

of the Bourse, and stopped just in time to save a competence.

A cable dispatch a few months ago in one of the journals of this city informed the public that the once wealthy and beautiful opera bouffe queen had been obliged to auction off her furniture and a number of jewels, which she had kept as souvenirs of her prosperous days, to keep the wolf from her door. At fifty years of age she has nothing left but remorse. Who knows what the end of her wild career may be?

Appropos of the auction a foreign correspondent writes as follows:

The Schneider sale of jewelry, which took place last week in Paris, has attracted unusual attention because of the whimsical career of its owner. Schneider, who is not now, and from her appearances, never was a beauty, brought all Paris to her feet in 1865 by a trick of her own in portraying the lascivious humors of Offenbach's seductive heroines. She invented a libidinous lurch of the leg which convulsed Paris, which stimulated the world to such an extent that the little, third-rate summer theatre in the Elysian fields where "La Belle Helene" first warbled her ineffable double-entendres became too small. She may be said absolutely to have kicked her way into re-

nown—she kicked opera bouffe with her; she kicked millions of francs into the coffers of her manager; she kicked in the faces of a parquet of kings and mighty personages in 1867, when all the world came to Paris to the Exhibition. Napoleon III. was kicked into as violent a fit of love as was possible to his rather placid temperament. Rich bankers, too, were kicked into such fervid devotion that Schneider, who began poor and frowsy, took on the airs and state of a princess. Her fat breast and arms and Juno-like neck were plastered with diamonds. She might have put for a study of the jolly giants in all the toggerly of a queen. No one ever pretended to call her well favored. It was the kick that did it. Words can give you an idea of the unctuous, inviting, indescribable fervor of this short, easy lift of the right leg, which came in to accentuate certain broad suggestions of the text; often as she did it the house roared—declared it "Dachic." In every part she was in flesh a mountain and in mirth a fountain, but it was the kick that carried the day. Her fortunes declined with the empire. Bismarck's criticisms on the sensuality of the French for a time had their effect and it was voted that the Sardanapalian ogries of the empire should be foregone while young France was pulling itself together for the "revanche."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### MADAM YELVERTON'S WIFE.

Many years ago, or to be more precise, in 1860, occurred one of the most memorable and important trials that ever occupied the attention of the Dublin courts.

The plaintiff was a beautiful and highly accomplished lady; the defendant was an officer of the English army and the son of an Irish peer, who was himself a British officer.

The celebrated suit in question was brought by a gentleman against Major Yelverton for a sum of money due for the board of his wife, Mrs. Teresa Yelverton. The major had made the arrangement with this gentleman to entertain his wife, and was sued for failing to meet his obligations. Meantime he had deserted his wife and married again. He denied that he had ever married her, and claimed that she had lived with him as his mistress. That he went through the forms of the ceremonies to "ease her conscience," and that he had no thought of making her his wife. It was thought that his family caused him to take the step he did, and that his marriage to Mrs. Forbes (who did not know of this

portion of his history until sometime after the wedding), was the result of their efforts as well. She had a large fortune and Major Yelverton had nothing but his pay.

Miss Teresa Longworth, the lady he thus stigmatized, had been twice married to him, once by the Scotch and again by the Irish law. Their marriage was kept secret because of the fear lest his family learn of it and disinherit him. He was the heir apparent to the Avonmore peerage and an officer in the artillery, and Miss Longworth was not a member of the nobility. He was simply Captain Yelverton when she met him, but in a few years he became major, and previous to his death he assumed the title of Lord Avonmore.

Mrs. Yelverton was of high position; she was the youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Longworth of Smedley House, Lancashire. Her mother died when she was very young, and she was sent to Paris to be educated. Her ancestors were of the Roman Catholic faith and she was educated in a convent.

The acquaintance between the two commenced in