him, and so tried to persuade himself

of her truth. The first anniversary of the marriage found them at Baden-

Baden, and there the unhappy husband,

thinking to give his wife a pleasant

surprise, entered her chamber at an un-usual hour, bearing a diamond necklace for a present, and found her in a posi-

tion which could no longer leave any

doubt as to her faithlessness. Seizing a

the floor and instantly expired, the

doctors said of heart disease, and I think

they were right. This event was only a

few weeks old. The will had been read, and it was found that he had literally

left everything to "my wife, Elizabeth."

Here my friend, the chief of police

and a distant relative of Van Tromp.

came to the front, determined quietly

on his own account to investigate Lady Van Tromp. He found this last was at least her third venture on the stormy

sea of matrimony. He had a fancy that some one of her husbands might still be living and undiscovered. If this could

be proved, then her marriage to Yan Tromp was no marriage, and the dueats, dollars and diamonds bequeathed by Van Tromp to "my wife, Elizabeth," would instantly melt into air—into very

thin air, so far as the countess was con-cerned, provided, of course, they had

fact, they were legally hers, for the will

had been admitted to probate. Those of the family objecting could offer no val-id opposition, and she had been put in

possession, but by a strange neglect on her part left everything intact, save a

deposit of 300,000 gulden in the Bank of Amsterdam, which she secured and set out for Naples with a new lover.

The detective—whom I will call Amstel—discovered that she had first been

married when only 15 years old to a young Swiss in Geneva, who soon left her and fled to America. He had subse-

quently returned to Europe, but Amstel was unable to discover his whereabouts

or if he was living. He suspected that

communication with the countess, and that she, in fact, might be his legal wife. He had followed the countess from Naples to Paris. There she left her lover and was now on her way to Nuremberg,

as Amstel believed, to meet her first

husband, but she had arranged to re-main a few days with some old friends

of hers. Every movement she made there would be watched, while Amstel,

going on to Cologne to look up some plaws, intended to wait there until in-

formed that she had departed, and when

public scandal.

Amstel interviewed the countess and

gave her the choice between arrest and

train drew into the depot at Frankfort.

theft or fraud, to send out circulars containing the numbers, asking that any

parties offering them might be ques-

were sold in millions all over the continent, and were passing freely from hand to hand, as a matter of fact little

or no attention was paid to such circu-

lars; but, of course, had strangers of

asked. Therefore I felt a trifle nervous

fort, conduct my negotiations, and re-

halls. Although a little in a

I will, however, preface my narrative

with a brief account of the history of

the place. The city of Wiesbaden, privious to the Franco-Prussian war

1870, was the chief town of one of the

petty principalities which were plentifully sprinkled over the face of Europe.

any people—during the winter par-ularly—resorted there to bathe and

chair, he felled her companion, who never stirred again, but the shock was too great for the husband, who himself fell

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" welts, now \$2 50, were \$3 75.

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BUTLER, -



After a pleasant voyage the Russia arrived, and one May morning I walked into the Northwestern railway station in Liverpool to take the train for Lon

ticket for Frankfort—that old town I was destined to see so much of during the next few years. On my journey I would pass through Cologne, and from there the railway skirts the bank of the

parts of Germany by daylight, and was, as most Americans are who travel on the continent shocked to see the employments of women. Soon after leaving Brussels I saw the, to me, novel sight of a number of women shoveling coal, handling the shovel like men. In other places I saw them laboring in the brickyards, digging and wheeling clay, and everywhere they were to be seen working at men's work in the fields.

A traveler in my compartment prov a most entertaining companion. He described himself to me as one who went about pottering over a lot of antiquities and fooling around generally.

But my friend, the pottering old an-

tiquary, gave me something of a surprise. At Chalons all of our fellow travelers in the compartment left us. Two of them were voluble Frenchwom en, and they kept it up with amazing energy for the six hours from Brussels to Chalons. At every unusual swaying of the car there would be a volley of "Mon Dieus!" and ear piercing excla-mations, and it was certainly a relief when they left.

Bringing out a box of eigars and my companion producing a flask of wine, we soon became confidential. Presently, to my great amusement, my old antiquary, warmed by the wine, confided to me that he was a detective police officer and chief of the secret service at Antwerp; that he was then working on a famous case and had been shadowing one of the ladies who had journeyed with us from Brussels. Before leaving Brussels he had discovered his quarry was to quit the train, and as he had to go on to Mayence he had turned the ness over to a confederate.

I was young, and no doubt he thought me innocent. Certainly he did not withhold his confidence. This is the case he was investigating:

There was a wealthy gentleman of the name of Van Tromp living in Antwerp, a widower, 70 years of age, the tather of a grownup family and many times a grandfather. It had been his custom to go to Baden-Baden every summer, spending money freely both in re and in the famous gambling a woman, the Countess Winzerode, one of the many adventuresses to be found there, and speedily became infatuated. This Van Tromp was a descendant of old Admiral Van Tromp, who, in the mighty life and death struggle between Holland and Spain, and in the two wars with England, the first when Cromwell raled, the second when the second Charles was on the throne, held up the he swept the proud navies of Spain from the seas and service the season that season the seaso he swept the proud navies of Spain from the seas and carried the Dutch flag around the world. In the other he was only vanquished after stubborn sea fights lasting for days. This Van Tromp was the height of the frage and the world. the heir of the fame and the wealth of all the Van Tromps, and both had gone ulating for 300 years.

The self styled countess knew all this, and, as the sequel shows, knew her man. She was 40, had been beautiful, was still comely, with good figure, fair haired, but with steel blue eyes. She spoke many languages and had dwelt in every land from Petersburg to Paris. It is needless to tell how they first met or of the intimacy that sprang up be tween them, but I will merely say in passing that within five days of their first meeting he had given her a magnif-icent diamond bracelet which had been in his family more than a century. This terrified at the mere suspicion that their father was in earnest and might possi-bly present them with a stepmother, ve all a comparatively young step mother, and, so far as physique went a magnificent animal, with promise of a long life, so long that her rights of dower would make a cut in the Van Tromp estates and treasures which might well cause the old admiral to rouse himself from his three century

sleep in Dordrecht church and once more walk these glimpses of the moon in protest of the sacrilege.

Then the scandal of a countess adverturess becoming a Van Tromp—head of that family too! They knew of the pen-chant of the countess and cared nothing for it until, with a feeling akin to horror, they observed at the dress ball one night the countess airing the historic bracelet. It would require a volume to relate the scenes that followed in the Van Tromp domicile on this paralyzing discovery, but prayers, tears and histrionic touches were all met by the stolid reply of Van Tromp, "I please

As a last resort the daughters appeal-ed to the countess, offering all their the countess, offering all their ready cash and a pension if she would only disappear. But visions of the Van Tromp diamonds and of the Van Tromp bank account were in her head, and she was deaf to every appeal. In fact, she depised these heavy, matter of So I resolved to go to Wiesbaden, some fact Dutch ladies and rather gloried to think that she would soon be the female had of the Van Tromp house and step-mother to these two highly respectable dames, who would perforce have to live in her shadow. But then of course the was at this time easy to lose one's idencountess was a woman, and it is to be feared that even good women love to triumph over others. She of course could have no love for this portly old gentleman of 70. But it is pitiful to think he was madly infatuated. The poor old man, in spite of his unromanyeins and plenty of romance in his heart. At last, in spite of gossip and

opposition, they were married, and then instead of settling down, as the happy groom had hoped, to a life of wedded bliss in one of his country houses at Dordrecht, Lady Van Tromp insi on spending her honeymoon in Paris. There they went, and the very day of their arrival the bride resumed a liaison with a beggarly count, who, not being an actual criminal, yet was written black enough in the books of the Paris police and for whom the countess had as warm an admiration as one of her old, calculating nature was capable of

Van Tromp speedily found his dream of bliss blown to the winds, but he was not so blind as not to see that his wife not only did not love him, but was false to him as well. Poor old Van Tromp felt he had made his last throw for happiness, and, hoping against hope, dreamed she in time would learn to apbanquets whose piece de resistance consisted of gebratene gans und kartoffeln, the unlucky bird being tribute in kind from the farmyard of some peasant subject living in a miserable hut on black

mighty wizard had visited the place with an eye quick to see the possibili-ties of the situation, with a brain to plan and a hand to execute. His name was Francois Blanc, the head of the great gambling establishment at Hom-burg. Vast as were his ambition and burg. Vast as were his ambition and achievements, he was a man of the simseedy coat, his old fashioned spectacles

on the tip of his nose, one would have taken him for a country advocate whose wildest dreams were of a practice of 2,000 thalers a year, with an old gig and a wheezy mare to haul him around the countryside from client to client. Before his Wiesbaden days he had been the guiding spirit in the direction of the splendid gambling halls, the Casino at Homburg. Blanc was impervious to flattery—a hard headed, silent man, a man without enthusiasm and without weaknesses, who kept a lavish table and ate sparingly himself, who had a wine cellar rivaling that of the autocrat of all the Russias and yet contented him self with sipping a harmless mineral water, who kept and directed a huge gambling machine—a mighty conglomeration of gorgeously decorated halls, day and night by giddy and excited throngs, but himself never indulging in anything more exciting than an after dinner game of dominos or a quiet drive with his wife through the country

Thus this Francois Blane with perfect equanimity watched the thousand thousands of butterflies and moths of society seorch their wings in the terrific flame that glowed in his Casino, while he looked on a cynical observer, despis-ing the fools enraptured with roulette

and fascinated with rouge et noir.

But one thing he was not afraid of, and that was spending money. To comnot actually passed into her clutches. In pass his business ends he laid it out lavishly, and in the end he drew all Europe to Wiesbaden. Still broader and still deeper he laid the foundations of the fortune that ultimately grew to colossal proportions. But he did not make Wiesbaden famous without keen opposition. He made the fortune of the beggarly Prince Karl and the whole hungry of royal highnesses in spite of them selves. At every fresh opposition he simply opened his purse and a golder

shower fell on them It required a hard head to withstan the attacks made on him when it became known that he had bought up both prince and municipality and proposed to make Wiesbaden par excellence the gambling city of the continent. But, despite of all, he pushed on his plans to wonderful success. A great park was laid out and stately buildings arose, all dedicated to the goddess of chance. Slim was the chance the votaries of the game had in his gorgeous halls. He threw out his money in millions, but he knew the weak, foolish heart of man, the egotism of each and every one of us, that leads us to ignore for ourselves the immutable law of numbers. So he counted up-en his returns, and never counted in

the train arrived at Cologne he proposed to enter it and follow my lady on, hoping to witness a meeting between her and the much hoped for husband. Hap-pily we had arrived in Cologne at this stand the attacks made upon him. Every day the post brought hundreds of letters containing propositions or threats point in the story, and as Amstel was to remain here we had to say goodby, from people who had lost their money and demanded its return with fierce but for the whole 20 minutes of my stay we walked up and down the platthreats, pitiful supplications and warnings of intended suicide, place, date and hour carefully specified, so there could form talking eagerly of the case. I had become much interested, so deeply indeed that had I had leisure I certainly be no mistake, and more than one at-tempt was made upon his life. But the equanimity of Francois Blanc was equal to all adventures. Threats, prayers, should have turned amateur detective

be told me the sequel of the Van Tromp episode. Instead of one, the countess had two husbands living but the Van Tromp land while the mad throngs were fluttering in frenzy around the tables in his halls at Homburg, Wiesbaden and Monte Carlo he, hoe or trowel in hand Tromps preferred to buy off the woman at a good round sum rather than have a ploring the ravages of an inse solicitous over an opening bud or de ploring the ravages of an insect, or, again, refusing all invitations, he would sit down with his wife to a dinner of boiled turnips and bacon, washed down a full release of all claims on the Van | with a glass of vichy water and milk.

Tromp property for the sum of 100,000 gulden. She made a hard fight, but at | This was the town and these the scenes last gave in gracefully. But my chapter has grown too long already, and I will constantly occurring there.

Now for my adventure. In 1870, just before the warcloud burst, covering all close it with the remark that I myself met the lady at Wiesbaden in 1871 and met the lady at Wiesbaden in 1871 and became acquainted with the brilliant for some weeks at the Hotel Nassau. It stands in the main street, opposite the adventuress. She will appear again in The last face that I saw at the Cologne world went to Wiesbaden to be amus station was that of Amstel, lit up with smiles as he waved his hand in adieu.

However fashionable frivolity and vice may be elsewhere, here it was strictly may be elsewhere. de rigueur, and to pretend to decency and sobriety would be to stamp one's Sitting cozily in the corner of the carriage, eager to see all that was to be seen, I found, as all tourists do, much to charm and delight. But my thoughts self a heathen and barbarian, all un-versed in the glorious flower wreather versed in the glorious flower wreathed were on the bonds I had to sell, and I Primrose Way of our orb. was glad enough when at 5 o'clock our

The daily routine for the throng be gan with coffee in bed at 8 p. m.; then My reader will recall that payment appoint all United States bonds payable to baths in the underground floors of the dressing gowns were donned, and th bearer, as mine were, could not be stopped, and so far as the innecent hold-stopped, he was perfectly secure. But the custom among bankers was, whenever any bonds were lost by theft or fraud, to send out circulars conparatory to sallying out for an hour or the Spaziergang around the queller to drink the water, listen to the band, ioned and held. But as American bonds | see and be seen, but, above all, to gos sip and tell lies. At 11 a. m. the gam-bling began in the Casino, and with a rush the seats around the tables would be filled. Then speedily there would be rows behind rows of eager players of spectators, and what a sight it all was to the cool headed observer!

disreputable appearance offered bonds in large sums the lists might have been At the time of which I speak many scrutinized and awkward questions were my idle days, in which I was fre to seek pleasure. I used to find much enjoyment in frequenting the Casino to watch the people and to play the role of and determined to run no chance of los-ing my bonds, at least not all of them. "looker on in Vienna," which, by the way, is a star role and therefore rather 15 miles away, stop at some hotel under a different name, leave the bonds there, and take the morning train for Frankagreeable. One evening while watching the rouge et noir I noticed a lady just in front of me, magnificently dressed in all save that there was an entire absence of jewelry. She was literally dressed to tity in Wiesbaden, for the town then | kill, and, although near 50, yet to the was, along with Baden-Baden, the Monte Carlo of the continent, and adeasual observer she seemed no more than 40 or even less. She was a well preventurers, men and women, from all over Europe flocked there in thousands served woman of the world and was known as the Countess de Winzerole. to chance their fortune in the gambling This was the adventuress who had mar the appearance, had warm blood in his this portion of my history, I will here What a career had been that of this relate an adventure of mine there some

She had been mistress from first to years after the period of which I am last of a dozen men, noblemen, diplogambler one after another saw, with dismay, the cash, estates, diamonds, carriages, costly furs and laces he showered upon her all go whirling into the ever open maw of the Casino or in the drawing room games of the bonton in Since the old Roman days the town had Paris or Petersburg. One brave youth, been famous for its hot springs, and con-sequently for its hot baths, and a good in his infatuation for the countess, and impregnable, as he thought, against bankruptcy by reason of his great for-tune, tried to satisfy her cravings for to drink the waters. As a matter of course, the townspeople, as the custom of such places is, have recorded many a splendor of entourage and her infatua-tion for gambling. The result was that one day the crack of a pistol shot was marvelous cure, ranging all the way from headache to hydrophobia. But still the town was of little importance save heard in the countess' chamber, and the servants rushing in found the young locally. The petty ruler, with a title longer than his income, lived in the pre-tentious castle, beguiling the time by bankrupt dead, lying across the bed. with a bullet through the heart. The
next day a horde of clamorous creditors in default of payment she was liable to becieged the house, where the countess arrest and a very considerable impris- ics. smoking cheap cigars or ordering on calmly told them she had sent for her

bankers and on the morrow they would be paid. That night his comrades buried their dead friend with military honors. At midnight the cortege passed the ho-tel, and all eyes watched the lovely untess robed in white as she appeared her bosom heaving with emotion, whil she waved a farewell to her dead lover. Ten minutes later she fled through the back door and over the garden wall, falling into the arms of another lover waiting there. He himself did not go the way of No. 4, but half of his for-

> panion the dressing maid of his mis-tress, embarked for America. At the time I met her the cou reputation was too well known and her beauty too much fallen off for her to make any more grand catches. A local banker at Wiesbaden became very friend-ly. However, the friendship lost all its varmth when the banker's stout wife one day caught them together, and having already provided herself with a whip in anticipation visited them both with a jealous woman's rage and a

sound thrashing.

around the tables, following the win-ners and getting douceurs from them. These were by no means small, most of them being gifts pure and simple en from mere goodness of heart or sheer prodigality, for there were too many gay and beautiful women flocking around ready to smile on winners in the even a temporary conquest. However. at this period she lived well—even ex-travagantly—but, of course, saved noth-ing. As related, I first met the countess here at the table where the game was going on. She had just staked and lost her last gulden. She was betting on the black, and four times in succession the leave it; black will win again." ough, it did. She seized the cash, \$80, and handing me a double Frederick said in her most bewitching manner "Oh, sir, be generous and let me keep this!" I said, "Certainly, madam."

She promptly staked it, and in two turns of the cards it was gone. We met several times the next few

aal, I took a small table, and ordering a bottle of wine sat down to listen to countess came in, and seeing nie alone game straight to me, shook hands warm-y and sat down. I, of course, invited her to have a glass of wine. We spon finished that bottle and ordered another Wa had what was to me a most amus ing talk. She was a character-had been everywhere and spoke all the modern

languages. She assured me that I was very charming man. In paying my bill two, and, seeing she was going to ask me to give her one, I saved her the grouble by placing one in her hand. In time we became quite good friends. Twice I paid her board bill in order to rescue her wardrobe from the clutches of her landlord, and once I saved her from the hands of an irate wa When, after a time, I left Wiesbaden, I left her as gay, as prosperous and as extravagant as ever.

I did not see Wiesbaden again for over two years, but the second week of January, 1873, found me there. The Prussian government now ruled in the town and refused to renew the license of M. Blanc. It had expired 14 days be-fore my arrival. What a change had fallen on the town! The Casino was gloomy and cold; the gay crowds had fled. All the life and movement of the street and promenade was forever a thing of the past. I had located there large amounts of bonds in Frankfort, 11 miles away, and returning to Wiesba-den each night. At this time I put up at the Hotel Victoria, near the railroad station. One Saturday, going up to Frankfort rather late, my business detained me until after dark. On reaching the station I happened to look into the third class waiting room, and there I spied a figure alone that looked famil-I soon recognized the countess From her appearance and surroundings it was plain that there was now wealthy loves at her beck and call. Be cause she looked so unhappy I gave her a cordial greeting, which she returned rather wearily. It was very cold, and I



sides. I was apparently on the full flood tide of fortune, having with me then a very large sum of money, some of which she could have had for the asking.

I said, "Come, countess; let us go to gether first class to Wiesbaden." Sh replied that she lived at Bieberich, a small town on the Rhine, four miles be low Mayence, and four miles from Wiesbaden. As the train was starting I bade her goodby, but asked permission to call on her the next day, she giving her ad-dress as Hotel Bellevue.

The next morning was very cold, but I enjoyed that; so, after a light breakfast. I started over the hills for a wall to the town, arriving there soon after noon. I found the hotel a fifth rate one, and, entering, was shown to the room of the countess. What a change for her from the past! Her room was a small one, plastered, but unpapered, and with a few articles of furniture of the cheapest. The poor woman was too evidently in a state of frightful depression, and well she might be. Hers had been a butterfly existence

life all one summer holiday, no hostages given to fortune, no bond taken against future wreck or change. Like the butterfly, she had roamed from flower to flower, sipping the sweet only, or, like the cricket, had merrily piped all the summer through, thinking sunshine and bloom eternal. Even when youth and beauty had fled and lovers no lon ger stood ready to attend and serve she still found a good aftermath in her happy harvest field on the floors of the Casino, but when the Casino lights at Wiesbaden went out then for the countess had the winter indeed come. My walk had given me something of an appetite, and it now being 2 o'clock I at once proposed to have dinner. To my surprise she said she had already

dined, and upon my remarking that i

was early for dinner she replied that it was, but as she was owing quite a hotel

bill she feared to give any trouble lest

I need hardly tell my readers Germany than with us. I could easily afford to be generous with other people's money and did not mean to see the suffer for a hotel bill. Ringing the bell, I told the waiter to bring me some dinner and a bottle of wine. The countess looked very uneasy over my order. Of late years she had seen life from the seamy side and had observed so much of the falseness and cruelty of men that she had apparently lost all faith in them and no doubt thought me tune did, so one morning, leaving a po-lite note of farewell, he, taking for coman adventurer, one who might possibly and order expensive wines, leaving her to face an angry landlord. While dinner was being prepared she told me she was in the greatest distress, had not even a single kreutzer to pay postage, and, worst of all, was owing for two weeks' board. She had no means to fly, no place to fly to, and if she remained

incarceration awaited her. She had for weeks been writing everywhere to every one she had known, former lovers, distant but leng neglect-ed relatives. The result—dead silence, no response from anywhere. She at last was alone, caught in the world's great snare, with no friendly hand to shelter or to save. It was a sight to read this weman's face. There swept over it all the conflicting waves of regrets over might have beens and the gloomy shades of despair. Both proprietor and waiter appeared to set the table; it was for one, but wineglasses for two were brought unsolicited. They were offi-

ciously anxious to please "your high-The countess sat looking gloomily out of the window across the Rhine, while I watched her face until an infinite pity for the chipmend and fall of the country and the country of the country of the chipmend and fall of the chipmend and the chipmend an for the shipwrecked soul filled my mind Dismissing the waiter, I went to the window, and, standing by her chair, I Frederick on the red. I instantly placed the money on the red and won. She begged me to transfer the stake to the black. I did so and black won. Placed the money of the red and won. She black I did so and black won. Placed the red with notes. I placed the red with notes in the red with notes. I placed the red with notes in the red with notes in the red with notes. time, drawing from an inner pocket a book crammed with notes, I placed sev-en 100 thaler notes in her lap, saying, "This one is for your board bill, and the other six are for your pocket money." I need not attempt to picture her amazement and delight. Certainly no woman was ever more grateful. We had a long conversation, and I was talking to ber like a brother. Perhaps had she still been beautiful and young my manner and language might have been less brotherly. I told her she had danced and sung, but at last the time had come for sung, but at last the time had come location, and suggested she should go to brussels, which is ever thronged with tourists, where her knowledge of lauguages and her savoir faire could be made available in one of the many shops where gimeracks are sold to travelers. I advised her to offer a small premium for a position. This she said she would do in saying goodby I promised to see

her again the next night, but I found a telegram awaiting me on my arrival at my hotel which called me to meet two of my companions at Calais, and I was forced to leave by an early train. The next time I saw the counters was in Newgate. She visited me there and was in perfect despair over my position and her inability to serve me. For those who may care to know more of her I will say that, following my advice, she went to Brussels and obtained a position in a tourist exchange and within a year married the proprietor, who was a councilman and a man of considerable local importance. She made him a good wife and became a true mother to his five daughters. When he died he made her guardian both of them and of his weelth. She became your religious and wealth. She became very religious and to the last was a devout member of the Roman church. She died in 1886, 13 years after the episode at Bieberich. Her ashes rest in the little graveyard of the Convent des Sœurs de Ste. Agnes, on the Charleroi road, two miles from the city, and on her monument is engraved:

TO ELIZABETH,
The Beloved Wife, Fious and True. She
Served God and Has Gone to Live With
the Angels.

[TO BE CONTINUED.] "I swan!" exclaimed Judge Sugar

sort of an oath," commented the major in a tone of disgust.
"The reason the judge swears by the swan," explained Col. Ochiltyglet, with

courteous interruption, "is because he admires anything that has such a delightful neck and can get along on an inch and a half of water."—N. Y. Re-A Deep One.

"Heah's one foh you, deah boy," said Sapsmith to Sissington, as they were sitting at the club window. "Why are "Gwacious! I dawn't knaw. When am I like the moon?"
"Because you look wound. See it?
He-ah! He-ah!" "But I dawn't always look wound "Neithah does the moon. He-ah He-ah!"-Truth.

A Revised Version

And just as he thought He had them both caught His wheel struck a snag and he punctu

-Chicago Record THE LONG-HAIRED VIRTUOSO



cert with his mother)-Mamma, is that an Angora fiddler? - Fliegend

Gibbs-Did you know that the latest census returns in Chicago show that there are about one thousand deaf mutes living in the city, industrious and uncomplaining.

Nibbs—I don't believe it! A man can't live in Chicago uncomplainingly if he never has a chance to talk about what a great town it is. - Detroit Free

Solved the Problem. Tired Housekeeper (in employment agency)—Oh, dear, I wonder if there'll ever be any solution to the servant-girl

Employment Agent—Oh, yes, mum.
My wife solved it long ago.
"Well, well! How?" "She got rid of the hull gang, an' did th' work herself."—N. Y. Weekly.

Wouldn't Tip Even a Boat. Miss Budleigh—Jorkins, do you think it would be safe for me to go out in the boat with Mr. Deadweight? Do you

think he will tip it over? Jorkins (with a scornful glance at Mr. Deadweight)—No danger, mym. He never "tips" anything .- Town Top-

HOME CHEESE-MAKING. The New England Homes The New England Homes! give-the following suggestions: home-cheese-making: Strain the note into vat and add half a pint of remet to one hundred gallons of mile which should bring the curd in one hore-when the temperature is at bout it degrees. Stir the rennet and mile thoroughly. Many of the thoroughly. Many of the troubles of the amateur che arise from the use of ill-con

rennet; if doubts as to its perit should be filtered through a or cotton fiber. As the reanet, quality of milk and temperature vary at nearly every change mal ing, the prepared rennet therets soil by dairy supply houses are unfoultedly more certain in results. To the ly more certain in results. To the ginner a thermometer accurate unded is essential to success. curl is cut into one-inch squares in ediately after it has formed, to have the separation of whey and curd the cuting is repeated two or three times what hour intervals and the app. earefully into a basket in theh a strainer has been placed. At the the basket on a ladder over the whey receiver and cut the curd over leastly to hasten draining. When compact

to hasten draining. When compact and fairly free from whey is two strainer ends by opposite command hang in a cool place until the mornizum is made. Proceed with the ming's milk precisely in the same of until ready to hang. This way requires a little more draining that it may be firm and decidedly free from whey.

whey.

Cut the night and morning curds in alices, place in a bowl and charing places a half inch in diameter Pour over the curds a gallon of hale water and stir until a squeal sound is made. Drain off the scale water, and the test and the property of the scale water. edd salt to taste and thorous in the curd. Place a dry stra hoop, carefully introduce to fold the strainer quatry over the put the follower on and consist only enough weight housed to nicely consolidate the consistence of the consolidate the consolid used to nicely consolidate the cheese and press out the small remaining pu-tions of whey. If placed in the pre-in the morning, at night turn to cheese, substitute a fresh strainer, the next day remove from the pre-tice. butter the sides, top and bottom, and place on an odorless board, in a cook, airy place, to cure. Four weeks for curing is necessary, and during this time the cheese should be turned daily and buttered if inclined to athere to the beard. As cheese is liable to expand, a band of strong cloth should be drawn and sewed tightly around it to

AROUND THE DAIRY.

PROF. SANBORN says that cut clover and straw are as good for feeding as

In packing butter place a light covered with salt at the bottom and cover with cloth covered with salt. E. W. STEWART praises hig by groun white beans as food for main cow

Of course they would be excellent.

ALWAYS churn just as soon as there is cream enough and sufficient acidity develops. If cream is held beyond that it will be injured.

Is milk is set in open part the puns should be only about half full. Before results in cream rising will be seathan if the pans are full. Cows no well on pumpkins, but they should not be fed too freely. Cut them in pieces with a corn cutter and feel mixed with wheat bran.

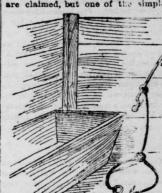
Pur up ensilage, but do not expect that it will be a perfect r tion, espe-cially if there is not considerable core in it. Supplement it in feeling with

grain. same rules and the same implements that the creamery has, it will turn out just as good and uniform product as the creamery can.

be kept at a temperature of 63 to 7) degrees. The room must be so constructed that the outside temperature will have no effect upon it. If the butter does not come in a reasonable time, try a different tem-

perature. Just what temperature a certain lot of cream requires must often be determined by experiment Farmers' Voice. FOR FASTENING CATTLE.

escription of a Simple, Convenient and Economical Tie. There are a great many kinds of cattle ties, for which various merits are claimed, but one of the simplest



and most convenient we have met with is shown in our illustration. The gows are stabled two in a shall with a shallow gutter in the rear to which the inner floor should slope recouple of inches, affording ample drange and keeping the cattle clean. The chain slides on the rod fastened to the ride slides on the rod fastened of the stall by bolts, wh through, fasten another red side of the partition N Y

CATTLE TIE.

lorses have said, since first the world becau. A hard smooth road's the not est work of -L A W Bullet He-I am in love. Will you be to

She-Certainly. I am at your and He-Well, would you a to e na propose to you?-Brooklyn and She Could Not Pa Miss Hojack-Hasn't . To:. :11

passed her twentieth birti. ?

Miss Flypp—No; she has been e ing it with her for second year. Town Topies. Short But Sarcastle I a o ;ue "Do you have to treat your main he were a member of the baily?"

she were a member of the amily?
"Mercy, no! We have to be very and and polite to her."—Stand d A Woman's Idea. Dentist-Madam, you w

have some bridge-work in your money.

Patient—All right, do for suspendation or cantalever?—Judge Clerical Wit.

The witty bishop of Oxf. waited on by a clergyman lodge a complaint again a bro cleric, whom he accused of retual. "For instance," said the ergre vol

clergyman, "does your de hip con-sider it right for a prise to keep stole?" "Well," replied Dr. " "bs. very

gravely, "I think there we till be believe ground for complaint if he stole a kiss."