to remain in New York and teach music. Her voice was a rich contralto, so the doctor said, but I did not hear her sing. It was a musical one in conversation and was evidently highly cultivated. She went to Missouri and bought a stock farm, had as companions a number of dogs, and for several years lived absolutely alone in her house. The only people she saw were those she employed, and they little understood why so beautiful and so young a lady should live the life she did. She has never returned to New York."

While in Missouri she wrote a novel entitled "Zanita; a Tale of the Yosemite." It was rather a pretty story, but one that attained to no fame. It is too heavily weighted with the impress of her own sorrows. One can find throughout it such expressions as these: "O, that yearning look for the beloved form for which we hunger!" "How many starve to death when the last look has been taken." "There are long and terrible days before me before grief shall have exhausted nature."

Major Yelverton resigned from the army and may have lived a happy life in England; he certainly was entitled to the love of his family, for strangers, particularly those who saw the fair, sweet-faced woman he drove from her native land, hated and detested him for his desertion and persecution of her. And with that class that believed in her he blackened the black name of *roue*, and made so loathsome its foulness that the majority of men condemned him in life and in death.

Madame Yelverton died recently in New Zealand.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE AMERICAN BELLE WHO SOLD HERSELF FOR A TITLE.

American women have always had a very dangerous *penchant* for foreign matches. Just what this foolish fancy is apt to lead to in about nine cases out of ten has been sadly illustrated in the case of Mrs. Annie Wetmore, once a New York society leader and belle.

In July, 1880, several residents in Paris received the following funeral notice:

Vous etes prie d'assister au service funebre de Ann Eliza Wetmore, nee Dougherty, decedee rue Chateaubriand, 12 le 21 Juillet, 1880, a l'age de 33 ans. qui se feront le Samedi 24 courant, a 10 heures ½ precises, en l'Eglise Americaine, rue Bayard, 17. On Sonrenmra a l'Eglise. L'inhumation aura lien a St. Germain-en-Laye.

It was a summons to the funeral of a woman who, heart broken and unhappy, had taken her own life because her noble lover, the Marquis of Anglesey, had not only deserted her and left her almost penniless, but had married another woman.

The story of this sad romance is anything but in favor of Lord Henry Paget. Lord Paget's second wife was a Miss Boyd, whose people are Australians, but who now live in apartments in the Avenue des Champs-Elysees. Some four years ago Lady Paget died at Boulogne. Among her acquaintances was Mrs. Wetmore, an American lady, from New York city. Shortly after her ladyship's death Lord Paget declared his love for the fair American, and so susceptible was the foolish creature to his noble influences that she forsook home and friends for him. They went to Paris together, and Lord Henry Paget installed Mrs. Wetmore in apartments adjoining his own. They were seen together at all hours. Wherever he went she accompanied him. There was, apparently, nothing in this to shock the moral ideas of certain fashionable English-speaking people in this city, for Mrs. Wetmore and her noble paramour had many friends who continued to call upon them precisely as if they were ignorant of the illegal manner in which the couple were living. But within a year Lord Henry Paget's jealousy had compelled his mistress to give up her old acquaintances, and from that time up to the moment of her death, she is said to have been true and faithful to him in all things. Lord Henry, it is claimed, had promised her that if she would only obtain a divorce from her husband, he would forthwith make her his lawful wife. With a view to obtaining a legal separation, she communicated with Mr. Wetmore, and that gentleman, in due course, brought a suit against his wife for divorce on the ground of adultery and desertion. The court granted him a divorce, but permitted their only child, a son, to live with the mother.

About the same time that the news of her divorce reached her from America, her lover came into his title as Marquis of Anglesey by the death of his father. For a while the relations of the lovers were more affectionate than ever. They laid plans for the summer, and the new-fledged Marquis begged her to visit a fashionable dressmaker in the Rue de la Paix and lay in a stock of clothes for a season on the seashore. Among the ladies to whom the Marquis had presented her was Lady Albert Pelham Clinton. This