular line divided into two at the bottom to indicate the two feet; a mountain, by three points, one above for the summit and two below; a tree, by lines indicating the trunk and branches; a forest, by two trees; a field, by a space divided into four squares; the sun by a circle with a point in the centre. With the development of the Chinese these characters become complicated. It was necessary to find new ones to express new objects or abstract conceptions. Taking the principal characters, supplementary signs were added. An ear against a door signifies to listen; a woman with a broom, a married woman. One woman under a roof means harmony, and two women under the same roof, discord, while one woman between two men repre-

sents sorrow. It not easy to study, the Chinese language is certainly not among those accounted gallant. The word God is expressed by the key character signifying motion and that signifying the head, the combination thus indicating the prime mover. The key characters of ice and darkness mean winter.

The spoken tongue of the mandarins presents difficulties even greater to the student. In addition to the ideographic element in its characters, there is a phonographic element. In it the combinations of syllables to express an abstract idea attain tremendous proportions. It is difficult to write, it is still more difficult to speak. It should be understood, in the first place, that, according to Gutzlaff, the language contains some 1,774 monosyllables, against 450 in French. To distinguish them the modifications of the value of the monosyllables are expressed by the tonic accent, the inflection, the aspiration, and other changes of the voice. There are as many thus presented. It has been estimated that a single monosyllable may have as many as twenty-four different meanings. Under these conditions it is not surprising that the Chinese should be unable to understand not only the strangers who try to speak their language but also their fellow countrymen, unless made accustomed to their pronunciation by daily intercourse. The art of using these monosyllables properly is beyond doubt the most difficult that exists. To learn to speak Chinese fluently a lifetime is not enough for a European. Here are some examples: to express the word rich the Chinaman must use the following syllables: yeou-tshien-ti; for the word flatterer, hao-fourg-tcheng-ti-jen.

THE ARAB HORSE.

Views of Randolph Huntington, are Authority on Breeding.

Mr. Randolph Huntington of Oyster Bay, L. I., N. Y., the leading American authority on all matters relating to the Arab horse, says the Country Gentleman, was born in Springfield, Mass., Dec. 8, 1828, of old Connecticut stock, and a direct descendant of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was educated at a military school at Hamden, Conn., and pursued for many years a mercantile career, but seized every opportunity meanwhile to prosecute studies in animal breeding, this science having been a passion with him almost from earliest childhood. At five or six years of age he was keeping rabbits and guinea-pigs, and a little later canaries, game fowls, pigeons, squirrels, dogs and other animals—always seeking to get the best he could find and then to improve their progeny by careful mating. Finally he settled down upon the horse as furnishing ample scope for all the skill and knowledge he could bring to bear, and for years now, as readers know, he has been diligently engaged in studying, thinking, observing and writing about that animal, and in breeding what he regards as the best specimens of the genus in the world. His views may be briefly summarized as below:

Haphazard breeding, producing mongrels, can never accomplish anything; there must be a yet undiscovered path, at least an unfringed one, whereby the breeder be as confident in the prospective produce of his horses as in that of his Guernsey or Jersey cows. Other animals, bred in families, attained their highest excellence; why was the horse an exception? Presumably he was not. But how were the twisted and entangled threads of equine life to be unwound? How from the mingled breeding of decades of years was a pure strain of blood to be picked out? Immediate change to uniformity was impossible. It would take years to produce a single pure type from so heterogeneous a mess. But, nothing daunted and guided by tests already successfully made in poultry-breeding, he began the work. His selection and championship of Clay blood is too well known to dwell upon. Suffice it to say that the researches he made, together with personal experience and observation, led him to believe that the Arabian horse proper was the sine qua non of perfection in horse-breeding. Henry Clay, a notable

horse in himself, was directly traceable to Arabian lineage. Securing the best obtainable of his sons and daughters selections were made and these were carefully interbred. On the arrival of Gen. Grant's Arabian horses Leopard and Linden Tree, gifts from the Sultan of Turkey, Mr. Huntington was permitted to send a few of his mares to Washington, where they were bred to Leopard. But the same of his desire was not reached until 1888, when he succeeded in obtaining the pure Arab mare Naomi. Breeding her to Leopard, he had a positive foundation of pure Arab blood. He was also able to secure Nimr, a grandson of Naomi by Kismet and Nazli, daughter of Naomi by Maudan.

Mr. Huntington has persevered in his breedings in spite of great obstacles, and has succeeded in establishing a remarkable stud. Numbers of his American-Arab breedings are scattered throughout the country; and it may be worth while to add, in view of an incorrect popular impression as to one peculiarity of the breed, that they are not such undervalued animals as they are sometimes supposed to be. Amzah, stallion, is 15.2 cent; Nimr, stallion, 15.1-2 cent; Neji, two years old, 15.1; Naomi, 15.2; Nazi, 15.1.

Wanted the Letter to Reach Him.

An old man walked into the Call office with a hesitating and apologetic air and advanced to the city editor's desk.

'I want to find out Mr. McKinley's address,' he said, with the same diffident air.

'Why, he lives in Canton, O.,' readily replied the city editor.

'Yes, I know that,' was the stranger's reply, 'but I want to write to him, and that's why I want to get his address.'

He was told that all it would be necessary to do would be to write to Canton, without bothering about any street address. 'I'm afraid it won't get to him, though, if I don't put his number and street on the letter. Once my uncle wrote to me without putting the address on it and I never got it.'

A Bold Thief.

An Englishman has just been robbed by an ingenious trick in a Paris cafe. He entered into conversation with a well-dressed stranger who began playing with the lever of a seltzer water siphon on the table. Suddenly he turned the stream on the Englishman's shirt front, jumped up apologizing profusely and wiping off the water with his handkerchief. Then he left the cafe, and the Englishman found that his pocket-book with \$800 in bank notes had gone with the stranger.

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