

The Social Mirror.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS

OBJECTS OF MUCH INTEREST DURING THEIR LEXINGTON VISIT.

Dined at Ashland and Shown the Glory of the Bluegrass Country—A Budget of Social Gossip—Fashions in Mourning.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough have come and seen, impressed and been impressed, and have started on their travels again "new countries for to see." Lexington has doubtless found permanent lodgement in the mind of His Grace, however, as a place of fine advantages. He showed himself keenly on the alert when the progress and possibilities of the city were the subjects of discussion, and queried eagerly as to animating causes and the impetus of all the changes and improvements going on.

The Duke is entertaining the idea of making investments here. His particular hobby is trotting horses, which occupied the major portion of his attention while in this section. He proposes to have a trotting stud of his own on his own ancestral estates in England, and is looking out for good investments.

Ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt, of New York, a mutual friend of Major H. C. McDowell, and the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, commended the nobleman and his wife to the kind attention of Major McDowell when they should visit the Bluegrass, and the courteous hospitality bestowed upon them at Ashland was very gratifying. The dining tendered them at the splendid old home-stead Friday evening, was furnished with distinguished guests, and was in every detail a representative elegant Kentucky entertainment.

The Duchess is the thorough woman of the world one would expect from a person with such a career as hers. Her manner is queenly and gracious, and she seems affably desirous to please. She labored under the physical disadvantage of a dreadful cold while here. Though unequipped with evening costumes on the flying trip she is making through the South, she was regal Friday evening in a sweeping dress of rich black brocade, whose buttons were set with diamonds. Her abundant fair hair was piled high. The dainty tintings of her face shone in lovely contrast to her somber gown, and she looked truly to have been born in the purple. Her husband delighted the company with his intellectual conversation and cheery manners.

The guests bidden to meet the distinguished pair were Mrs. Wickliffe Preston, who wore white lace, draped over blue silk; Mrs. Charles Short, of Cincinnati, in elegant gold and white brocade; Mrs. R. A. Thornton, heliotrope silk, point lace and pansies; Messrs. R. A. Thornton, Winslow Dudley, Wickliffe Preston, John R. Proctor, State Geologist; John E. Green, of Louisville. Miss Sue Ballard, of Louisville, a guest in the house, wore black lace and blue silk. Misses Magdalen McDowell and the young daughters of the house were handsomely attired. Mrs. McDowell is in Louisville. Miss Tournure, of New York, who is traveling with the Duchess, was also an agreeable guest.

Yesterday morning, according to the previous programme, the Duke and Duchess and Miss Tournure, Miss Nettie McDowell, John R. Proctor and one or two others, left on the Duke's private car to spend the day at Woodburn. After their visit to Mammoth Cave, His Grace and party will return to Lexington or Louisville before making their projected visit to Knoxville, Middleborough and Big Stone Gap.

Both as beautiful Lilian Price, and subsequently as Mrs. Louis C. Hammersley, the present Duchess knew Mr. Wickliffe Preston in New York, and the reunion with the distinguished lady and Mr. and Mrs. Preston Friday evening, and many bright reminiscences, was a pleasant episode of the occasion.

The Duke's last visit to this country early in 1888, was brought to an abrupt close in July of that year by his marriage with the beautiful young widow of the seven times millionaire, Louis C. Hammersley, and his return to his native land with his beautiful bride.

The Duchess herself, after winning her way through much opposition into the good graces of the British peerage, and even royalty itself, has returned to this country, once since her marriage, but unaccompanied by her distinguished husband. She was then received with the greatest cordiality, and fashionable people in New York exerted themselves to show her especial attention. And this cordiality has, if possible, been even more marked on the occasion of her present visit.

The Duchess' ducats are giving her a little concern about this time—or rather the lack of them, as judgment has been entered against her on default for debts contracted at Birmingham, England, which aggregate about \$676,000.

Even a Duchess cannot take rank above the considerations of dollars and cents.

A feather in the pretty Duchess' cap exists in the fact that Her Grace is connected by ties of blood with many prominent people in the Bluegrass. Her father was Admiral Cicero Price, a native of Kentucky. Messrs. Ed and Harry Price, and Mrs. Lucy

Price McCann, of Lexington, are her first cousins, their fathers having been brothers. Cicero Price, of this county, is another own cousin, and was named for the Admiral. Mrs. E. D. Potts and Mrs. Judge Denny are also cousins, twice removed. At Lancaster, Ky., Dr. Jennings Price, her uncle, is the only survivor of his generation, and is now 82 years old. His daughter, Mrs. Mattie Price Frisbie, and son, William Cicero Price, are cousins of the Duchess. Also Mrs. Dr. Grant, Mrs. D. M. Anderson and Mrs. H. C. Jennings, all of Lancaster.

And speaking of American women who are carrying on such an enterprising business in marrying foreign titles, calls to mind the fact that Miss Helen Beckwith, protegee of the society lions, the Duke's daughter-in-law, who made her debut in New York twenty years ago, is going to marry the eldest son of Lord Leigh, the nephew of the Duke of Westminster, and a relative of half the peerage in England. He is heir to Stoneleigh Abbey, on which estate the ruins of Kenilworth Castle are situated. Fancy figuring as mistress of the scenes that ill-starred Amy Robsart haunts, mayhap of wandering as proprietor in the woods instinct with the wooing of Leicester and his queen.

Miss Mary Leiter, the famous Chicago heiress and beauty, is engaged, it is said, to Sir Thomas Hall, sixty and influential. Indeed, a wedding seems of small moment nowadays unless there is a title in the affair somewhere.

The fashion of house weddings is growing in favor in metropolitan circles. The ceremony loses somewhat, perhaps, in solemnity and impressiveness, but takes in a dainty beauty and individuality impossible to effect amidst the august surroundings of a church.

The "tryer-on" is an institution in London and Parisian dressmaking establishments. She is usually a handsome woman with a handsome figure, and she dons the garment just completed for an august patron, before that worthy's eyes, and the eyes of other British dowagers and debutantes ranged around the wall in every attitude of stern criticism. Then she simpers and smirks and poses, courtesies, furls and unfurls her fan, coquettes and ogles, and "holds the mirror up to nature, or "art," exactly in every "society" attitude, in order that the customer may justly estimate the effect of the combination of dress and self in every social exigency. Surely this world is a world of mockery!

And apropos of dressmakers, a Lexington artist in that line has just completed for one of the most elegant ladies in the land a superb garnet faille reception dress en traine. The front of the corage is encrusted with a passementerie studded over thickly with gorgeous jewels(?) that harmonize with the tinting of the gown. This "jeweling" was the handiwork of the modiste herself, who conceived and executed the idea, using an ordinary piece of braid work for the background. A Parisian importer of art trimmings in the city last week declared it the handsomest piece of work of the kind he had ever seen, and that in Paris that garniture would have cost \$40 per yard. The dress was worn at a recent reception in this city.

The newly married couples are gathering in after their bridal tours, smiling and gay and not disposed to vote marriage a failure.

Charles M. Powell and wife, formerly Miss Emma Alford, of Alabama, arrived Friday to be the guest of Mr. Powell's parents at Pisgah. An informal reception was tendered them Friday evening at the home of Mr. Powell, at which only friends in the neighborhood and Mr. Newton Stout, of Lexington, were present.

The newly made Benedict seemed justly proud of his permanent conquest, and was the object of much congratulation. Young Mrs. Powell was very fair in a reception gown of white cloth, garnitured in black, she being in mourning. Tomorrow Mr. and Mrs. Powell will come to Lexington to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Waller Rodes for some days prior to their return to Middleborough.

Dr. W. B. McClure and bride, nee Berkley, after a halcyon wedding trip of almost two weeks, returned yesterday morning and are pleasantly domiciled at Mr. Berkley's.

A charming little dining was given at Ashland last evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Atherton, of Louisville, who are guests at Mr. Bassett's, on South Limestone street. It was strictly a family affair—only the members of the two households being present. Mr. Atherton is a former college friend of the Messrs. McDowell, and this is his first visit to his friends and relatives here since his marriage. He, however, was unable to accompany his young wife to Major McDowell's last evening, being suddenly summoned to Louisville on business. Those present beside the Ashland household were Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Threlkheld, Misses Emma and Anna Bassett, Mrs. Atherton and Miss Minnie Clay.

Of all the fashionable fads of the great metropolis, that accentuation of domestic grief which shows itself in a black shirt, black collar and cuffs and white studs, white cuff buttons and white necktie, is about the most ridiculous. Fashionable New York will soon be dining at Delmonico's and promenading Broadway with miniature coffins for jewelry, and artificial tears painted on the cheeks. It is doubtful whether such people could really shed any other kind but genuine hand-painted tears.

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