

SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY

Prince Vladimir Orloff, A. D. C. and chief of the military chancellery—that is to say, the principal military secretary—of the Czar, is just at present the one member of the Russian court who occupies the highest place in his sovereign's favor, and in addition to his other duties is initiating the Emperor into all the delights of motor-ing. For Orloff, who is a most enthusiastic and adept automobilist, and possessed of boundless wealth, is as-erted to own the largest and most up-to-date private collection of machines in existence.

There is nothing in the appearance of Vladimir Orloff to suggest the courtier, of which calling he certainly cannot be said to possess the physical graces. For he is enormously and phenomenally fat, weighing considerably over 300 pounds, his obesity being emphasized by his gorgeous uniform on all state occasions. He is quite as much at home in France as in Russia, is a Parisian to his finger tips, and spent most of his boyhood on the banks of the Seine, where his father, the late Gen. Prince Orloff, was for so many years ambassador, and married to one of the Princesses Troubetzkoy.

He had lost an eye in the Crimea, and, being unable to bear the irritation of a glass substitute, always wore a black silk bandage across his temple in such a manner as to conceal the affliction. He was as thin and spare as his son is fat, and was a striking and popular figure for many years in Parisian life. He left to his two sons a superb mansion in the Rue St. Dominique at Paris, as well as a beautiful place near Fontainebleau, known as the chateau de Bellevue.

Small wonder that the Orloffs are rich. For Gregory Orloff, the favorite of Empress Catherine the Great, and his five brothers, were all by his own record to have received from 1725 until 1783, when Gregory was superseded in Catherine's good graces by Potemkin, no less than 20,000,000 rubles, besides jewels, lands, and some 50,000 serfs. True, Empress Catherine owed him much. For it was he who, with his own hands, eliminated her objectionable husband, Emperor Peter III., by the process of strangulation, thus leaving her in undisputed possession of the throne.

Moreover, it was to him that she was indebted for her acquisition of the now famous Orloff diamond, which ranks among the most celebrated gems of the world, and is the most magnificent feature of the Imperial Russian regalia. Orloff picked the diamond in question up during a single day's stay which he made at Amsterdam while en route from Paris to Russia, purchasing it from a Persian merchant of the name of Khodex for a sum amounting to about \$500,000 and an annuity of \$20,000 a year. It is said that the diamond originally figured in a certain idol in the temple of Seringham in Mysore, from which it had been feloniously extracted and conveyed out of India.

The founder of the Orloff family is understood to have been a soldier of the mutinous Strelitz guard, which Peter the Great found it necessary to wipe out of existence. Ivan Orloff was marching to his doom—something with boiling oil in it—with such an air of contemptuous defiance, that he caught the attention and struck the fancy of Peter the Great, who spared his life and enlisted him in his patriotic guard, promoting him by degrees until he rose to the rank of general. It was his grandson, Gregory Orloff, who was the favorite of Catherine the Great. She offered to marry Gregory secretly. But this he proudly refused, insisting that she should publicly make him her consort or not at all. He died insane.

One of his brothers, who assisted him in the assassination of Peter III., was Count Alexis Orloff, the admiral whose destruction of the Turkish fleet commanded by Capudan Pasha, is commemorated by the four celebrated pictures painted by Hackert to his order, and which, formerly at the Strein Palace, now I believe adorn the walls of the Imperial Hermitage Palace at St. Petersburg. Alexis Orloff had grand ideas. For when the painter happened to mention to him that he would have some difficulty in portraying a ship on fire, never having witnessed that imposing spectacle, the admiral, without a moment's hesitation, ordered a Russian seventy-four gun battleship to be cleared, placed in a position to suit the artist, and to be burned before his eyes, so that he might execute the subject with fidelity.

Alexis, too, was the admiral who played so notable a role in connection with the mystery of the Princess Tarakanoff, who is believed to have been one of the natural daughters of Empress Elizabeth, and who had incurred the anger and jealousy of Catherine by her imperial pretensions. Warned in time, the princess betook herself abroad, where, owing to her wealth and her beauty, as well as to her claims of imperial parentage, she was treated everywhere with an immense amount of consideration.

This served to still further irritate Catherine against her. But realizing that it would be only by means of stratagem that she would be able to get the princess within her toils, she gave orders to all the various Russian embassies abroad that they should make much of the princess.

At Naples Count Alexis Orloff became one of the most devoted admirers, and with all the laurels of his recent victory over the Turks upon him, induced her, at Leghorn, to consent to give him her hand in marriage. He thereupon made public the news of his engagement, and announced to the people of Leghorn that by way of celebrating his betrothal, he would give in the bay a mimic representation of his victory of Tchemes. It was proclaimed that a couple of old frigates would be blown into the air as part and parcel of the pageant in honor of the princess.

and a public holiday was ordered by the city authorities for the occasion. On the appointed day the admiral's barge, superbly adorned and decorated, conveyed the princess and her suite from the landing to the flagship. But when she had ascended the companion ladder and had been welcomed on board by the admiral, the anchors were hauled up, and, to the amazement of the people of Leghorn, who had gathered along the shore to witness the mimic battle, the entire Russian squadron sailed off without firing a single shot or furnishing the promised spectacle.

The Muscovite squadron did not drop NOTABLE PEOPLE—TWO anchor again until it reached Kronstadt, where the princess, who had been kept a strict prisoner in her cabin throughout the voyage, was transferred from the flagship to the dungeons beneath the imperial tombs in the gloomy island of Peter and Paul fortress, which commands the access to St. Petersburg. There she was detained in close captivity until insanity and death released her from her sufferings.

Lord Bellew, who is just about to celebrate his silver wedding at Barmouth Castle, County Louth, is the chief of one of the oldest houses in Ireland. The family is of Norman origin, and figured at the battle of Hastings under William the Conqueror. It was one of the first to settle in Ireland a hundred years later when one of its members accompanied Strongbow to the Emerald Isle and received as a reward for his military services grants of land in County Louth, which are known today as Bellew's Town.

Ever since—that is to say, for eight centuries—the Bellews have played an important role in Ireland, and in 1399 Sir John Bellew is on historic record as having received from the crown Castle Roche, founded by Rose de Verdon, round whose name so many romances have been woven.

Another Sir John Bellew, of the Elizabethan era, had two sons, Christopher and John. Christopher was the ancestor of the lords of Bellew of the creation of 1686, which became extinct in 1770 on the death without issue of the fourth lord, John, the younger brother, founded the family, which received a baronetcy in 1688.

The seventh baronet, Sir Patrick Bellew of Barmouth, received an Irish peerage in 1848 and married the daughter of Don Jose de Mendoza y Rios, the celebrated mathematician.

The most modern parts of the Barmouth Castle date from the reign of Charles II. A portion of it, notably the great old square tower, which is such a feature of the place, is more than 800 years old. The castle is full of interesting associations, and it was in the great hall that the eleventh Duke of Norfolk contracted in 1767 his romantic marriage with the lovely Marianne Oppinger, who has been immortalized by Hogarth in a portrait which hangs over the library chimney piece.

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Maj. Bryan being a confirmed bachelor, has turned over the estates to his younger brother, the Hon. Richard Bellew, who now makes his home at Jenkinstown Park, one of the finest places in the County Kilkenny.

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T. P. In His Anecdote The Great Condo Trapped

(By T. P. O'Connor, M. P., in T. P.'s Weekly.)

THE GREAT CONDO TRAPPED.

The Great Condo—I am quoting from Mr. Noel William's "A Princess of Intrigue" (Hutchinson, 2 vols., 24s. net)—called on Cardinal Mazarin on the morning of January 18, 1650, at the Palais-Royal, paying a visit so unexpected that he surprised the minister's secretary writing out an order for the arrest and imprisonment of that prince, his brother, and his brother-in-law! The secretary was paralyzed by Condo's unannounced entry, but his master, Mazarin, was equal to the occasion. Hurrying to the prince and welcoming him with extraordinary effusiveness, he said: "Sir, you are just the man I wanted. I have this moment ascertained the hiding-place of Des Coureurs, who created those disturbances last December, and as there is some fear of his rescue by the mob, I shall be glad if you will sign an order for two or three companies of the Household troops to convey him safely to prison."

"Certainly," replied Condo, who at once signed an order for the seizure of the King's guard and the Queen's light cavalry to be in readiness that evening to escort a prisoner to Vincennes. That evening Guittaut approached Condo. "Well, Guittaut, what can I do for you?" asked the prince. "If there is any order you will sign an order for two or three companies of the Household troops to convey him safely to prison."

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A PENITENT'S ANSWER

When Madame de Mailly, the first mistress of Louis XV., was discarded by that wretched prince and replaced by her younger sister, she "hung herself into a great and estimable devotion." She dispensed so much in alms that she hardly left herself enough to live on, while her humility was as exemplary as her charity. When she happened to arrive one day rather late at the church of Saint-Eoch and some unusual attention was shown her by the churchwarden, an ill-conditioned brute muttered loud enough for her to hear: "Here's a pretty fuss to make about a —!"

She turned a distressed face towards him and said gently: "Since you know her, sir, pray for her!"

A BITING REBUKE.

A friend of mine happened to be in St. Saviour's Cathedral on an occasion when the Catholic bishop was hearing confessions. Now, in the Catholic Church there are cases of conscience called "reserved cases"—cases of sins, in fact, too heinous for absolution by a less authority than a bishop's. A lady clothed in purple and fine linen and also in a very different spirit from that of the penitent Madame de Mailly, was elbowing her way insolently through the crowd of poor people when an old beggar woman shouted after her: "Ah, thin, now, madam, do ye think nobody's got a reserved case but yourself?"

A DIFFICULT PENITENT.

The famous Scotch divine, Dr. Hugh Blair, wished to bring to a penitent sense of her sins the no less famous American, Sophy Johnston. In the long-extended Scotch fashion of the day the doctor first dwelt upon the heinousness of sin generally which cost us, to begin with, the Garden of Eden. He proceeded then to point out penitence as the only possible passport to a return to that felicity from which our first parents had fallen. But here he was interrupted and put to utter rout by Sophy, who cried: "Weel, weel, Doctor, it wud be sma' pleasure to me to rin about naked in a garden, eating green apples!"

A SMART REPLY.

Some years since I was lunching in the company of an old lady of eighty-five who was allowed by her doctor only the meagre fare of a stewed apple. When I was asked which of the many dainties wherewith the table was embarrassingly spread I should like, I answered: "A stewed apple; out of course, Mrs. — has chosen the choicest delicacy for herself." She rejoined in a moment: "The only case in which an apple was divided between the sexes, Mr. —, was not auspicious!"

RETORTS COURTEOUS.

In some of the Scotch churches it is, or was, the ancient custom for the minister to bow after pronouncing the blessing to the principal heritor or heritors. On one occasion the Rev. Dr. Wrightman, of Kirkmahoe, being a young bachelor, omitted to salaam the ladies in the Palesan choir. A few days later he was taken to task for the omission by Miss Miller, the heritor's daughter, a famous beauty, who afterwards became Countess of Mar. "Oh, Mr. Wrightman, I have a crow to pluck with you. Why did you omit to bow to us ladies last Sunday?" "Surely, surely, Miss Miller, you must know that the worship of angels is forbidden in the Church of Scotland!" The Rev. Dr. McCausland, minister of Douglas in Clydesdale, dining with a large party, the Hon. Henry Eskine being one, helped himself so plentifully to watercress and ate it so grossly and greedily that Eskine at last was provoked to say: "Oh, Dr. McCausland, ye bring me to mind of the great King Nebuchadnezzar!" "Ay, indeed, I remind you of Nebuchadnezzar?" That will be because I am eating among the brutes, then!"

AN OLD JOKE.

Only the other day I saw attributed to the Scotch folk, Jamie Fleeman, a joke which is at least as old as Boccardo, Jamie, taking advantage of the absence of the cook from the kitchen, wratched off and devoured the leg of a goose that was roasting. On being charged with the theft he said: "It's the breed, laird. Look out o' winder, or ye'll see the geese in the yard standin' upon one leg." In Boccardo, however, the master shouts at the thief, saying: "Ye've been eating these geese, which at once put down the other leg. "Yes; but you didn't shout at the goose you ate," replied the thief of the roast leg.

HOW STARS ARE COUNTED.

The gigantic but fascinating task which J. Franklin-Adams, F.R.S., has undertaken of counting the myriad stars in the heavens and assigning to each the proper magnitude, is above the tenth magnitude can be differentiated from dust specks, Mr. Franklin-Adams and his assistants check one another in the counting, but there is always a slight difference in the totals, due, of course, to the personal equation as represented by the operator.

"Merely to count the stars on an average plate, apart from noting their photographic magnitude, occupies the time of two men for more than forty nights, if they work seven hours a day. In taking the plates, Mr. Franklin-Adams used a triple achromatic lens working at F4. In the northern hemisphere the minimum exposure was 2 hours 20 minutes, and in the southern, with its clearer atmosphere, 2 hours.—London Mail.

The Pima Indians, who live on the banks of the Gila River (pronounced in Spanish Heela), are the most civilized of any North American Indians. They live in houses, manufacture useful articles and are known for simplicity of character, peacefulness and absolute accuracy, for there is the honesty.

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SPECIAL NOTICE. Owing to Dr. Kennedy's death, Dr. J. D. Kennedy, Medical Director, has associated with him Dr. Kennedy Jr., who has been with the firm for several years, so hereafter business will be conducted under the name of Drs. Kennedy & Kennedy.

NERVOUS DEBILITY. Thousands of young and middle aged men are annually swept to a premature grave through EARLY INDISCRETIONS, EXCESSIVE AND BLOOD DISEASES. If you have any of the following symptoms consult us before it is too late. Are you nervous, bashful and despondent? Is the face pale and thin? Are your eyes, with dark circles under them, weak? Do you have a headache, palpitation of the heart, bashful, dreams and losses, sediments in urine, pain in the back, spine, joints, etc. Are you a nervous expression, poor memory, listless, distrustful, lack energy and strength, tired morning, restless nights, changeable moods, weak digestion, premature decay, bone pains, hair loose, sore throat, etc.

BLOOD POISONS. Blood Poisons are the most heinous and most serious diseases. They sap the very life blood of the victim, and unless entirely eradicated from the system may affect the future generation. Beware of Mercury. It only suppresses the symptoms—OUR NEW METHOD cures them.

OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT alone can cure you, and make a man of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purified so that the pimples, blotches, and ulcers disappear, the nervous system becomes strong as steel, so that nervousness, bashfulness and despondency vanish, the eye becomes bright, the face full and clear, energy returns to the body, and the moral, physical, and vital systems are invigorated; all drains cease—no more vital waste from the system. Don't let quacks and fakirs rob you of your hard earned dollars. We will cure you or pay.

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Mrs. Roxana Pike Church, who died recently at Evanston, Ill., was, it is said, one of the "flower girls" who greeted Lafayette upon his visit to Boston.

to attend the laying of the corner stone of the Bunker Hill monument. MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.