

About three months ago Mrs. Mosley told her husband that she was tired of her husband. She wanted to go to New York to live. She told of friends she had in the metropolis and of plans she had for learning her knowledge of foreign languages. Her husband consented and the family moved to New York. Soon after Mrs. Mosley got into the habit of staying a great deal away from home. She explained to her husband that she was engaged in translating some Spanish books for a rich woman, and it was necessary to do the work at that woman's house in the city. Sometimes she remained for important parts of the work until after dark. Once in a while she toiled with the pen until very late, and then she would stay there all night. Mr. Mosley had implicit faith, his wife was happy, and so he found no fault.

When Mrs. Mosley returned home a week ago she had an envelope in her hand. She put it away, telling her husband it was an important document connected with the Spanish books and papers, and asking him not to disturb it or let it get lost. On Thursday morning Mrs. Mosley left the house as usual, but when she had not returned on Friday night, Mr. Mosley sought the mysterious envelope might give him a clue to her whereabouts. It did. It astounded him. On the paper he took out he read these words:

**CERTIFICATE OF MARRIAGE,**  
This is to certify that I have this day joined in

**MARRIAGE**  
Mr. Alfred Hilliard, New York, State of New York, and Mrs. Margaret Eames, of New York, State of New York, according to the laws of the State of New Jersey, and that there were present as witnesses Mrs. V. C. Jackson, of New Jersey, and Miss Anna Mallick, of New Jersey.

At No. 242 Montgomery street, Jersey City.

Dated Jan. 12, 1894.  
REV. V. C. JACKSON, D.D.,  
Pastor M. E. Church.

Mr. Mosley hurried to Rev. Dr. Jackson, who described the couple, and said that his wife and servant had acted as witnesses. On Dr. Jackson producing his marriage book, Mr. Mosley identified the handwriting of "Mrs. Hilliard" as that of his wife. Another proof that Mrs. Mosley was "Mrs. Hilliard" was found in the fact that she gave Alma Putney as the name of her mother.

Mr. Mosley was satisfied now that his wife had betrayed him all these years, and that she had been leading a double life. He returned home heartbroken. Baby Hazel was sleeping soundly. All night long he sat by the bedside of his child, wondering if he would ever see its mother again.

Mr. Mosley believed that his wife might sail for Europe, and early the next day he searched at the piers of outgoing steamships, but failed to find her. Then he returned home. He was told by a neighbor that Mrs. Mosley had been in about an hour ago and had asked that her husband should remain in when he came back, as she would return soon. About an hour later she came. In the recriminations that followed Mr. Mosley's denouncement, his wife, who had committed bigamy, told him that Hazel Cowen—or rather Margaretha as he knew her—was not her child nor his, but that she got the little one at the Margaret Strachan Home.

Mr. Mosley was so dumb-founded with this and other revelations of his wife's duplicity that she escaped out of his hands, although he had made up his mind, and told her so, that he would prosecute her for bigamy. Then he gathered Hazel's belongings, and went to the Margaret Strachan Home with the baby. Immediately, on hearing the man's story and the

dates, the matron recalled the abduction of Mary Cowen's baby, and as Mr. Mosley really loved the child as a father he took her with him for the night after arranging to return with her next day when Mary Cowen would be present. The meeting between mother and child was a very affecting one, the poor mother instantly recognizing the child through her belongings. Very seldom has so strange a story been told out of a novel; but truth has once more proved to be stranger than fiction.

Nothing has been heard since of "Mr. and Mrs. Hilliard."

**COUNT AND RASCAL.**

**Zdzislaus Komorowski Leaves a Trail of Thievery in His Wake.**

A handsome Count who lived and entertained lavishly has left Bellport, Rhode Island, for parts unknown with a tarnished record. Considerable jewelry is also gone, and a deputy sheriff and a detective are on the man's trail.

Three months ago the people of Bellport were startled yet pleased to hear that a real Count was among them. He said he was Count Zdzislaus Komorowski.



**COUNT ZDZISLAUS KOMOROWSKI**

ski, of Poland, and had come to America three months ago. He notified his old acquaintance, Louis Liebling, proprietor of the Vienna Hotel, that he would be out to Bellport to board a few weeks. He arrived a short time afterwards, and told of his temporary need of money and his expectation of a large amount from his sister Theresie, a princess of Poland, and a lady of immense wealth.

He informed his newly made acquaintance that he had come to Long Island with the intention of buying a tract of land for starting a stock farm. Liebling was agreeable to the Count, and told him to make himself at home. The Count did so. He invited his friends to dine with him. Among his new acquaintances was Thomas Bush, of Patchogue. He confided to Bush his plans, and ask him to assume charge of the farm when he had bought it.

A few days ago the latter borrowed a gold watch and two gold rings off Bush. The same night Leon Goldrieck, of Vienna, arrived in Bellport to see the Count. Mr. Goldrieck is a good-looking young man of twenty-seven years, who says he has traveled all over the world. The two old friends had a gay time, and then Liebling, Goldrieck and Bush found that the Count was missing.

With him was also Bush's jewelry and about all the Goldrieck's clothing and jewelry. Besides these there was a hotel and wine bill of nearly \$300 owed Liebling. Warrants were at once sworn out for the Count's arrest, and Deputy Sheriff Odell started for New York after him. The officers are now satisfied that he has gone to Chicago, where he has a friend, Dr. Rudolph Mann.

In speaking of the Count young Goldrieck said:

"I was introduced to him by another Count in Vienna about four years ago. It was at a great society fete. The Count was then really a great swell and held a position in a large bank in Poland. He had plenty of money, and entertained on a large scale. He has a sister in Poland who has supplied him with money at different times.

"He took a valuable pair of pearl sleeve buttons, all my expensive clothing and money. I had to telegraph to my parents in Europe, and they sent me a draft. I shall go to New York and try to find him. I think he will sail for Poland soon, where he has wealthy friends. I shall go to Poland and Austria and notify the police, and will have him arrested if it takes me months to do it."

Mrs. Liebling was very bitter against the Count, and said that he had swindled her dreadfully and actually stole from the money-drawer. The Count is a handsome blond, with a light mustache. He stands 5 feet 8 inches high, is apparently about forty years of age, and slightly bald. His picture is in possession of the police of New York. He was in the Russian Army, and carries three scars on his head.

The Komorowskis are mentioned in the "Genealogisches Taschenbuch der Graeflichen Hauser" as an old Catholic family of Austrian Galicia. It was ennobled in 1793. The present head of the house is Karl Josef Edward Count Komorowski. There is mention of a Zdzislaus Komorowski, an adopted son, who was born in 1864. The daughter of the house, Helene, who was born in 1861, is now the wife of Prince Wiazemski.

**A Tidal Wave.**

The Normannia left her piers at Hoboken, Jan. 18, bound for Mediterranean ports. When 763 miles east of New York she encountered a most destructive tidal wave.

The greenish-white, curling, swirling wave reared itself fully seventy-five feet high. With a terrific crash vessel and wave met. The water swept over and through the vessel destroying almost every article of furniture on board.

Partitions were carried away and some of the officers were washed about until senseless. There was no panic. The encounter was so unexpected the worst was over before the passengers realized their danger.

**New Way of Committing Suicide.**

Mrs. Hans Olson, wife of a Norwegian farmer, who lives at Yankton, S. D., fastened one end of a rope about her neck and tied the other end to the axle of a wagon. Then she gave the wagon a push down a hill, and the weight of the vehicle strangled her to death.

**A Bride Carried Bodily Away.**

Howard W. Simpson, of Bangor, Me., and Miss Estelle Blanche Maloney, of Franklin, Pa., were secretly married. The bride's sister and her husband heard of the marriage and went to the station to prevent their departure. The bride was seized and carried bodily to a carriage and spirited away. The bridegroom was horse-whipped. He does not know where his bride is.

**A Centenarian Bridegroom.**

At Mobile William Brown, a negro who claims to be 103 years old, recently secured a license to marry a colored maiden of 60. The negro's age is authenticated by many circumstances. His mind is clear, and he is in good health.