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 | The you h strode up to the maiden, between a prince and a princess of the blood. He has published it in faith not in the point in mind of the Continent when royal families are concerned. Despite socialism and zertgeist, all kings must still be wise and all queens must still be beautiful. Doubts on these subjects may be left | And will take you from your mountains to the irreverent dellar chasers of America; they may not be cherished by the bourgeois mind of the Old World. A scoff ng Radical may rise occasionally to question these | Those weapons are love's arrows ; I fear fairyland traditions, but he makes little progress. He is regarded as doubting merely for the sake of doubting-a Labouchere in England, a Richter in Ger- Keep me, O chosen one of my heart! many, an Imbriani in Italy. Thus tt hap- Lead me forth from my native mountains ; pens that from the Vosges to the Ural Mountains and from the North Cape to the loving hands.

Once in a long while the patient monarchical editor thinks be has usual evi- most Americans are likely to wonder why dence of romance and affection in a royal a young woman of such rare beauty and betrothal. He then calls it the "result of such tempestuous temperament should a real love affair," thereby directing at- reach her twenty-third, yes, almost her tention to a distinction as subtile as that twenty-fourth year without a betrothal. between a privy councillor at a cross- The explanation is that her father, who roads court in Germany, in such an excep- regards her as a flower of his six daughters tional case, moreover, he prefaces his none of whom is plain, has expected to statement with the words: "We learn from a big authority, which we heretofcre have had no reason to question," &c. Thus it comes that within the last three weeks about every editor in central and southern Europe has said in his newspaper :

"We learn from a high authority, which we heretofore have had no reason to ques-Victor Emanuel, Crown Prince of Italy. and Helene Princess of Montenegro, is the result of a real love affair of long standing."

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 herselt. She is one of the most beautiful women in Europe. She is tall and of perfect physical development. Her shoulders slope and her waist is small. Her olive cheeks are touched with the dawn of a blush. Her eyes are large and lustrous, and her coalblack bair, when unconfined, sweeps the hem of her garments. She has grace of the commanding order, and the voice that is given only to those who were born and bred under the southern sun. It would be conventional to say that she had mastered a dozen languages and could carve or paint or play the violin with the art of a professional; it would be conventional to say this, but it would not be true. She speaks Italian, which she loves for the music of it she reads and writes French and German and speaks them fairly well, and she recites about as much English as there is in a Shakespearean sonnet or on a page of 'Marmion.' She plays the violin and piano a little. She is a horse-woman and a good

That is not a very long list of accomplishments for a princess of 23 years. Think for instance, of the English princesses that carve meerschaum pipes and cut rare woods and beat brass! Think also of the Austrian archduchesses who decorate china and do massive canvases in oil and write thick books with history and scenery interlarded with botany and geology! Even the infantas of Spain have accomplishments by which they could earn their living if the Spanish civil list should suddenly dry up. But Princess Helene of Montenegro has none of them. Like Queen Elizabeth of Roumania she has but one considerable talent, and that is for verse-making. She has written two volumes of poems, which have been published only for the limited circulation of the Montenegro court. The only one of her poems known to the outside world was published three weeks ago. As it is supposed to give a good insight into the character of the young woman who s destined to climb from the smallest European court to the royal throne of Italy, it is given here without any attempt to put rhyme or rhythm into the translation;

WHAT THE MAIDEN SAW.

The mother said to her daughter: If you would know what the world is like. Keep you eyes ever open. So her daughter looked keenly on all around her.

And she saw the beautiful lordly hills,

Saw the wonderful valleys between, Saw the golden glow of the sun. Saw all the stare, the clear shining ones, Saw the dark flood of the sea. Saw the toaming, tossing brooks, Saw the gay colors of the towers, Saw the birds with splendid feathers, Saw the vellow harvest of the fields, Then, sinking heavily her head, She saw the most wonderful of all. Saw the picture of the lover Who lived for her alone in her heart, Saw the picture of the loved one Who sat enthroned in her soul, Saw the picture of the loved one Who gave love for her love.

THE YOUTH'S REVENGE.

Boldly barring her way and saying : "Now at last, O lovely maiden, You are delivered into my bands. Now at last I shall punish you ; Now you will feel the weight of

vengeance. My weapons are sharp as swords; I will drive them far into your heart, Will chain you and bind you, And hold you forever as my prisoner." Then said the maiden to the youth ; "Pierce my heart with your sharpest

weapons them not. Bind me fast, chain me, too,

Your chains will only bind me to you. Keep me as your lifelong prisoner; Lead me home, your wife for eternity."

In the original this poem has considertoe of the Italian boot popular sentiment able fire. It suggests the poetess of passpictures the houses of Romanoff, Hohen- ion. It is, in fact, just what might be exzollern, Wittelbach, Coburg and even pected from a robust young Slay woman Hapsburg as nurseries of tender hearts and born and bred in the semibarbarism of the Balkans.

Leaving aside all questions of State. make a great match for her. One of her sisters is the wife of the Russian Grand Duke, Peter Nicolaivitch another is the wite of Prince George of Leuchtenberg. Having climbed thus high in his matchmaking and having been designated by Alexander III. 'as his only friend in Europe.' Prince Nicholas concluded that a beauty of tion, that the betrothal of His Royal High- the first order, like Helene, ought to marry a prince who some day would wear the purple. So six years ago he took his daughter to St Petersburg. At first this giant ruler of a savage people was a lion at the Russian capital, and the Princess was the most popular young woman seen at court in many seasons. The Prince conducted his affairs in grand style, drank and gambled enormously with the Grand Dukes, and scattered the roubles by the ten thousand. The c urt circle thought him the best fellow in the world, until he unwisely let it become known that he was setting his daughters, cap for the Czarevitch, now Czar Nicholas. Foreign and domestic influence were then combined to over throw his power, and they succeeded. The Czar, who already had lent "his only friend" some 6,000,000 roubles, declined to increase the debt to 6.500,000. That was a sad day for Nicholas of Montenegro. He devoted himselt with great assiduity to French champagne, his favorite drink, for three days, and then announced that he would start for home with his daughter after three mor . Two days before he went he gave the stag party at which he made a remark that has been quoted hundreds of times since at every court of Europe. He was drinking with an uncle of the present Czir and trying vainly to unravel the knots which his enemies at the St. Petersburg court had been tving. It was a laborious sitting. Prince Nicholas, in the heat of the discussion, had finished his third quart when he turned angrily to the attendant and

> "Bring no more of those wretched bottles; bring magnums hereafter."

commanded :

As a drinker a Russian Grand Duke 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 teather. Before the first of the magnums 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 Cettinje 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 jects when in anger. He had not bee home six weeks before he had banished from his court and country the Wrbitzas and Martinovics and Brvitzas and Petrovics | mously fine matrimonial bargain for old Nicholas and that is about all. as well as many other 'itzas and 'ics who went to make up the aristocracy of his land. Many whom he did not punish by banish- truth than usual wirh his announcement of ment he chastened by borrowing their money. For eighteen months he had the principality on the verge of revolution, with a love match, for there is undonbtedly a one-sided fancy betteen the betrothed.

And so they will be married and (officially) will live happily forever after.

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.

Meantime Princess Helene's fate was left unsettled. She might have bad an Archduke of Austria or a Grand Duke of Russia, but did not want either. Old Prince Nicholas was still looking higher. Last year he turned his eyes to the house of Savoy. The Prince of Naples, heir to Italy's throne, did not seem then to be a very likely subject for Nicholas's matchmaking. He was not robust, not attractive in person, not of a brilliant mind, and, above all, not fond of women. Many matches had been arranged for him, but they all had made ship wreck on his callous indifference. He might have had a Belgian, a Bavarian, or a Prussian Princess, but he would have none of them. He was talked of for one of the Prince of Wales's daughters. He did not care for her, and, it might as well be said, that he couldn't have had her if he would, for the young woman had an insurmountable prejudice against Princes of his weakly type. 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 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. Victor Emanuel echoed his tather's opinion. 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 withia 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 slp between the the cup and the lip, and must resort to more banishing and borrowing to relieve his fellings. However, it came otherwise. A new Cabinet was formed Victor Em muel 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 human ity enough to consent to it. The Cabinet was willing. The Slay 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 have passed so many years of my lite, shall be the first to learn-and from your own sweet mouth-that my approaching journey to Montenegro means the greatest good tortune 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.
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. Or 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. Yet she will gain more to compensate her than most princesses gain when they sacrifice their hearts on the altar of diplomacy. Of a dynasty but thirty six years old, the daughter of an upstart prince and a Montenegrin chieftain's child, and with no dowry worth mention except her beauty, she is destined to sit some day on the throne of a great power

and to pass as the peer of empresses. 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 Cettinje" is a phrase now seen quite often in European newspapers as "the wires of diplomacy that cross in Copeformerly nhagen was seen There has European journals. much talk about Italy's trying 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 itics in the match; from Cettinje the betrothal looks undoubtedly like an enor-

All things considered, the patient Editor on the European continent is nearer the



Won't have to worry about the Children being covered if they wear Dr. Denton's Sleeping Carments.

## CHILDREN'S SLEEPING GARMENTS.

SIZES - 0, 1, 2, 4, 6 8. LENGTHS IN INCHES - 24, 26, 28, 32, 36, 40. PRICES - 60c, 65 1, 70c., 80c., 90c., \$1.00. FOR AGES - 1 year, 18 mos., 2 years, 3 to 4, 5 to 6, 7 to 8.

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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 motion and that signifying the head, the Li Hung Chang and his Caucasian acquaint- combination thus indicating the prime ances 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 langusges, including Russian, last spring they found Princess Helene 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. 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-ba, the spoken tongue speak their language but also their fellow 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. The differences of these idioms and dialets are so protound that the inhabitants of various Arab horse, says the Country Gentleman, provinces cannot understand one another. Toward the end of the sixteen 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

But to return to the Kou-weu 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 teet; a mountain, by three points, one above for the summit and two below; a tree, by lines indicating the trunk and branches; a torest, by trees; a field, by a space divided into four squares; the sun by a circle with a point in the centre. With the developfind new ones to express new obing the principal characters, supplementary signs were added. An ear with a broom, a married woman. One woman under a roof means harmony, and

to understand each other.

sents sorrow. If not easy to study, the | horse in himself, was directly traceable to expressed by the key character signifying darkness mean winter.

element in its characters, there is a phono that, according to Gutzlaft, the language | li, daughter of Naomi by Maidan. contain some 1,774 monosyllables, against 450 in French. To distinguish them the these conditions it is not surprising that the Chinese should be unable to understand not only the strangers who try to countryman, unless made accustomed to their pronunciation by daily intercourse. The art of using these moncsyllable properly is beyond doubt the most difficult that exists. To learn to speak Chinese fluently a litetime is not enough for a European. Here are some examples: to express the word rich the Chinaman must use the following syllables: yeou-thsien ti; for the word flatterer, hao-foung-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 was born in Springfield, Mass., Dec. 8, 1828, of old Connecticut stock, and a direct decendant 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 childtood. 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 be 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 summar-

Haphazard breeding, producing mongrels, can never accomplish anything; there must be a yet undiscovered path, at least an unfrequented 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 tamilies, 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 commingled 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 ment of the Chinese these characters be- so heterogeneous a mess. But, tor the sake of intriguing. From Italy's point of view it is hard to find any high polready successfully made in poultry-breed jects or abstract conceptions. Tak- ing, he began the work. His selection and championship of Clay blood is too well known to dwell upon. Suffice it to say against a door signities to listen; a woman | that the researches he made, together with personal experience and observation, led him to believe that the Arabian horse proptwo women under the same root, discord, er was the sine qua non of perfection in while one woman between two men repre- horse-breeding. Henry Clay, a notable

Chinese language is certainly not among Arabian lineage. Securing the best obthese accounted gallant. The word God is tainable of his sons and daughters selections were made and these were carefully interbred. On the arrival of Gen. Grant's mover. The key characters of ice and Arabian horses Leopard and Linden Tree. gifts from the Sulcan of Turkey, Mr. The spoken tongue of the mandarins Huntington was permitted to send a few presents difficulties even greater to the of his mares to Washington, where they student. In addition to the ideographic were bred to Leopard. But the acme of his desire was not reached until 1888, when graphic element. In it the combinations of he succeeded in obtaining the pure Arab syllables to express an abstract idea attain | mare Naomi. Breeding her to Leopard, tremendous proportions. It it is difficult | he had a positive foundation of pure Arab to write, it is still more difficult to speak. blood. He was also able to secure Nimr. It should be understood, in the first place, a grandson of Naomi by Kismet and Naz-

Mr. Huntington has persevered in his breedings in spite of great obstacles, and The dictionary of the Emperor Karg Hi | modifications of the value of the monc- has succeeded in establishing a ren arkable syllables are expressed by the tonic accent. stud. Numbers of his Americo-Arab the inflection, the aspiration, and other breedings are scattered throughout the changes of the voice. There are as many country; and it may be worth while to add, a single monosyllable may have as many as as to one peculiarity of the breed, that they twenty-tour different meanings. Under are not such undersized animals as they are sometimes supposed to be. Anezah, stallion, is 15.2 cant; Nimar, stallton, 15 1.2 scant; Nejd, two years old, 15.1; Naomi, 15 2; Nazi, 15.1

Mr. Huntington published in 1896 a very beautiful and valuable work on his favorite theme, called 'Gen. Grant's Horses and Their Sons.' We do not know how this enterprise resulted financially, but the book is in every respect one of which any writer might be proud, and no horseman's library is anywhere near complete

Wanted the Letter to Reach Him.

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

'I want to find out Mr. McKinley's address,' he said, with the same different air. 'Why, he lives in Canton, O.,' readily replied the cify 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

After considerable explanation the visitor was induced to believe that Maj. Mc-Kinley was sufficiently well known in Canton to insure the delivery of the letter, and he went out expressing his thanks .- Philadelphia Call.

A Bold Thief,

An Englishman has just been robbed by an ingenious trick in a Paris cafe. He entered into conversation with a welldressed 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 bandkerchief. Then he left the cafe, and the Englishman found that bis pocket-book with \$800 in bank notes had gone with the stranger.

## and Cts.

Money makes the mare go. It's all for money, It takes lots of money to buy new clothing, and it takes but little money to make the old clothing as good as new. Send them to UNGAR to be cleaned and dyed at a small cost.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS,