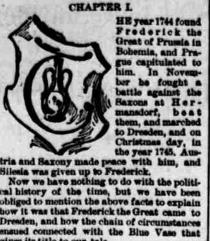
THE BLUE VASE.

By S. BARING GOULD.



sued connected with the Blue Vase that

gives its title to our tale.

When the Prussian king was at Dresden he went to Meissen to see the porcelain factory. This factory belonged to the king of Saxony, and the secret of the art was hedged about with the most severe, even Draconian, laws, and the most cruel punishments were threatenend against such as divulged the secret. The secret had only been discovered in 1710 how to make pure white transparent porcelain, and the royal factory was established in 1711. The prices paid for the articles that issued from it were high. In 1730, the court of Vienna, by bribery, induced one of the issued from it were nign. In 1739, the court of Vienna, by bribery, induced one of the workmen to escape from Meissen and carry the precious secret to the capital by the Danube. And now, in 1745, Frederick, as conqueror, entered the factory and watched the workmen engaged in modeling, burning, rainting, gilding.

painting, gilding.

Frederick was not a man to neglect his opportunity, and he at once made a demand that some of the master workmen and of the best artists should be delivered over to him, that he might establish a royal porcelain factory of his own at Berlin. Among the factory of his own at Berlin. Among the former was Wegeli, who became the actual master and founder of the Berlin porcelain, and among the latter was a young girl named Sophie Mansfeld. While Frederick was going over the factory at Meissen, he was shown some beautiful vases painted with landscapes and pastoral subjects, so fresh, charming and quaint that he asked the name of the artist and when told it stimulated these of the artist, and when told it, stipulated that she—for the painter was Sophie Mansfeld— should accompany the detachment which he engaged to come to Berlin, and make and paint porcelain for the replenishing of his private purse.

private purse.

At this very time, 1745, the Chelsea pottery works were established, and one of the makers, or foremen, of the Chelsea works, a man called Aldbury, was then in Berlin. He had been sent over, perhaps, to endeavor to secure some of the workmen for the English establishment. In this he failed. Frederick knew he was in Berlin, and had his movements watched. He went further; he endeavored to bribe Aldbury to divulge some of the secrets of the Chelsea factory. Whether he succeeded in this cannot be said, but ther he succeeded in this cannot be said, but Aldbury remained in Berlin longer than he needed, and on very good terms with the king, and was allowed to visit the royal factory. One day the king determined to in-spect the establishment, and he invited Aldspect the establishment, and he invited Ald-bury and others to accompany him. Among these others was a young Polish nobleman, Augustus Lazinka, who had been educated in the Prussian military school at Potsdam and had entered the service of the king; another was the Count des Louragais, who was interested in the Sevres manufacture. Any one who knows much of china, and has seen some of the earliest productions of the Berlin factory, will know that they were not the best of ther kind, not by any means equal to those turned out at Meissen. The king saw this, when he looked at what had re-cently been burned, and he was angry. He rated Wegell, scolded the work.hen, the painters, the burners; nothing pleased him; he was vexed to have such poor results to show to the Count des Louragais and Ald-

When he came to the table where Sophie Mansfeld was painting, "Hein!" said he roughly, "what is the meaning of this? Do you suppose I will put up with daubs? Has his majesty of Saxony paid you to supply me with bad work?"
"Perhaps, your majesty," suggested Louragais, "the girl has left a sweetheart behind
her, and so is working here without her

heart." exclaimed "What, what, sweetheart!" exclaimed "What, what, sweetheart!" exclaimed Frederick; "a workwoman has no business to lose her heart. What do you mean! That a good artiste is to abandon her profession in which she excels, to run after a man, and become his wife, and slice sausages, and stir sauerkraut, and have babes, and wash and mind the babies, for a husband! I won't hear of it. It is nonsense. Go on with your painting, and do it better, or I will dock your salary, and—if I find your lover—have him shot, or shut up in Spandau."

The king was talking with Louragais, and young Lazinka was behind. The girl was pretty, she was in distress, and he had a heart to admire beauty and pity affliction; so he ventured to take her hand and say a word of encouragement.

encouragement.

"His majesty did not want to be unkind.
His majesty is peremptory. Was mademoiselle very unhappy!"

She was away from home, her relations, her friends. Her voice faltered as she

spoke.

"But," said Lazinka, "you can return, if you are unhappy in Berlin."
"Pardon," she answered, raising her beautiful eyes; "I cannot return. The gracious sir does not remember that I am a porcelain worker." "How can I forget it, when I see you en-

"But the gracious sir forgets that porce-lain artists are not free. They cannot go where they like, they cannot call themselves their own. They are like the old serfs—abso-lutely under the control of their master, the

"Do you mean, mademoiselle, to say you cannot seek your home and see your rela-"No, sir, I am bound to remain here. If I attempted to leave I should be imprisoned."

"But, why?"
"The secret has to be preserved. I might

"The secret has to be preserved. I might carry it elsewhere."
"Then Berlin is your Siberia!"
"We are under perpetual police supervision. If the least suspicion be aroused that we are meditafing escape; if we meet with persons suspected of secking to draw the secret from us, we are arrested and severely punished."
"Good heavens! And you can never leaver?"

leave?"
"We know the secret, and as long as life lasts are dangerous. We might betray it. No, we can only leave for our graves."
"This is slavery, rank slavery!" exclaimed the young Pole. "Did the king bring you bere!"

"His most gracious majesty! Yes."
"But this tyranny. To act thus is—is to act the tyrant." He spoke incantiously, he was carried away by his feelings; but he was startled by the king's harsh voice: "What, what! Who is tyrant. Eh, eh?" Lazinks stood silent, covered with con-

rusion. "Sire," said the Count des Louragais, with promptitude, "Love is a tyrant who lays hold of a young and inflammable cavalier and draws him from his duty to your sacred majesty to cast him in chains at the feet of mademoiselle; who—see, your majesty—with mademoiselle; who—see, your majesty—with her inimitable pencil, has put a touch of fire into his eyes, and a brushful of carnation into his cheek."

"Humph!" said Frederick, and went on, Lazinka followed, thankful to the French-man for his timely intervention.

CHAPTER II.

Vonne Lazinka could not forget the pale, sad face of Sophie Mansfeld; and when, a few days later, he met the Englishman, Ald-bury, he asked him about the girl. Aldbury had some acquaintance with the circum-stances, as he had made friends with Wegeli; and a good deal of talk had been roused i the factory by the king's visit, and his reprimand of the maiden. Sophie was a girl of irreproachable character, the daughter of a pastor in the Erz Gebirge, the eldest of a arge family, and as the parents were not well off, she had been constrained to earn her own livelihood.

It is too cruel that Mile. Mansfeld should be retained here in enforced exile," said La-zinka, who thought more of the girl's sorrows than of the diffusion of porcelain works and the profits that flowed into princely

There are lots of cruelties that can't be "I think," said Aldbury.
"I think," said the young officer, "if she were to draw up a humble petition to his majesty, stating the hardness of her case, he might listen to it. He is good at heart, and just."

A few days later the inconsiderate, how headed, warm hearted young man actually did present to Frederick the Great a memorial from Sophie Mansfeld, entreating permission to be allowed to return to her home in the Baxon mountains. The king took it from his hand, granted, cast a glance down the page, turned an angry eye at the youth and put the paper in his pocket. That evening there was a reception at the house of the Countess Lazinka, who was in Berlin, and the king graciously attended. The countess possessed some fine china and some specimens of the Russian manufacture. The king was curious about these latter, and took them up and looked at their marks.

"Sire, you do me too much honor."

"Humph!" he said, "unless my men work better I shall not allow any figure on their productions—not the Brandenburg eagle—no, nor a B crowned, nothing but Wegeli's initial; perhaps, if our porcelain becomes famous, I may allow the orb and sceptre to stamp it, not otherwise. I don't know," he said, roughly, "but that Wegeli's W may pass for badly drawn crossed swords, as on certain Dresden pots." He looked suikily at some fine Meissen china. "When my factory is in working order," he said, "I shall put a prohibitive duty on all Dresden and other china, and every one who is a good citizen and a patriot and loves his king will buy Berlin porcelain."

As the king spoke no one else uttered a sound, all remained in respectful silence and attention. Frederick looked round, and saw the young man, the son of his hostess, and said, with a significant glance, "I cannot understand how any one with respect for the country and his sovereign can wish to deprive them of the services of the best artists and work-

men." Then with his elbow, accidentally, he knocked over a magnificent and enormously costly vase, which fell on the floor, and was dashed to a thousand pieces. The king was himself a little disconcerted; not so the countess, who, with perfect readiness, said: "Sire, you do me too much honor."

"Honor, how so?"

"Ho vase was precious before; it is incalculably more precious to me now!"

Frederick grunted, and went away.

The guests looked at the countess, then at the young man. A moment before they thought him lost; now, by his mother's readiness, they trusted he was saved.

Next morning, the young Count Lazinka was again in attendance on Frederick. The king came to him from his cabinet, holding a piece of paper in his hand; he had a frown on his face, and spoke gruffly.

"There," said he, "take it."

The paper was Sophie Mansfeld's petition. On the back was written in the king's own hand:

hand:

"Whoever of the artists in the porcelain factory at Berlin de dato in one mouth shall paint a vase as beautiful as that we broke yesterday evening at the Countess Lazinka's palace, shall have our gracious permission to marry or not to marry, to go back to Saxony or to stay at Berlin, as shall best please him or her; and we further promise that we will graciously give that person an annual salary of \$500 should it content him or her to remain in our service, in our royal manufactory. Given at Sanssouci, this March 28, 1740.

The offer of such a salary was liberal for

tory. Given at Sanssouci, this March 28, 1748.

The offer of such a salary was liberal for Frederick the Great.

No sooner did Sophie Mansfeld receive the answer to her petition than she was fired with hope, and her enthusiasm for her art rekindled. She asked permission, and received it, to see the fragments of the vase the king had broken. When shown them, a light smile played over her lips.

"It was superb," said the countess. "Never was the equal seen, in delicacy of execution, or beauty of invention."

"Gracious lady," answered Sophie with a smile, "it was of my own painting, and I can excel it. Buoyed with hope of revisiting my home, and with desire to acknowledge my obligation to your son, I shall certainly surpass it."

CHAPTER III.

The appointed day arrived on which the vases were to be exhibited. The king's promise and offer were not limited to Sophie, and some rivalry existed among the artists in the royal factory.

During the month Lazinka had visited the

workshop repeatedly to inspect progress, and he was confident in the success of his fair protege. The was stood eighteen inches high without its cover; it was gracefully shaped. Sophie had herself sketched its outline. It was painted a deep purple blue, of the most was painted a deep purple blue, of the most superb richness, over which rococco orna-ments in gold, part dull, part burnished, were etched with extraordinary case and delicacy. On each side was a space where the white porcelain showed, and fon the one side which was to be the back was a beautifully painted view of Potsdam, and on the the front, was Frederick the Great seated on his charger, waving his sword, wearing his cocked hat and coat of dark blue with cuffs and lining of scarlet. His waist-coat was yellow. He wore high boots, and on his breast a star. In the rear were the Prussian soldiers charging, and the smoke of battle. Beneath the picture was a scroll on which was inscribed:

'A l'eternelle gloire de Frederic le grand." The vases had been brought to the palace at Potsdam, and were unpacked and placed on shelves for exhibition by the sub-director,

at Potsdam, and were unpacked and placed on shelves for exhibition by the sub-director, Hirsch.

Hirsch was not a pleasant man; he was a Jew, and he had caused Sophie much annoyance by his attentions. He scowled at the young count whenever he entered the factory, and Lazinka had once remarked on his ill humor, to Sophie, without in the least guessing the occasion for it.

When the king and the company he had invited to attend him came into the gallery where the porcelain was on show, Hirsch and Wegeli were present, as were also the exhibitors, standing at a respectful distance. The king looked critically at the pieces shown him, but was specially struck with that painted by Sophie.

"Here!" said he, "Hirsch, fetch me that down, give me that vase. It is as good as any turned out of the Saxon factory. Here—let me look at it."

"Majesty!" said Hirsch, "I fly to obey."

But instead of immediately doing what the king commanded, Hirsch proceeded to draw a silk handkerchief from his pocket, and to wipe the vase.

"Pardon your majesty," he said. "before I

"Pardon your majesty," he said, "before I offer it into your august hands. Some dust has settled on it. So many persons are in the

offer it into your august hands. Some dust has settled on it. So many persons are in the gallery."

"Come, come, never mind the dust; I like it—in battle."

But Hirsch wiped and rewiped the vase, and then, with a profound bow, handed it to the king.

Frederick was pleased at the shape of the plece, and the graceful sweep of the handles. "It is good, classical," he said. "There I am," he laughed. "That, I suppose, is intended for me at Mollnitz. I think I recognize the fortifications. But—I never went into battle so snug and smart as that; and whoever painted this has forgotten the smears of snuff that adorn my gracious nose. I ask any of my officers if I ever wore cloth with the gloss on it given me by the glaze on this porcelain! I have not so dapper a coat in my wardrobe; and my boots—Hein! at Mollnitz—were splashed. It was a middy day! What is this inscription! To the eternal glory—Ah, there is dust, or smndge, or something there. Take the vase, Hirsch, wipe it again, and hand it to me once more."

Then the sub-director again received Sophie's beautifully printed piece, and now, kneeling at the king's feet, he proceeded to rub, and rub hard, at one portion of the surface. As he did so he cast a malignant glance at the count.

Sophie was surprised, and looked at Count

glance at the count. games at the count.

Sophie was surprised, and looked at Count
Lazinka, who stood behind his majesty.

"That is all right; that will do," said the "That is all right; that will do," said the king. "Now give me the vase once more."

He held it up before his eyes, and studied the scroll below the picture of himself. Then, suddenly, his face changed; his checks dyed themselves crimson, and his eye flashed

"Who painted this vase!" he shouted in a voice of thunder.
"Sire," said Lazinka, "it was designed and drawn entirely by the Demoiselle Mansfeld."
"And she painted the inscription to the eternal memory of Frederick the Great, eh?"
"Your majesty," said Lazinka, again bowing and coloring, I must admit an indiscretion. It was I who wrote that inscription in characters of gold. I was one day visiting the demoiselle to inquire after the progress.

or one vase, when she had her gold paint mixed, and, sire, I was unable to conceive that the red paint she used could burn to gold. Then she invited me to write the words, and, sire, I with her quill inscribed the legend on the vase."

"Ha, ho! The tyrant; yes, I heard you say as much."

say as much."
The young count looked at the king in sur-"Ho!" shouted the king. "Where is the guard? Arrest them both—both Lazinka and the girl. They are both guilty of trea-

and the girl. They are both guilty of treason."

"Treason, sire?"

"Treason—yes," shouted the angry king.
"You know what you wrote. You know; but you thought to conceal it from me, with a dab of paint, and when the vase reached your mother you would show it and laugh, 'A l'eternelle gloire de Frederic le grand tyran!"

Count Augustus Lazinka looked with perplexity at the vase and started, and the color died out of his cheek.

Thereon stood the words the king had uttered. The inscription was to the sternal glory of Frederick the great tyrant. One reproachful glance he cast at Sophle, but saw that equal amazement was pictured in her expressive face. Certainly, he had written there the legend, "To the eternal glory of Frederick the Great." Hirsch, in wiping the

vase, had wiped away a little blue paint at the end of the scroll, and, in so doing, had disclosed the last word, a new conclusion, which altered the whole character of the le-



"Treason-yes," shouled the angry king. "Treason—yes," shouled the angry king.
gend. That word was "Tyrant," the word
he had let drop in the hearing of the king,
when speaking of the treatment of the potters to Sophie Mansfeld.

He was hardly able to understand the situation. He was unable to account for the
amplification, when the guards took him and
the young girl into custody, and they were
marched off to separate prisons.

CHAPTER IV. A good deal of jealousy had been roused in Berlin by a trial which had occurred not long before, in which a poor student who gave lessons for his livelihood had been con-demned to death, on his own confession, for the murder of a widow in whose house he lodged. One morning the old woman was discovered dead in her bed, strangled, with lodged. One morning the old woman was discovered dead in her bed, strangled, with a cord round her throat. Suspicion rested on the young man, Zimmer, because there was no one else on whom suspicion could rest; and he was taken into custody. According to the Prussian, and, indeed, the general German system, the accused was subjected to secret examination, and even to torture, to wring from him a confession. In his agony on the rack, he promised, if taken off, to admit his guilt. He did so, and, on his confession, was condemned. The chanceller, Cocceji, heard of the circumstances, and ordered a fresh inquiry, especially a reinspection of the corpse. The Berlin hangman was shown it, when he at once declared that the knot tied in the cord could only have been so tied by a hangman or his apprentice, as it was a special knot only used in the profession. This led to a further investigation, and to discovery of the real murderers, two hangman's apprentices at Spandau, the brothers of the deceased. Whereupon the student Zimmer was discharged. When asked why he had admitted his guilt when he was innocent, he frankly said that the torture to which he was subjected was so unendurable that any innocent man would rather confess a murder than endura it.

Frederick the Great thereupon abolished the use of torture in criminal cases. He was not, however, satisfied that this was the only

Frederick the Great thereupon abolished the use of torture in criminal cases. He was not, however, satisfied that this was the only abuse of the courts and the only means whereby justice miscarried. He was some-what bitten with the idea of trial by jury as carried on in England, but did not under-stand exactly the English method. He now

stand exactly the English method. He now sent for Aldbury and questioned him on the subject.

"See here," he said, "these two—this La-zinka and the Demoiselle Mansfeld—are both under accusation of treason. I would have them tried by jury. How could it be done?" "Your majesty," answered Aldbury, "nothing is easier. Twelve men must be sworn in, impaneled, and after an open trial"—
"A public trial," acceleration.

"A public trial;" exclaimed the king.
"Certainly, your majesty."
"But we never have our trials in public."
"No, your majesty; and, sire, excuss the freedom if I say that this shocks and astounds an Englishman. With you, the accused is secretly questioned, and worried, and tormented"— "He is no longer tortured," interrupted the

"He is no longer tortured," interrupted the king.
"Your majesty is right, and yet—if he will excuse the liberty—is wrong. The body of the accused is no longer put on the rack—only his mind. He is not even told what he is accused of. Everything is wrapped in mystery, and healthy public opinion—"Healthy public opinion—iddlesticks," interrupted the king. "Enough. We will have this trial conducted in the English fashion. Twelve men sworm in one judge.

have this trial conducted in the English fashion. Twelve men sworn in, one judgo and the whole in public. That would be comical."

"May it please your majesty to allow me to visit the accused in prison?"

"Oh, yes, certainly. You shall have our order."

Furnished with the royal pass, he went to Spandau, where the Young count was in

Furnished with the royal pass, he went to Spandau, where the young count was in prison, and consulted him. From him he could learn nothing. Then he visited Sophie in the prison at Berlin. From her, also, he could gather nothing. His conviction that neither had written the word "Tyran" was intensified by these visits. It was clear to him that the trial must turn upon certain technicalities connected with the manufacture, and he again visited the young count to ask him if he would consent to his—Aldbury's—acting as his advocate. He was not a lawyer, he knew nothing of law; but if there was something to be unraveled in this mysterious case, he, who was acquainted with all the processes of porcelain manufacture, he who was in and out of the royal factory, had special means of observation and inquiry, and would be far more likely to come to the bottom of the matter than another. It was true that he spoke broken German, but nevertheless he had a sound English bed and true that he spoke broken German, but nev-ertheless he had a sound English head, and was possessed of sufficient English self confi-dence to assure himself he could convince a jury if only he found how the mysterious in-scription had come on the vase. Lazinka cheerfully consented to the offer.

CHAPTER V. The day of the trial arrived. It created great interest, both because of the title and position of the principal person accused, but also because of the novelty of the proceeding. The court—an extemporized one, with plaat the side for the jury, was crowded. The king was present; he was interested with this experiment, and desirous of seeing how trial by jury worked. The Countess Larinka was also there, in a gallery for ladies. The court was formally opened; the jury took the required oath, and Lazinka appeared under conduct of two officers; and Sophie Mansfeld brought from Berlin by the jailer. Count Augustus Lazinka and Sophie Mansfeld both pleaded not guilty. The English system was not followed exactly, because Aldbury was not clear about the mode of procedure, so that it was, in fact, somewhat of a jumble. For instance the judge opened proceedings by an address to the jury and the announcement that if found guilty the count would be sentenced to six years' imprisonment in Spandau, and Sophie Mans feld to three years' solitary confinement in the prison for female criminals in Berlin. also informed the jury that r decision must be unanimous. their decision must be unanimous. The charge was then read over by the clerk of the court. Then the counsel for the crown rose to state the case for the prose cution. He said that the young count had been received with favor by the king, and had been about his person for two or three years, and from his majesty had received nothing but kindness. In return, he had, if that wherewith he was accused proved true, behaved not merely with gross frivolity, but with unpardonable ingratitude. He had in-sulted his benefactor, as well as acted treasonably toward his king.
On the table was the vase, covered with a

kerchief. The counsel unveiled this, and pointed out the inscription to the eternal memory of Frederick the Great Tyrant, The director, Wegeli, was first called. He appeared rejuctantly and rejuctantly admits

ted that, on the occasion of his most sereno and gracious majesty's visit to the factory, the count had remained behind, talking with the Demoiselle Mansfeld, W and on the return of the party through the chamber, he had heard the accused use the word "Tyrant" but in what connection he was unable to say.

"Yes, yes!" shouted Frederick from his seat, "I heard him—be said that we, at least, I think he said we, acted the tyrant."

This interference was a little disconcerting. His majesty was not in the witness box, nor upon oath.

The counsel hurried on to the second part of his case. Solomon Hirsch, the sub-director, was put in the witness box.

Counsel—Do you know this vase? Hirsch—Certainly.

C. Where have you seen it? Tell the jury all you know about it.

H. I saw it first in the picture gallery of the Royal Palace of Sanssouci, on the lat instant, botween 10 and 11 in the morning. I cannot fix the hour more precisely. I had to arrange the pieces of porcelain for the exhibition.

C. Tell the jury under what circumstances were as wife and the same to the same the piece of porcelain for the exhibition.

cannot he tole hour more precisely. I had to arrange the pieces of porcelain for the exhibition.

C. Tell the jury under what circumstances you saw it, and what happened when it was exhibited.

H. I unpacked the vase with the rest, and placed them on shelves. When his majesty came in, his majesty seemed specially struck with this one vase, and, as I saw that there was some dust on it—that is, as I saw that in one portion it lacked its proper glaze. I took out my handkerchief and wiped it. His most serene and gracious majesty himself noticed that there was a smear where was the inscription, and handed me the vase, which I rubbed again, whereupon I read the inscription on it.

"A l'eternelle gloire de Frederic le grand tyran." I wasso shocked that I hardly knew what to do. I nearly let the vase fall from my hands. But his majesty took it graciously from me, and himself read the legend.

"Yes, yes," shouted Frederick from his seat; "that is all true enough. He speaks the truth."

C. That will do. Stand back.

Then Aldbury rose and said: "I should wish to ask Herr Solomon Hirsch a few questions but not now, later, when the other witnesses have been heard. Will the judgo order him to remain ready to be called, not in the hall."

The next witness called was Wageli.

Q. Have you read the inscription on the

witnesses have been heard. Will the judge order him to remain ready to be called, not in the hall."

The next witness called was Wagell.

Q. Have you read the inscription on the vase! A. I have.

Q. How does it run! A. A l'eternelle gloire de Frederic le grand tyran.

Q. Do you know by whom it was written! A. I believe by Count Augustus Lazinka.

Q. What makes you suppose this! A. Because I was present when Sophie Mansfield was engaged on the vase, and the count asked some questions about the red powder she was using for the gold. She paints better than she writes, and complained that she dreaded the inscription more than all the rest of the painting. Then the count volunteered to write it for her. He said he wrote a good hand, and that he desired to satisfy hinself that the mixture he saw on her palette really turned to gold when burned. Soon after, the workman who attends to these matters was called to remove the vase and place it in the oven. He took it, and conveyed it to the proper place; at least I presume so, for he took it out of the painting room.

Q. Did you read the inscription on his vase! Did you observe the word "tyran" on it! A. I did not look at the vase after the legend had been added. I did not see it till it was removed from the factory. Then the word "tyran" was not on it. At least, I did not observe it. If you will look, you will see that the scroll on which the inscription is extends some little way to the left, before the words A l'eternelle, and properly the inscription should have a blank space to correspond at the end. But it has not. It unevenly fills the scroll. There is blank before the words, it crowds to the end.

Q. Would it be likely that a person unaccustomed to writing on porcelain would not properly consider the length of an inscription, and so make it anorosech the border pearers at

Q. Would it be likely that a person unaccustomed to writing on porcelain would not properly consider the length of an inscription, and so make it approach the border nearer at the end than the beginning? A. I should say that was most likely.

This witness also was not allowed to withdraw till Aldbury had requested to be allowed to cross-examine him, but he asked to be allowed to defer his catechism till the rest of the witnesses for the prosecution had been called.

The next to be summened was the workman who had taken the vase from the paint-

The next to be summoned was the work-man who had taken the vase from the paint-ing room to the kiln. After him that work-man gave his evidence who had put the vase in to be baked. He said that he had re-mained by the oven all the time the biscuit china was being baked, so as to set the paint-ing on it.

china was being baked, so as to set the painting on it.

With this witness the case for the prosecution was closed, and every one in the court felt that it went hard with the accused, or at least with one of them.

The young count throughout the hearing maintained a dignified position and expression. He was pale, indeed, but he looked toward his mother now and then and smiled, to let her see that he was confident that his tracement regulated as attailined.

to let her see that he was confident that his innocence would be established.

Sophie Mansfeld was also pale; she wore a dark dress; standing with her modest eyes lowered, and with the dew of sorrow sparkling on the lashes, she looked remarkably pretty; and when Aldbury asked if any evidence had been given to justify her imprisonment, and the charge of treason brought against her, "No, no!" shouted the king. "Let her get out of the box. I discharge her."

This was not exactly the way in which trial by jury was conducted in England, thought Aldbury, but it mattered not, so long as justice was done. He requested, as Sophie was discharged, that she might remain. He would require her evidence.

Aldbury was too imperfect in the German language to make much of a speech for the defense; he very shortly informed the jury that he would show them that the evidence incriminating the young count was not comce would be established

incriminating the young count was not com-plete enough to justify a sentence against him. Then he called Sophie Mansfeld into

Did you paint the legend on the scroll?
A. I did not.
Q. Who did that? A. The Count Augustus Lazinka.
Q. What did he write? A. "A l'eternelle

Q. What did he write? A. "A l'eternelle glorie de Frederic le grand."
Q. That was all? A. That was all.
Q. Was there space after le grand left vacant? A. The same as at the beginning.
At the beginning I notice a little floreation in gold filling the space. There is none at the end. How do you account for that if he did not add the word tyran?
A. The count wrote the inscription, and I did not think of the little gold flower till the

A. The count wrote the inscription, and I did not think of the little gold flower till too late. Afterward I remembered that it had been omitted, and then I ran to the kiln master and asked for my vase that I might add the little ornament filling in the empty space after le grand; but he told me it was too late. The vase was already in the oven. Q. You are sure the count did not add the word tyran? A. Quite sure. I should have seen it had be done so. Besides, he was quite incapable—with his noble soul—
Aldbury. That will do. We do not want your opinion of the soul of the count.

Sophie crimsoned and looked down.

"You may leave the box," said Aldbury. Then he called the workman who had taken the vase to the kiln and asked him where he had put the vase.

A. On a square board which stood on a table; there were other vases and various criticle to be knewed with

had put the vase.

A. On a square board which stood on a table; there were other vases and various articles to be burned with it.

Q. You are quite sure you set it with the rest? A. Quite sure.

Q. What reason have you fer this certainty? A. Because I nearly knocked over some small pieces in setting the vase there. Indeed—yes, I did knock over one—a coffee cup, and in setting it right put my finger in the new paint and smeared it.

Q. Is this the coffee cup? A. Yes, and there is the mark where my finger went. The vase was large, and I had to make room for it on the board.

Q. Did you mention what you had done to any one? A. Yes; I reported it to Herr Hirsch, as was my duty.

Q. Did he say anything in reply? A. He

said he would set it to rights before it was The next witness called was the burner.

Q. Were you at the kiln when the vase was brought there! A. I was not there, but I saw it with other articles ready for burning whe I returned.

Q. Why were you absent? A. It was my

Q. When you took the biscuit porcelain to put it in the oven, where did you find it! A. On the table.
Q. Not on the board! A. No. It was not on the board, but on the table. The board

Q. Not on the board! A. No. It was not on the board, but on the table. The board was full, there was a coffee service there.
Q. You are certain it was not on the board?
A. Quite certain. I do not think there was room for it on the board.
Q. Was any one by the oven, in the bakehouse, while you were at dinner. Is the bakehouse left open to any one to go into at that time? A. Oh, no, it is under the charge of Herr Solomon Hirsch.
Q. Did you see Herr Hirsch? A. Yes. He had a palette and brush in his hands, and said that George Stockmayer, the last witness, had smeared one of the coffee cups, and he had been putting the painting to rights.
Q. But the cup has not been touched and repaired. This is it? A. I dare say. That is one of the set I then baked. I cannot swear to the particular cup. I do not trouble myself to examine the painting. I leave that to others—to Hirsch. That is outside my province. I see that the baking is sufficient.
Q. Did you read the inscription on the vase! A. How could!! I cannot read.
Q. Did no one else have access to the bakehouse during dinner time but Hirsch! A. I do not know. Hirsch was responsible. Ask him.
Q. Did Sophie Mansfeld come to you and

him.
Q. Did Sophie Mansfeld come to you and ask to remove the vase! A. Yes. About half an hour after it was in the oven

Q. Did she give her reason! A. Yes. She said she had forgotten some little curls at the end of the inscription.

Q. Did you refuse to remove the vase! A. Of course, I did. I could not open the oven then—it would not have done. I was responsible for the articles in it.

Q. And when they were done what happened! A. Then Herr Solomon Hirsch had them under his charge.

The next to be called was Hirsch himself. At Aldbury's request, he had not been allowed to be present during the interrogation of the witnesses. He appeared in the box with great confidence, and answered readily enough to the first queries, but soon became confused and alarmed.

Aldbury asked, "Are you in charge of the bakehouse!" A. Yes. I do not myself bake, I supervise the baking.

Q. And at dinner time on the day in question, were you responsible for the oven, and the articles that were to be put in it! A. I was.

Q. When the dinner hour came, the oven.

was.

Q. When the dinner hour came, the oven was not sufficiently heated for them to be committed to it at once? A. I do not remember. I think they were put in at once? Q. Do you recall the witness Stockmayer telling you on the occasion in question that he had smeared a coffee cup! A. (With hesitation) I cannot say. Such things happen accountings.

telling you on the occasion in question that he had smeared a coffee cup! A. (With hesitation) I cannot say. Such things happen sometimes.

Q. But on this day, and at the hour of dinner, you were left alone in the oven house with the porcelain that had to be baked, and you had with you palette and paint to repair the damage done to the coffee cup by Stockmayer. A. That was on another day.

Q. The day book says whether the coffee service was baked on that day or another. Will you look at the book! Is that the entry for the day in question? Is that your signature at the end? A. It is my signature. I did not recall the fact.

Q. How cemes it that the smeared cup was not put to rights? A. I suppose it was made right.

Q. Will you look at the cup, and say if it has been rectified! A. (After some delay). That cup is smeared. I did not know that more than one was rubbed. Stockmayer only told me of one, and that I put in order before baking.

Q. Indeed. You remember the circumstance now. You can also tell ms who removed the vase painted by Demoiselle Mansfeld from the board on to the table? A. I cannot tell you that.

Q. We are assured that the vase was left by Stockmayer safely on the board, and the baker declares that he found it on the table, and not on the board. Consequently it must have been removed and handled by some one while you were in the bakehouse and responsible for it. A. I may have moved it, when I got the smeared cup from the board, and did not replace it; I cannot say. I do not remember triffee like that.

Q. What color was required for the cup? A. Gold.

Q. The same that is used for the inscription on the vase? A. I dare say. (Spoken reluctantly.)

Aldbury said, "You may stand aside. I will now call Herr Gerber, colorman."

When this new witness appeared in the box, Hirsch looked much disconcerted.

Q. Is your name Lorenz Gerber? A. It is, Q. What is your trade? A. I am a colorman.

Q. Do you remember Solomon Hirsch coming to your shop on the 20th of last month?

box, Hirsch looked much disconcerted.

Q. Is your name Lorenz Gerber? A. It is, Q. What is your trade? A. I am a colorman.

Q. Do you remember Solomon Hirsch coming to your shop on the 20th of last month? A. I do.

Q. Please inform the jary of the particulars. A. Herr Sub-director Hirsch came to me on the 20th of April and asked me if I had some deep blue color that would match with the blue on a piece of creckery he had—of porcelain, I mean. He said that a valuable specimen had been snicked, and it was desired to rub some color over the marks and to disguise them. Then I produced ultra marine, but that was hardly deep enough. We contrived by mixing some blues to obtain the death of tone he required. I explained to him that my colors would not do for burning on porcelain, and he laughed and said that he did not need them for that purpose, but for covering temporarily blemishes on porcelain already burned.

Q. Have you any of that blue? A. Yes, I rubbed some on paper, here it is.

"That will do," said Aldbury. Then he called an old woman name? Frosch-hammer.

Q. What is your name? A. Margaretta Frosch-hammer, widow.

Q. Your trade? A. I am a washerwoman.

Q. Did you, three days ago, receive from Herr Hirsch any clothes to wash? A. Yes, I do all his washing.

Q. Among the clothes did you receive a handksrchie? A. Yes, I did.

Q. Is this ??

Q. Among the clothes did you receive a handksrchie? A. Yes, I did.

Q. Is the strong the same as that he had sold to Hirsch. He swore to their identity.

That concluded the case for the defense. In a few words Aldbury pointed out the salient features: the fact that Hirsch had been in charge of the vase; that he had in his hands at the time the gold paint wherewith the inscription; and that he had himself wiped away the paint so as disclose it to the eyes of the monarch.

The jury retired for two minutes, and returned with a verdict of "Not guilty."

Lazinka was acquitted, but now the Jew Hirsch was ordered to be arrested.

"Halloo!" shouted the king. "Come here, Count Augustus

"Your majesty must remember that she is possessed of secrets which must not be divulged to the world."

"Quite so—but I cannot help that I have discharged her—that is, the jury has acquitted ner—no, the judge. That is—I. In fact, there is nothing against her."

her."
"Except, your majesty, the fact of her possessing the precious secret, and in your own interest, sire, she should be kept under surveillance."

"True-but-but"—
"Sire?" said the count, "would you commit
her to me? I will answer for her silence."
"You" then the king burst into a roar of
laughter, and held his sides. He looked at the countess mother, who was evidently dis concerted



"Would you commit her to me?" "Hold" said the king. "It shall be so—and what a more, I will ennoble the Mansfeld. I win create her a baroness in her own right—Let me see! She shall be the Baronno Grand-Tyran, and bear on her shield, and as the Grand-Tyran crest—the Blue Vass

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