

## Interesting Gossip About Notable Men and Women.

BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY.

At the very moment when the celebrated Italian author, Gabriele d'Annunzio, whose real patronymic is the frightfully plebeian one of Rapagnetta, is obtaining in Switzerland a divorce from his wife, the Princess Maria Galles, in order to wed the widowed Marquise Carliotti, daughter of the Italian ex-premier, Marquis Radini, death has overtaken the famous novelist's aged father-in-law, the Duke of Gallés, whose career has been so romantic that it has been made the theme of one of Marion Crawford's most successful novels. One of the grandest palaces in Rome is that of the Altampes, now owned by the crown of Spain, which in olden times was a monastery that Cardinal Marco Altampes rebuilt, embellished and arranged as a residence.

Toward the middle of the nineteenth century there remained of the illustrious Altampes family only Dona Lucretia and a cousin, Count Albert. For the sake of family interest, the Duke of Gallés, who was a French soldier, decided that the cousins should marry. After a few years Albert died, leaving a widow and a daughter. The latter did not long survive him, and the widow, Dona Lucretia, remained sole heiress of the great patrimony of the patriarchal house of Altampes.

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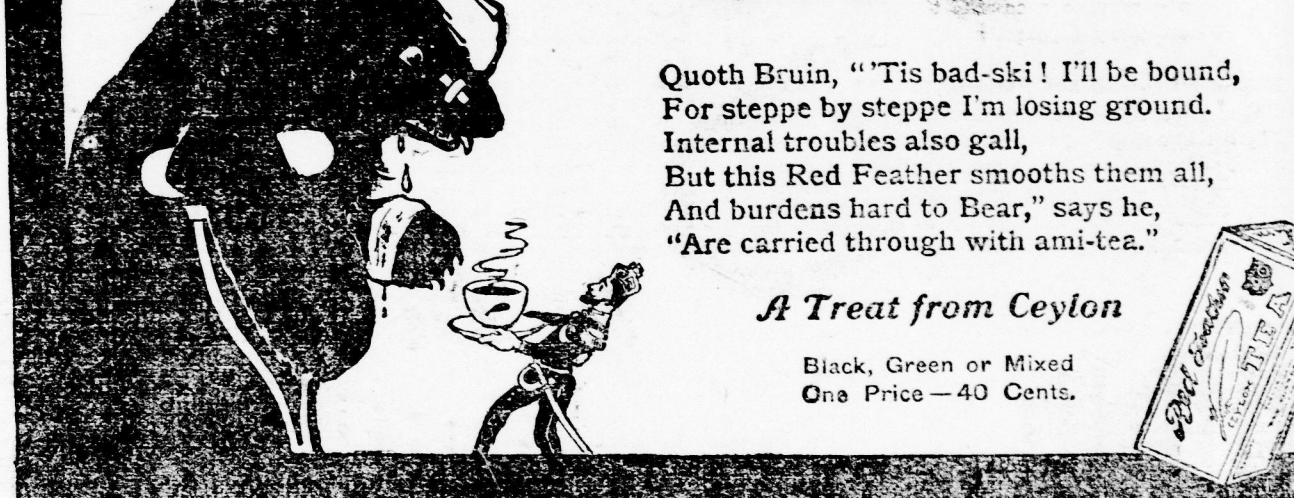
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## "Red Feather" Tea



Quoth Bruin, "Tis bad-ski! I'll be bound,  
For steppe by steppe I'm losing ground.  
Internal troubles also gall,  
But this Red Feather smooths them all,  
And burdens hard to bear," says he,  
"Are carried through with ami-tea."

A Treat from Ceylon

Black, Green or Mixed  
One Price—40 Cents.

## YOUNG ATHERLEY'S LUCK

The morning sun lay warm and clear after the rain of the night before, and young Atherley, as his horse loped easily along the wide range, sang aloud for very joy of light-heartedness. Out here, away from cities and crowds, how good life was.

The train was in, and Atherley hurried around the corner, then halted suddenly, dazzled by the vision which confronted him. On the lower steps of a car near the middle of the train stood a girl, her fair hair blowing in the wind, her hands full of pink roses, her eyes gazing straight into his. For a second neither moved. Then, as a voice from within called "Marion!" the girl, with a quick flush, turned up the steps, and Atherley, struck with the consciousness of his dusty "chaps," huge spurs and sombrero, slipped back. He had quite forgotten his letter. The girl, who was a preliminary snort, the conductor yelled, "All aboard!" But Atherley still stood motionless, his eyes fixed on the car, wondering what had happened. As the slow length of train began to move the girl slipped back to the platform for a moment, and on the ground, almost at Atherley's feet, fell a pink rose. To spring forward, seize the flower, then swing aboard the last car as it passed was to Atherley but the work of another moment. Before he had fairly realized it he was on the train and speeding eastward as fast as steam could carry him.

Practical thoughts forced a way, and his first act was to take account of stock. "Jim will take the horse back," he reasoned. "It's all right. Luckily, I have just about enough for my ticket to New York." Somehow he had decided that she lived in New York. And as for money, well, he knew what may turn up, with cheerful optimism.

At the next stop he sneaked forward to the first-class car and sat down to think things over. She was certainly a mighty pretty girl! Atherley, feeling for the rose hidden in his breast pocket, wondered that he would probably not regret his action.

"But I've got to get busy on the food question." There were three or four other men in the car, the younger ones chatting together, and another, rather older, reading in a corner. All eyed him curiously. I bet that fellow had an inspiration. If he worked them right, amused them, told them queer experiences, they might supply him with food and drink, and for others, well, he must hand those he had carefully. In pursuance of this idea he moved nearer, and soon held the group enthralled with his funny anecdotes.

"So you really jumped on the train and came," asked an older man at length, when Billy had grown weary of his talk and moved away, "and for no other reason than that you wanted to see the world?" Atherley laughed rather shamefacedly.

"That's what I did those fellows. But I don't mind telling you the truth. It was—it was on account of a girl," he said, haltingly. The older man's lips twitched.

"A girl! How so?" "I saw her on the car step," confessed Atherley. "And—and I liked her. I was in the mood of romanticism. I did her to mention the rose. 'I wonder if you have seen her?' he added, eagerly. 'She had on some kind of a blue dress with a white waist, and carried some roses. They called her 'Marion.'"

The older man started. "Marion!" he exclaimed. "Why, that's my daughter. Unhappily. Then he stopped rather annoyed. A young ranchman, no matter how charming and gentlemanly, was hardly a person to be presented to the carefully-guarded Marion. But Atherley was too absorbed to notice the hesitation.

"Your daughter, oh, I say, what luck! That will save me an awful lot of time and trouble. I expected the device of a job in looking her. Though I knew that I should do it in the end," he added, confidently. "Do you mind telling me your name?"

"My name?" divided between indignation and mirth. "I am James Atherley," he declared rather pompously. But Atherley was clearly unimpressed. "Better and better," he cried. "I always was a lucky chap." Joyously. The older man leaned back and stared at him.

"My dear young man," began he, in his most formal manner. "I think we must understand each other. I certainly fail to see where the luck comes in. Atherley, starting in his turn, became suddenly enlightened.

"Of course. You mean that you don't know me?" he cried. "Oh, that's all right," easily. "I've heard dad speak of you hundreds of times. I'm Billy Atherley and I've just been out looking up some properties. Dad's luck comes in. The older man's brow cleared somewhat.

"Not William H. Atherley's son?" Atherley nodded. "The same. So now won't you introduce me to your daughter," wistfully. "It would save such a lot of time. Atherley, starting in his turn, looked at the young fellow quizzically. "If you are much like your father, and I think you are, you would be hardly apt to wait long for my services," he remarked jealously. "Come along, then. All I ask of you is please not to get married before we reach New York." The tone strove to be stern, but young Atherley laughed happily.

"I make no promises," he declared, with gay defiance. "Oh, here, hold on a moment," as a sudden recollection of his unnamed letter occurred to him. Pulling out the envelope he tore it in fragments, letting the pieces float out of the open window.

An artful dodger is often entitled to more credit than the strenuous blitherers are mightier than the swarms in the hands of the literary pharisee.

"It was to say that I wasn't coming home," he explained. "I will telegraph from Chicago, Nov. 4, if you are ready." —A. M. D. Ogen, in San Francisco, Cal.

In Belgium the law of December 13, 1859, provides that children must have one full day of rest each week, while in the Netherlands Sunday rest is commanded for women and children by the law of March 5, 1859, and by virtue of the law of March 1, 1815, no government work is done on Sunday.

Mrs. Peary, during the several Arctic expeditions whereupon she accompanied her husband, became an expert and fearless walrus hunter.

There is not another range built in which the heat may be regulated so that you can bake in the oven and cook on the top at the same time without spoiling one or the other.

But you can do both equally well at the same time on the Pandora, because its heat is not wasted and is at all times under the simplest, most positive control.

If you do the cooking of your household you can appreciate exactly what this means.

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