

THE AMERICAN COUNTESS

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Tempest Breaks. One fine morning, at a certain American banking house in the Rue Scribe, Paris, knots of people were assembled, mostly Americans, discussing with grave voices...



PRESIDENT WILSON'S CABINET

her pale, intense face, told that she was listening. "Madame, she was an angel—the great God only knows how good she was to me, and I loved her. She was blonde and beautiful, and a young barely eighteen when she married that man, and she had a fortune of I know not how much money. I had been her maid from her childhood, for she had lived long in Paris—she and her father. He was an old Russian noble, and he died the year of her marriage. I liked not my mistress's husband from the first, madame; I liked not his valet, Adolphe, who was a smiling man, well-dressed, and called 'le beau' before both master and man. But my dear mistress loved the count; she thought him an adept at spending money, and for a little while all went well. At the end of six months, however, he began to look at me in an adept at spending money, and then, I think, he began to consider how he could safely rid himself of her. She was as sweet and guileless as a child, and she never suspected anything; but of that black serpent Adolphe she always stood in deadly fear. After her death the count was in an adept at spending money, and he should die. I turned on his heel and left the salon. Count Stahl entered his wife's bed chamber—a dazzling room, with hangings and furniture which brought you into all white and gold. On the lace-draped toilet-table stood the boxes containing Ethel's jewels. The countess came in, and she was glittering and gleam of precious stones, then promptly gathered up the whole great moon-white pearls, flashing diamonds, and transferred the same in compact form to his own private pocket. From then she could realize a very respectable sum—enough, at least for immediate wants. Without so much as a word she turned to her maid, Marie, and she stepped out upon the landing, spoke a few words to a valet who was waiting there, and immediately disappeared. Very slowly and reluctantly Ethel drifted back to consciousness. She opened her eyes at last, on the anxious face of Flette. "Oh, madame—dear madame, I feared you were dead!" cried the waiting-maid. With her hands pressed wildly to her distracted head, Ethel struggled up to a sitting posture, and looked at the countess with a stare that was almost dead by his own hand—everything lost, even honor! It was too terrible, too horrible, too ghastly, too terrible. "My husband!" she gasped, faintly, "call him."

Miscellaneous Reading.

PEABODY FUND DISTRIBUTION

Investigating Committee Approves Action of University Presidents.

As to Negro Education.

House Reverts Letter.

RECESS APPOINTMENTS

Governor Has Some Fun at Expense of Legislators.

STATE LAWMAKERS LAMBASTED

McLaurin's Opinion of the State Legislature Not Flattering.

To Supply Teachers.

That Mitchell Investigation?

Committee Did Not Like Governor's Charges.

A RACE THAT HAS STOOD STILL

Esquimo That Has Traits of the Stone Age.

Our first day among the Dolphin and Union Straits Eskimo was the day of all my life which I had looked forward to for so long.

I also beg leave to call your attention to the fact that this act will not go into effect until twenty days after the meeting of the legislature.

Mr. Boyd declared that Senator McLaurin had gone out of his way to make such statements relative to the members of the house and exceeded the scope of his duties as a senator.

I am anxious to register my resentment of this letter," concluded Mr. Boyd.

Senator McLaurin wrote Mr. Jordan in reply to a letter from him in regard to the failure of the legislature to provide expenses for two delegates from this state to go to Europe.

After waiting again the pleasure of the house the senate adjourned at 11 o'clock yesterday shortly after 11 o'clock.

Very respectfully, Cole L. Bleasdale, Attorney General.

Columbia, S. C., March 6, 1913.

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