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Being personally acquainted with the proprietor, a life-long resident of this city, we can assure all of courteous treatment and honest dealings.

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HOUSES ARE WANTED BY US.

We are besieged by people every day of the week looking for HOMES to rent, owing to their not having sufficient money to buy.

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FRED. J. ROIL & CO.,

Real Estate and Insurance Agents,
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Advertise in The Evening Telegram

A German Humbug.

CLAIMED THE KAISER AS FATHER
—FOUND OUT BY A FORGED
CHEQUE.

A few years ago Count Renenski, a wealthy and aged Polish statesman, was strolling one day in the Imperial Park of Posen when he saw on the seat a slender, graceful figure of a young girl, her head drooped, her body quivering as if with sobs.

Distressed at the sight, the tender-hearted old man waked up to the pathetic little figure and, touching her on the shoulder said: "Madame, pray excuse me. I see you are in some great trouble. Can I be of any assistance?"

At the words the girl raised her head and looked up at the benevolent stranger, with large blue eyes, swimming with tears. It was a face of flower-like loveliness that met the downward gaze of the count—soft, rounded cheeks, a quivering little rosebud of a mouth, a dainty head with ringlets and tendrils of golden hair clustering around a low forehead.

"You are very kind," said the girl in a low voice of singular sweetness, "but I am afraid no one can help me. I am the most unhappy girl in the world. No, I cannot tell you, and, breaking into a fresh outburst of sobs, she buried her face in her hands.

"But," persisted the count, "it will perhaps relieve you to tell me your story, and I promise you it will be as sacred as if it were told to a father confessor." Under the soothing kindness of his words the girl's sobs gradually subsided, and she began to confide to him her strange story.

She had been brought up, she said, under the roof of a poor shoemaker, whose daughter she understood she was until a year ago, when, by accident, she learnt the amazing truth—that she was really the daughter of no less exalted a personage than the German Emperor.

As a young man, before he succeeded to the throne, the Kaiser had met and fallen in love with her mother, the beautiful daughter of a Polish gentleman called Svanoff, and had secretly married her. He had taken his bride to a home in the Black Forest, where for a year or so they were ideally happy. Then, when he married Princess Augusta, he had deserted her.

"A few months later," continued the girl, "my poor mother died of a broken heart, and I was left in the care of a worthy shoemaker, to grow up as a child, ignorant of my royal birth. Thus it is that I, Anna Schneider, am in truth, Princess Anna of Prussia, the first-born child of the Kaiser William."

Such was the amazing story told by the weeping girl to the count, and, to prove its truth, she handed to him a bundle of papers containing the certificate of her mother's marriage, and of her birth and also two letters from the Kaiser's eldest son, in one of which he wrote: "I am very sorry my father has treated you so badly. He must know it was not your fault."

In the face of such evidence, what could the Count do but believe the story? Such indeed, was his sympathy with the lovely girl that he insisted on offering her the hospitality of his palace while he made every effort to see that justice was done to her claim.

Not content with this, before she had been many weeks under his roof, he begged her to be his wife, that he might have the best possible right to pose as her champion—a request to which she graciously assented.

The infatuated count little dreamt, we may be sure, that the "princess" whom he was proud to make his wife was, in fact, the shoemaker's daughter, that the papers proving her royal birth were all forged, and that she had already a husband living, who was playing the role of a brewer's drayman.

He settled \$10,000 on his bride-to-be, gave her costly presents of jewelry, and placed \$1000 to her credit at his bank.

The wedding day was fixed, and preparations for it were made on a prodigious scale, when, on the very day that he was to lead his lovely bride to the altar, she vanished as mysteriously as she had come into his life, taking with her, in addition to the thousand pounds and the jewels, a sum of \$3,000 she had borrowed from a cousin of the count.

When next we catch a glimpse of the adventurous Anna she is at Homburg, posing as the widow of a wealthy baron—a beautiful woman, her loveliness enhanced by her mourning robes and her becoming air of sadness for her recent bereavement. That she is rich is proved by the lavish way in which she squanders her money—the spoil of her later adventure.

Naturally, a woman so beautiful and so richly gifted soon has a retinue of lovers eager to win her hand, and among them is a Colonel Bernstorff, a handsome soldier, and member of a noble family, who woos the fair widow with such ardour that before she has been many weeks in the lists he has won her consent to be his wife.

Meanwhile the baroness, finding her purse becoming empty, exploits the colonel's rivals during his absence on duty, receiving costly presents, and winning large sums from them at the card-table. Indeed, not content with such gains, she foolishly alters one of their cheques from 1,000 to 10,000 marks.

Having successfully cashed her fraudulent cheque, she thinks it is high time to seek fresh fields of harvesting. But this time Fortune is unkind to her, for just as she is on the point of leaving Homburg she finds herself confronted by two officers of the law, who arrest her on the charge of forgery.

To the trial that followed, there could be but one issue, for, in addition to forging the cheque, it was found she had defrauded scores of tradespeople and other dupes, and a sentence of three years' with hard labor was passed on her. As the words fell from the judge's lips, she fell unconscious in the dock, and, soon as she recovered, found herself in a bare cell in one of the most dreaded prisons in Europe, that of West Gardens.

Here a very startling and dramatic experience awaited her, for when the governor entered her cell to inspect his new prisoner she found herself face to face with none other than Colonel Bernstorff, the man whose wife she had promised to be, and who, unknown to her, had just been appointed governor of the prison.

Her sins had, indeed, found her out, and the bitterest part of the price she paid was that she who might have been wearing bridal robes as wife of an honorable man, had to appear before him in the hideous and humiliating grab of a convict under his charge.—Pearson's Weekly.

Cookery Books in The Middle Ages.

Cookery books are not, as many otherwise well-informed persons believe, things of modern, or comparatively modern, growth. As far back as the reign of Richard II., we find the first authentic English Manual of Cookery. It was called "The Forme of Curry." The work was compiled with great attention to detail by the Master Cooks of that monarch. It contains 196 recipes, some of a very quaint and even alarming character.

From the time of Richard until about the beginning of the fifteenth century, cookery books seem to have been rare and confined for the most part to the establishments of princes or nobles of the first rank. From the year 1420, however, these useful little volumes sprang into popularity, and found a place in the kitchens of the bourgeoisie.

Strong Meat.

A very large section of the scientific cookery of those times, as to the present day, was entirely French. Many of the recipes would amuse, or perhaps horrify, a modern chef de cuisine. There can be no doubt whatever that the palates of our excellent ancestors, strengthened by frequent fighting and vigorous spiced and more highly flavoured dishes than do the palates of us moderns.

Wine entered very largely into the dishes. At least forty per cent. of the "ragouts" or stews were endowed more or less generously with the juice of the grape. Ale was also in considerable demand for cookery. For instance, one culinary chronicler states with meticulous precision that ale must "surely be used" in the preparation of tanch, oysters, pike, plaice, barbel, and various other piscine edibles. Even stale ale was not despised, though we may hazard a guess that the result was not altogether pleasing to a fastidious palate. Verjuice found a place in almost every variety of stew, and sometimes even wandered into meat-custard and pies.

Swan-neck Pudding.

The cooks of the Middle Ages apparently had a sort of passion for almonds. These were introduced into an enormous number of foods. Certain kinds of fish were never cooked without a liberal addition of these articles.

Meats, which we would hardly dream of admitting to our modern menus, unless we were giving a freak dinner-party in America, frequently found a place in the ancient cookery books. Porpoises were in great demand. Seals, swans, cranes, herons, peacocks, seagulls and even whales were pressed into service on occasions. A special dainty often found on royal menus was pudding of swan-neck!

Here is a recipe for a certain somewhat weird dish which appears to have held high favour at the dinner-parties of the richer middle classes of those times. (The writer has ventured to modernize the old English, in order to render it more intelligible to the ordinary reader):—

Take paunch of sheep—make it clean—cast in pot of boiling water. Skin it clean, and gather the grease all away, let it boil till tender, then lay it on a fair board and cut into small pieces of a penny-size. Take leaves of parsley, let them boil together till they be tender, then take powder of ginger and saffron all of salt and cast these in. Then let all boil together and presently serve in.

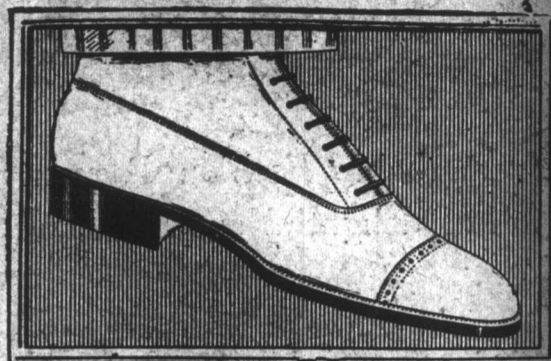
Sauces were in very great vogue. About three hundred years later the cynical Voltaire declared that England was the country of a hundred religions and one sauce. In 1400 he might have found few religions, but enough sauces to satisfy even the palate of a Frenchman. In the cookery book before us we encounter detailed recipes for nearly thirty-six

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In Black & Brown Kangaroo Calf; Bellows tongue; full soles to heel; solid Leather insoles; wide roomy last.

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Only \$4.00 the pair.
With Bellows tongue, two full soles, leather heels, solid leather insole, nickel hooks and eyelets; as illustrated.

Only 4.00 the pair.



CUSHION SOLE BOOTS for men with tender feet. "Dr. Jaynes" Cushion Sole Boots, with padded insoles, flexible outsoles, Goodyear welt stitch, rubber heels. Made of genuine Black Kid, on medium wide last. Soft, pliable and comfortable. An Ideal Walking Boot at \$7.00

The Shoe Men PARKER & MONROE The Shoe Men

elaborate sauces. Bread, eggs, kernels of walnuts, garlic, onions, and nutmeg figure largely in these tempting preparations. We do not, however, encounter any sauce, which approximates in any way to the "Worcester" variety of a more modern day.

In EDGEWORTH TOBACCO there is no harshness, nothing to bite the tongue, no unpleasant taste after smoking.—sept.12, tu.th

Hot and Cold.

Whatever the weather is like at the moment, the following lines will be appropriate, for they apply to all weather and to nearly all people:

"Oh, isn't it wretchedly hot!"
Do you ever yourself say such rot?
If you do, I'll be bold
To suggest, when it's cold,
You immediately wish it were not!

You growl when the sun isn't there.
When it comes out and burns you, you swear.

Well, cheer up—when all's said,
You will one day be dead.

And then, at long last, you won't care!
Some people might argue that you will care more than ever after you are dead whether it is hot or not—but that's another story.

The Retraction.

"I see before me," said the colored preacher on Easter Sunday, "12 chicken stealers, includin' Kentucky Joe." After the morning service Joe made it clear to the parson that that slanderous statement must be withdrawn. At the evening service the preacher rose to the occasion, "Now I see befo' me," he declared, "nine chicken stealers, not includin' Kentucky Joe."—Chicago Herald-Examiner.

The old stages, the giddy sport fans, the tired working man—they all say "EDGEWORTH TOBACCO for mine." sept.12, tu.th

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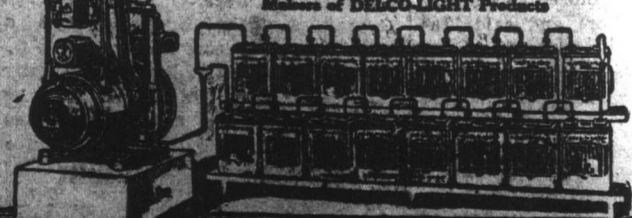
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