

IN ENGLANDS CAPITAL.

EVERY ONE JUBILEE MAD IN THE ENGLISH METROPOLIS.

Four Thousand Invitations Issued for a State Ball—Christening a Royal Baby—An Elizabethan Quadrille—Queen Wilhelmina's Marriage.

LONDON June 16.—When you read this London will have returned again to its senses; at present it has gone stark mad—"Jubilee" on the brain. No doubt if, according to the Queen's proverbial luck, the weather on the great day is propitious, the scene will be magnificent, but the sight of our best streets and our finest buildings covered with rough wooden scaffoldings, not even yet upholstered, the air filled with fine sawdust, distressing to eyes and nostrils, the streets teeming with trippers, provincials and Eastenders, with their unsavory offspring, blocking all progress while they gapingly watch the various preparations—all this is horrible, and had I not been so fortunate through the kindness of an officer in the Queen's body guard as to have one of the seats reserved for the members of the household in the Forecourt of Buckingham Palace, I should have fled to some rural retreat until London was again inhabitable.

Her Majesty has commissioned Mr. Orchardson to paint a Jubilee memorial picture, representing four generations of the royal family—her Majesty, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York and Prince Edward of York. When this picture is finished it will be hung in the corridor at Windsor Castle.

The Queen will come up from Windsor Castle on the afternoon of Monday, the 28th, in order to attend the garden party at Buckingham Palace, arriving there about 5 o'clock. Her Majesty will drive by special train from Windsor to the Addison Road Station, and will drive through High Street Kensington, and past the Albert Memorial to Hyde Park, proceeding to Buckingham Palace by Constitution Hill. The Queen is to sit in a tent in the grounds of the Palace for about an hour, after which she will return to Windsor, starting from Paddington Station.

On Saturday morning I witnessed a very pretty and picturesque scene at the Duke of York Military School, when the old colors presented by George IV seventy years ago were replaced by new ones, the Duchess of York performing the ceremony of presentation. The morning proved one of the hottest of the year, and most of us were glad to retreat to the shade of the fine trees that skirt the parade ground; but the royalties, who arrived soon after noon, stood all through the ceremony in the full blaze of the sun, surrounded by a number of notabilities, both civil and military. The Duchess herself was looking particularly well in flowered muslin, the bodice adorned with pale blue, and the same color appeared in a straw toque trimmed with roses. Close by stood Lady Eva Dugdale, as well as the Duke of York and the Duke of Cambridge, hale as ever, though evidently oppressed with the heat. Lord and Lady Cadogan were also to be seen, as well as a number of distinguished soldiers, besides the Bishop of London in all the glories of a gold pectoral cross and chain. But this collection of notabilities was quite thrown into the shade by the presence of our distinguished Indian guests whose adornments (and jewels especially) evoked admiration not untempered with envy. One gentleman arrayed in a quilted pink silk bedgown and a bright yellow turban seemed ever present to one's gaze, while another wore a green headdress literally blazing with gems.

A great many people stayed in London over Whit Sunday, and many only went away for Sunday and Monday, but the Park was very full on Sunday in spite of the absence, and during the week one saw a good many people driving about.

There is not much fresh news of the fancy dress ball at Devonshire House, except that I hear some of the principal dressmakers who are making the costumes will take no orders at any price. Lady Rodney has, I understand, got a group of Knights and Ladies of the Round Table, Lord and Lady Ashburton and Lord and Lady Ampthill, among others, are going to appear in it. And the duchess of Roxburgh is arranging a procession of young girls to wear white dresses and have their heads dressed like Cosways. It sounds pretty, only they are to have no partners in their procession. The real truth is that the young men who are invited will, with very few exceptions, stay away, as they cannot afford the expense of a costume; it seems such a pity uniform was forbidden.

Lady Tweedmouth is arranging an Elizabethan quadrille, which will be very magnificent from what I hear.

The inspection of the colonial troops at Chelsea Barracks on Friday was really interesting, and they are a very fine body of

men, the Australian cavalry being great, tall, well-made fellows. The cut of their uniforms is very smart. I don't think any men are finer than the Sikh troops, and the Indian officers, who were to pay their respects to the Duke of Connaught in the royal tent, were gorgeously picturesque.

The guards had asked a great many friends, so that the whole affair partook of an afternoon party, and the light dresses and bright parasols of the ladies under an almost tropical sun made it a very pretty sight. Lady Grenfell was there with her pretty niece and looked very well in a lilac muslin dress. Lord and Lady Jersey, Lord Knutstord, Sir Donald and Lady Stewart were there, and Lady Stratheden, Miss Pakenham and a great many more.

Friday night was a busy one. There were three balls—Mrs. Portal's, Mrs. Forester's, and Mrs. Flower's—and I am told Mrs. Portal's was very good, and Mrs. Forester's good also, but very crowded.

Among the many jubilee visitors to London, perhaps the most interesting in many respects is Sir Jamsetji Jeejeebhoy, Bart. C. S. I., the head of the Parsee community. He is the worthy inheritor of a great name. The title is inherited from his famous grandfather, the first Sir Jamsetji Jeejeebhoy, who was the first Asiatic ever known to be given a hereditary British title.

The grandfather was known originally in Bombay as 'the Bottley-wallah,' meaning the bottle man, in consequence of his having begun to make his fortune by the apparently unprofitable method of buying up old bottles and selling them again. Later on he made enormous wealth in the Chinese trade, and became known as the 'Peabody of India' owing to his having given at least a million sterling away in charity.

His son was known as Sir Jeejeebhoy Jamsetji, and now the grandson, in accordance with the usual customs, has reversed the names again.

He, the recognized head of the Parsee community, is a short, good looking man of about 47, highly educated, and full of enthusiastic loyalty to the British throne. The title to the title is Sir Jamsetji's nephew, who is known as Rustomjee Jamsetji. He is a youth of about 18 with a singularly handsome aristocratic face. Like his uncle, he has been highly educated, speaks English and French perfectly, and is also enthusiastically loyal to the British throne.

Lady Jersey began her Saturdays at Osterley last week, and in spite of the heat a good many people went down. It was delightful under the trees, though even there one gasped for air. Lady Jersey was everywhere, looking after her guests, and so was Lord Jersey and his daughters. Some of Lady Jersey's guests stayed on to dinner, but the majority came back by train or drove back early to London.

They say four thousand invitations are to be sent out for the State ball next week; and every member of Parliament (and his wife) is to be invited to the garden party at the palace. That suggests many curious combinations, which would be impossible under any other circumstances. Princess Adolphus of Teck has followed the example of all young mothers this jubilee year, and has given birth to a little girl. Her first child, who was so ill, and who was supposed to be incurably blind, is now getting well.

On Friday last there was a pleasant little gathering at Mrs. Jopling's School of Art, when Mrs. Kendal distributed the prizes to the students. Mrs. Kendal made an amusing little speech to each of the girls as she presented the prizes and enriched each volume by the addition of her autograph.

Mrs. Jopling's full-length portrait of Viscountess Maitland is very much admired at the Academy. It is the largest picture Mrs. Jopling has ever painted, and it is slightly like Romney in style.

Lady Maitland is the youngest daughter of the late Judge Vaughan Williams, and was married in 1890. Lord Maitland is the eldest son of the Earl of Lauderdale. He has a great talent for amateur photography, and has won several prizes at exhibitions.

There is a romance in the Lauderdale family in connection with the wicked ancestor Cabal. It was prophesied that his title and lands should never descend from father to son until one of his descendants should meet with a fearful death. For 200 years the earls were very seldom succeeded by their sons; but some time since one of the heirs was struck by lightning when out shooting, and the line was appeased. The present Earl had three sons, of whom Viscount Maitland is the eldest, and his little son Ian is the first grandchild who has been born in direct succession to the title since the days of the prophecy.

The visit of Queen Wilhelmina and the Queen Regent of the Netherlands to the Court of Weimar has naturally called to mind the question of a marriage between her and her cousin, Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar, who is now in his twentieth year. The Dutch nation is anxious that their Queen should seek her cousin in Weimar, as the Princes of Weimar are the nearest in succession to the throne of Holland. There are, however, several things against this marriage—the near relationship of the Queen and her cousin, his own inherited delicacy and the fact that

the Queen herself, though possessing a strong constitution, is the daughter of a worn and elderly man.

I heard all about the christening at Sandringham of the Duke and Duchess of York's little daughter from E., who was in waiting. The Princess of Wales, looking charming, held her granddaughter, as representing the Queen; the Marchioness of Lorne, and Princess Charles, of Denmark, stood proxies for the other two absent godmothers, the Duchess of Teck and the Dowager Czarina. The godfathers not present, King George of the Hellenes, and Prince Francis of Teck, were represented by Prince Charles of Denmark and the Duke of Teck.

Jordan water was of course used for the rite, and the infant submitted to it without unruly wails, such as her five cousins disturbed the ceremony with when it was their turn for baptism. Hymns were very sweetly sung by the choir at the beginning and the end of the service, and then came the kissing of Victoria Alexandra Alice Mary. A most jovial luncheon party followed with a christening cake, at the sight of which Prince Edward of York smacked his lips, for it was three feet high, 26 inches in diameter, and weighed 70 pounds.

By the way, the cake which filled Master Edward York's mouth with sweetness and filled his heart with wonder was crowned with a large lily, in the cup of which reposed a sweet little cherub, a tiny poppet of the neatest design and workmanship. This struck the young Prince with infinite astonishment, and even the younger boy, George, was of an age to be entranced by the chaste presentation of his little sister, and to marvel 'how she got up there.'

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

A Deformed Scout's Curious Experience With a Party of Indians.

A few years ago there flourished in Montana a scout who had an extraordinary equipment for his occupation. He was a tall, strong man, well built except in one respect; his feet grew the wrong way, his toes pointing back-ward instead of forward. This would have been a serious drawback to any man who went much on foot; but it was almost no drawback to 'Clubfoot George,' as this scout was called, because practically he never went on foot at all. He had a saddle with stirrups adapted to his deformity, and could ride a horse as well as any other cowboy.

He was an expert at trailing Indians, and seldom had to dismount in order to distinguish even the smallest detail of Indian 'sign.' His keen eyes took in everything from his seat in the saddle.

He is said to have known personally all the Indians from Fort Berthold to the Blackfoot Agency, and was equally well known to them. But he was their enemy, and they were his enemies. The war was apparently relentless between them.

In the dead of a certain winter, many years ago, Clubfoot George had occasion to go from old Fort Browning to Fort Benton. He was alone, and had to camp over night on the way. Even a famous scout sometimes makes a mistake, and George on this occasion hobbled his horse, a rather wild and flighty animal, so insecurely that in the night it got away, and started back to Fort Browning.

In the morning, therefore, Clubfoot George had to confront the necessity of walking to Fort Benton. It was an unpleasant thing to do, since it would take even a good walker about two days to cover the distance, and Clubfoot George's specialty was not walking; but he started out manfully over the snow.

He had walked until about the middle of the afternoon, when a party of hostile Indians, out for white men's scalps, came upon his trail. His tracks were plainly visible in the snow; but of course they pointed in the opposite direction from that in which George was going.

There was nothing about the tracks to show that they were Clubfoot George's; and besides, the Indians, though they knew George well, had never before seen the print of his boots. So they started pell-mell in the direction in which the tracks led, thirsting for this white man's blood.

But when they had followed the trail to the spot where George had camped the night before, and found the trail of the horse and the evidence that some one had come so far on horseback and then lost his horse, the Indians looked at one another in astonishment, until one of them said, 'Clubfoot!' Then they all inspected closely the tracks they had been following.

Who says that Indians have no sense of humor? No one who knows them well. These Indians certainly had, for they roared with laughter, though the joke was on them. But they determined to transfer it to the white man.

So they turned back on the trail and rode furiously all the rest of the day and a part of the night, until they came to a place where the queer heel-first track went over a bank. Then one of the Indians lay

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down on his face and called over the edge of the bank, in his own language:

'Clubfoot, are you there?'

'Yes, I am here! Is that you Howling Dog?'

What could be done with such a man? The Indians were already more than half mollified toward the scout by their enjoyment of the extraordinary joke that he had quite unintentionally, played on them; and when, in the best of humor, George invited them to come down and share his camp and make themselves at home, they did so, and never molested him.

Their unexpected friendliness must have made an impression on Clubfoot George, for the chapters of his adventures end with this incident. He gave up scouting, and ever after lived a peaceful life.

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