

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



Jean F. Millet's Birthplace Bought by American Painter

(Special Correspondence.)
PARIS, May 19.—Edwin Scott, the American painter of Impressionistic Paris street scenes, whose works have lately created such a stir here, has just purchased the former home and birthplace at Gruchy of that great revolutionist in the artistic ideas of three-fourths of a century 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 providential 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 painters France has ever produced.

Mr. Scott has purchased the Millet homestead with the intention of preserving 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 nature, 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 parish of Greyville at the very limit of La Hague at the extremity of "La Manche" or the channel. It is still "a lost country" as the French say, but the access is easy from Cherbourg. On arriving at Gruchy one first perceives a group of granite houses jutting out of the rocks like a cluster of black pines. A long hedge of wild plum, with feebly aspect, seems to defy and protect the little hamlet from the tempest that comes from the nearby sea. The houses are low, crumbled and crowded, as shoulder to shoulder, they seem to cling to the rocky shore for protection. The picturesque thatched roofs, casements and round doors, proclaim to the passerby the abode of country folk or peasants. Almost all the houses bear on their facades the date of their construction in centuries past.

MILLET'S DWELLING.
In the center of this hamlet, to the right of the road, a tiny lane which opens into a court containing two rows of aged but rugged little dwellings, one may read on one of them this inscription 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, stone wall, 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 Millet family for generations.

The little boy, Francois, was brought up in the humblest surroundings. Although his mother was descended from Henry du Perron, a family of rich farmers, she, nevertheless, followed the custom of the country folk and performed all the duties of an outdoor laborer, attending to the cows and chickens and working in the fields. His father was a simple man with tastes which were extraordinary for one in his environment. An innkeeper, he married him into active church work. He gathered together a few neighbors and formed a choir. Under his direction and instruction it became the delight as well as the envy of the surrounding villages. It was Francois' father who first turned the great painter's thoughts toward nature, taught him how to observe, how to seek the beautiful, how to look at a landscape as a whole, or at the little things that composed it—the grass, the trees, the sky! Many walks of father and son were spent in this worship of nature. Millet told after years how he remembered watching his father carve in wood little designs for frames, china, closets and other pieces of furniture, and many times he posed as a model while his father moulded his head in clay.

The father's ambition for his favorite

Famous Diamond Butterfly Parts Husband and Wife for Twenty-five Years

Tragic Part Which a Beautiful Jewel Played in the Lives of the Prince and Princess Colonna of Rome—Was Presented to the Latter by a Titled Lovesick Admirer, Who Committed Suicide Because He Thought He Had Besmirched Her Fair Name.

(Special Correspondence.)
ROME, 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 happily here in the characters of the historic house of Colonna and the scene Rome, their home for more than a thousand years.

The Colonnas, as long ago as the year 1000, were among the dominating families of the Eternal city. Off and on they were really the masters of Rome, fighting always their traditional enemy, the Orsini, except when it was to the interest of both to join against a common enemy, such as Rinaldi and other reformers. They have produced a great poetess, Vittoria, friend and comrade of Michelangelo, and down through the ages they have had a large hand in making the intensely interesting history of the city of Rome.

Our story begins a quarter of a century ago in an idyllic romance. To go still further back, a certain Duke of San Teodoro married an Englishwoman, nee Locke, who had romantic beauty and charm, spending her time between London and Rome. In this last place she fell in love with the Duke of Marino, heir to the principality of the whole, and from his lips, added that young Roccagiovane had for a moment lost his head at the thought that he had even slightly quivered the purity of his divinity, and had been seized with the mad idea that his death would cleanse her. During the night he had blown out his brains after putting his favorite jewel, a diamond butterfly pierced through the heart by a ruby headed pin, would be given to the 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 I 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, her husband implored her upon his knees, her confessor admonished her, the doctors made every effort to break down her obstinate silence and resentment toward her husband, but all in vain, and at last her friends were obliged to confess that she was mad. That delicate and sensitive 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 break into bitter words against her husband, and if he came suddenly into her presence, now she would go to stop there until he left, so that the poor man at times even believed that it was possessed of a malign spirit.

The hopelessness of effecting a recon-

ciliation was soon apparent. The doctor 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, and if she regretted her broken home no one knew of it. The butterfly continued to adorn her person, but otherwise she led the normal life of a woman of breeding, and it was only her intimates who knew that there was one topic which must be avoided, as upon it she was irremediably.

THINGS TO MAKE NEW HOME.
Meanwhile Duke Marino, broken-hearted, gathered together the threads of his ruined life and tried to make a home for himself and his two little daughters, whom he kept in Rome, although they paid long and frequent visits to their mother and grandmother in England. In the course of time he became favorite gentleman-in-waiting to Queen Margherita, who, knowing his sad story, gave him special sympathy, for the wretched man could never forget his lost felicity or his beautiful wife, and he became Prince Colonna, and his wife became Princess Colonna, and head of the house, this placing him 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, so that when he became by heredity Prince Colonna, and thus also inherited 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 at the Vatican, and one which he shared with the old enemy of his house, Prince Orsini. Indeed, the post was created centuries ago to keep peace between the rivals. Prince Colonna decided to throw in his lot with the Vatican party, and resigned his position 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 the separation of their equally beloved parents, and using every influence to break down the barrier. When the eldest married Don Angelo Chigi in Rome she told her mother that she could not be happy without the maternal blessing on the day of her marriage, but all to no purpose. When the other married Don Leone Castani, Prince di Teano, she likewise wished for the presence of her mother, but without result. The duchess continued to live between her country and town house in England, and apparently desired nothing else.

THE HOME COMING.
But in reality time was having its effect, peace was gradually being restored to the disordered brain, and comfort and care were giving the afflicted body health. A few weeks ago Rome was electrified by the news that the Princess Colonna, who had never borne the title, was coming home.

The end of the story is as dramatic as the beginning. After the death of her mother, a couple of years ago, the princess suddenly one day woke to the discovery that she was "lonely," and that was more, that quite by her own will she had only to lift her finger and husband and children would be restored to her. The idea came as something entirely new, and once hinted to her daughters a meeting between husband and wife soon was arranged.

Who can measure the depths of that meeting? When she had left her husband she was in the zenith of her beauty, brilliant, young and fascinating; now she was old and faded, 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

Harry Payne Whitney vs. The Duke of Roxburghe

(Special Correspondence.)
LONDON, May 14.—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney are due here in a few days. He is coming especially for the polo season, 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 Whitney are friendly rivals in the game, but a good many experts prefer the American's performance. He has one particular 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 visit to Hurlingham to see it. His polo ponies are as good as the Duke of Roxburghe's, which are the finest at any of the clubs.

Harry Payne Whitney is the beau ideal of the perfect sportsman to the Cockney enthusiast. After having seen him play cricket, at which he is as expert as at polo, a number of young clerks from Brixton decided they would write and ask him to become president of their little club, the subscription to which was about \$125 a year. On receiving the offer of this distinction the American millionaire promptly wrote back, saying "he felt much honored by the request, but he never stays in town long, flying off to Paris, which she adores in season or out, on the slightest provocation. Nor is she too fond of her husband's home, The Hall, Yorksire. It is called "a shooting box," but like other houses which are dubbed the same, it is palatial. During the shooting season last year, the enormous amount of luggage which arrived at the local station for the American ladies staying at the hall was the talk of the county. Pending removal of the hall, special accommodation had to be engaged outside for it, the station capacity being too limited to hold it.

SUBLINE OPERA CLOAKS.
Of all garments the one which excites most interest in the breast of the smart woman, be she young or old, debutante or matron, plain or beautiful, is the opera cloak. Gowns are the merest detail compared with the importance of evening wraps, which are veritable poems. It is no exaggeration to say that at no time in the history of dress were such fortunes expended 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 sublime, you aspire to be really chic. And certainly subline was the price of less confection in which Mrs. Oliver Belmont was wrapped the other night when she came to Covent Garden with her daughter, the Duchess of Marlborough. They entered towards the end of the first act of "Madame Butterfly," and as they did so, one within seeing distance of them forgot to listen to the music in their admiration of Mrs. Belmont's wrap—fading, subtle, and of the combined chiffon in the combined mauves and blues of the sweet pea. It seemed to be mounted over something shimmering, subtle glimpses of which could be seen as the wearer moved. At the low cut neck was a diamond and amethyst clasp from which depended 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 fell in the most beautiful and unstudied folds, simple as those of a nun's habit. When at the end of the performance

the same man. Scanty gray hair, where before it had been black and plentiful, less elasticity of movement, and much greater gravity of temper, but no less tenderness. They gazed into each others' eyes, the years disappeared, and they were young again, and life for them began again where it had left off a generation before.

One quick glance persuaded the prince that the butterfly was there. Had it taken wing to the tomb from which it came, he mused? He never asked, but it has ceased to haunt him and with its passing has passed the madness of his wife.

CONSTANCE HARRISON.

LADY MARY.

Their sister, however, managed to find time to drink tea with one or two duchesses, her grace of Sutherland among the number. The Wright family are not socially ambitious, though the men thirst for further fame and, above all, are determined to be multimillionaires. Unlike the usual inventors, 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 nails in striking of a bargain. He added that "they must have some Scotch blood in them, or if not, Yorkshire." But they are far more genial than either Scotch or Yorkshire men; in fact, they are typical Americans and are liked by all with whom they come into contact.

Prince Colonna in his Robes as Assistant to the Pontifical Throne

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