

former home and birthplace at Gruchy

former home and birthplace at Gruchy of that great revolutionist in the dr-tistic ideas of three-fourths of a cen-tury ago-Jean Francois Millet. As this is the first time that this property has passed from the hands of the Millet family since it was built over two centuries ago, it seems provi-dential that it should be Mr. Scott who gains possession of it, for he possesses to a marked degree the qualities that made Millet one of the greatest paint-ers France has ever produced. Mr. Scott has purchased the Millet

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(Special Correspondence.) ARIS, May 19.—Edwin Scott, the American painter of impression-istic Paris street scenes, whose works have lately created such here, has just purchased the r home and birthplace at Gruchy at great revolutionist in the dr-ideas of three-fourths of a cen-ago—Jean Francois Millet. this is the first time that this ty has passed from the hands the first family since it was built and were his joy and delight until the

By his persistency, his intelligence and his studiousness he was developing his character and strengthening his mind, the force of which was felt in his works in later years. By the time he was 18 the artistic element began they Rome, fighting always their traditional to assert itself. After the day's work nemy, the Orsini, except when it was in the field, exhausted perhaps from the heat of the sun and the toil of plough-ing the stubborn soil, he remained out to the interest of both to join against common enemy, such as Rienzl and her reformers. They have produced a other reformers. They have produced a great poetess, Vittoria, friend and comof bed long after the others had retired -to sketch and think! He was not rade of Michael Angelo, and down through the ages they have had a large hand in making the intensely inparticular about his subject, nothing was unworthy of his pencil-a chair, a lamp, a portion of the room-anything cresting history of the city of Rome. that first caught his attention. Such Our story begins a quarter of a cen-tury ago in an idyllic romance. To go was the beginning of what, later developed into genius. still further back, a certain Duke di San Teodoro married an Englishwoman,

OME, May 17 .- Italy is still the land of romance and her great families the actors in dramas much stranger than fiction. The

most pitiful of tragic stories has just ended happly here in which the char-acters are of the historic house of Co-lonna and the scene Rome, their home or more than a thousand years. The Colonnas, as long ago as the year 1900, were among the dominating.

To go

were really th

per heard the following conversation: "I am sure that she is unconscious, but some day she will wake to the fact that he is better looking than her husband. "And more affectionate," said another sneering voice. "The Napoleons are all lady killers,"

The Colonnas, as long ago as the year 1960, were among the dominating families of the Eternal city. Off and on they were really the masters of the Marcuis Roccagiovane, whom he

intending to carry out his beloved wife's advice, went to his club, unfortunately, and while concealed behind a newspators said she must "have time," and that "time" lengthened into 25 years. She went to England to her mother, and took her father's name, being known in London as the Duchess di San Teodoro There she lived in outward tranquility There she inved in outward tranquility, and if she regretted her broken home no one knew of it. The butterfly con-tinued to adorn her person, but other-wise she led the normal life of a wo-man of breeding, and it was only her intimates who knew that there was one topic which must be avolded, as upon it she was irresponsible.

Mrs. Belmont and her daughter were leaving, several society women, them-selves wearing cloaks worth a ransom. deliberately got behind the owner of the sweet pea tinted garment with the obvious intention of inspecting it, and one woman was trying to take a sketch. For at least once in her life the imposing young duchess of Marl-borough had to take a back seat, her mother being the observed of all ob-servers. But as somebody remarked "Her grace looked quite good-na-tured over it." Betty Marquand, a daughter of Mrs. Graeme Harrison, adopted a novel form of invitation to her wedding. She sent out beautifully printed circulars with a brief account of her meeting with the prospective bridegroom, a ing especially for the pole sea-son, as he means to take part in every important match of the summer. He is said to be in great form. The Duke of Roxburghe and Harry Payne Whit-ney are friendly rivals in the game, but a good many experts prefer the Amer-ican's performance. He has one par-ticular stroke which none of his friends seem able to emulate. Last season the queen and Princess Victoria, having heard much of his play, paid a surprise last to duvilendem to sea it. His polo visit to Hurlingham to see it. His polo ponies are as good as the Duke of Roxburghe's, which are the finest at

window

with the prospective bridgeroom, a description of their plans and a num-ber of other personal details which were eminently interesting to her

friends. It is suggested that this novel

seen any day in a Bond street jeweler's

homestead with the intention of pro-serving it as much as possible in its original state, turning it, in fact, into a veritable Millet museum, and it will retain much of the old furniture that was there in the days of the great painter's youth. It will be in this old historic house that Mr. and Mrs. Scott will pass their summers, close to na in one of the mildest and most poetical spots in France. At the time of Millet's birth in 1814

Gruchy was a little hamlet or cluster of farm houses belonging to the parise of Greyville at the very limit of La Hague at the extremity of "L Manche" or the channel. It is still " "T.n noticed lost country" as the French say, but the access is easy from Cherbourg. On arriving at Gruchy one first perceives ; group of granite houses jutting out of the rocks like a cluster of black rocks like a cluster of black s. A long hedge of wild plum, said: pines. with ferocious aspect, seems to defend and protect the little hamlet from the tempest that comes from the nearby The houses are low, crippled and sea. crowded, as shoulder to shoulder, seem to cling to each other for pro tection. The picturesque thatched roofs casements and round doors, proclaim to the passerby the abode of country tolk or peasants. Almost all the houses bear on their facade the date of their construction in centuries past. cupation

MILLET'S DWELLING.

In the center of this hamlet, to the right of the road, a tiny lane which ppens into a court containing two rows of aged but rugged little dwellings Due may read on one of them this in-Boription engraved on a block of rose granite encased in lintel above the door.

"Ici est ne le Peintre Jean Francois Millet. le 4 Octobre, 1814."

Opposite the house is the large, ston well, Millet painted so often, with the same old, wooden bucket and a rope so worn that one believes it may have been used not only by the sturdy young Francois, but even by his grandfather for this dwelling had been in the Mil-let family for generations.

iim.

The little boy, Francols, was brough up in the humblest surroundings. Al though his mother was descended from them as being full of merit. Henry du Perrons, a family of ricl farmers, she, nevertheless, followed the custom of the country folk and per rmed all the duties of an outdoor la borer, attending to the cows and chickens and working in the fields. His fath after their repeated protestations he exclaimed, "Well, then! You should be er was a simple man with tastes which punished for having kept this boy with were extraordinary for one in his en environment. An inborn love of musiyou so long, for he has the making of environment. An inborn love of music led him into active church work. He a great artist.' sathered together a few neighbors and formed a choir. Under his direction and ments immediately for his son to enter instruction it became the delight as well as the envy of the surrounding villages. It was Francois' father who in reality was Bon Dumonchel. That was in 1832. After three years absence, in which his studies had been pursued d the great painter's thoughts toward nature, taught him how to ob serve, how to seek the beautiful, how to look at a landscape as a whole, or with ardor and earnestness, he was recalled to Gruchy by the death of his father. By this time the quiet life at at the little things that composed itthe grass, the trees the sky! Many walks of father and son were spent in home without his soul absorbing work. this worship of nature. Millet told I after years how he remembered watch ng his father carve in wood little signs for frames, china closets and sther pieces of furniture, and times he posed as a model whi times he posed as a model wh parent moulded his head in clay. while hi.

filled him with restlessness and uneasi less, so that his longing to return to Cherbourg shortened his visit to a few veeks. This was destined to be his ast sojourn in the old Gruchy home for, many years to come During the winter of 1871, Millet, The father's ambition for his favorite (Continued on page fourteen.)

DAWN OF PERSPECTIVE.

One day on returning from mass he oticed a peasant, an old man with nee Locke, who had romance and tragely in her blood. She was the daughter of Locke, whom Bulwer Lytton put in 'Ernest Maltravers." her mother havstooping figure, and was astonished at the perspective. It came to him as kind of a revelation. Hastening home ing been a sister of Lord Tollemache. She and Locke had taken the law into their own hands, made a runaway match, and had come to Italy, where he made a charcoal sketch. His father seeing it was profoundly moved and

their life was a continual idyll until one day, on the lake of Como, the boat in which the happy husband was sailing 'My poor Francois, I see well that you are tormented by this idea, I would have gladly sent you to learn this procapsized in a gust of wind and he was drowned, his distracted wife looking on fession of painter, which they say is fine, but I could not. You are the oldfrom the shore. Their posthumous child est of my boys and I had much need of was a girl who married as her second husband Duke di San Teodoro. Her you, but now the others are growing up and I shall not hinder you from learn-ing that which you so desire to know. We will presently go to Cherbourg and first husband was Lord Burghersh, and er third Lord Walsingham. To the Duke di San Teodoro she presented a ascertlan whether you really have the talent to gain your living in this ocdaughter. Thresa, with whose life romance, still more tragic than that of her grandmother, this tale is concerned.

The momentous day arrived. Father AN EXTRAORDINARY BEAUTY. and son started for Cherbourg with two Thresa grew up the idol of her parsketches. One was a scene of a hill ents, as she was of extraordinary beauslope on which were two shepherds and slope on which were two snepheras and some sheep, one shepherd was playing a flute and the other was listening. Their dress was most characteristic, the jacket and the sabots or wooden y and charm, spending her time be-ween London and Rome. In this last blace she feil in love with the Duke di Marino, heir to the princedom of Colonia. It was a genuine love match, and all might have gone well had they not shoes silently proclaiming their calling The second represented a starry night with a man coming out of a house ived in Italy, where even today, but more so 25 years ago, Caesar's wife must be above suspicion. The happy holding in his arms some bread which second figure received. Fearful, yet topeful, Francois and his father knockwife had given her husband two little girls, and was just on the point of go-ing to England to visit her mother ed at the eminent painter's atelier door. The artist looked perplexedly at the two men in their rough, peasant coswhen she, sensitive to any mood in her husband, thought him depressed and ume and wondered why they sought To her repeated inquiries he Timidly and hesitatingly unhappy. did Francois unfold his drawings and lay gave evasive answers, until, unable to endure the reproach in her eyes and feeling that she must not go away them before the master. Monchel, the artist, whose opinion they desired, ex-amined the sketches and pronounced with a cloud between them, he said: "You have given me a most difficult task, my dear. How can I make you understond that I consider you quite in-On being informed by the father that it was the work of his son, the master looked dubinocent of any harm and still say what have to say?" Much alarméd, Donna Thresa asked ous and showed by his actions that he disbelieved the story told by the two farmers. When finally convinced

what she possibly could have flone, as she felt herself absolutely blameless, and was so distressed that her husband, taking her in his arms, said: Thresa, you must have noticed the nfatuation for you of the Marquis Nea-

That was the turning point in the boy's life. His father made arrangeall and the second seco the atelier of the artist, whom his friends called Monchel but whose name do not blame you, but my honor com oels me to put a stop to it." Donna Thresa, who was the only per on in Rome unaware of the passion

of the young man, protested her entire unconsciousness, refused to believe any-thing of the kind, implored her husband not to move in the matter as he would be putting her in a false position, and declared that she would go to England at once, and that everything would have blown over before her return. Leaving her husband apparently convinced that this was the most dignified course to pursue, she made her arrange-ments to leave the next day, and went to rest that night with almost a light beart, Meanwhile Don Marino, fully

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masters o seized by the arm, drew into a corner and, in the heat of the moment, forgetting the wise councils of the duchess, told him plainly what was being hinted. saying that the young man had nised his wife and forbidding him to again enter the Colonna palace.

> NEWS OF THE SUICIDE. The next morning both the Duke and Duchess Marino woke in a tranquil frame of mind, and were discussing the journey of the latter when a friend

purst into the room, crying: "Have you heard the news? Napo-

"Have you heard the news." leone has committed suicide!" Duke Marino became deadly pale while his wife, after staring wildly at the bearer of the bad news, fainted outright. When she came to herself he husband, was not in the house, and she passed the day in the most fearful men tal condition, feeling instinctively that her husband was not entirely blame-less, and that he must, therefore, havbeen suspicious of her. When he ap heared before her she at once cried: if your fault! I feel it! I know it!

What passed between you?" He told her in a few words, and, thinking it better she should know the whole truth and from his lips, added that young Roccagiovane had for a mo-ment lost his head at the thought that he had even slightly smirched the pur ity of his divinity, and had been soized with the mad idea that his death would cleanse her. During the night he had lown out his brains after putting his affairs in order, requesting that favorite jewel, a diamond butterily pierced through the heart by a ruby headed pin, would be given th Duchess Marino as a memento of his hopeless love. That pin her husband had many times thereafter cause to curse. It seemed to exercise a peculiar influence on her almost like a living thing.

After having the details of the tragedy explained, during the recital of which she did not speak, she moved without a word toward her bedroom door, when the Duke exclaimed:

BELIEVED HIM A MURDERER. "Dearest, why do you look so strange Surely you cannot blame me; I did it for your sake! Speak, and say at least

that you forgive me! She looked at him a moment, and then said in a low voice: "To me you are a murderer!" and vanished through the door, never again for 25 years to speak voluntarily to him. Her mother was sent for, her children were brought to her, the husband im-plored her upon his knees, her confessor admonished her, the doctors made every tome. effort to break down her obstinate silence and resentment toward her hus band, but all in vain, and at last he friends were obliged to confess that she was mad. That delicate and some-what weak spirit had given way before the tragedy, her mania taking the form of hatred for the man whom she had loved the most. Strange phenomenon. when all are agreed that she absolutely was indifferent to the dead man. She took possession of the jeweled butterfly, always wearing it at her throat, and touching it constantly. When her fingers were on it she would ranged. reak into bitter words against her husband, and if he came suddenly into her presence, up her hand would go, to stop there until he left, so that the page man at th ies even believed that it was possessed of a malign spirit.

The hopelessness of effecting a recon-

any of the clubs. Harry Payne Whitney is the beau TRIES TO MAKE NEW HOME

ideal of the perfect sportsman to the Cockney enthusiast. After having seen him play cricket, at which he is as ex-Meanwhile Duke Marino, broken-earted, gathered together the threads of his ruined life and tried to make pert as at polo, a number of young clerks from Brixton decided they would home for himself and his two littl daughters, whom he kept in Rome, al though they paid long and frequent visits to their mother and grandmoth r in England. In the course of time he ame favorite gentleman-in-waiting Queen Margherita, who, knowing his sad story, gave him special sym-pathy, for the wretched man could forget his lost felicity of beautiful wife, and made no effort to lace his affections elsewhere, as an ther might have done, but plunged in the work which his high birth gav im About 10 years ago he succeeded

his father and became Prince Colonna and head of the house, this placing his in what was a very awkward dilemma In those days the personal feeling between the Quirinal and Vatican was much more hostile than at present, s that when he became by heredit Prince Colonna, and thus also inherit ed the position of "Assistant to the Pontifical Throne," speculation was rife as to what he would do. His new position was the greatest lay post a the Vatican, and one which he share with the old enemy of his heuse, Prince Orsini. Indeed, the post was created centuries ago to keep peace between the rivals. Prince Colonna decided to throw in his lot with th Vatican party and resigned his posi

tion at the Quirinal. As the years passed his daughters who inherited their mother's beauty together with the classical features of the Colonna, grew up, deploring th separation of their equally belove parents, and using every influence t break down the barrier. When the eldest married Don Angelo Chigi in Rome she told her mother that she ould not be happy without the ma ternal blessing on the day of her mar riage, but all to no purpose. the other married Don Leone Caetan Prince di Teano, she likewise wished for the presence of her mother, but without result. The duchess contin ued to live between her country and town house in England, and apparenty desired nothing else.

THE HOME COMING.

But in reality time was having it effect; peace was gradually being re-stored to the disordered brain, and comfort and care were giving the af-Rome was electrified by the news that the Princess Colonna, who had admiration of Mrs Belmont's wrapan amazing and exquisite thing chiffon in the combined mauves blues of the sweet pea. ever borne the title, was coming to be mounted over something shim-The end of the story is as dramatic

to be mounted over something shim-mering, subdued glimpses of which could be seen as the wearer moved. At the low cut neck was a diamond and amethyst clasp from which de-pended long ends of the combined jewels after the manner of a piece of passementerie. Enormous buttons of these stones were placed in at intervals. The garment fall in as the beginning. After the death of her mother, a couple of years ago, the princess suddenly one day woke to the liscovery that she was lonely, and what was more, that guite by her own will she had only to lift her finger and of these stones were placed in at intervals. The garment fell in the most beautiful and unstudied husband and children would be re stored to her. The idea came as something entirely new, and once hinted to her daughters a meeting befolds simple as those of a nun's habit. When at the end of the performance tween husband and wife soon was ar

Who can measure the depths of tragedy of that meeting! When she had left her husband she was in the zenith of her beauty, brilliant, young hut and fascinating; now she is old an aded, and if the prince thought with a passing bitterness of the wasted years that divided them who can blame him? She beheld in him much where it had left off a generation be-

friends. It is suggested that this novel notion will find plenty of imitators. Just now people are sick and tired of the smart wedding and are beginning to fight shy of going to see it unless the bride and her people are able to offer something besides a pageant of picturesque beauty and glimpses of jewels which, as a well-known mondaine expressed it "Can be seen any day in a Bond street jeweler's write and ask him to become president of their little club, the subscription to which was about \$1.25 a year. On re-ceiving the offer of this distinction the American millionaire promptly wrote back, saying "he felt much honored Miss Marquand's marriage took place at Reeding near which her mother's house is situated. The house and had great pleasure in accepting." It is said that the Payne Whitneys may take the house which the Duchess of Marlborough rented for a short time Rochampton for the

mother's house is subliced. The new of is one of the prettiest specimens of old English style in the country, Mrs. Graeme Harrison is very proud of its last season at summer, it being very central for all quaint furniture, most of which she the polo clubs. Mrs. Payne Whitney is one of the American women who thas picked up in cottages here and on the continent. She is a first-rate judge of antique things and spots a bit of genuine old oak; a pewter mug or a cannot stand the atmosphere of London for which reason she never stays in town long, flying off to Paris, which Waterford cut glass jug in the ling of an eye. She boasts that she has never been taken in yet, Her daughters, too, have tramped she adores in season or out, on the slightest provocation. Nor is she too partial to her husband's home, Holwick Hall, Yorkshire. It is called "a shootabout the country in search of ob-ects of art and the bride, Mrs. Meling box," but like other houses which or, has in this way found quantities of things in the most unlikely places are dubbed the same, it is palatial. Durof things in the most unlikely places for her future home. Of all the brides of the moment she has given her husing the shooting season last year the normous amount of luggage which arrived at the local station for the Amerband by far the most beautiful things. The dressing case she presented to him was the acme of splendor with its ican ladies staying at the hall was the talk of the county. Pending removal to Holwick Hall, special accommodacold fittings studded with diamonds. tion had to be engaged outside for it, the station capacity being too limited After the manner of all the new brides, she, too, presented her husband with a wedding ring. Mr. Mellor is in the

to hold it. SUBLIME OPERA CLOAKS. Of all garments the one which excites most interest in the breast of the smart

woman, be she young or old, debu-tante or matron, plain or beautiful, is the opera cloak. Gowns are the merest detail as compared with the importance of evening wraps, which are veritable poems. It is no exaggeration to say that at no time in the his-tory of dress were such fortunes exrended on cloaks as just now. The merest wisp of chiffon or rag of satin gracefully cut and draped, does for a frock. But your cloak must be subime if you aspire to be really chic. And certainly sublime was the priceess confection in which Mrs. Oliver

Belmont was wrapped the other night when she came to Covent Garden with her daughter, the Duchess of Mariborough. They entered towards the end of the first act of "Madame Eutterfly" and as they did so, every-one within seeing distance of them forgot to listen to the music in their

metropolis Their sister, however, managed to duchesses, her grace of Sutherland among the number. The Wright fam-ily are not socially ambitious, though the men thirst for further fame and,

seemed

above all, are determined to be multi-millionaires. Unlike the usual inven-tor, they have phenomenal business capacity: they stick out for their own terms and practically carry all before them. A big financier expressed the opinion that they were as hard as opinion that they were as nails in striking of a bargain. ded that "they must have some Scotcl blood in them, or if not, Yorkshire." But they are far more genial that either Scotch or Yorkshire men; h than fact, they are typical Americans and are liked by all with whom they come into contact.

LADY MARY.

the same man. Scanty gray hair. where before it had been black and plentiful, less elasticity of movement. and much greater gravity of temperano less tenderness. They gazed into each others' eyes, the years disappeared, and they were young and life for them began again

One quick glance persuaded the prince that the butterfly was not there. Had it taken wing to the tomb from which it came, he mused? ever' asked, but it has ceased aunt him and with its passing has passed the madn CONSTANCE HARRIMAN.

Rifles, and shows such promise that a brillhant future is prophesied for him. That Mrs. Mellor could have married far more brilliantly all her friends know and it was something of a surprise to hear that it was the young soldier who came off with flying If the Wright brothers and their sisfame in London they could have been feted from Buckingham palace down wards. As it was, all three received scores of invitations from duchesses to the wives of the city magnates.

There was not, of course, the remot-est possibility of the famous brothers accepting any of these invitations as every second of their time was filled before ever they set foot in our