

A Gipsy Wedding Party

Haminiski

Flag that should not fly

"Land o'Cakes" in Possession Of the American Invaders

who trips those who slant steps more lightly than in Belle Americaine.

The Duchess of Roxburgh is absolutely the best dancer of wigs and veils in all Scotland leaving the Scotch girls absolutely in the shade. Her sister-in-law Mrs. Robert Goelet, during her visit in London, a week or two ago on her way north, took a fancy to him and as when she previously visited the Roxburghs at Floors, she felt a little "out of it," not then knowing the reason.

It is said that the Northern Railway company has made pots of money this season through the enormous quantities of excess luggage which smart Americans when visiting Scotland take.

"We make more in excess luggage fees out of American belles in a week than we do all the year round out of ducks," said a railway official.

Americans have made comfortable and luxurious homes for hundreds of Scotch lairds who will not spend money on themselves. Scotch folks are "rough" in their ways and are splendid at "roughing it." They bear a certain manliness, discomfort with fortitude, and have proverbially indifferent palates. The natural consequence of having a dinner principally on porridge and whisky for so many years is that Americans have come along and built them up-to-date kitchens full of all the latest utensils and their chefs have taken the Scotch into the mysteries of entrees and savouries. The result that clever cooks can now be obtained in the Highlands quite cheaply. This has led to the development of the Scotchman's taste and his appreciation of a recherche dinner.

REJUVENATING THE CASTLES.

It is quite a common thing for a wealthy American to take a castle dating from the fifteenth century with the most primitive kitchens and then have a steam-heating system, double windows and new kitchens, etc., put in though, in the likelihood, he will not be able to occupy the castle more than four months. When Mrs. Letter took Tulloch castle, which is leased this year by Mrs. James Henry Smith, and her daughter, she had half the interior

Mrs. Jay Gould, is an object of great interest both in London and on the continent. Her pretty hair comes in the fashion of the young ladies of Stafford is one of the young lady's numerous admirers. A young German officer a little while ago happened to see in the presence of Lord Stafford, Miss Gould's hair "and not all her own." The gallant peer took up the eudagals for the fair American and said he would wager £500 that every thread of it grew on his own head. Both were friends of the Goulds. The German plucked up courage to tell the girl the bet that had been laid between him and Lord Stafford. Much amused Miss Gould under her tresses in the presence of her parents and several others in order that Lord Stafford might win his wager.

ANDREW AT SKIBO.

Andrew Carnegie was walking round his grounds at Skibo, recently when he encountered a stranger who was inspecting everything with considerable interest. Not knowing the millionaire the stranger came up to speak to him about the ruins of the castle.

"I am thinking of taking a shoot," said the Cockney.

"Indeed," replied the millionaire, "perhaps a little place like this would suit you."

"How do you mean dear here?" the other asked.

"Thousanda," replied Carnegie.

"How about the grouse?"

"Why the place is alive with them," was the reply.

"Are there many partridges?"

"Tens of thousanda," answered Carnegie.

"Well, now," retorted the Cockney contemptuously, "are there many grouse?"

"Well, sir," answered Carnegie, "they come like yourself now and then."

A moment later a gamekeeper came forward, bowed in hand, to ask him for some instruction and the Cockney realized that he had been speaking to "the greatest man in the land."

LADY LILLY.

an old man offered for alms.

"Do you know who he is?" asked a woman who had flung herself out of breath on the ground. He is the oldest child of the king and he reigns over this land where we are now. He comes from far to beg at weddings, but he is not an ordinary Tsingau. He said something to him, and he bowed and bowed and bowed his head and he stuttered. 'X's. 'X's! in

Russian.

"What is this princess's name?" I asked incredulously.

"Princess Cherkoff," answered the king and he bowed up. "She was a Tsingau like us all. But she must have had stranger's blood in her veins for she never came back, even all our women come back, even when they marry princess."

THE BASKERVILLE.