

The Chauffeur and the Jewels

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By Edith Morgan Wilson

CHAPTER VII.

It was on the fifth day out that a fog drifting in from the Great Banks struck up with the Majestic, bringing the great ship down to half speed. For forty-eight hours she steamed slowly ahead over a great, glutinous, lonely ocean, walled in by shrouds of mist, her fog horns sounding drearily and incessantly. It was not a hopeful prospect, and yet—

"I believe the fog is changing its course," predicted the Prince del Pino, late on the second day of darkness. "I would lay a wager that within twenty-four hours we sight your Sandy Hook."

He and Annette Bancroft were sitting amidships, about eight bells of the afternoon, in a cosy angle of the deck, well screened from the steady drip, drip, drip of the mist, which nevertheless lay heavy on everything, touching the blond hair of the girl with chill fingers and lining her steamer cap with little shining drops.

"Your Highness doesn't speak with much enthusiasm," she now commented, in answer to her companion's speech. "From your tone," she hesitated slightly, "one wouldn't suppose that you were especially anxious to have your prophecy fulfilled."

"Perhaps I am not," agreed the man beside her. He was sitting a little forward in his chair, elbows on knees, gazing fixedly into the blackness. "Perhaps I am not in such a desperate hurry to reach New York." He smiled, an introspective, half smile. "Perhaps I enjoy this drifting existence we are leading, shut up in this fog-country. Who knows?"

Narrowing his eyes he stared in front of him. "What a mysterious thing it is, this brume! Nothing to be seen before us or behind. Somewhat the way it is in this life, Miss Bancroft, and yet—he lifted his eyebrows with a faint shrug of the shoulders—"when a man loses his—what you call—bearings in the exceeding mistiness and swerves from the straight course, he is called hard names and cast into prison. It appears a trifle unjust, does it not?"

"Yes," agreed Annette. She was also leaning forward, her hands clasped, watching him with a puzzled, wondering gaze. "Yes," she repeated slowly, "it does sound cruel, unjust, and yet—he hesitated—"so much depends—doesn't it?—on how far your mariner has strayed or on what your man has done. Of course, you're not referring to actual crime. Her voice dropped impressively.

"Putting up his monocle, Ludovic Sarto scrutinized the little gray-coated figure so near him. It was an unusual state of things that had thrown those two together; as a rule, during the past five days the Prince del Pino had fallen to Mrs. Waring's share. "Crime," he repeated; "criminal? pest! What horrible words!" This with a twist of the lips, concealing a half smile. "What do you know, indeed, about crime, Miss Bancroft? Can a young demoiselle like yourself comprehend the swirling currents?" his tones deepened and roughened. "The irresistible impulses that may turn an honest man at any moment into a criminal—a thief, for instance?"

Behind his monocle his eyes glittered expressively. How inevitably, all against his will, his thoughts harked back to the one subject on his mind! Fortunately, Annette found nothing suspicious in the conversation's drift. "A thief!" she repeated, absently. "That reminds me of Sarto. Do you know?" she spoke with a certain wistfulness. "I've so often thought that that poor fellow had great possibilities, with his cleverness and—attractions—"

"Ah!" ejaculated the man beside her, as she did not finish her sentence. Pulling out a cigar, he lit it very deliberately, speaking between whiffs. "It is astonishing to me that you should have found out all that. Creatures of Sarto's class—his mouth curved cynically—"are not, as a rule, supposed to possess any personality—individuality (1904) (253) nothing of attractions."

For a moment Annette stared at him, wondering, as she had a hundred times during the past five days, what manner of man this extraordinary prince really was. "Ah! Your Highness doesn't really mean that," she said impulsively; "I'm sure you found out, during those two years he was with you, that Sarto wasn't an ordinary chauffeur. Isn't it incredible to you that any one of his education, his refinement, should have had the instincts of a common thief? Isn't it unaccountable?"

"Yes, I suppose it is," agreed the other, "to you—perhaps if you had ever known anything about the man and his past you might understand a little." He had dropped his monocle, white speaking, and, free from his glassy screen, his eyes gleamed out with their queer dumb steadfastness unconcealed.

For the moment the Prince del Pino was off his guard. "Oh!" exclaimed Annette Bancroft. She was leaning forward and looking at him with a certain eagerness. "You are so like him!" she cried involuntarily, "so astonishingly like him at times!" With fingers that twitched ever so slightly, the man beside her replaced his eye-glass. "Who?" he asked quietly, knowing full well whom she meant. Annette was vividly crimson. "I oughtn't to have mentioned it," she apologized hesitatingly, biting her lip with annoyance. "There is a certain resemblance—we've all noticed it—between Your Highness and that chauffeur—just a trick of expression, I suppose. Of course you know it!"

"Oh! yes, I am quite aware of the likeness," said Ludovic Sarto. "In fact, we have been taken for each other more than once." He got up with a resolute shake of the shoulders and stood frowning ahead of him; then, without looking at her, "I

wonder if you have ever heard anything of Sarto's parentage, Miss Bancroft?" he asked, with some hesitation. "It might explain him more or less." And before she could answer, he went on, in an odd, constrained tone, leaving his English mechanically for the casier French. "His mother was a French girl of good family, his father a gondolier—it was a Venetian romance, you see. She ran off, married him, and of course was never forgiven. Well, you can imagine the sequence—the misery for her. Ludovic was their only child—his mother—"

He stopped short. Annette looked up quickly. "I see," she said, also in French. "That's where the education and refinement came in." "Yes, he had every advantage," said the man, looking over the rail; "she did what she could, and then she died—poor woman! Curious, was it not?" he spoke a little huskily—"that, in spite of her training, the vagabond streak in the fellow was so strong."

Annette followed his thought. "Yes," she said slowly, "I think I understand. It was the son of the gondolier who stole those jewels." There was a moment's silence while they both stared ahead of them, and then the girl rose abruptly. "I think I'll go in now," she said; "won't Your Highness plot me back to the cabin door? I really can't see my hand before my face in this fog."

But, looking down at the small figure beside him, Sarto saw, with an inexplicable thrill, that it was not the fog alone that was blinding Annette's eyes. When he had helped her in, he found his way out again on deck and dropped into the nearest chair with a gesture of weariness. The telling of that story had been a necessity—a momentary relief to his feelings, but the after effects were undoubtedly depressing.

Viewed from his present standpoint, Ludovic Sarto's career made a pretty poor showing, and the man had merged himself so completely in his new role that he was able to view the chauffeur and his shortcomings with the detached, temperate impersonal feeling that a contemporary might expect towards his discarded winter skin. In his borrowed identity Sarto was at his best, with all the attractive qualities, hidden in the chauffeur, turned brilliantly to the light, a far more agreeable personage, the mock Prince del Pino, than the stammering, dyspeptic invalid, who might be at that instant dying in a Liverpool hospital. Perhaps he was already dead!

A sudden light leaped into the chauffeur's eyes and then went out. "What possible difference could it make to him whether Rodrigo del Pino lived or died? Whatever happened, when the Majestic touched its pier Ludovic Sarto must return to his own again, with the events of the last five days only an episode."

His mind went back slowly, reviewing that sea life with an odd mixture of enjoyment, pride, bitterness and jealousy. Yes, jealousy! At times the chauffeur, who had always had the world to fight, the odds against him, was conscious of an acute, unreasoning jealousy of his own present triumphs. They were so easily won, so palpably unjust! All doors were open to him naturally now. Everything possible, his opinions received with deference, his wit with appreciation, his attentions—

Here he smiled—a tight, curiously covert smile. Mrs. Waring had been very charming to the Prince del Pino, her most brilliant, seductive self. Still with the same tense smile the man, whom she had once humiliated to the dust, reviewed a dozen most agreeable tete-a-tetes, word for word, his eyes gleaming somberly in the dark, his lean cheek burnt to a dull red.

Ah! But there were moments indeed when the chauffeur enjoyed the prince's triumphs. Through the dimness of the fog laminae spots gleamed now, intensifying his gloom. The steamer was lighting up. From far away came the first brazen notes of the band.

Listening absently, Sarto lost sight for the moment of Gussie's meteoric charms. In the dark expanse of his mind a faint light now became visible, a small, fixed star. Yes, Annette Bancroft had not changed. With a strange warmth at his heart, that was more than gratitude, he saw her again, standing at the cabin door, her lips trembling, her eyes misty with pity for the chauffeur who had played so false; and to his sensitive, envious nature, the tears she had shed for Ludovic Sarto outweighed a hundred-fold all the smiles lavished on the Prince del Pino.

After all, the ego clamors insistently in every one of us. In spite of his leasings, this man had an unquenchable loyalty towards himself—the snake a fondness for its own skin. For some minutes the time slipped by, punctuated by an occasional ringing of bells, and lost to the present the chauffeur sat steeped in memories introspective, while the fog drew its curtain shadily about him and the even plashing of the screw chimed in with his mood.

The sound of voices aroused him from his brown study. It had grown very dark, the fog hiding the electric bulbs a few feet off. And at first, his senses smothered by the noise of the waves, Sarto was only dimly aware that a man and a woman were talking not six feet away from him, their tones coming through the wall of fog that rendered them uncannily invisible.

The next instant he leaned forward in sudden eagerness, his breath half caught, for he had discovered who they were, those two, almost at his elbow, leaning over the rail. "No, I'm not going in yet," a familiar voice clipped the darkness; "let's stand here and look out a moment. This fog fascinates me. It's like being up in the clouds, or under Niagara Falls, or in

one's own cool little grave, isn't it?" Her companion grunted. "Is it?" he asked, in matter-of-fact tones; "I'm sure I don't know. Seems to me beauty's worth that about all. Look here, Gussie, I want to ask you something."

"Do you?" Gussie's voice was not precisely encouraging. "Well, what do you want to know? What's the matter?" Buist cleared his throat portentously. There was an instant's silence, broken only by the subdued tramping of the surf, and an almost inaudible movement as some one not eight feet away leaned back against the cabin wall, with ears alert, as he composed himself shamelessly to listen.

"It would be a great relief," the Englishman spoke at last with a certain ponderous formality—"I should be very much obliged if you would kindly let me know just where you and I stand at this present moment."

"Certainly. At this present moment"—Gussie was most obligingly prompt—"let me see—on the deck of the Majestic, I should say, facing due north—I don't know exactly what the latitude and longitude are, but I can easily find out if you want to know."

A loud, exasperated sigh came out of the fog. "Would you mind being serious for one moment?" inquired a resolutely patient voice. "This is the first five minutes I have had alone with you in as many days. Perhaps you can spare me an instant—I know it's a great deal to ask from Del Pino's society."

He passed, waiting for her to contradict him, for some time; however, there was silence, emphasized by the impatient tapping of a small boot. "I knew it," came pettishly at length. "Now you're going to be a horrid, cross man and spoil the whole evening. You're in one of your impossible moods. Oh, dear, and I thought we were going to have such a nice time together out here in this fog by ourselves."

There was a wonderfully natural catch in the voice, calculated to soothe the average masculine wrath, but Gerald's was beyond such sedatives. "Yes, you can always be nice enough when you want to," he growled; "but there are limits to a man's endurance, don't you know? I've stood this sort of treatment long enough. Gert! you must think I am a duffer not to see through your games all this time. How long has it been going on?" He gave an expressive snort. "First of all, there was that rotten sport on the Riviera. I was played against him pretty successfully for two weeks—not quite as blind as a bat, let me tell you! Then that donkey of a Swede down at Monte Carlo—I thought he was the limit, but you didn't stop there—"

His tone sobered. "I've stood a lot, Gussie; but when you started to make a fool of your own chauffeur—Bah! The fellow's head was completely turned before you were through with him. Well," he gave a cumbersome sigh, "I thought there'd be a little peace when he was shipped, but no! You must needs take up with this precious prince!"

"Well!" Gussie's voice slid imperturbably from the darkness. "What about him, I'd like to know? I own I've had rather hopeless material to manage from time to time—her tones were suspiciously dry—"but surely you can't object to the prince; he's been a most agreeable addition to our party."

"Has he? Yes, I thought so! That settles it." Gerald seemed to be talking to himself. "Just a minute, Gussie," he asked, with ominous quietness. "Do you remember what you said to me just before we left Havre, five days ago?"

"Five days ago—is it only five days ago?" Mrs. Waring wondered irrelevantly. "It seems a great deal longer."

"Do you remember what you promised that day?" Buist's tone was a trifle louder. "Promised?" Gussie repeated the word blankly. "My dear boy, did I really promise anything? Surely you wouldn't consider a few vague words binding. I'm sure I don't remember what I said."

"I don't take it down in black and white. One would think a person's word amounted to something. Good heavens—"

And Buist stopped short, politeness and chivalry towards the weaker vessel forbidding the utterance of his sentiments at that moment. (To be continued.)

Obsolete Cures. It was formerly believed that epilepsy could be cured by wearing a silver ring made from a coffin nail. Seven drops of blood from the tail of a cat, and blood from a recently executed criminal were said to be valuable remedies for epilepsy. To cure a felon or run-around, hold the finger in a cat's ear for half an hour. For tooth-ache, trim your finger nails on Friday or eat bread that a mouse has nibbled, or carry in your pocket a tooth from a soldier killed in battle. For rickets of the tongue, spit on a frog. For alcoholism, drown an eel in brandy and drainage, but we may, by intelligent selection of crops, by scientific cultivation, and by careful treatment of land, make it produce three or four times as much as it does at present. And this is the direction in which our development should proceed, for we must find room within the next 30 years for a doubled population according to our unchanging ideas. The American farmer of the future must be a man of broad mind and technical knowledge.

Patience His Face. As I came by Mrs. Redd's door I overheard her say to her husband, "Oh, darling, I'm so glad to see your face again!" Has he been away long?

Patience—No; they both have been out in their automobile, and I suppose he had just taken off his auto mask! —Yonkers Statesman.

The Test. "There's none so blind as those who won't see," mused the gentle philosopher. "H—m," replied his friend, "and there's none so doubting as those who won't believe," smearing his fingers through the fresh paint to make sure that the sign told the truth.—Detroit Free Press.

Precisely Speaking. "I understand he has entered the state of matrimony."

"Why, yes. He is traveling in Utah." —The Bohemian.



AGRICULTURAL

The Missouri station has conducted very careful experiments in steer feeding, using different kinds of roughage. These experiments show that, as an average result, a bushel of corn with timothy has produced 460 pounds of grain, while the same amount of corn with clover hay produced 638 pounds. Raising the gain at the low price of five cents per pound, the feeder gets something more than eight cents per bushel for his corn when he feeds it with clover than when he feeds it with timothy. Put the hay away having in mind to feed the clover to the steers and to all growing and all milch animals, and to sell the timothy. Good—real good—clover hay is as good for work horses as timothy. If you don't believe it, try it out. But the clover must be cut early enough—when the heads have just become real red—and handled without much rain or dew, and not be over-cured—that means the use of the best haying machinery. Incidentally, the use of the best haying machinery means hay at less cost for the making.—Weekly Witness.



WIRE-FENCE TIGHTENER.

Every farmer knows how hard it is to keep wire fences in good condition more than a year or two at a time. Cattle are bound to rub up against them, people will sag the wires in getting over the fence, and even the weight of snow has been known to break them. A wire fence looks all right as long as the wires are taut, but as soon as the strands begin to sag and loop it is no longer attractive, nor is it a sure means of keeping stock within bounds. Many devices have been suggested and even patented for stretching wire, but here is a simple little contrivance that anyone can make in a few minutes that will do the work quickly and well. For short spans it can be made of wood, although for heavy wires or for long stretches it would be better to make it out of iron. This little contrivance is about two feet long, with two pins about three inches apart at one end. Place the wire between these pins and turn the stretcher around until the wire is drawn tight. By engaging the pin at the other end of the stretcher, the tension can be maintained while the wire is being nailed fast. With an arrangement of this sort one man can do rapid work alone and fix up a sagging fence in short order.

To Make a Good Cistern. An absolutely water-tight cistern may be made as follows: In digging, the sides should be made smooth and true perpendicularly. For the bottom use five parts of clean, coarse, sharp sand (plasterers call it fine gravel) to one part of cement. It only requires to be damp enough to work well. It should be thoroughly mixed, all at one time, and be lowered into the cistern quickly and spread more rapidly with a shovel or hoe, and should be beat down hard and smooth. Upon this bottom foundation the cistern should be walled up with brick or stone in cement to at least 6 inches above the top of the ground, which will keep all surface water out. For finishing the bottom use one part cement to one part sand; this is thoroughly mixed while dry, and then water should be added until it is like plastering mortar. Dump it on the bottom about 3 inches thick and smooth with a trowel. It will soon be hard as stone. For the sides of the cistern, which should be done before finishing the bottom, use equal parts of sand and cement and apply quickly as you would plaster a wall. It is not safe to use anything but the best Portland cement, which costs about \$3 a barrel.

Uncle Sam's Slim Land Reserve. The time when a man might move westward and take up virgin soil at his pleasure has passed, and, in general, it may be said that the son of the farmer of to-day must look for his sole heritage in the land his father holds. It is now a barren boast that "Uncle Sam has a farm for every one of us." In 1905 we had less than 90,000,000 acres of unoccupied habitable land. What a slim reserve that is may be realized from the fact that one-fourth of it was disposed of in the following year. We cannot add to our agricultural areas except by irrigation and drainage, but we may, by intelligent selection of crops, by scientific cultivation, and by careful treatment of land, make it produce three or four times as much as it does at present. And this is the direction in which our development should proceed, for we must find room within the next 30 years for a doubled population according to our unchanging ideas. The American farmer of the future must be a man of broad mind and technical knowledge.

Pat Hanna in the Soil. If your soil needs humus, plow under all the coarse manure you can get this fall. Every farmer realizes the necessity of having more manure, and one way to secure it is by providing an abundant supply of absorbing material. Even if there appears to be a large proportion of this material in the manure, making it strawy and coarse, it can be plowed under and will answer an excellent purpose. Every effort should be made to secure all the manure that is made on the farm, so that nothing shall be lost. This manure, properly applied on the meadows, should be worth \$1 per two-horse load in the extra amount of hay that will thus be secured from its use.

Practical Poultry Work. To stop hens from eating eggs put a little vinegar or something sour in their food. Drop a piece of alum in the drinking water every two or three weeks; it will prevent throat and lung disease. For all cuts, wounds and ulcers use listerine. Nothing is better for a comb injured in fighting or for any raw surface.

If you have not already done so, cull out all surplus stock. Do not waste feed on birds that are of no value to you.

How to Cool Milk. Practical experiments seem to prove that many, if not all, of the benefits of aerating milk were due more to cooling than to any other cause. Cooling to the same degree will accomplish substantially the same results, but without an aerator it may be difficult to reduce the temperature as rapidly, hence the aerator may be considered an advantage unless a patent cooler is used.

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SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

The Haymarket riot in Chicago occurred on May 4, 1886. Helen Hunt Jackson is buried in Svergreen Cemetery, Colorado Springs. It is expected that the Australian old age pensions project will cost £1,900,000 yearly.

Twenty-five high school principals in Kansas are women. They are said to do their work so well that no one has ever suggested putting men in their places. There is never a part of the year when Pike's Peak is entirely without snow. In the hottest July and August weather snow is to be found even at a considerable distance from the top of the mountain.

Twenty-five men interested in the navigation of the air, have formed the Aero Club of California at Los Angeles. The purpose of the club is to obtain suitable grounds for experimental ascents and maintain repair and construction shops.

A residence of at least five years is required to qualify an alien for naturalization. No matter how long a man may have been in the United States, two years must elapse between the date of his declaration of intention and his admittance to full citizenship.

To meet the deficit in the Budget the French Minister of Finance suggests the doubling of the licensing fees of vendors of absinthe. This taxing of the "green peril" will, it is thought, be popular; the minister anticipates that it will bring him in \$2,000,000.

Adeline Genee is a Danish girl, who made her debut as a dancer at Copenhagen when she was 17 years of age. She then went to Berlin to dance at the Grand Opera House, and afterward to Munich. She is considered to be one of the most graceful and accomplished dancers in the world.

In the manufacture of alcohol from pent, a Danish company, with one experimental plant in Denmark and one in France, has found the cost to be about one-fourth of that made from potatoes. In the process of manufacture, the cellulose or fiber of the peat is converted by sulphuric acid into a soluble carbohydrate and this is fermented by a special yeast.

In 1907 Philadelphia's export and import trade increased \$25,000,000 in value over the figures for the previous year. The total value of the city's external trade for that year was over \$150,000,000. These figures account in part for the opening of the new steamship service between Genoa, Italy and the City of Brotherly Love. The Italians want some of the business.

India's government has recently authorized the employment of women telegraph operators. The candidates must be between 18 and 30 years of age, and they must be unmarried or widows. They must undergo a training of twelve months in the telegraph training classes, during which time they will receive \$3.05 a month, the same allowance that is drawn by male learners.

In connection with the death of Grover Cleveland, it is interesting to note that only twice before in the history of the nation has the United States been without a living ex-President. George Washington died in 1799, when John Adams, the second President, was in office. Andrew Johnson, at the time the only surviving ex-Chief Executive, passed away in 1875, two years before General Grant retired to private life.

The Dutch government has granted a concession to the Amsterdam and North Holland Electric Tramway Company to build and operate an electric railway system in Holland. The route will be nearly fifty kilometers, running from Amsterdam north through Zaandam to Kronenholm, from Zaandijk to Wykman-Zee, and Wormerveer to Purmerend. The Holland Development Company of Amsterdam will build the entire system.

The "Arabian Nights" is an extensive collection of tales forming part of the Arabic literature, and the exact title of which is "The Book of the Thousand and One Nights." They were first made known to Europe by Antoine Galland, between 1704 and 1717. He was a French Orientalist, who succeeded, after much effort, in obtaining a manuscript, which he supplemented by authentic tales from professional story-tellers, whom he met during his travels in the East.

As an instance of the Great Eastern Railway's elaborate precautions for the safety of travelers on its system, the Railway News says that at Broxbourne, for the purpose of advising the station signalman when a train has passed his down or up advanced starting signal, a rail contact is placed about 300 yards ahead of the respective advanced starting signals, and on the engine reaching the rail contact a bell is rung in the signal box, and this bell continues ringing until the signal is replaced to danger.

According to a report in the Neue Freie Presse, Vienna, J. Pierpont Morgan was a busy sightseer in that city on his recent visit. With Mrs. Douglas and her daughter he visited all the great art collections, and on Sunday called at Kreuzenstein castle, where he was received by the Countess Kinisky. He was deeply interested in what he saw in the restored castle and listened with devotion when his hostess played on the chapel organ. The report also speaks of Mr. Morgan's visit to the Lainzer Zoo, where he showed the greatest interest in the boars, "as he had never before seen one."

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