# THE MYSTERY CLEARED UP;

## OR, THE HERITAGE OF MADAME YALTA.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

With that nobility of mind which was one of the young man's minor defects, he had almost come to believe for an instant in the chance assertions of a valet and an office boy, but was already regretting having considered them seriously, and that he should have distressed his best friend by reviving disagreeable associations instead of congratulating him on a marriage of which he heartily approved.

His usual hour for repairing to the Avenue de Friedland had gone by, and he found that having dedicated so much time to the affairs of others it was high time he should be engaged a little with his own.

He left his uncle's to make his daily visit to Dr. Villagos.

The liveried servants of Madame Yalta's mansion had become familiar with this assiduous visitor, and gave him every day the same welcome. A colossal porter received him at the entrance, announced him by a stroke of the bell, and passed him on to the valet de pied, who introduced him into one of the salons on the ground floor.

He had scarcely entered when M. Villages appeared. He had an anxious expression, and Maxime feared he brought bad news of his patient.

"Well!" he asked impatiently, "have you come to tell me of a relapse?"

"No; thank God, she is doing well; her strength is returning, and I may pronounce that the countess is safe; that is, she is cured of her ailment, but I am not entirely reassured."

"You mean that you fear some imprudence? I hope, my dear doctor, you will use your authority to prevent it."

"My authority cannot be stretched so far as to give her repose of mind. She is filled with a thousand fancies, such as you would never guess and will hardly believe when I have indicated them to you, not knowing Madame Yalta as I do. She is a woman who throws herself passionately into everything, and interests herself in misfortunes which in no way concern her. Thus, you made known to her, it seems, that your uncle's secretary loved Mademoiselle Dorgeres, that she loved him, and that he had been sent away."

"I beg pardon; it was the countess who spoke of it to me. I even sought to undeceive her."

"You did not succeed. She is persuaded this young man's misfortunes are unmerited. M. de Carnoel's father was formerly known to the father of the countess. That was enough to make her espouse the cause of the son. She is ignorant of what has passed at M. Dorgeres', she merely pictures to herself two lovers who are unhappy, and has made a vow to undertake their cause. She has all the folly of a Don Quixote. She would redress the wrongs of humanity."

"And, like Don Quixote, she beats against wind-mills. My cousin is to marry in a month my uncle's partner. I am really distressed that Madame Yalta should have attached any importance to a child's gossip."

"Now, dear sir, I must beg you when with the countess to say nothing that may in any way excite her. She will try to lead the conversation to a subject that occupies her continually. Promise to do all in your power to give it another turn."

"It is understood. But you speak as if I might soon have the happiness of being received by Mme. Yalta."

"Assuredly. She is bent on seeing you."

"When?"

"This morning. She begged me to say to you that she wished to thank you for the interest you have shown during her illness. I will not conceal from you that I should have preferred not to have her receive you this morning. I am always apprehensive of any mental excitement; but I content myself with reminding you of your promise to avoid a certain subject."

"I renew the promise, besides, you will assist me in doing so?"

"No. I have patients who require my attention. Moreover, the countess will prefer seeing you alone."

This arrangement was very agreeable to Maxime, though he was compelled to assert the contrary to M. Villagos. The doctor contented himself with a smile, and taking his arm led him to the grand stairway which led to the private apartments of the countess. There he found a valet de pied who, on a sign from the doctor, preceded him to show the way.

The last words of the doctor, as he left Maxime were:

"Do not forget my instructions."

Maxime was firmly resolved to be true to his promise, and he had moreover no inclination to waste conversation on others during the time the countess should accord him. On the first story he was received by a femme de chambre, who requested him to follow her. She conducted him through various apartments which resembled the halls of a museum; there were many objects of art and but little furniture; nothing was conventional; there was neither ante-chamber, nor boudoir, nor salon. Braving the prejudices which impose upon the rich the obligation to inhabit a mansion arranged after unvarying rules, she had sacrificed every thing to fancy. "This is something uncommon," Maxime murmured, as he followed his conductress. "The habitation is made after the image of the adorable persons whom fools call eccentric."

To tell the truth, however, he expected to find her in some recess furnished after the fashion of the day.

The femme de chambre opened a door softly, and instead of announcing him, motioned him to enter. He did so, and found himself in a semi-obscurity in which he failed at first to distinguish objects clearly, so that he remained on the threshold without venturing to advance.

The room into which he was introduced was oval, and was lighted from above. The walls were of polished faience, in oriental style, and all around the room extended a large divan; in the centre were enormous baskets of flowers and bushes of camellias, which seemed to have their roots in the ground. There was no sign of a chimney piace, nevertheless a soft warmth was diffused through the room and a penetrating perfume. It resembled much more nearly a harem than the apartment of an invalid. The astonished Maxime saw the door close behind him, and supposed the waiting-woman had left him alone to give notice to her mistress.

He advanced, however, and when he had passed the massive shrubbery, suddenly found himself face to face with Mme. Yalta. She was half reclining on a sort of stage formed of piled-up cushions — a Turkish couch—and covered up to the shoulders with a white bear skin.

Paler than of yore, but more beautiful, perhaps, with the beauty which revealed itself only to men capable of appreciating the brightness of her glance, and the strange irresistible charm of this speaking face.

"I was looking for you," she said, and her voice moved him profoundly; "you are welcome." And she extended a charming hand which Maxime did not dare to kiss but pressed warmly.

"If you could know how happy I am to see you once more!" he exclaimed.

"I know it," replied the countess, "and I beg you to believe that if I did not receive you sooner it was because the doctor absolutely forbade it. But I gave him notice this morning that I meant from today to resume my habits, and by way of beginning I wish to see a friend again. Would you believe that he opposed it? Had I listened to him you would not be here. But you are here. Sit down and let us have a talk."

In the way of seats Maxime saw only a heap of piled-up cushions, but though unused to oriental habits, he succeeded in establishing himself comfortably enough. It was less easy to find an opening for conversation, and the most skilful of talkers would probably have experienced the same embarrassment. What was he to say to a woman whom he had seen only once, and who, however, placed him on the footing of intimate friendship? The trivialities which make up conversation in the world seemed out of place, and M. Villagos had interdicted the only topic which it would have been easy to approach. The countess, doubtless, appreciated his embarrassment and spared him the trouble of commencing.

"I have formed many projects during my enforced seclusion," she said gayly, "projects of reform; the existence I lead wearies me and I have resolved to change it."

"You intend to quit Paris?" exclaimed Maxime.

"No, not at present at least. But I dream of being happy after the fashion of the quiet bourgeois who is content with the joys of fireside and home."

This beginning surprised Maxime greatly. Though he was no coxcomb, he could not help wondering if the countess was about to propose a quiet life in some retired corner with him.

His astonishment was so visible, that Madame Yalta laughed and went on: "I see you do not understand the meaning of the conversation I have annonuced. The insane countess whom you have known is no more. I have taken a vow to live simply, and to aid the accomplishment of this vow, wish to connect myself with a patriarchal family. I can think of no word that expresses my thought better."

"Such families are rare enough in Paris," said Maxime gayly, "and at least it would be necessary to search for them in a world—"

"Which is not mine, I know it. But it exists, for I know one — yours."

"Mine? but I have none. I was early left an orphan. I have only an uncle."

"And a cousin. It is of these I am thinking. It was on my mind when the doctor brought you here and I have come to believe our meeting was predestined. I must tell you that I am superstitious to excess. It seems to me now that this chance is a premonition, and that my destiny is to know those who are dear to you, your uncle and his daughter whom I have but just seen. I am drawn toward her by a feeling which I cannot define, and have determined to beg M. Dorgeres to present me to her."

"He would be delighted to be agreeable to you," stammered Maxime, who little expected an overture of this sort, "only—Alice is still so young."

"And I—am so no longer," interrupted the countess; "I am twenty-nine—ten years older than Mlle. Dorgeres. And I have lived—I have suffered, while she is still at the age which cherishes illusions. Ah! well, it is precisely this contrast which makes me wish to become her friend. I have gained at some expense an experience of life which I should love to make use of in contributing to the happiness of a pure girl whom I had learned to love as a sister."

"My cousin would be proud to hear you speak so, and let me assure you, madame, that she is worthy of the interest you feel. But let me remind you that she enters the world by the common door through which pass all our rich bourgeoisie, all the heiresses. She is about to be married."

"What! her father has consented to accept M. de Carnoel?"

Maxime bit his lips. He had spoken hastily, and saw too late that he hal already broken his promise to M. Villagos.

"No, madame," he replied with visible embarrassment. "My cousin marries her father's partner, a charming young man who is my intimate friend—Jules Vignory.

"And she loves him?"

"Undoubtedly; Alice would not be forced into marriage, and has made a perfectly free choice."

"Are you certain? You told me yourself she loved M. de Carnoel."

"She believed so. At nineteen a young girl may easily deceive herself as to her real sentiments," said Maxime, with a forced smile.

The countess was looking at him out of her large, bright eyes, and seemed to try to penetrate to the depths of his soul. There was silence which ended by placing Maxime at his ease. He was desperate at having been led to this subject in spite of himself, and was sending M. de Carnoel to all the devils.

"I am going to speak with you frankly," resumed Madame Yalta, slowly. "You have not forgotten, I suppose, our conversation — one very cold day?"

"How should I forget? That was a marked day in my life, for it was the day I had the happiness of speaking to you for the first time," said Maxime, glad to revert to these personal recollections.

"Then you remember that I had become acquainted with certain facts through my protege Georget?"

"Madame," he said, "Georget has talked at random like the child that he is. He was fond of my uncle's secretary; he imagined the young man was to marry my cousin, and was grieved at his leaving the house."

"He left because M. Dorgeres banished him. You gave me to understand that he was guilty of some unworthy act. Georget has told me more. He told me that a theft had been committed at M. Dorgeres, and that M. de Carnoel was suspected."

Maxime started.

"You see I am well informed," the countess continued. "I know all that has transpired. I know that the safe was opened with a false key, and a casket taken belonging to a Russian named, I believe, Borisoff. I know, too, how the theft was discovered. Georget was there, and heard all. The cashier called M. Dorgeres, who, on learning that his secretary had left precipitately the night before, did not hesitate to pronounce the young man guilty. You see I know all."

'Except the affair of the severed hand," thought Maxime. "If she knew that she would certainly tell me."

"And," resumed Mme. Yalta, "I am certain that M. de Carnoel is innocent."

"I hope so," murmured the friend of Jules Vignory.

"And I beg of you to tell me what passed between Mlle. Alice and himself in the Bois de Boulogne."

Maxime thought that, having gone so far, it would be puerile to have recourse to a subterfuge.

"M. de Carnoel did not come to the rendezvous he had appointed," he said.

The countess turned pale.

"Is that true?" she asked in an agitated voice.

"I swear it on my honor."

"And you have heard nothing of him since?"

"No; he has had the good taste not to write to my cousin."

"And hearing nothing more of him, Mlle. Alice has accepted this silence as a confession of guilt? She has condemned without hearing him?"

"He has condemned himself."

"If he has not appeared it is because he is not free."

(To be continued.)


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# On the Farm

### PREPARING FOR THE CHURN.

When cream from several separations is collected, the churning should not be made for a number of hours after the addition of the last batch of cream. Unless this time is given the fresh cream added will not have soured throughout the mass of sour cream, and if in this condition much butter fat will be lost in the buttermilk. Time must be given for complete and thorough blending of the various lots so that they are practically one, the acid being developed in all alike. This may be done very nicely by taking the previous night's separation as the last and churning the next day, thus giving ample time for the proper ripening of the last cream added.

During the last few hours of ripening there should be taken into consideration the temperature at which the cream must be churned. When it is completely ripe or has reached that point where the flavor is fine and the aroma good, it should be quickly brought to the temperature necessary for churning if not already at that temperature. If it has to be lowered several degrees, it should stand at the churning temperature for a period of three or four hours before churning. This becomes necessary because the butter-fat is a poor conductor of heat and takes longer to change in temperature than the milk serum. Every one is familiar with the fact that oils and fats cool very slowly.

During the process of ripening, the cream should be stirred occasionally to obtain best results. Just what is the result of stirring is not entirely known or why it is necessary, but it is known that cream when frequently stirred ripens with a more uniform and finer flavor than cream which is ripened without stirring.

### BRAINS AS WELL AS HANDS.

There are good cows and poor cows in all breeds. Whatever breed you may choose you will find it necessary to employ the service of the scales and the Babcock test, and be governed by their verdict. Too much bother? Well, perhaps so but if you are not willing to use your brains as well as your hands, and to look carefully after all the details of the business, better let the cows alone entirely, for the probabilities are you were not born in the right time of the moon to make a successful dairyman anyway. If you cannot find pleasure and satisfaction in looking after the details of the business, noting the improvements and failures, studying into the reasons for the success or failure, either there is something lacking in your early education or else you have mistaken your calling and had better continue raising wheat to sell as long as the farm will produce paying crops, then sell the farm and go to town to live. Or, what would be better still, seek some other employment than farming at once. Life is largely what we make it, and a young man should carefully study his own inclination and capabilities in choosing an occupation for life. If he has no natural liking for domestic animals and takes no interest in animal life, better choose some other occupation than farming, for the raising of animals of some kind is a necessary adjunct to the best development of the farm.

### SYSTEMATIC FARMING.

To keep accounts which give results comparable from year to year, the farm must be arranged according to a system. The fields must be definitely laid out, preferably in groups, so arranged for rotations that the number of fields in each group equals the number of years the rotation runs; that there may be the same acreage devoted to each of the three great classes of rotation crops and of the permanently seeded crops each year, viz., the grains, the grass crops, and the cultivated crops. The live stock and other means of reducing the crops to more finished forms, bringing higher prices per acre, must also be managed in a more systematic manner, so that the general results in their relations to each crop can be recorded and compared, that the unprofitable enterprises may thus be reduced and more attention devoted to those which give the best profits.

# DICTATOR OF ENGLAND

## ROTHSCHILD HAS COME TO HER ASSISTANCE OFTEN.

### Some Remarkable Instances of His Keen Perception and Ability.

Who is the most powerful man in England? The Chancellor of the Exchequer says it seems to be Lord Rothschild. And one is tempted to think there may be something in it when it is pointed out that Lord Rothschild is the official head of a firm controlling four hundred million pounds sterling. The Rothschilds are said to have doubled their wealth in eighteen years, and if the present rate continues they wil be absolute masters of some two thousand millions by the middle of the present century, says Pearson's Weekly.

For the last hundred years or so the London house of the Rothschilds has been constantly mixed up with the history of England.

While the Peninsular War was raging, Wellington was greatly hampered for the wants of ready money. The government were not unwilling to let him have more, but the difficulty of transporting the specie from England to Spain was regarded as almost insuperable. Mr. Nathan Rothschild came forward and offered to transport the money,

TAKING ALL RISKS,

for an annual subsidy of £150,000. The government thankfully accepted, and Nathan raked in a tidy fortune over the transaction.

One of his greatest coups was brought about immediately after the Battle of Waterloo, when he had staked everything on the overthrow of Napoleon and the victory of Wellington. He was on the Continent when he heard the news of the great victory, and he posted off to London as hard as he could. He was the only man on the Stock Exchange who knew the truth, for all sorts of panic-striken rumors were flying about the city.

It was known that he stood to lose enormously in the event of a British defeat, asd when he wandered disconsolately about the Exchange it was taken for granted that he had definite news of a French victory, and the brokers sold frantically. But all the time his agents were buying stocks for all they were worth, while the old man himself did his best to look utterly discouraged. When official information arrived, prices shot up, and Nathan cleared something like a million.

A few years later the Rothschilds came to the aid of the Baik of England during what was probably the most serious crisis in its career.

A GREAT COMMERCIAL PANIC

suddenly took hold of the country, and in the resultant smash an enormous number of smal banks were forced to close their doors.

The great bank in Threadneedle street began to feel the strain. A "run" commenced, which grew in proportions until it was feared the "Old Lady" herself would have to share the fate of the smaller firms. The house of Rothschilds again took a hand in affairs, and, aided by their money, the Bank of England and several other banks managed to weather the storm.

From first to last old Mr. Rothschilds is supposed to have lent £160,000,000 to various governments, but after successfully helping the country through the railway pasic, a new era for the Rothschilds set in.

The goversment decided that instead of borrowing huge sums from the Rothschilds, they would apply direct to the nation and thus save commission. After this the Rothschilds turned their attention to various commercial undertakings, including railways, mining, and banking, but they were still ready to open their pursestrings to the government in an emergency.

The most remarkable instance of this was given at the time of the famous purchase of the Khedive's Suez Canal shares. An English journalist heard that the Khedive wanted to sell his shares, and knowing how important it was that England should secure hem, he rushed off to the Prime Minister.

The Prime Minister listened to his story with some excitement. It would be a splendid thing, he knew, if this country could secure the shares, but he had no money at his disposal, and it was impossible to make the affair public by

APPLYING TO PARLIAMENT.

In his extremity he thought of Baron Rothschild, and in a short time he was in the financier's office, laying his plans before him. Baron Rothschild agred to lend the five millions odd that the Khedive wanted for his shares, and declared himself willing to take the risk of Parliamest refusing to approve of the government's actioi. The news of the sale was soon public, and Parliament made little difficulty about the repayment.

Lord Rothschild is one of King Edward's most intimate friends, and it was at his magnificent house in Piccadily that was held the first ball attended by their majesties after the death of Queen Victoria. At this famous ball the King's rule of "knee-breeches and decorations" was enforced, and the rumor ran round the clubs that quite a large number of young men decided to stay away because they feared to expose their calves to unfriendly criticism.

Whenever there is anything wrong financially, it is to Lord Rothschild that men turn, and as a result he is one of the busiest men in the city. Jay Gould, the American millionaire, found this out when he went to call on him. He sent is his name, and the message came back that Lord Rothschild was sorry, but he was too busy to see him.

Gould could scarcely believe his ears. "Go back and tell him," he insisted, "that I am Mr. Jay Gould, the American millionaire."

But even that failed to move Lord Rothschild, who sent out the biting reply, "Tell Mr. Gould that England is not for sale."

Scandal is the tattle of fools who judge other people by themselves.

"That mud turtle down there has just been trying to make me believe that he is over fifty years old."

"The very idea! and he not out of his shell yet!"—Life.