

SIDEGLITS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY

Some building operations in connection with structural changes in progress in the lower regions of the London residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales have brought to light the corner or foundation stone of the building. It bears the date of 1709, and an inscription to the effect that "This stone was laid by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough," that is to say, the masterful wife of the first duke, who is on his historic record as having bullied and actually terrorized not only her husband, the victor of Blenheim, but also her sovereign, the weak and foolish Queen Anne.

During a portion of the latter's reign the duchess had a suite of rooms adjoining those of the queen in St. James' Palace. But when her husband became so celebrated as a general, she insisted on having a house of her own, though within the precincts of the palace. So she compelled Queen Anne to surrender to her a portion of the St. James' Palace grounds, and a portion thereof which had been the favorite haunt of Charles II. and of his brother, King James. Having secured the coveted site, she razed the fine old trees to the ground, tore up the royal oak which Charles II. had raised from a corn of the tree which had sheltered him from Cromwell's pursuing soldiers at Boscomb, and built Marlborough House, according to designs of Sir Christopher Wren.

The house, or rather palace, remained in the possession of the Dukes of Marlborough for a little over 200 years, that is to say, until the death of the fourth duke in 1817, when it was bought by the crown as a suitable residence for Princess Charlotte, daughter of the prince regent, on her marriage to Leopold of Coburg. Subsequent to her demise at Claremont, Leopold lived there until his election to the throne of Belgium in 1835, and after remaining unoccupied for a few years it was settled as a dower house on Queen Adelaide, who was occupied by her as such until her death in 1849.

Queen Victoria and the prince consort then decided that Marlborough House should become the London residence of their son, the then Prince of Wales, when he attained his majority, and meanwhile the building was used as a museum of art. In fact, the collections then formed and housed there were the nucleus of what has since developed into the great Museum of Science and Art Applied to Industry, in South Kensington. A year or so before the prince consort's death the collections were transferred to South Kensington, and the house was put in order for the use of the Prince of Wales.

And it was only then that by mere

chance the discovery was made that beneath a number of layers of canvas, paint, and wall paper the walls of the grand staircase, and of the grand salon were adorned with superb frescoes by Louis Laguerre, representing all the first Duke of Marlborough's battles and sieges. Marlborough House is a large building, but it is most extraordinary for the household of the Prince and Princess of Wales, which numbers considerably over a hundred people.

Sir William Neville Abdy, whose engagement to the widow of the late Gen. George Palmer Robinson has just been announced, is a baronet of mature age, who can boast of matrimonial experiences more extraordinary than those that fall to the share of most men. The first Lady Abdy was twice married. The first Lady Abdy was an Austrian, or, rather, a Bohemian, of the name of Marie Therese Petrskis, who is generally understood to have been at one time an inmate of the seraglio of the Sultan.

Escaping from the padishah's home at Constantinople, she turned up in London, figured in the cause célèbre of the sculptor, Richard Bell, against Sir Charles Lawes, as a friend of the criminal suit brought by Sir William Abdy against Bell for having swindled him out of a sum of \$50,000 by means of paste jewelry. Although Baroness Petrskis, as she called herself, seems to have been something of a confidante of the Bell in the fraud, for which he was sentenced to a term of penal servitude, since the jewels were said to have been brought by her from the Sultan's harem, yet Sir William was so much inclined to marry her after the trial.

The union did not last long. They soon separated, and thereupon commenced for him the most extraordinary persecution that it is possible to conceive. Almost insane with jealousy, she was forever suing him for divorce, usually without a shadow of evidence, and on frequent occasions Sir William, as her husband, was compelled to pay heavy damages for slanders which she had circulated concerning women upon whom he had never set eyes.

The well-known actress, Florence St. John, obtained from him \$10,000 in this way in court, while a still more remarkable case was that of a South American widow, Mme. de Benitez, who travelled all the way from Buenos Aires to London when cited by the late Lady Abdy as co-respondent in the divorce suit against her husband, and was able to prove to the complete and full satisfaction of the court that she had never set eyes upon Sir William Abdy in her life. She ex-
viewed.

plained that the reason which had led her to journey so far to respond to the subpoena of the court was to put an end to the extraordinary persecution to which she had been subjected throughout eight years by Lady Abdy, who, although a perfect stranger to her, had pursued her all over Europe and South America with charges of too great intimacy with Sir William, which were embarrassing, as she was waiting at the time to wed Prince Adolph Wrede, who has since become her husband.

To the relief of Sir William and of many others, this Austrian-born Lady Abdy died in 1902, and in the same year Sir William, terribly crippled by a hunting accident, allowed himself to be inveigled into another marriage, with a woman of the name of Elsie Beach, of infamous past and of money-grasping, violent, and drunken habits. Sir William had no difficulty in obtaining a divorce from her, and in the summer of 1905, after a trial of the most revolting and unsavory character.

Now Sir William is about to risk matrimony for a second time, and the new Lady Abdy will be handicapped throughout the remainder of her days by the unfortunate notoriety brought upon the name of the late Lady Abdy by her predecessors in the affections of Sir William.

Sir William, who has no children, has as heir to his baronetcy his younger brother, Anthony, who was badly wounded in the South African war, served for a number of years in the Second Life Guards, and was likewise for a time military attaché of the British embassy at Vienna.

The Abdys are an old Yorkshire family, but have been settled in the 300 years in Essex, at Albyns, a charming old place not far from Romford. There was an Anthony Abdy who was sheriff of London in 1666, and Charles I., and each of the three sons was created a baronet. These baronets all became extinct at the end of the eighteenth century, with the death of Sir William Abdy, and his estates went to his nephew, the Rev. Thomas Rutherford, who, on succeeding to the property, became a duke in accordance with his uncle's will, the surname and arms of Abdy. His grandson, Thomas Abdy, was created a baronet in 1850 for his services in the Indian army, and he was formerly in service out in China, is exceedingly well off, and, despite his being crippled, is a great matrimonial catch—at any rate from a financial point of view.

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Buried Alive at Messina

HOW IT FEELS—GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE EXPERIENCE OF THREE MOTHERLESS CHILDREN—THE RESCUE.

We have heard much of the last few weeks of the genius of Edgar Allan Poe, inventor of tales the most fantastic, sombre and improbably convincing. Here is a story of Messina which is equal to any one of them in wonder and poignancy, and it is a relation of fact. Sent by the correspondent of the "Corriere della Sera," it appeared last Thursday in the Evening Standard and St. James' Gazette. It is as follows:

THE DISCOVERY.
So even now the great tomb has restored three living! A mother with three children had been buried alive under the ruins of a large palace. They had been living in a basement room, on which the upper stories had accumulated in a gigantic heap, hiding completely the lower part of the building. At the moment of the catastrophe a part of the room in which the family lived collapsed. The mother was struck, and her body, half-mutilated, lay compressed between the fallen stones and beams. When all was silent, the poor woman with a feeble voice called for her children. All answered. At first she encouraged them with words of comfort. Then she complained, but her voice became more feeble; then it was heard no more. The children pressed closer to each other, remaining motionless for a long time. Who knows for how long! In the darkness they lost the consciousness of time.

WHY DOES NOBODY COME?
The eldest, a girl of twenty-one, never left the others for a second; they were a boy of ten, a little girl of twelve. In her arms she held the little ones with the affection of a mother who feels there is imminent and unknown danger. They gradually got used to their imprisonment. They became hungry and thirsty, and groping along in the narrow space they

found some figs, onions, and a tub filled with water. One time passed; while searching they found some bottles of wine. The eldest sister distributed the food and drink. She assisted the others in regulating their life in that last period of their existence. They passed the time in playing, in talking, in motionless, feeling suffocated. They heard the whistling of sirens, and said: "Why have they forgotten us? Why does nobody come to save us? They should at least only have had collapsed; they were ignorant of the destruction of the city."

SILENCE AND A BOX OF MATCHES
The silence round them appeared to them the silence of the night, and endless night it seemed. At one time they heard steps and voices at a distance; they felt it coming through the openings of a wardrobe. The air came through some unsealed boards, which they succeeded in breaking. The wall behind had fallen in, and they, crawling free and happy that would see their signal of desperation. But all in vain. They waved their flag of distress in a blind case of ruins. They looked around for a way out. Between fallen bricks they discovered an opening, which led by the ruins. Then they began to remove the debris, stone by stone, and then lighting a match. They worked till they were exhausted, returning the whole way to the tub to get a drink of water. Near to the tub their mother lay dead. They raised her; they slept near one another, comforting and caressing each other, maintained by the vitality of youth. Food and drink soon were gone. They began to suffer hunger and thirst. Suddenly, while removing a large stone, they reached them a glimmer of light. It was the light of day; it was the open air, it was the return to life. The little mother succeeded in forcing a passage big enough for his little body to pass. He found himself on the summit of a gigantic heap of ruins. The old church stood there no more; around him no more houses, no more streets—a desert of ruins amidst a great silence. He remained there, standing, trembling, terrified, without daring to move to look for help, which perhaps his little soul believed would never come. How lonely must have felt the poor child, so near his sisters buried there alive.

THE UNSEEN SIGNAL
Quite suddenly, when days had passed, they heard the hissing of the wind; they felt it coming through the openings of a wardrobe. The air came through some unsealed boards, which they succeeded in breaking. The wall behind had fallen in, and they, crawling free and happy that would see their signal of desperation. But all in vain. They waved their flag of distress in a blind case of ruins. They looked around for a way out. Between fallen bricks they discovered an opening, which led by the ruins. Then they began to remove the debris, stone by stone, and then lighting a match. They worked till they were exhausted, returning the whole way to the tub to get a drink of water. Near to the tub their mother lay dead. They raised her; they slept near one another, comforting and caressing each other, maintained by the vitality of youth. Food and drink soon were gone. They began to suffer hunger and thirst. Suddenly, while removing a large stone, they reached them a glimmer of light. It was the light of day; it was the open air, it was the return to life. The little mother succeeded in forcing a passage big enough for his little body to pass. He found himself on the summit of a gigantic heap of ruins. The old church stood there no more; around him no more houses, no more streets—a desert of ruins amidst a great silence. He remained there, standing, trembling, terrified, without daring to move to look for help, which perhaps his little soul believed would never come. How lonely must have felt the poor child, so near his sisters buried there alive.

This happened in the morning at

eight, eighteen days after the disaster. Human voices sounded in the distance; two guards approached. The child called out, "Come here quickly!" The two men stopped. The feeble voice seemed to them a wailing. They looked round, but first saw nothing, because the boy was covered with dust. He looked as grey and dirty as the mass around him. "Come here!" he called, again. They noticed him. "What are you doing here?" they asked, approaching. Perhaps they took him for a little vagabond.

"There are my sisters. Help them!" The guard answered, "Ah, there are so many dead."

"Oh, no, my sisters are alive."

"Alive?" they asked, dubiously. Leaning over the small opening, they called. A subterranean voice—a female, sweet voice—answered, "Help!"

One of the guards hurried for aid; the other remained, wrapping up the little hero in his cloak, resting him on his knees. Ten minutes later a squad arrived. Enlarging the small opening, they brought the two girls to safety a minute later, with a violent shaking, a wall fell in. The grave was closed forever.

FRENCH WIVES WANT WAGES

WHICH THEY FIX AT HALF THEIR HUSBANDS' PAY.

Home Work Only Occupation for Which There Is No Compensation—Gains of Woman's Cause in France—Boys' Schools Opened to Girls.

The suffragists in France, or feminists as they call themselves, demand the passage of a law requiring every husband to pay his wife one-half his salary to recompense her for her household work. Madame Pichon-Landry, secretary of the legislative section of the National Council of Women, who is the originator and leader of the movement, thinks that while the proposal may seem strange at first on consideration it will commend itself.

"It cannot be repeated often enough that man's work is possible only because of the work of woman," she said. "The woman is the backbone of the household. In France, the husband is to earn his wages the wife must free him from the domestic duties necessary for his existence. If men had to make their own clothes and bring up their children their gains would be remarkably diminished. Woman's work therefore is the condition sine qua non of man's professional labor. In other words, the man receives wages for the work of two."

"Since this domestic activity has such value, why should it be the only work that receives no remuneration?" When asked if she hoped for success in her enterprise, Mme. Pichon-Landry replied:

"Of course, we expect final success. We have already won many friends among the men and, although there are more important questions before the chamber now, we have no doubt that our turn will come."

The question was then put to Mme. Pichon-Landry whether she thought that her law would be practical, whether she would enforce her rights in court if the husband refused to give up one-half his salary. The reply was most emphatic:

"We know that the law would be enforced by the wife if the husband did not readily comply. We already have a law which permits a woman to draw a certain amount of her husband's salary every payday if she can prove that he does not support her as he should; if this law is a success our new law will be a success also, must certainly be equally practical."

Mme. Pichon-Landry belongs to the younger set of feminists in Paris, who are not an extreme or so violent in their methods as the older branch.

"We are not the kind of feminists who go about smashing vases to attract attention," she explains. "We younger workers know that nothing can be accomplished by violence, and we are consequently taught ourselves to be patient. Unfortunately we are called by the same name as the other group of workers and we have to suffer the same taunts and ridicule which their methods always receive—especially from the press."

"Our progress though quiet has been steady in every direction. One of the best indications is the number of friends we now possess among the faculty of law. Formerly these men were hostile to the cause of women, are now, especially the younger men, are willing to aid us in our legal fights. Nor does the Government combat us as it did in the past."

"Before we attempt to put a question before the people we study it for a year or more. Then we choose one other matter to put to the House and help push the interest in it."

"In this way we have brought it about that married women shall have the free disposition of their wages, a very great step in advance of the old situation when the husband had the right to dispose of all the wife's possessions. We have also obtained for mothers the same authority over their children as the father possesses and in the case of natural children the parent is recognized as the child has full power over it. This last law was made to prevent the father from stepping in and taking away a child after the mother had with difficulty reared it."

"We have also opened all prison positions to women, and this is important, because it is the first time that women in France are allowed to hold positions where they have men to deal with, as is the case in most of our prisons."

"In education we have also made great strides. Although the general public is not as yet aware of it, co-education and the higher education for girls are gaining a firmer foothold. About fifteen years ago only twenty girls were graduated from the various collegiate institutions, and in big classes there were but four or five who were not studying to earn a living as teachers. Now the four big lycées, Penelon, Victor Hugo, Racine and La Fontaine have each graduated the baccalaureate course and each school graduates from fifteen to twenty girls every year. These numbers may not seem big, but it means great progress for France."

"Mixed education has also begun, especially in the country. In Paris some of the women's schools have begun to admit the little sisters and from this beginning the idea grew until now they admit little girls as far as the fourth grade. We really cannot yet say, however, whether this co-education will be popular in France, as the idea is still too new."

HORSE WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR

THE MAN WHO KNEW HIM IS MOVED TO RECOLLECTION.

"We hear a lot about horse sense," said the man who stood on the promenade of the Brooklyn Bridge and watched the crowded roadways, "but I'm thinking it will older become a memory when the automobile holds full sway, as it seems in a fair way to do. Certainly we won't have such a thing as automobile sense."

"I feel sorry for the horse as I see it losing its place in the world, for some of my liveliest recollections have to do with a horse, with a particular horse that my boyhood knows. Funny, isn't it, that a horse or a cat or a dog will stick in the mind longer than some humans."

"This horse was a big, black, ugly-tempered brute who went by the name of Old Bob. He was old when I first knew him, and was no older apparently when we parted company after seven years of more or less close companionship. The best thing about Old Bob was his sense of humor."

"A horse with a sense of humor? Surely. All horses have ordinary sense plenty, and once in a while you will meet a horse with a sense of humor. I used to ride this horse when I was a youngster, and his sense of humor cost me many a long and weary walk."

"He didn't mind my riding him when I was on his back, with knots tied in the stirrup leathers so that I could get my feet in the stirrups, but he did his best to prevent me from getting in the saddle. Of course, I couldn't mount in the orthodox way, it was too much like mountain climbing, so I would mount him from the top of a fence."

"Old Bob would stand peacefully by the fence as I climbed to the top, but if I didn't keep tight hold of the rein he would jerk it from my hand and start off without me. Many's the time he did this when I was miles from home."

"If you think he'd dash right home you're mistaken. It wasn't that he objected to being ridden; he simply wanted to have his joke."

"He would run a few hundred yards, then stop and wait for a very angry boy to catch up. Then just as I about caught up off would go Old Bob for another hundred yards. I never did catch up until home was reached, and then Old Bob would allow himself to be unseated and put into his stall with a gleam in his eye that said plainly, 'Foolied you that time, didn't I?'"

"He had another pleasant trick, if I didn't keep a tight rein when I was on his back, of wandering under trees whose branches were just low enough to brush me off. If he failed he would look back at me with a sardonic grin which had little malice in it."

"He took my puny beatings stolidly for the most part, but once in a while he would retaliate with hoofs and teeth. One Christmas morning as I played on the bank with a 'Merry Christmas!' He responded in kind, but as his slap had more power in it I landed some feet away. Whereupon he snored in sleep and resumed his morning meal."

"A good fellow he was and an amusing, if ungentle companion. But the next generation won't have horses to make friends with."

THE RELIGION OF NAPOLEON

WHILE ON ST. HELENA WAR-RIOR'S THOUGHTS TURNED TO THINGS OF SOUL.

Some curious discoveries have recently been made regarding Napoleon's religious views. Perhaps the queerest part of the discovery is that he had any religion at all. One of the chapters in the natural history headed "Concerning the owls in Iceland," the first sentence of which begins: "There are owls in Iceland." However, religion of a certain kind Napoleon evidently had, as J. T. Herbert Baily, in a very attractive volume which turned out to be a Bible. Questioned about his fondness for the Scriptures, Napoleon got off another one of his cynicisms. "Man has need of something supernatural," he said, and it is better to seek it in religion than in the gods of the ancients."

Further, Napoleon's own Bible has recently come to light. It is full of marked passages, comments and notes in the emperor's own hand and most of these commentaries are in a deeply religious strain. Napoleon's view on the character of Christ are interesting. He said: "Everything in his view astonishes me. Between him and whoever else in the world there is no possible term of comparison; his birth and the history of his life; the profundity of his doctrine, which grapples with the mightiest difficulties, and which is of those difficulties the most admirable solution. His gospel; his apparition; his empire; his march across the ages and realms—everything to me is a prodigy, an insoluble mystery which plunges me into a reverie and from which I cannot escape; a mystery which I can never deny nor explain. Here I see nothing human."

This book by Herbert Baily certainly casts a new light on the exile of St. Helena. It looks as if the years of seclusion from the world on the barren rock turned the emperor's thoughts in a different direction from conquest and empire building.

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