THE QUEEN IN LONDON.

THE OPENING OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE AT THE EAST END.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
LONDON, May 15.

It was half past 2 on Saturday afternoon when I started to drive from St. James's-st. to the People's Palace, in Mile End Road, far in the East of London. As I wanted to see the whole or nearly the whole route I went straight to Oxford-st. General traffic was to have been stopped at 2, but from the top of Bond-st. to Tottenham Court Road, Oxford-st. was a tangled mass of carriages, vans, omnibuses and cabs, so that it took half an hour to do the half-mile, and my cabman more than once advised me to get out of it and try some other way. But beyond Tottenham Court Road the thoroughfare was in possession of the police and encumbered only by foot passengers who seemed to think a hansom cab an intruder, and to believe that the pavements had been swept and garnished with gravel for their exclusive benefit. At every corner a policeman signalled to the driver to turn off into a side street, but the sight of a bit of cardboard printed in pink softened the severity of his views and we were allowed to go on. In Mile End Road our troubles began again and another half hour had to be spent over the last half-mile as over the first. Street-cars and every kind of miscellaneous vehicle were struggling and grinding along this broad avenue. Long before we reached it, we had become part of a file of carriages and hansoms, all bound for the Palace. In the confusion this file became double and treble, and one passed and repassed and was again passed by one's friends and competitors in the race—a very slow race—for the entrance. Altogether it was an hour and three-quarters before we arrived. The distance, I suppose, is six miles. Police arrangements at either end were anything but good, and I have no idea how Mile End Road was cleared for the Queen, as cleared it must have been.

But all this delay mattered nothing; it only gave one a better view of the long spectacle of decorated streets and the multitudes who were out to see the Queen. There are people who say—some of the papers say—that the adornments were poor. What did they expect? It was a sunny afternoon, and, for my part, I cannot remember to have seen London so gay. No single effort, perhaps, was a very brilliant one. No building was ornamented at great cost, or with originality of design or treatment, or owed much to the suggestions of art. It was the profusion of decoration, the wealth of color, the variety, the apparently endless succession of flaunting flags and strips of bunting, and embroidered and bemottoed banners, and bouquets of union-jacks that made the general effect so marvellous. Here and there floated far above the rest the Royal Standard of England with its fields of gold and of crimson, its lions and leopards and blazonry of the throne. The detail was not much to boast of; the birdseye view from almost any point was fine and from certain points was magnificent. Holborn and Holborn Viaduct were superb. The scope of the broad street, the stretch of open space on either side the Viaduct, lent themselves to picturesque treatment. Like all the route, Holborn is a street of shops and warehouses and banks and public buildings. It would have been too much to expect that some of the tradespeople, who are the majority, should not have seized the occasion to advertise their loyalty and their wares together. They did. Some of these displays were offensive, but probably did more harm to the displayers than to anybody else.

The people who had come out to see the Queen open their palace were themselves a wonderful sight. Their good temper was as good as that of a French crowd on a fete day; and more cannot be said. The style in which they opened their ranks for carriages to pass was proof enough of their amiability. The East End certainly beat the West for numbers, and, I hear, for enthusiasm when the Queen drove past. So did it in the quantity if not quality of its embellishments. Festoons of many-hued papers often did duty for cloth of gold and silk and satin and velvet which more prosperous people put forth. But they had done all they could, had given and striven out of the abundance of their hearts, rather than of mere riches, and they had their reward. There was really nothing to beat or equal Whitechapel. You might not think Holborn very sumptuous in its luxury, after all; you were sure to feel that in the tinsel and bits of red rag which hung on the front of mean little shops in the East there was something genuine, nay, pathetic. There, if anywhere, is the home of Democracy, even of Republicanism and Socialism, and, perhaps, of Anarchy itself, though there is extremely little of any one in any political sense, or usable for any political purpose. But these hard-working, simple folk in the midst of their grim poverty or desperate struggle for existence have a sentiment of loyalty which no Republican need contemn. A man must be loyal to something. If a Queen be his ideal of what is noblest or greatest in this world, in heaven's name let him be loyal to her.

There is a vast deal to be said about the People's Palace and the Beaumont Trust and Mr. Walter Besant, whose dream has taken this solid and splendid shape, but I must leave it and limit myself to brief notes of what I saw and heard. The Queen's Hall is much praised. It is a gift, and I for one will not look it in the mouth. I prefer to assume that the People are not to be asked to derive their notions of art from from all this garishness of gilding and crude color and architectural features where the sham classic contends with the commonplace. Enough that it is roomy and that the music of a numerous choir and the tones of a woman's voice were equally audible and clear in all parts.

Doors to be shut at 4, said one's card, and no person to be admitted after. This was alarming in its peremptoriness, yet at quarter past 4 they were still wide open and people streamed in till 5—the hour fixed for the Queen's coming. First of the royalties to arrive was the Duke of Cambridge, gorgeous in his Field Marshal's panoply; with him the Duchess of Teck and her pretty daughter, Princess Victoria. The platform at that moment was in sole possession of Lady Salisbury. Nowise disconcerted, the Prime Minister's wife stood aside for the Duke to mount, then entered into cheery talk with the gray warrior without the preliminary courtesy which the "George Ranger" clearly expected. A few—not very many—celebrities were visible. Professor Huxley's square, strong, swarthy face, with eyes of gray fire beneath a crown of gray hair looked down from the east gallery; the saucy visage of a pretty young woman, who resembled him slightly, by his side. Sir Arthur and Lady Hayter were in the centre; Lady Rosebery sat in front in dark lilac; Lord Rosebery in a Windsor uniform of blue and gold was moving up and down the aisle. Lord Randolph Churchill had been shown to a seat six rows to the rear, and sank into it with content. Not so the Duchess of Manchester. She remonstrated with the usher and presently set off on a voyage of discovery and seized on two places—for herself and her daughter—in the very front row of all and kept them. The Duchess, too, not to be outdone by Lady Salisbury, went up on the platform and held discourse with the great ones of the earth there gathered and gathering.

The Prince and Princess of Wales came by quarter to 5, cheers accompanying them. The Princess was in a gown which I took to be of black velvet, whereof the corsage and skirt were slashed into crimson lozenges. She has long passed for the best dressed and best mannered woman in England, nor was it to-day that any one would dispute either title with her. Her beauty is only the more brilliant for that tall young woman of twenty in a dun-colored studiously simple frock, who is her daughter. The Prince, like the Duke, figures as a Field Marshal, and both have the blue ribbon of the Garter. Talk goes on everywhere; on the platform and about it, and salutations are exchanged freely; Prince and Princess recognizing friends and acquaintances right and left. If either bows or nods to a lady a low curtsey is returned; not an easy thing to manage from a crowded bench, but it has to be done, and it is surprising how well it is done.

It is ten minutes past 5 when the trumpet is heard outside that heralds the coming of the Queen. The whole audience, floor and galleries alike, rises. Doors are flung open; choir and leader wait breathless, and before we, who are near the platform, catch any glimpse of the head of the procession "God save the Queen" breaks forth. It is a stately welcome, but the music silences the cheers which, I fancy, would have been more musical still to the royal ear. Nobody regards the group of men who lead the way; the one wish of these thousands inside, as of the hundreds of thousands outside, is to see how the Queen looks. The first comment I heard was from a lady near whom I stood—a beautiful American in black whose name I would tell if I dared and say how charming she is if I were not too faint-hearted. "The Queen has got a new bonnet," cried she. This new bonnet was black, with something white or light gray in it; her gown all black. She moved slowly and, I thought, wearily and not strongly. Never had I seen the rubicund face of English Majesty so near the usual complexion of the English woman. She looked not precisely pale but wan. The short, rotund figure had all its singular dignity of old, but less than its old vigor and activity. Once more I had to admire, whether I would or no, the royal bearing so royally maintained by a woman to whom nature has denied the physical gifts which are thought to go with distinction of deportment, but on whom birth and fifty years of sovereignty have bestowed a manner quite matchless. The cheers broke out as the song died away, but less spontaneously than if men had had their way with their own voices at the beginning, and the Queen acknowledged them with benignity.

There was the usual pause. The Prince, who had met his mother at the top of the steps to the platform, talked to her for a minute while the functionaries arranged themselves; then the ceremony began. There was an address, of course, and a long one; not very well read by Sir Edmund Currie. The Queen answered in a voice which soon found its proper note and was heard in all corners of the hall. Madame Albani's singing of Home, Sweet Home was a welcome part of the programme. The presentations to Her Majesty which followed were gratifying to the presentees and amusing to those of us who were near enough to watch closely what went on. Each man had his own way of getting up on the dais, his own way of bowing, his own way of retreating; each more confused than the other; Mr. Besant excepted. The novelist's nerves were strengthened by a hearty cheer which greeted his name, and his alone. The knighting of Mr. John Rogers Jennings seemed an inspiration of the movement. Somebody was hurried off for Sir Patrick Grant's sword. Mr. Jennings had not been told what to do, and there was now no time for rehearsal; so he bowed and knelt and rose again and knelt again to the word of whispered command from some useful official; and rose at last Sir John to the end of his days. This knighthood feat accomplished, the Queen's work in the hall was done. As she quitted her station she shook hands with Lady Rosebery, Lady Salisbury, and Lady Stanley of Alderley, whose reverences in return were things to see, and so went out eastward, the cheers of her liege ones once more rising as she moved among them and disappeared in the blinding light of an opened door through which we caught sight of another concourse of people, and heard the noise of another loyal welcome. She was to lay, and I suppose did lay, the corner stone of some new people's building.

Leaving the hall by a side door, I went round to the main entrance to see the Queen's departure. The courtyard was filled with troops, with the royal carriages, as it is the fashion to call them, with royal red footmen, with police, and with a few visitors who wanted, as I did, a closer look at Her Majesty. A company of the Grenadier Guards in their bearskins formed the outer hedge; no troops like them for show; not many for fighting. There they stood, erect, motionless, every button and gunbarrel shining in the sun, scarlet jackets shining, faces shining; alert, nerves all on edge, an immovable wall of drilled humanity; a segment of that immortal thin red line which Kinglake saw at the Alma, and which stretches pretty well round the world. Plumed officers moved in their stiff military way up and down, vigilant, keen-sighted; all their credit staked on the absolute perfection of every detail of soldierly equipment presently to be scrutinized, though only for one passing instant, by two of the sharpest pairs of martinet eyes in Europe—the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge. If there be speck or spot on a single private's jacket, his life is not a happy one. There will be a growl from the Horse Guards to the colonel, descending thence in ever-deepening wrath to the unhappy mortal in the ranks who wore the unclean garment. More dazzling still to the civilian's eye are the squadron of Life Guards who form Her Majesty's escort; helmeted, cuirassed, jack-booted, all steel and scarlet and white leather breeches and black sheepskin, bestriding statue-like sleek, strong black chargers; giants on giant steeds; the prim perfection of holiday horsemen. Yes, but when those long blades leave their steel scabbards you will see notches where steel has met other steel, and if you look at the butts of the carbines which hang straight up and down ready to the hand on the right rear of the saddle, you will see every one dented thick and deep with the honorable scars of service in the field.

The Queen was not long in coming, preceded as always by the glittering company who were to fill the four carriages in front of her; equerries, ladies in waiting, lords in waiting, Gold Stick in waiting—the old Field Marshal, Sir Patrick Grant—Master of the Horse—the young Duke of Portland—Princes, all birds of the most rare plumage. They hurry down the steps and bundle themselves into their carriages with scant ceremony. Their immediate business is to be out of the way that the Queen may not have to say, as Louis Fourteenth did—or did not, the sceptical Fournier says not—"I was near being kept waiting." The police, sturdy, faithful souls, looked slightly scandalized as they beheld these great people in gold lace scampering off across the gravel—women too, and two Duchesses at that; only they could not be said to scamper. A Duchess-in-waiting must at moments be content to part with a little of her ducal dignity.

The Queen's carriage was an open dark blue landau, large and heavy on C springs, panels emblazoned with the royal arms, no box, rumble behind, drawn by four black bays groomed to a nicety, with harness and trappings on which the saddler's art had said its last word; showy, almost gaudy. The two postilions in black jackets and white breeches were boys to look at but might be of any years; nothing is so uncertain as the age of a human being who has to do with horseflesh. When this equipage drew up at the foot of the red-carpeted platform, there began a series of curiously elaborate preparations. A footman, a dismounted outrider, and Clark, Highland gillie in semi-succession to the late John Brown, were none too many for the work that had to be done. Skids were got out and the off hind wheel was blocked fore and aft, lest the nervous team start while Majesty is getting in. The harness is looked over, strap by strap and buckle by buckle, rapidly but surely. Clark lets down the steps of the landau, gets in, arranges the wraps, clears the back seat, dances about to make sure of the springs, finally jumps up and down on the lower step to make sure of that also. He is not a feather-weight, but nothing gives.

This fandango finished, the Queen appears at the door. The Lord Chamberlain and Lord Steward are showing her the way—the former, Lord Lathom, a marked figure with his streaming full gray beard. Her Majesty is leaning on the arm of the Prince of Wales, and leaning heavily. Her coming and going have been made easy to her by a gangway draped in the eternal red cloth; otherwise just like the covered-in gangway provided for passengers who step ashore from a channel steamer. Her Majesty is subject to nausea, but happily seems not to notice the similarity. The police, I must say, appeared to be under no alarm whatever about the Queen's personal safety. The half-dozen spectators of this scene were allowed to stand within a couple of yards. Nothing would have been easier than to do mischief if mischief had been in anybody's mind, as happily it was not. The Queen walked very slowly and heavily down her gangway; the Lord Chamberlain waving his long wand and retreating sideways before her. Clark stood by the open carriage-door. Her Majesty seemed not to be aware of the little group looking on; she had passed out of the hall and beyond the gaze of strangers, as she thought, and had dropped for one moment the mask she had worn inside. The eyes were lustreless, the muscles of the face had relaxed; its paleness was more than ever noticeable; the eyes weary; there was something that looked like a touch of ill-temper at some incident that had not gone to her liking. Not a word was spoken; there was no cheer; nothing broke the deferential silence of the court-yard but the stamp of horses' feet and the clank of steel. The murmur of the multitude came from outside, but no cheer, for to them the Queen was not yet visible. She set her foot on the step of the carriage, but the effort was too much for her, and she had to be helped—I had almost said hoisted—in by the Prince on one side and Clark on the other. The venerable figure stumbled in somehow; demeanor not at that moment an object of consideration. Once in, the Queen rearranged all the wraps Clark had arranged for her. It was a minute before matters were to her taste. Meantime Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice were waiting. When their mother had settled herself on the back seat in solitary grandeur, the two daughters entered, then with a bang the door closed. Clark clambered into the rumble. Colonel Byng rode up to his place just behind the door, the outriders started on, and the huge machine with its royal freight got under way. The Guards presented arms—it was done as one man, or rather as by a machine. The Life Guards wheeled and formed up; for one moment the courtyard was all glitter and animation; steel clashed and plumes waved and horses curveted against their bits, and the gravel shrieked under the wheels. A faint cheer rose from the few on the platform, hats were raised, the Queen bowed sadly. In another moment all had vanished, as if it were a fairy scene. The courtyard was empty and from beyond its high walls came a roar of human voices as the people once more saluted their Queen. G. W. S.

PLAYWRIGHT AND ACTOR.

AMUSEMENTS FOR WARM WEATHER.

After this week Mr. Dixey is going to take a much needed rest, and "Adonis," for a long time at least will be retired from the New-York stage. What Mr. Dixey's plans may be for the coming season are not quite certain, but he is in no want of new material, as he has had several pieces in preparation for many months. It is certain that the young man will enjoy his holiday, and in his laudable endeavor he will be assisted by Colonel Miles, who has also for the last two years enjoyed a maximum of work with a minimum of leisure. Colonel Miles will start for Cincinnati as soon as the theatre is closed, and when he returns will bring with him his four-in-hand team and his drag, which he will use during his summer stay in New-York.

Mr. Puerner's comic opera, "The Pyramid," is still running at the Star Theatre, and will remain there for this week, at all events. Mr. Puerner himself says that he has been thoroughly satisfied with the reception accorded to his opera. He denies all charges of plagiarism which have been brought against music and libretto. "For instance," he said, the other day, "it has been said that the "Madrigal" was imitated from one of Sullivan's compositions. The fact is that both Sullivan and I have simply taken the same form of musical composition and used it after our own manner. I understand, too, that the libretto is said to have been suggested by Rider Haggard's popular novel of 'She.' This is altogether ridiculous, for in the first place, I never read the story, and I am told by those who have that there is no point of similarity between my book and Mr. Haggard's work. Some changes have been made in the libretto, and these will be introduced next Monday night." As to the future fate of Mr. Puerner's work, nothing is definitely known, but it is said that it may appear on the road next season.

The hot weather has, of course, affected all the New-York theatres to a greater or less extent, in most cases to a greater. The little Lyceum Theatre, however, has withstood the attacks of the thermometer. Every night sees a reasonably large audience laughing at Mr. Sothern's love making, and applauding Mr. Le Moyn's character study of the irascible old Englishman. A cooling apparatus has been put into the theatre which adds to the comfort not only of the audience but of the actors also. The dressing-rooms are kept at a pleasant temperature by the introduction of a current of iced air. It is curious, by the way, to note the number of evidently new arrived English people who are to be seen at this theatre every night.

A bold experiment is to be made by Messrs. Hayden, Dickson and Roberts, managers of the New York Amusement Exchange. They have leased the Madison Square Garden until the latter end of July, and will give there a representation of comic opera on Brobdignagian scale. The opera they have chosen is "Pinatore;" this has not been seen here, except for a week or so at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, for several years; the new lessees of the Garden consider that there will, therefore, be a certain air of novelty about the revival. They will at all events introduce this quality into the manner of its production. The stage will consist of the deck of a ship as real as Mr. Crummles's pump, and the ship will be floating in real water, on which will be rowed to the side the boat-loads of sisters, cousins and aunts. The chorus will consist of more than one hundred and twenty people, selected from those operatic companies which are resting during the summer months. The interior of the Garden will be beautified as far as possible, and every thing done to make it bright and airy. Two performances will be given every day, and the cast for this purpose will be a double one. The prices of admission will not be extravagantly high, as the managers will rely on the size of the audiences being sufficiently large to make the venture profitable. The work of reconstruction which will be undertaken by the new purchasers of the Garden will now be delayed until August, at the earliest.

Some years ago Mr. Timayenis, a Greek professor of this city, wrote a play for John McCullough which at the time attracted some attention. It was called "The Wife of Miletus," and, of course, dealt with a classic theme. This play will probably see the light next season, and J. H. Barnes, who once supported Miss Anderson and who has this season been playing with Miss Fanny Davenport, will assume the principal part. He is now in Europe, and when he returns in the fall will probably bring with him some part of the company which is to support him.

A large party leaves New-York to-day on a special train to attend the first performance in Buffalo of Steele Mackaye's new play of "Anarchy." Nothing has been spared, as has already been said, to make the production a successful one, and Mr. Mackaye is himself assuming the principal part. This, of course, has entailed upon him an immense amount of work, for he has not only entered into the stage management with that thoroughness which is his characteristic, but he has been entertained during the last few days to an extent that would have tired out a man of less energy and nervous force. It is expected that after its week's run in Buffalo the play will not be seen until it is produced next season at the new Broadway Theatre, one of the managers of which, Frank W. Sanger, is managing the business part of the play for Mr. Mackaye.

Last night Mr. Duff's clever company gave their last performance of "Gasparone," and to-morrow afternoon a revival of "Iolanthe" will be given. This, it is expected, will prove acceptable to the public for at least a couple of weeks, for it will be produced in elaborate style and with a strong cast. Mr. Duff's company will then sail for Europe to witness the production in Paris of Audran's successful opera with which, under the title of "The Grasshopper and the Ant," the Standard will be opened in the fall.

Richard Mansfield has been occupying the time before the opening of his season at the Madison Square Theatre to-morrow night in strengthening and adding to his company, and in rehearsing "Prince Karl." Among the new engagements he has made are those of Mrs. Clara Fisher Maeder, Miss Johnstone Bennett, Miss Annie O'Niel, D. H. Harkins and John Parry. Mr. Parry is a good-looking young Englishman, a son of the famous Serjeant Parry, one of the best known of English barristers. He comes here with letters from Henry Irving and John L. Toole, and may, perhaps, prove a valuable addition to Mr. Mansfield's little company of comedians. "Prince Karl" has been so altered since it was last seen at the Madison Square Theatre as to appear almost a new piece. Among the special imitations introduced by Mr. Mansfield will be found a burlesque of a comic opera, which he sings by himself entirely, including the parts of the chorus and the principals. It is intended that "Prince Karl" shall run for two weeks, when a new comedy, which is already in rehearsal, will be offered. Mr. Mansfield has several other novelties in view which will probably be seen before the production of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Most of the New-York theatres that are at present open will give special performances to-morrow afternoon in recognition of the National holiday. Colonel John A. McCaull will present "The Black Hussar" for the last time this season, at the afternoon and evening performances, and he is likely to have a full house on both occasions, for this opera seems to retain its hold on the public. "Falka," which he gives on Tuesday evening, has almost as good a record as a popular favorite. Mr. McCaull's other company in Baltimore is filling the Academy of Music there every night. They opened a week or two ago with "Indiana," which appears to have commended itself to Baltimoreans.

After an exceptionally profitable season of two weeks at the Boston Museum, Augustin Daly and his company start this morning on their way to Chicago. They are due in Chicago at half-past 9 o'clock to-morrow morning. All the indications point to their repeating in that city the success they already have attained in Philadelphia and Boston.

On Thursday evening the 400th representation of "Erminie" will be given at the Casino. The usual souvenir is to be this time a sheet of parchment on which is represented the exterior of the Casino at night, the moon and stars shining brightly, and the building and roof garden twinkling with parti-colored lights. This pretty effect is gained by the use of colored glass. The idea comes from Paris, where it has been used with success. To this souvenir will be attached a satin programme. After the opera Rudolph Aronson's orchestra of fifty musicians will give a promenade concert. Among the numbers interpreted will be a new waltz, a new mazurka and a new march.

A new melo-drama called "Traver's House" will be given at Niblo's Garden, June 20, under the management of Thomas B. McDenough, who until lately has been managing "Siberia." The play will be interpreted by Miss Belgarde, Adelaide Stanhope and other more or less well-known people, and scenery is being painted by Gaspard and Maeder, and Mr. Schoeller of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Last night the Fifth Avenue Theatre closed for the summer. Miss Olcott's attempt to play "Theodora" was not attended by any degree of success, from a financial point of view—a fact which did not cause any extreme degree of surprise to be felt by those who had seen the performance.

To-morrow night Mr. Harrigan and his company open in Philadelphia. Their four weeks' season in Brooklyn, which ended last night, was a success, and Mart Hanley, Mr. Harrigan's manager, looks forward with confidence to the pecuniary results of their tour to California—the more so as he bought his tickets before the Interstate Commerce bill came into operation, and so will not leave all the receipts in the pockets of the railroad people.

THE SPANIARD'S PROGRESS.

POPULARITY OF THE YOUNG QUEEN REGENT.

ALFONSO'S BODY MUMMIFYING IN A CAVERN.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
MADRID, May 9.

At no time since the death of the late King have the affairs of the country borne so promising an aspect as at present. After centuries of indolence and darkness, Spain at length appears to have entered upon a new era of progress and prosperity. Several most remarkable measures have been instituted by the Government within the last few days. They are of so sweeping and enlightened a nature that they have been the means of reuniting the discordant elements of the Liberal party, all the members of which desired to be associated with Prime Minister Sagasta in the granting of reforms so long demanded by the people.

The first and most important of these is the establishment of trial by jury, the bill for which was passed a few days ago in the Cortes by a majority of 200. The second is perhaps of a less popular, but yet equally important, nature. It comprises compulsory military service for every born or naturalized Spaniard who has attained twenty years of age. Hitherto it has always been possible to obtain exemption by the payment of a sum of $400; but henceforth no pecuniary recompense will be permitted, and there will be no exemption either in time of peace or war except for physical infirmity. The duration of service under the new law is twelve years in the Peninsula and eight in the colonies. Of these three years are to be passed in the actual service, four in the first reserve, and five in the second reserve, the last class being only liable to be called out one month in each year in peace time. This measure had always been the pet scheme of General Lopez Domingues, the nephew of the late Marshal Serrano, and the greatest schemer in the army. By thus bringing it forward somewhat unexpectedly, the Minister of War, General Cassola, who is the Fidus Achates of Marshal Campos, has completely cut away the ground from under the feet of Domingues, who has all along been considered as the most dangerous foe of the Ministry and even of the dynasty.

The third measure is more likely to interest economists than the general public. Some time ago the utmost indignation was aroused both at home and abroad by the arbitrary creation of a tax of 1 per cent on the coupons of the interior 4 per cent debt. This tax, which was disguised under the title of a stamp duty, was in direct contradiction not only of the law of 1876, but also of the official declaration made by Senor Camacho as Minister of Finance in the Senate on June 30, 1882. The institution of a tax so manifestly illegal and immoral gravely affected the credit of Spain not only at home but also abroad, and the Cabinet have become convinced of the urgent necessity of repealing it. With this object a tobacco monopoly has been established and has been farmed out for a period of ten years to a syndicate of native and foreign bankers assisted by the Bank of Spain. A company has been formed with an immense capital and the revenues which it will pay into the national treasury will enable the Government to restore Spanish credit both at home and abroad by repealing the objectionable tax.

The Queen Regent is daily becoming more popular and the Spaniards are in a fair way to forget that the somewhat homely, simple and sad-looking little woman, who governs them in the name of her baby son, is a stranger. A day or two ago she was present at a review for the first time since the death of her husband. Dressed in a very plain black habit, and mounted on a magnificent sorrel horse named Asturio, she rode down the whole line of 18,000 troops slightly in advance of her staff, which was headed by her dead husband's councillor and friend, Marshal Campos. The royal march was played as she passed the colors of each corps. She afterward took up her position near the Medina-Coeli Palace and the march past took place, the troops displaying the most enthusiastic loyalty. Her ride back to the palace was one long continued ovation from the crowd. When she passed the Parliament building, the whole of the Senate and Cortes were assembled on the balconies and steps, and threw flowers at her. One of the bouquets striking her horse somewhat sharply made him swerve from one side of the street to the other, and the splendid manner in which she kept her seat and control of her steed elicited the most tumultuous applause from the ordinarily silent Spaniards.

The Queen is much distressed at parting with Cardinal Rampolla, the newly appointed Papal Secretary of State, who as Nuncio to the Spanish Court has been one of the firmest and most influential friends of the young Queen in her hours of trial. Notwithstanding all their revolutions and their pronunciamentos, the Spaniards are still a most intensely religious people. From Wednesday in Holy Week until Easter Sunday, not a vehicle is to be seen in the streets of Madrid. Hence the Cardinal's influence was of considerable weight, especially in persuading the Conservatives to avoid any serious attacks on the Cabinet, which in upsetting the Ministry might also have resulted in the fall of the dynasty. Nor is the Cardinal the only friend whose departure the Queen deplores. Count Solms, the intimate friend and crony of the prelate, has been called upon by Prince Bismarck to succeed Baron de Keudell as German Ambassador to the Quirinal. Count Solms was a great favorite at the Court of Madrid, and having a great talent for painting he has painted in turn the portraits of every member of the royal family of Spain. Great curiosity is expressed as to the policy which will inevitably result from the warm intimacy which exists between the Pope's new Secretary of State and Germany's new Ambassador to King Humbert.

The celebration at the Escurial during the last week of the fifteenth centenary of the patron saint of the Augustin friars, which took place with considerable pomp and ceremony, reminds me of a curious fact which is known, I believe, to few people even in Spain. The body of the late King is not yet allowed to repose in its tomb. Clothed only in a thin linen garment it lies on a slab of rock near a running spring of water in a cavern in the side of the mountain on the slope of which the Escurial is built. There it will remain until it has attained all the peculiar properties of a mummy, and then only it will be placed in its niche in that marvellous jasper vault under the great dome of the Escurial Church, where only the remains of Spanish Kings and of the mothers of Kings are allowed to lie. Some bodies, notably that of Queen Isabella's profligate father, remained on the rocky table for years and years, subjected to the peculiar atmosphere of the cavern, before it was in a fit state to be transferred to the vault. The name of this ghastly cavern is the *pudrido*, a name which is also sometimes applied to the vaults containing the bodies of the Infants and Infantas of Spain.

SUMMER BOARDING.

From Our Country Home.

"Country living and country thinking," in the abstract, grows more attractive each season to the sewer-poisoned denizen of the city; but the reality falls so far short of the ideal that bitter is the disappointment when one finds that fresh milk and plenty of vegetables form no part of the farmer's idea of "country living."

It has been a curious study to see the farmer's table set with baker's bread for breakfast and tea, and dinners served with a scantiness of vegetables that no mechanic in the city would tolerate.

On some farms it has been found that the kitchen garden was deemed "a foolish, citified notion." Butter, eggs, and milk do not find a market on the home table. Potatoes, grain and beans were the only products of the garden; even the beans were not to be eaten green but kept for baking! No sweet corn for the table was raised but now and then a "mess or two of field corn was used." The farmers, between hoeing-time and harvest, went fishing, or slept on the barn floor and deplored "the new notions that are creeping in amongst the wimmin folks—ideas got from city boarders."

Speaking of a farm house full of boarders, one man says to another, "Have you seen the garden Sam Hyer has got this summer? It's a beauty, I tell ye—peas, beets, lettuce, cabbage, onions, limy beans, an' sich corn ye never seen in all yer born days."

"Yis; I've seen it," said one of these self-satisfied men, contemptuously, "but just think what it's a-goin' to cost him—them tu boys have worked in it nigh about all summer. It don't pay, now I tell ye—it costs more'n its wuth to have a garden."

Now Sam's wife was boarding "city folks" at five dollars a week and no laundering done. Her two boys might have leafed and fished, or hunted, these same "between whiles," and not been considered otherwise than "all right." This garden rendered the salt fish and pork endurable to these boarders, and supplied the place of the meat that could not be obtained. It strikes me the boys were doing more in trying to give the boarders something satisfying for their five dollars, than they would in loafing and giving the city folks fried pork, sugar gingerbread and tea.

The poverty of many tables is laziness upon the part of the provider, and inefficiency upon the part of the executor. Such a man would probably think it extravagant to "salt" even "a two-year-old." Whilst our idea is that where pasturage is cheap the calves are worth raising for the table, if nothing more.

WOMAN'S CLOTHES.

THE SUMMER FASHIONS.

LACE DRESSES, YACHTING GOWNS AND MUSLINS.

The sultry weather of the last week brings a demand for sheer goods, creamy white grenadines and diaphanous muslins. The finest of these goods now shown recall the far-famed Dacca muslins, which were so sheer that they became invisible when spread on the grass wet with the dew. There are also many dresses for watering-place dances made of point d'esprit, a fine-meshed, dotted net, which requires as voluminous draping as tulle to give it substance, and is always made over satin, in some delicate tint of rose, sky-blue or heliotrope. Point d'esprit dresses are especially becoming to fair young girls, but the creamy India muslins are worn by every one. These muslins, which are sold under the name of mull, are usually of French manufacture. They are sold in plain goods and in dotted and lace striped patterns. Comparatively few fancy mull dresses are shown made up at the shops. Muslin dresses of plain goods are trimmed with Valenciennes and Fedora lace, and ribbon bows. There is a preference for Valenciennes lace. The French make these dresses very simply with full round skirts finished with a deep hem and a cluster of three or more inch tucks and with draperies at the back, which may be in shawl style, in cascade fashion, or in the simpler and more easily laundered sash draperies, which are tied in a large bow and ends by the wearer. The basque of these dresses is usually fitted smoothly over a lining and reaches only a few inches below the waist line, where it is finished with a fall of lace four and a half inches wide, pressed in pleats to keep it in shape. Sleeves are in the flowing bishop shape, gathered into a band or coat shape. Large sailor collars and Anne of Austria collars of lace and insertion are worn with some India muslin dresses, while others are finished with a high collar covered with two frills of lace, which extend down either side of the basque to form a vest—one so narrow that it merely shows the buttons. Other basques are cut square in the neck in the fashion of Louis XV.

After the severity of the Directoire styles which prevailed a few years ago and the angular Eastlake fashions in furniture, we are now in the midst of a Louis XVth and Louis XVIth revival with its white and gold furniture, its rose-patterned chintzes and pretty duchesse toilet table, its dresses of muslin and lace or of flowered silks and lace with the skirts covered with lace flounces, high tournure draperies, side panels and waists cut open at the throat in either square or V shape. The familiar portraits of Marie Antoinette in her younger days might serve for fashion plates of the watering-place costumes of to-day. There are a great many dresses of black and white lace in Chantilly patterns, which are especially beautiful when made of the new light laces in daisy and rose designs on a fine-meshed ground, with very little coarse mesh in the work. These dresses are made over inexpensive surah satins, which are sold as low as 50 cents a yard. Black French lace net, forty inches wide, in pretty light patterns, may be bought for $2 50 a yard. This net, festooned in draperies over the satin and with the lace plainly covering the satin basque, forms the entire costume; the neck and sleeves are finished with frills of narrow French lace and sometimes flounces of French lace are used on the skirt. These lace dresses are especially becoming to ladies with fair complexions, who are prematurely gray and who often find black satin unveiled by lace very unbecoming to them.

Spanish lace in the new marquise patterns which are almost as sheer as French lace, is made up by French dressmakers with skirt panels, narrow vests and ornaments of solid jet galloon. A dress of marquise lace recently imported was made with a tablier front formed of graduated points of jet falling over each other. The bouffant back draperies were caught up over the edge of the basque by a large jet ornament. The bodice was sharply pointed in front and trimmed with a long point of jet reaching down the upper part of the sleeve from the shoulder to the elbow.

GRENADINES AND SHEER WOOLLENS.

Large quantities of sheer cream-white woollen dress goods are displayed on counters for midsummer wear. All these materials show the prevalence of French designs. There are satin-striped grenadines with tiny detached flowers in delicate colors forming an alternate stripe. These grenadines are made up with over-flounced skirts of Fedora lace in fine Malines patterns. Frills of Fedora lace trim the waist and bows and ends of ribbon finish the dress. Nun's veiling in cream-white and pure white is made up in a similar manner with cuffs and plastrons of dark velvet added. There are a great variety of crepe cloths and other materials among the sheer woollens of the season which promise to be favorite dress goods for seaside and watering-place wear.

SUMMER WRAPS.

Mantillas of lace, bodice wraps and shoulder capes of jet and lace divide the choice in summer wraps. Entire capes and bodice wraps are shown in marquise lace with no trimmings but ribbon bows of satin. Some of the mantillas are quite ample, but the greater majority of wraps are exceedingly small. A tiny point of glittering jet or steel passementerie on back and front and short cape sleeves of pleated lace form a popular model. Jackets in English style are the regulation garment for ordinary wear for cool days.

Pongee travelling dusters are shown in profusion and begin in price at the shops at $35. Ladies often order black surah and glace silk made up for this purpose. Inexpensive dusters are made of gray mohair in preference to linen.

MOUNTAIN AND YACHTING DRESSES.

Soft-faced cloths and flannels are chosen for cool days in the country, and are simply made by fashionable tailors with quite long skirts. All walking skirts now barely escape the ground. These simple dresses have long low apron fronts, bouffant back draperies, bodices finished with tabs at the back, and habit fronts. Navy blue, browns, reseda green and dark rifle green are fashionable colors.

Yachting gowns copied from costumes now in preparation for the yachting season at Cowes are made of cream-white canvas cloths, navy blue serges, and white linen. A stylish gown of white canvas is made with a box-pleated skirt with fans of sky-blue canvas cloth let in between the pleats, with short high draperies, short bodice, with habit back, and loose fronts showing a loose vest of sky-blue canvas. Another of white canvas is similarly combined with dark blue, ornamented with rows of narrow white braid. These dresses are designed to be worn with narrow brimmed sailor hats of white straw, trimmed with high clusters of loops and ends of white or blue ribbon. Extremely stylish sailor hats to wear with dark blue serge yachting dresses are trimmed with clusters of hunter red and navy blue ribbon combined.

White linen is in special demand this season for yachting and lawn tennis dresses. These costumes are made with pleated skirts edged with a band of dark blue dungaree, ornamented with three rows of narrow linen braid. The full short draperies of the skirt are edged around with blue bands and the full sailor waist is finished with a wide collar and cuffs of blue ornamented with braid. Other yachting dresses are made with round waist drawn in to fit the figure by clusters of gathers, back and front, which are laid in pleats on the shoulder. Blue collars and shirt sleeves with tight band cuffs finish the waist.

Thanks are due to Redfern; Arnold, Constable & Co.; Lord & Taylor, and Stern Bros.

CHICAGO RENTS.

From The Hat Review.

Members of the hat trade who are familiar with the methods adopted this spring to raise the rents of Chicago clothing houses with hat departments, and who are wondering where the rent is to come from—in more instances than one—will appreciate the following:

A clothing firm, occupying a prominent corner in Chicago, concluded some weeks ago that on the first of May it would extend its first-floor room by leasing the quarters then occupied by a German saloon-keeper. The clothing people already occupied the floors above the saloon on lease, and, by a sort of agreement with the owner of the block, had a call on the ground floor whenever they were ready to pay the rental demanded. This time having arrived, the manager of the clothing store, in order to avoid misunderstanding with the German, and possibly to prevent ruinous competition in bids for the lease, called on the saloon keeper and in a friendly way remarked that he guessed his firm would take the store room after the first of May, and that the dispenser of beer and pretzels had better be looking for new quarters.

"But I don't vant to move," protested the German.

"Well, but you'll have to. You're a poor man, and we are rich and we can pay three times as much for this room as you can. If you go out quietly, and make no trouble about it, we'll help you find a new place. If you stay here at all you'll pay a rent that'll make you sick—mind that."

"Vell, you come in two weeks and I dell you vot I do."

Two weeks later, or shortly before the first of May, the manager called again. The German was all smiles.

"Dot's all right, mine vriend. You may schtay upstairs, und I'll schtay here. I don't pay no rent at all, but you'll pay seex hundred dollars a year more as you paid lasht. I haf bought the block!"