

NOBILITY WEDS A FOOTMAN.

Countess Marie Wyanoff Marries the Man Who Worshipped Her Picture.

All the world loves a lover, and the old, old story is ever new. It is, then, no wonder that there is a general interest concerning the romantic history of the Russian Countess, Marie Wyanoff, who has married her footman because of his true love and devotion.

The story has attracted even more attention because of the fact that the rich and beautiful Countess served as the model in Carolus Duran's famous painting, "Le Baiser" (The Kiss).

The Countess was born in Poland, a land saddened in its political history, but one which has sought to please its unhappy children by making its daughters the most beautiful of Europe. Polish girls are also famous for their romantic and ardent natures. At the age of 18 this fair daughter of the conquered land married Count Wyanoff, a Russian nobleman of great wealth. His riches and her beauty made them a famous pair at St. Petersburg and Paris, in both of which centers of society the nobleman owned a princely palace.

All the wealth of the Count was laid at the feet of his young wife, whom he adored. She wore the most splendid jewels at the Russian court, where fair women are accustomed to be resplendent with costly gems as they are nowhere else in Europe. She had a priceless collection of furs, among which there was a set of Russian sables that a Princess of the royal blood might well envy. Her stables were filled with two hundred horses, and sleighs and other vehicles of every description and ornamentation.

As an example of reckless generosity and impulse, the story is told that at the opera one night she threw a necklace of three strands of great pearls to a singer who had excited her fancy. Her beauty, wealth, luxuriant surroundings and generosity won for her admiration and fame in all the social centers of Europe. Wherever she went she was sought by the most aristocratic and exclusive sets.

When her husband died he left her the whole of his vast fortune in her own right, including gold, silver, copper, iron and gold mines, the income of which is each year a large fortune in itself. The beautiful widow, possessed of a fortune which could satisfy her every wish in worldly goods, found herself the center of a most devoted and attentive group of suitors of every title, nationality and description.

The present Count, then the Czarewitch, was fascinated by the charming Countess—so much so that a warning to her, doubtless inspired by the Czar, pater, caused her to leave St. Petersburg for a time and cease the perilous flirtation.

But the fair widow of Wyanoff began to tire of the life of a woman in the exclusive aristocracy, and had, before the death of her husband, developed

suit of wealth by painting women of fashion has, some say, been an injury to his natural genius, but when he first knew the Countess he was painting works of art simply, and not fashionable women at high prices.

He at once recognized in the Countess a fit subject for inspiration in art.

She is a perfect example of the blonde type, with hair of pure gold, of that rare shade which is neither flaxen nor light brown, but of the shade seldom seen and never perfectly described by the pen. Her features are perfectly regular, and express vivacity and intellect. All in all, she is indeed "a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair."



THE PICTURE THAT WAS PAINTED BEFORE ITS MAKER BECAME FAMOUS.

clever insight, their motive, which was her fair face and fabulous wealth. Each day upon the Countess's table appeared a lovely bouquet. Who the giver was no one knew.

At last the fair lady discovered her footman in the act of kissing her portrait. On demanding an explanation she learned that her handsome servant, with a temperament as ardent as her own, had long loved her in secret. Hopeless of ever having his love reciprocated, he had been pouring out his soul to her for years.

Here was devotion not found in any of her high-born suitors, and, by the laws of love, he stood before her equal. An elopement and wedding soon followed, and the Countess raised her husband in the eyes of the world, although not in her own, by buying for him a Bulgarian estate, with which goes the title of Count.

And now, in a picturesque spot of old Bulgaria, we may well imagine this Countess by marriage and Count by purchase, forgetful of what the world calls titles, living a life which is truly "one grand, sweet song," because they are daily realizing the full significance of those beautiful lines:

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

Why People Become Deaf.
It has taken the medical world a great many years to discover that a loss of hearing is almost invariably caused by some disease of the throat, or nose, or both. But very recent researches in these fields have demonstrated this fact beyond question, and it is now admitted by the more advanced medical men that, aside from rupture of the ear-drum, there is scarcely a symptom of defective hearing which is not traceable directly to the condition of the nose and throat. In view of the new discoveries, ear specialists are finding their occupations gone, save as they make their particular branch an assistant in further investigation. It is said, as we have already pointed out, that the use of smelling salts is one of the most prolific causes of deafness, operating by weakening the olfactory nerves, and through them the auditory system. All strong and pungent odors should be avoided as far as possible, especially those which act upon the secretory processes, and, as the popular expression goes, "make the nose run."

Hear Both Sides.
Never condemn your neighbor unheard however many the accusations which may be preferred against him. Every story has two ways of being told, and justice requires that you should hear the defense as well as the accusation; and remember that the malignity of enemies may place you in a similar predicament.

A Business Principle.
Mr. Gotrox—So you want my daughter, eh? Do you drink? Bob Bluffer—Not while I'm doing business! Let that go till later.—Puck.

ed a fondness for the society of artists. Although her friends of high life expressed their annoyance, nevertheless, painters, musicians and actors were always hospitably received by her wherever she might happen to be.

Entering the life with enthusiasm, she became a shining figure in the upper Bohemia of Paris. Her house on the Parc Monceau, near that of Meissonier, was thronged by all the famous in art.

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Kiss." The picture is full of the strongest of passion, but is purity itself in every detail. It is the innocent lover's soul-embracing kiss.

"And our spirits rushed together at the meeting of the lips."

But the prettiest story of the Countess's life is yet to be told. It is not to be doubted that a woman who could be the inspiration of such a picture would consider true love the most holy and sacred requisite to the marriage vows. Ardent wooers were plentiful, but in their courting the Countess saw, with

LITTLE THINGS

That Sometimes Decide a Man's Fate in Business.

The truth of the saying that little things may often times play an important part to men's affairs when the men least expect it was illustrated one day recently. "See that young man over there," remarked an insurance friend of his, pointing to one of his clerks working away industriously at a desk in another room. "Well, he got his place in my office through the striking of a match, although he doesn't know it. I was standing at the entrance of this building about a month ago, waiting for a friend to come down the elevator, when that young man approached me with a letter of recommendation and an application for employment. I had made it known a few days before that I needed another clerk and he had heard of it. However, I had almost made up my mind to take on a young man who had been to see me the day before, and was about to tell the last applicant so, when he pulled a match from one of his pockets to light a cigar he had been smoking, but which had gone out. 'Sorry, sir,' he said, balancing himself on one foot, while he lifted the other so as to admit of his striking the match on the heel of his shoe. 'Sorry, for I would like very much to work for you, and I think I would have made you a good clerk.' The match-scratching incident made me think so, too. Right at the young man's elbow was a great Italian marble column, upon which were the marks showing where many matches had been struck by vandals too utterly indifferent to the rights of others to refrain from indelibly stamping their vandalism upon property to restore which would have cost hundreds of dollars. It would have been the most natural thing in the world for many a man to have scratched that match on the marble column, and the fact that this young man chose to use the heel of his shoe instead showed that he was thoughtful and conscientious, two very excellent traits. I was so impressed that I told him to come and see me, and the result of the visit was his securing the position. And his month in my office has shown that I made no mistake in sizing him up."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

SUNDAY AND MONDAY BEGGARS

Ian MacLaren Tells Why There Is No Difference Between the Two.

"The pew is a testimony to the family and ought to be maintained with its doors removed, and it does not matter whether a man pay \$50 a year for his pew or 50 cents," writes Ian MacLaren of "The Pew and the Man in It" in the Ladies' Home Journal. "The church authorities should see that the householder has his pew, with room enough in it for himself, his wife and the children which God has given them. There is no reason in the world why the rich man should not pay a handsome sum for his church home. And some of us have never been able to understand why an artisan should not give something for his church home also. Surely every man wishes to do what is right in the direction of his church. Every self-respecting man likes to pay for his home whether it be large or small, and it touches a man's honor to live in a workhouse, where he pays no rent and depends on the public. There is no necessity that this home feeling and this just independence should be denied in the house of God, but it rather seems a good thing that the man who works and gives to provide a house where he and the children can live together in comfort and self-respect six days of the week should do his part to sustain the house where they worship God on the seventh day. He is a poor creature who will allow a rich man to pay his rent for him on week-days, and I have never been able to see where there is any difference between being a beggar on Sunday and a beggar on Monday."

Big Crops in Arid Lands.

Can the arid lands of western Kansas, Utah and other states subject to drought be made to raise crops regularly year after year, and that without irrigation? H. W. Campbell, a farmer, formerly of Brown county, South Dakota, claims that they can. He has originated a method of cultivation which, he asserts, never fails to produce crops in the sun-baked territory, no matter how dry the season may be. His plan is based upon the theory that droughts are caused not by lack of sufficient fall of moisture, but by too rapid evaporation. He plows the soil deeply and subpacks the lower portion, thus forming a shallow water reservoir under the surface. The top strata of earth is then pulverized as fine as dust and kept so by frequent stirrings, forming a fine dust, which chokes the pores of the soil, cutting off evaporation and leaving the moisture in the earth to be drawn on by the roots of the growing plants.

A Source of Contagion.

It has been proven by abundant investigation that one prolific source of epidemic disease is found in the inability of the germs of such diseases to lodge in the mouth around the teeth and gums. A physician examined the teeth of the children of a certain school. He found disease germs present in almost every case. By careful watching he discovered that those children whose teeth were kept cleanest suffered less from epidemic diseases. The neglected condition of the teeth is, therefore, a common cause of illness; indeed, if one takes the trouble to observe with what rapidity the tartar and cheesy matter accumulate around the teeth, of people who are out of health, they will not be long in making up their minds that a thorough and judicious use of the tooth brush is not very far from a means of grace.

THE LOST JEWEL.

Sidney Waterhouse, manager for Lehr & Roeder, diamond merchants and purveyors of elegant novelties, had become a happy man. From having no particular interest in life he had acquired a distinct one. This new and alert interest was the result of his having met Mary Boswell. She had come in the store—an ordinary customer—and it had been his fortune to serve her. They looked at topazes together, and she ran the unset jewels through her white hands and talked about them in a fanciful way that quite enchanted the young man. His business was one that brought him in contact with many fascinating and brilliant women, but he had never met one with such a distinct and delicate charm as that possessed by Mary Boswell. Her irregular mouth, with its fitful smile, the humor of her brown eyes, the wayward tricks of her abundant brown hair, and the glow and changing expression of her face had fairly bewitched Sidney Waterhouse. He reflected with delight upon the fact that the splendid pink topaz selected by her was to be set by their goldsmiths in a pendant amid opals and diamonds. She would be sure to call several times to watch the making of the ornament.

It was as he expected. She came often, now for some trinket, now to criticize the work upon her brooch, and on each occasion Waterhouse managed to find an excuse for conversation with her. She did not resent his pertinacity. She seemed rather to welcome it. Waterhouse spent his days wondering how he might secure an invitation to call.

He felt that the acquaintance was destined to be a serious matter with him. He could not trust himself to look in this woman's eyes lest his ardent admiration should offend her. When she held out her hand in greeting and he took it within his own he could feel his heart fluttering within him. He confessed to himself that he was no longer sane. An enchanting madness was upon him. One morning all happened as he desired. Miss Boswell stood looking at a number of unset diamonds, and she held an exquisitely cut one in her hand.

"We never seem to reach the end of our conversation," she said laughingly, holding the jewel up to enjoy its fairy prisms.

"I know," he returned, enjoying the beauty of the white hand that played with the jewel. "Just as you become the most interesting, you go away. You will not even stop to finish the stories you have begun to tell me. What I suffer from these repulses to my curiosity it would be impossible to describe."

She smiled at him frankly and it was evident that hidden under her careless words was a deep desire to see him and become better acquainted with him.

"Are you never to be seen anywhere outside of this place?" she asked. "Why do you never follow me and insist on hearing the conclusions to these uncompleted stories? Come, visit me in my own home and meet my people and talk under more peaceful circumstances."

"When may I come?" asked Waterhouse, eagerly. "Tonight?"

"No, no! Not tonight! You must appear indifferent to my invitation. It is not good form to be so precipitate."

"Perhaps I may call this afternoon?"

"If you do not exhibit better manners you shall not be permitted to come at all."

"I shall be at your house tomorrow evening," he replied, decisively.

She went smiling, as if happiness had come to her, too, and Waterhouse, full of anticipating dreams, busied himself with rolling the diamonds in their bits of tissue paper and putting them away in the large leather portfolio in which they were kept.

But he had not proceeded far in his task when he realized that the finest stone of all—the one Miss Boswell had held up to the light while she noted its gleaming beauty—was missing. Waterhouse searched everywhere about the place, though he had to do so surreptitiously, for he was most anxious that the loss of the stone should not become known. He guessed how quickly the men in the shop would jump to the conclusion that Miss Boswell was an adventuress, whose fascinating ways had cozened him. The house had certain turned-down pages of that sort in its history.

But after the shop was closed he returned and by the searching light of the electric lamps hunted till nearly dawn. But it was useless. The jewel was gone. It was what was known as a "daylight" diamond and of the most intricate cut, its loss could not be concealed. It was considered one of the most attractive stones in the establishment, although not of great size.

In the early forenoon Waterhouse made his way to Miss Boswell's house. He determined to tell her of his trouble. He would not in his most tortured moments admit she might have deceived him and her beauty been a

snare. But when he reached her house he was not admitted. The maid said that Miss Boswell had received a telegram and been called suddenly to the Pacific coast. She did not know her exact address.

Waterhouse no further attempted to learn it. He set his teeth hard and went to his employers and told them the whole story.

"It does not seem possible that Miss Boswell can be responsible," they said. "We must withhold our judgment, Mr. Waterhouse."

He thanked them from the bottom of his heart, but he knew that the suspicion would not die in their minds any more than in his own.

A year passed. Sidney Waterhouse married a distant cousin whom he had always known and who needed a home. Everyone said it was a sensible marriage. It did well enough, without doubt. He admitted that he was comfortable and well cared for. Life was not, evidently, the interesting affair that he had supposed it to be, but it did well enough.

In the midst of this emotional monotony there appeared at the store one day Mary Boswell. She was more beautiful than ever, but seemed excited and distressed. She came toward him at once and he felt himself growing faint as she approached him.

"We searched for it for weeks," confessed Mr. Lehr.

The lady turned her eyes to Sidney Waterhouse with an appeal in them.

"Why did you not write me about the loss of the stone?" she asked, half piteously, yet with no little pride. "You knew it was I who looked at them last!" He flushed scarlet, but he reminded her of the circumstances.

"I want you to call Mr. Lehr and Mr. Roeder, if you will have the goodness, Mr. Waterhouse," she said. "I have a strange story to tell them. Afterward, if you like, we shall talk about other matters." Alone with the three men, she took from her purse the lost "daylight" diamond and laid it on the table.

"Is that yours?" she asked.

"It is ours," said Mr. Lehr, eagerly, anxious to have his high opinion of the lady justified.

"I returned from California last night," explained Miss Boswell, "where I had been most unexpectedly called by the serious illness of my brother, and yesterday, in looking over some old letters I found this stone in one of them. The letter which contained it was an important one to me, and I was therefore able to remember having had it in my hand when I last visited your store. The only way that I could account for its presence there was that it slipped into the letter I held in my hand while I was talking to Mr. Waterhouse. Did you miss it?"

"You left the city unexpectedly," he said, "and left me no word, though I had an engagement with you." The recollection of the pleasure that both had expected to derive from that meeting caused them to search each other's faces with a sad scrutiny.

"I left a note to be delivered to you the evening you were to call. It contained my address and an invitation to you to write. I have recently learned that you did not call."

"I called in the morning," he said, "but you had gone and I did not tell the maid my name."

The comedy of errors amused the onlookers. Mr. Roeder spoke his congratulations upon the happy conclusion to all these perplexities, but a look of suffering showed itself in Sidney Waterhouse's eyes and mirrored itself in the soft orbs of the lady.

She arose, visibly embarrassed, bade adieu to the other gentlemen and started to the door. Waterhouse accompanied her.

"You distrusted me," she murmured as they walked down the aisle together. "I find it difficult to forgive you."

"I am sufficiently punished," he replied. "I have lost your regard. I have lost you."

"Do not be so hopeless," she responded with a dash of her old time coquetry. "Perhaps I shall be able to forgive you, after all."

He turned from her bitterly. "I was more miserable than you can ever understand," he responded. "And I married—to forget. So I have indeed lost a jewel."

She turned white, but recovered herself.

"I have had my bad hour," she said, frankly, holding out her hand in farewell. "It was when you did not write. I thought that you did not care. Now—now my old distress returns to me. But I'm not going to disappoint you. I'm going to do as bravely as you."

She gave him a courageous smile and went out. Sidney Waterhouse closed the door upon her thoughtfully. He knew it to be the end. The jewel was lost.—Chicago Tribune.

Saved by a Cat.
Score one for pussy. A Bristol, England, cat a few days ago proved the means of saving a whole family from destruction by fire. At half past two in the morning a shopkeeper named Ledo Schniederermann was aroused by his pet tabby, which was gently scratching his face. He tried to drive her away, but as the faithful feline persisted, he aroused himself to find the room full of smoke. He alarmed a lodger, Herman Muller, who was sleeping on the same floor, and also his sister and another young woman. They all rushed to the stairs, where the flames were already spreading. With the exception of the lodger, the inmates, taking puss with them, reached a landing, from which they escaped to the back yard. Just as the flames shot right through the spiral staircase, Muller, who had stopped to put on his boots, was cut off from escape. The flames reached his room, and then, throwing out some bedding, he leaped from the second-story window. He badly sprained his ankle, and was taken to the infirmary.



COUNTESS MARIE WYANOFF.