

OUR LITTLE DUCHESS BARGAINING WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES.

TO BUY MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, HIS FINE LONDON RESIDENCE.



LITTLE CONSUELO VANDERBILT AGE-8



THE DINING-ROOM.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, RESIDENCE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, FINEST HOUSE IN LONDON, WHICH OUR AMERICAN DUCHESS IS DETERMINED TO HAVE FOR HERSELF.

LONDON, Feb. 18.—The American Duchess of Marlborough has revealed an ambition that astonishes British society.

She is determined to have Marlborough House for her town residence. It is at present occupied by the Prince of Wales, but that is only one of the obstacles she will have to overcome.

The Duchess's father, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, gave her \$500,000 to buy a town residence fitted to her ducal dignity. That would buy a very comfortable house in London, but not Marlborough House. The Duchess confided to her father her ambition to acquire that mansion. He is devoted to his daughter, and is particularly anxious that she should outshine every duchess in England. He promptly wrote that he would be happy to give whatever was necessary over \$500,000 to buy Marlborough House.

The British say that this is an outrageous piece of American presumption, but they have a sneaking suspicion that American dollars will win the day.

The Duchess wants Marlborough House

for a great many excellent reasons. It was originally built for her husband's great ancestor, the first Duke of Marlborough. It has the finest position of any house in London. It would be just the place from which to rule British society.

In order to obtain possession of Marlborough House it will be necessary first to

persuade the Prince of Wales to move out, and then persuade the British Government to sell the property. The house is not the personal property of the Prince, but is Crown property, which means practically that it belongs to the nation. Before it can be sold an act of Parliament will have to be passed.

ave to ask the British Government. The papers regard this conversation as ending the matter, but that is not really so.

It is not at all impossible that the Duchess will sooner or later gain possession of Marlborough House. Even if the Prince is not willing to give up the house which he has occupied since his marriage it is obvious that he must before long succeed to the throne or quit the world which he has enjoyed so much. In either of these events he will be obliged to move out of Marlborough House.

Then, again, it would be no real hardship for him to move out of his house now. Buckingham Palace is a vast building in which the Queen only occupies a little corner for a few weeks out of the year. The Prince could go there. When Marlborough House was assigned to him the Queen had her husband and a large family about her, and was the active head of the State society. Now circumstances are greatly changed.

Undoubtedly it would require a good deal of persuasion to make the Prince move. He has for years been the real head of English society, and Marlborough House has always been identified with his leadership. If you are in the Marlborough House set you can rise no higher. Nevertheless, the

Prince is good natured and open to persuasion by a beautiful woman. He has the Anglo-American understanding at heart, and also has need of ready money. As to the British Government, it would cheerfully make arrangements for selling Marlborough House. It would be a highly popular act to sell a royal residence and let the money into the public treasury. The Government would promote the Anglo-American rapprochement as it is understood in London and turn an honest penny at the same time. It would also put the price as high as possible for its American customer.

Marlborough House has no historical past worth speaking of as a royal residence. It would be much more fitting that the Duke of Marlborough should occupy his ancestral dwelling.

The house was built in 1710 by Sir Christopher Wren for the first Duke of Marlborough, whose wife Sarah declared that the concession of this splendid site was almost the only boon she had obtained from Queen Anne.

It passed through many hands until 1817, when the Government bought it for Princess Charlotte. Later it was given as a dowry house to Queen Adelaide. After her death the Queen picture collection was kept there for a time.

In 1850 it was settled upon the young Prince of Wales, and he has occupied it ever since his marriage in 1823.

It is probably the finest and handsomest of the great houses of London. Severe, majestic and free from trifling elegance it is admirably suited to the atmosphere and climate of that city. The Prince has put into it the finest kitchens in London, and a collection of furniture and curiosities that is not equalled in the world.

It faces St. James's Park on one side and Pall Mall on the other. It is only a stone's throw from St. James's Palace, the traditional seat of the English Court. In this building the Duke of York, the Prince of Wales's only son, lives.

A finer situation than that of Marlborough House is not to be found in London. It would give the Duchess a splendid advantage in her social career. There is, moreover, no other person in England so

well able to buy it as she.

The Duchess, as the Sunday Journal has explained, is ambitious to buy Marlborough House, not that she wishes to possess it in France and England. She will rather the ruling and rising powers of politics, poets, writers, artists, men of genius of all kinds with a leaven of men and women who are as well as fashionable. In this way she believes that a woman can exercise influence than by making speeches or casting votes.

Marlborough House will be her opportunity. The Marlborough House presided over by the Duchess of Marlborough sounds well.

The Duchess has really had an amazingly successful career in England since she is chiefly due to her kindly, plain and unaffected manners, which, cut with wealth and rank, can hardly win universal popularity.

She was married to the young Prince of Wales in 1865. She was the eighteen years of age, having been married in 1877. One of her first acts in England was to set about the repairing of Marlborough House, her husband's ancestral dwelling, the only palace owned by a subject in London. This work is now almost completed. Mr. Vanderbilt gave his daughter \$500,000 when she was married. He has to this day freely from time to time. His pleasure in life is to see his daughter the objects on which she has set her heart. She has already two sons, who are strong, healthy boys, and will ensure a long line of Dukes, who will be able to look back on a Staten Island man as an ancestor.

The Duchess has at present no house in London. Last year she took Spencer House for the season. Recently she was in Belgium for the season. She was in Belgium for the season. She was in Belgium for the season. She was in Belgium for the season.

The Book of the Real Cyrano De Bergerac.

WHEN "Cyrano de Bergerac" was produced in New York last Fall, following the wonderful success of the original version of the play in Paris, it was known that it was founded on fact, and that there was a real Cyrano.

After Richard Mansfield had duplicated the success of Coquelin in the title role of the story of the origin of the play was told. Edmond Rostand, the young French poet-dramatist, had promised to write a play for Coquelin. He chose a plot, prepared a scenario, which met with the French actor's favor, and had nearly completed his first act when chance threw into his hands a small volume of poems by Cyrano de Bergerac, a writer of the seventeenth century. He was so delighted with the poems, as well as with the details of the life of the poet, which he later delved into, that he dropped his original plan and produced the wonderful play which has at once placed him in the first rank of dramatists.

There is a copy of Cyrano de Bergerac's best work in America. Frank Morris, a Chicago bookseller, picked it up some years ago in London, one of a lot that he bought at an old bookstand. It cost him three shillings. Having seen a notice of the rarity of this volume, Mr. Morris instantly recalled his purchase, and recently sought it out from the heap where it had lain neglected.

The title of the work in English is "The Comical History of the States and Empires of the Worlds of the Moon and Sun." According to the title page, it was "newly Englished" by A. Lovell, A. M., and was "printed for Henry Rhodes, next door to the Swan Tavern, near Bride Lane, in Fleet Street, 1687."

The book is marvellous. It not only rhymes weight is registered up there. * * * Will you believe—I discovered in passing it—that Sirius at night puts on a night cap. But I intend setting all this down in a book, and the golden stars I have brought back caught in my shaggy mantle, when the book is printed, will be seen serving as asterisks.

He then goes on to explain how he might have reached the moon:

1. "One was to stand naked in the sunshine, in a harness thickly studded with glass vials, each filled with mercury. The sun in drawing up the dew, you could not have helped me up too."
2. "Or else I could have let the wind into a cedar coffer, then rarefied the imprisoned elements by means of cunningly adjusted burning glasses, and soared up with it."
3. "Or else, mechanical as well as artistical, I could have fashioned a giant grasshopper, which, impelled by successive explosions of saltpetre, would have hopped with me to the azure meadows where grass the stars flicker."
4. "Since smoke by its nature ascends, I could have blown into an appropriate globe a sufficient quantity to ascend with me."
5. "Since Phoebe, the moon—Goddess, when she is at wane, is greedy, O beavers, of your marrow * * * with that marrow have I besmeared myself."
6. "Or else I could have placed myself upon an iron plate; have taken a magnet of suitable size and thrown it in the air. That way is a very good one. The magnet flies upward; the iron instantly after—the magnet no sooner overtaken than you fling it up again. The rest is clear. You can go upward indefinitely."
7. "The tide! At the hour in which the moon attracts the deep I lay down upon the sands after a sea bath, and my head being drawn up first—the reason for this, you see, that the hair will hold a quantity of water in its mop—I rose in the air, straight, beautifully straight, like an angel."

In his book the real Cyrano de Bergerac first attempts to reach the moon by means of a chair filled with dew, attached to a body, but fails, as he does not use enough of them. He experiences a fall which bruises him so that he smears his body with beef marrow. The moon's attraction for this marrow finally enables him to reach that body. He shows an excellent knowledge of astronomy and physics, speaks learnedly of the laws of attraction and gravity.

Among the peculiar things which found there was a phonograph, evidently invented some two hundred years before Edison's invention made its appearance. He also anticipates the invention of electric light, telling of brilliant bow enclosures a sparkling, transparent, dazzling light.

He treats of evolution, of the earth changing to a tree, the tree to a hog, and the hog to a man, saying that the tree, through its roots, draws in the earth. The dog devours the fruit of the tree, and the man, by eating of the hog, transforms it into a part of himself.

Cyrano de Bergerac had a magnificent flow of language, a rare gift of poetry, and it is easy, after reading his glowing descriptions, to understand the inspiration that his books must have been to Edmond Rostand.

Sad, True Story of "Mother's Boy," Who Fell Dead of a Broken Heart Beside Her He Was Thirty-seven—Coffin Last Week.—She Was Seventy-eight.

ALBERT McVEIGH fell dead beside his mother's coffin last week. His heart broke. Grief because of his mother's death killed him. He was thirty-seven. She was seventy-eight.

Mrs. Harriet McVeigh died on Saturday night, February 18. Her son, Albert McVeigh, died beside her coffin on Monday morning. They were buried side by side at Mount Olivet on Wednesday afternoon.

He died because he loved too much. He loved his mother.

"It is true," said Dr. Fultz. "Abbey's heart broke when his mother died. They were separated for only thirty-two hours by death." Dr. Clement Pala, of No. 107 Kent street, Brooklyn, the authority for this, is the family physician of the McVeighs.

It was only to those who knew him best that he was "Abbey" McVeigh. To the rest of the world he was Albert McVeigh, the dignified bachelor and man of business. He was thirty-seven years old, but he was still "mother's boy." He was not ashamed of the title. He died "mother's boy."

Men have died of grief when some fair, young face was taken from them. "Abbey" McVeigh grieved himself to death in the space of a day for a face that was old and deeply lined. It was a beautiful face to him—the face of his mother. She was far over the Biblical three score and ten.

Dr. Philip F. O'Hanlon says a "broken heart" is not a mere figure of speech. It is a literal, every day fact.

"It is perfectly plausible that men die of broken hearts," he says. "There are cases on record of the death of athletes after an unusual effort. A common term applied to a hard-fought contest is a heart-breaking finish."

Fatty degeneration of the tissues of the heart, making the tissues so weak that they give way under the strain, causes hearts to break. Sometimes a foreign substance enters the coronary artery, which supplies blood to the heart, clogs the artery, and causes the walls of the heart to split. The same conditions are brought about by excessive emotion. Every one is aware of the excessive palpitation arising from certain emotions such as sudden joy or great grief, when the heart thumps and pounds away as if it would burst.

This unusual beating may be so strong that the walls are unable to withstand it and finally break.

So the busy coroner's surgeon confirmed the story of the McVeigh's family physician. "Abbey" McVeigh's heart had broken when his mother died.

And there you have the science of it on the one side and the sorrow of it on the other.

Anyway they are lying side by side at Mount Olivet—the "mother's boy" and his mother. And in Brooklyn a man is working with busy chisel upon two tombstones of purest marble. One of the inscriptions he is chiseling is:

"Sacred to the memory of Harriet McVeigh. Died February 18, 1899. Aged seventy-eight years."

The other is:

"Sacred to the memory of Albert McVeigh. Died February 20, 1899. Aged thirty-seven years."

Albert McVeigh was the youngest child of Mrs. Harriet McVeigh. He was the Benjamin of a big family.

His father died when "Abbey" was a tiny fellow in his first four clothes. There were left his eldest brother, George H. McVeigh, a piano maker, like the father, and the brothers, John P. McVeigh and William McVeigh. They all married while in their early twenties, and lived too far from the old home to visit it often. There was also left at home little Miss Rebecca. She was frail of health, and had been deaf from birth. Besides the invalid, Miss Rebecca, there was only one child more left by the fireside. That was "Abbey," the youngest—"mother's boy."

He was the link between that hearth and home and the outer world. He brought the brisk air and hum of the outer world into the house, and he carried the peace of the home into the outer world. The brightest hour of Mrs. McVeigh's day was when "Abbey" came back from work. He was bookkeeper in a big New York book house.

He brought some of the best books the establishment turned out home to her sometimes, and in the winter evenings he read to her from the treasured pages. She used to cry when he read Mrs. Browning's "Mother and Poet," but she always asked him to read it again. "Abbey" McVeigh stroked her silver hair and said teasingly that "Women were so happy when they were miserable."

On summer evenings when the weather was nice they could be seen setting forth from their home at No. 184 Greenpoint avenue, Brooklyn. This was the chief pleasure of their day, the evening walk together. People often turned for a second look at them. Her figure was so slight, her face so sweet, in spite of the lines age had criss-crossed there. He was so sturdy and yet so tender to the frail figure that leaned upon his arm. There were both happy faces. It was like the old pictures you see occasionally of the old family walks on the Battery.

Sometimes Miss Rebecca was with them, but then she always seemed in a world of her own, that isolated world of the deaf. She could not hear, but she could see. She was mute with happiness.

Monday, February 13, the day of the Mizard, was a very pleasant day at the cozy home of the McVeighs, on Greenpoint avenue. "Abbey" McVeigh did not go to work that day. He stayed at home to see that the deepening snow and cutting wind brought no fear or discomfort to those he loved. Cracking flames leaped in the fireplace. While the snow made of the outside world they could see a white world in nearly a thousand unlighted savages. The conversion of the funds collected for missionary purposes are contributed by not one-tenth of the church membership.

Furthermore, the Signs of the Times has estimated that the average contribution of the members of the evangelical churches of the United States is less than one penny each, and of this 48 per cent is spent at home and only 2 per cent in the missionary field.

The conversion of the heathen will not be an accomplished fact until less money is spent for church purposes and more for missionary endeavor.

old mother. Her hair was not gray, but gold, and her eyes were quickened like her footsteps—with youth. But because of the old mother and the sister whose ears were deafened to the world the words that trembled on his lips were never spoken.

The girl with the eyes of comflower blue and hair of gold pouted a little and soon married a man who loved her perhaps not half so well as silent Abbey funeral. His eyes were dry, but he looked like a man dazed by a blow. He insisted upon sitting beside his mother's coffin that night.

He was very quiet.

At 6 the next morning a dozing watcher was startled by the sound of a fall.

Abbey McVeigh was lying beside his mother's coffin.

"Heart failure," said Dr. Fultz. "Yes, he is quite dead. Abbey McVeigh's heart broke when his mother died."



MRS. HARRIET McVEIGH, WHOSE DEATH KILLED HER SON.

MOTHER SON

Two New Books of the Hour.

BEATRICE HARRADEN, the author of "Ships That Pass in the Night," has just written the closing word of another book. She dreams it is "Too, Have Passed Through Winter Terrors," which is a line from one of William Watson's poems. Her American publishers, Dodd, Mead & Co., are said to have protested that this title was too long. She finally consented to change it to "Fowler." She took her title in this sense out of a passage from the Bible, "One shall be rescued on a bird's nest of the fowling." The line is said to suggest the plot of the book. It will be published in a few months.

"James Meriville" is a tale of old times in New Jersey, when Washington was living things up over there by crossing the Delaware. It is an excellent historical romance by Paul Leicester Ford. He is already well known in this line of writing by his "Honor Killing" and his "Story of an Old World Love."

In his Jersey story Mr. Ford begins naturally enough by showing the quaint, quiet life at a certain time in the State. But pastoral scenes soon give place to the fiercer of war. History is drawn upon for a stirring situation. The author judges one of his situations. The author judges one of his situations. The author judges one of his situations.

More Than Half the World Is Heathen.

It is a surprising fact that, at the end of the nineteenth century, a time when civilization has extended into hitherto unknown countries to a far greater extent than was dreamed of a century ago, more than half of the inhabitants of the world are heathens.

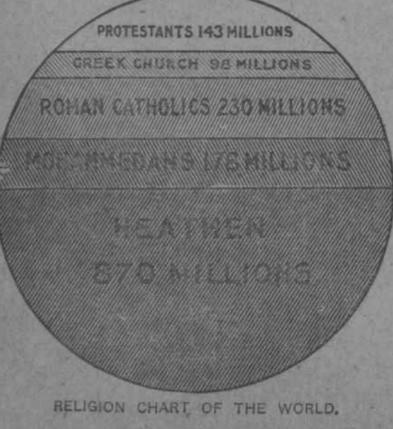
According to the latest statistics, there are 143,000,000 Protestants, 98,000,000 followers of the Greek Church, 230,000,000 Roman Catholics and 175,000,000 Mohammedans. The population of the world is said to be in the neighborhood of 1,500,000,000.

The time of the millennium is still a great way off. If it depends upon the spreading of the gospel in nearly a thousand million unlighted savages, the conversion of the heathen will not be an accomplished fact until less money is spent for church purposes and more for missionary endeavor.

Counting the adherents of the four great religions of the world, and allowing 53,000,000 for the thousand and one beliefs of comparatively small followings, there is left a balance of 800,000,000 people who worship strange gods, or practice curious rites in which such people as are commonly called heathen, and for whose conversion thousands of dollars are collected each week among the churches of the civilized world.

Further, the Signs of the Times has estimated that the average contribution of the members of the evangelical churches of the United States is less than one penny each, and of this 48 per cent is spent at home and only 2 per cent in the missionary field.

The conversion of the heathen will not be an accomplished fact until less money is spent for church purposes and more for missionary endeavor.



A Lariat Made of Human Hair.

A lariat made of human hair, of the hair of white women, is perhaps one of the most gruesome relics of the barbarities of the American Indians in existence. Such a lariat, fifty feet in length, is in the possession of an old Indian chief, Le Pier, who lives in the Wanatchee Valley, on the Upper Columbia River, in Washington. The old chief is exceedingly reticent concerning this rope, and seldom allows strangers to see it.

It is generally believed that the hair came from the scalps of the wives of settlers in the Blackfoot Valley, who were massacred by the Indians in 1808, and an old woman, Mrs. Carby, who was living in the valley at that time, says that she saw Le Pier himself scalp one woman.

A new light on the life of the long-nosed poet, who is authentically known, actually existed as the Dumas-like bravado that Rostand painted, but it shows an amazing power of prophecy, as well as a truly great gift of humor. It also explains many hitherto uninterpreted speeches that occur in the play.

Those who saw the New York production will remember that when Christian is making love to Roxane, Cyrano stands as a sentinel, and detains the rival, De Guiche, by a string of nonsense. He says to him: "Fardon my appearance. I arrived by the east whirlwind. I am rather unpresentable. My eyes are still full of star dust. My spurs are clogged with whistles off a planet. See, on my sleeve a comet's hair! * * * Inoculated in my call I have brought back one of the Great Bear's teeth; and as, falling too near the Trident, I strained aside to clear one of its prongs I landed sitting in Libra—yes, one of the scales—and now my