COUNTESS MARY ANN

Of Naples, Italy, a West Virginia Mountain Daisy,

WHO MARRIED A REAL PRINCE,

Or Thought She Did---She Liked to Read Society Novels and Dream. One Day a Handsome Stranger Came and won the Heart of the Unsophisticated Big Sandy Mountain Flower---She wore Diamonds and Thought all was Right, but now she has Tramped back to the Hills with her Baby, Still Thinking she is a Countess.

The following experience of a West Virginia mountain girl, ignorant and pretty, the victim of a "count," is a little out of the line of the usual experiences of American girls who capture foreign titles, though it is no less sad than some of them. It differs from all other cases of recent occurrence in the fact that this girl did not purchase the title. It came as a free offering and no fortune was asked in exchange. The marriage was not a great social event, but it ended just as disastrously as if it had been. The story was brought out by an incident at a Cincinnati police station and the *Enquirer* relates it in the girl's own peculiar language. The account is as follows:

Bang! The station house door opened with a crash, and a cold draught of air permeated the place.

"Come right along; there's a fire you can warm by here," said the cheery voice of rosy-faced Sergeant Sam Corbin. Then the door closed again, and the officer with a small woman carrying an infant appeared before the august lieutenant and the station-house desk.

"Well?" queried the lieutenant, grasping a pencil and opening the registry slate, for police dignity begets sententiousness.

"I found this woman and child asleep in an entry way on Elm street. She claims she has walked all the way from Cleveland; had her breakfast in Glendale this morning, and arrived in town to-night."

The lieutenant gave the usual grunt of police official incredulity, and quietly remarked: "What charge? Vagrancy or safe keeping?"

The sergeant looked at the woman. He was an old officer and a close reader of human nature.

"Make it safe-keeping," said he quickly. "We'll send her to the house of detention in the van. She can have breakfast in the morning, and perhaps the mayor will issue her a pass as far as Huntington, W. Va. She says her father has promised to meet her there and take her back to her home in the mountains. From what she has told me she is a regular little tramp."

The small woman, who up to this time had maintained a discreet silence, now awoke from an apparent half reverie, while her blue eyes flashed angrily, and she threw off the shawl that covered her head, revealing a glorious mass of tangled ringlets that fell over her neck in strands of shining gold. She was a winsome little creature, with small and regular nose and mouth, with lips as ripe as cherries. She had tiny, shell-like ears, and her complexion was undoubtedly fair, but now travel-stained with dust and soot, sadly needing the application of toilet soap.

"See, here, mister," she exclaimed, stamping her foot. "I ain't no tramp, and don't want none of your nonsense."

Neither of the officers' features changed to smiles or frowns. Such outbreaks of feminine wrath are common in station-houses where high temper is not always an indication of virtue and innocence.

"Your name, madam?" demanded the Lieutenant firmly, as he stood ready to register the last comer among the previous society outcasts.

"My name?" answered the young matron, drawing herself up proudly in her ragged calico. "My name is Mary Ann, Countess of Naples, in Italee."

The Lieutenant dropped the slate-pencil in mock surprise, while the grim smile of humor spread over Sergeant Corbin's honest face.

"Yes," continued the small lady of the Italian nobility. "You fellers may not believe me, but, all the same, I am the wife of a count, and don't you forget it, either."

Several newspaper reporters for the morning press were seated in an adjacent table writing the last news item, and watching each other for fear of a scoop. These stopped working for the nonce, and slowly rose from their chairs.

"I'll interview this specimen of the Italian nobility," remarked one of them, and here is the narrative of Mary Ann Countess of Naples:

"Yes; you see I was born up the Big Sandy river. I'm the darter of old Jim Smith by his third wife, and hail from near Dilk's Landing. Dad's nigh onto ninety now, but hale and hearty yet, you can bet on that. I'm the youngest of twenty-three, and dad's pet. Most of them's scattered and married up in the mountains, and we live pretty wide apart. Who raised me? Well, I just raised myself; growed up with the trees and bushes. Did I ever go to school? No; nearest school was nigh onto fifteen miles away; but I learned to read from my grandma. She was raised in Wheeling and learned to read there. Do I know how to write? No, there's no need of knowin' how to write up Big Sandy. I'm mighty good at reading, though. First I read the Bible and Caxter's Saints' Rest. Did you ever read them? Good books both. But after while I used to strike a few old novels and then the newspapers. My! when I got a newspaper I was in glory. I always looked up society news and the fashions. I only owned a single dress then, and not many skirts; but what's the difference? You never see any one up in the mountains except on Sunday. But then I did love to know about the big world outside, especially the fashions. I read all about the rich people up in York State and how all the girls were just dying to marry foreign Princes and Dukes and Counts. Yes, I used to go out on the grass among the wild flowers and take the paper along, and I would kind of dream like. Did you ever dream? Then I used to look up at the sky and see the birds flying afar off, and wished I had wings, too, just like birds, or bats, or angels. You say that's flying high? Well, that's my style, I reckon. Yes, I used to wish I could marry some noble young man, just like those York gals, and be in the style. But one day when I was about 15—I am almost 17 now—I fell in love. Ever since then I have been pretty miserable—not always, you know, but sometimes, rather. What changed my life? Got married, of course. Married the Count of Naples, Italee. What are you fellows laughing at? It's true, I'm an honest married woman, boys, 'Squire Sanderson, of Dilk's Landing, hitch us, and both of our names are writ in his book. It came about in this way. You know there were new mines and railroads up in our county, and this brought lots of these furriners there. There were Poles and Hungarians and Italians—those people that you Yankees north call Dagos. Well, one day I was lying on the grass reading a novel that a contractor gave dad. How well I remember that day! The air was full of spices of flowers and pine trees. The birds were singin' and the bumblebees a hummin', the sun a shinin' brightly and the summer breeze playin' in the tall mountain grasses. When sudden, like I heard a footstep cumin' up the mountain path, and before I hardly knew it a tall, dark complexioned chap stood before me. I was lying on the grass on my stomach, in my every day dress, not much of a one at that, and in my bare feet. I was so overcome by surprise that I just blushed as red as an ash berry, and sidling up to a log I tucked my feet under my skirt. Well, boys, that feller was a good looker. He had lovely dark eyes and a mustache as dark as a crow's wing, and his hair curled cuter and closer on his head than that on dad's spaniel dog Gum. He spoke American right well, too, and asked me what I was reading, and I told him about a gal who had married a French count who was about to cruelly desert her. Then he laughed and showed the finest set of teeth I ever see in a man's mouth, and he told me how he, too, was a count who had come to America for his health and was up here in the mountains managing a gang of men who were building a railroad, and these men were his own countrymen from the far-off land of Italee. He talked of his beautiful palace on a sky-blue bay, where it was always sunny and warm and the grapevines led down to marble steps at the water's edge. And he told me of his horses and servants, and how the king and princes called on him, for he was the Count of Naples. Well, boys, you know how women are? I believed in him, and in less than a month Dad had given his consent, and we were engaged. When the day was set for the wedding we had a little difference. He was a Catholic and I was a hard-shell Bantist. We did not let religion stop us, howsomever, but split the difference by being hitched by the 'Squire at Dilk's Landing. A few days after we left that section of country, going to Portsmouth, then to Columbus, then to Cleveland, my husband, the count, always having his gang of railroad section men with us. These were right happy days. I dressed better than ever before in my life, and had ice cream and chewing gum whenever I felt like it. I had two pairs of shoes then and three different gowns, and we were making our way slowly to Italee by the road to Buffalo. We had left home for over a year when a change came over the count. You know how women are, boys. I was married then, and there was nothing wrong about it, but then some men are mighty queer. He got cold, like, and was never in a good humor. Worst of all, he commenced going with a beautiful, dark-haired Italian girl, and one day when I flared up about it he struck me. It was not the blow that hurt me, but he talked to her in their own language, which I could not understand, and he sneered at me and she laughed in triumph like. That day I was not feeling well, and he sent me to the Cleveland Hospital, and that night this little boy I'm holding in my arms was born. The count came to see me once only, and then did not even kiss the baby. That killed me 'most, boys. I had a ragin' fever after that, and was out of my head for nigh onto two weeks. It was over two months before they let me out of the hospital. Well, some nice ladies got me work to do in a family, but what can a woman with a nursin' baby do? It was work and scold at me from morning till night, and I tired out. I'm bound for the mountains again, where there are trees, and grass, and sky, birds and flowers, and sunlight, and I wish to the Lord I had never seen a newspaper or a novel; but, no, I ought not to say that. I've got the baby any way, and will be happy with the little fellow. See! look at him wink with his cute, little black eyes, and his hair is dark and curly, like the count's. You itty tooty wooty tooty, let his mammy kiss him. Don't laugh, boys; none of you need ever know a mother's feelins.' Do I ever expect to see the count again? Well, I hope so, and will dream of the day when he will send for me and his son to come to his palace by the beautiful blue bay and ride behind his chariot, with his servants waitin' on me, and wearin' a coronet on my brow, just like them New York girls in society do. I may have my troubles, but I've got the American style, if I do come from the Big Sandy. What was the count's name? Why Polly Kardony (Paoli Cardoni). Funny name for a man, but that's what the Italians called him. Say, you are newspaper men, ain't you? Well, you put in your papers that the Countess Mary Ann of Naples wishes her husband would come back to her. Tell him she forgives him the trick he gave her, and that she loves him still, for he is the father of her baby. But I reckon if I get back home to dad it will be all right, anyhow, for I'm a count's wife, and that's a bigger thing up Sandy than in New York. I'm in style, boys, for a fact.

Here the driver of the Detention-house van arrived at Central station and the Countess Mary Ann of Naples was escorted to the door by a guard of honor, consisting of Lieutenant Carroll, Sergeant Corbin and the press. She bowed majestically as she entered the vehicle, and as the door closed on her she was murmuring an affectionable lullaby to the black-haired baby on her breast.

Let us trust that His Honor the mayor will give her a free pass to meet her father at Huntington, for the Countess, as she styles herself, is certainly a plucky and determined little woman. Long may she reign as Princess of the head waters of the Big Sandy.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A WORLD'S ORGANIZATION.

How the Woman's Christian Temperance Union Has Expanded—The Women at the Head of the Movement.

At Boston, in November last, the first annual convention of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union was held. It is the outgrowth of the W. C. T. U. movement and the inspiration of some of the leaders in that cause. At the convention Miss Frances E. Willard was elected president, Lady Henry Somerset, vice president at large; Lady Henry Somerset, world's honorary president; Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, recording secretary; Miss Anna Gordon, treasurer; Mrs. M. F. Williams, of Montreal, Canada, corresponding secretary.

There were present and voting, representatives from Japan, China, India, Australia, Burmah, Hawaii, South Africa, Italy, British Columbia, France, Canada and many other countries. The meeting was held in old Faneuil Hall, Boston, and the walls were handsomely draped with the flags of various countries in honor of the occasion. With Miss Willard and Lady Henry Somerset who divided between them the honor of presiding over this assemblage, there sat Mrs. Tel Sono, the Japanese lady lawyer; Arabella Angelina, of Italy, Mrs. Love from Australia, Miss Campbell and Miss Bumstead from South Africa, Mrs. Sheffield and Miss Shaffner from China, each representing a distant land where the work of the World's W. C. T. U. is reaching out. Miss Willard made one of her characteristic addresses, and Lady Somerset another.

Of those leaders in this movement it scarcely possible to say anything new of Miss Willard. She is the founder and for the past four years the president of the World's W. C. T. U. and is the president for the last twelve years of the National Woman's C. T. U. She has traveled extensively over the old world and is a woman of more than ordinary range of accomplishments. She writes well, talks well, and while the most enthusiastic in her chosen work, is also one of the most delightful companions in everyday life. She is a graduate of the Northwestern University of Chicago and has taught in many of the most noted female colleges in this country.

In 1871 she was made corresponding secretary of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union, in 1877 was associated with D. L. Moody in revival work in Boston, and in 1879 was elected to the office she now holds, of president of the N. W. C. T. U.

Lady Henry Somerset is the eldest daughter of Earl and Countess Somers of Eastnor castle, Ledbury, England. Having no brothers she succeeded to the inheritance of a vast estate, much of it in County Kent. She married in 1872 Lord Somerset, second son of the Duke of Beaufort.

The duty she perceived as coming first to her was the welfare of her tenants. To combat the evils of drink she identified herself with the temperance cause, and at her own castle gates, with forty of her tenants, signed the pledge. The scope of her work widened until its influence was felt among all her tenants, which in East London alone number 10,000 souls. She received into her country home many of the most destitute of those her labors discovered in the slums of that great city. She has given fetes to 10,000 poor people at a time. In 1889 she was elected president of the British Women's Temperance Association, and last November came to this country to attend the world's convention of the W. C. T. U. Since that time she has been traveling over the length and breadth of the United States, investigating the condition of the poor and the means adopted here in furthering all philanthropic work.

MRS. TEL SONO.

Mrs. Tel Sono is the only woman lawyer in her native land, Japan. She has been a Christian since she was thirteen years old. She has been engaged in missionary work in this country and taught her language in a training school for missionaries in Brooklyn. The desire of her life is to establish a Bible training school in Tokio, and she is collecting funds for that purpose in this country.

A great petition is being now circulated praying for the protection of the home against alcoholic and narcotics, which will be presented to all the governments of the world through the world's organization when completed. Lady Henry Somerset accredits Miss Neovan, of Brecon, England, with obtaining 300,000 signatures to this petition.

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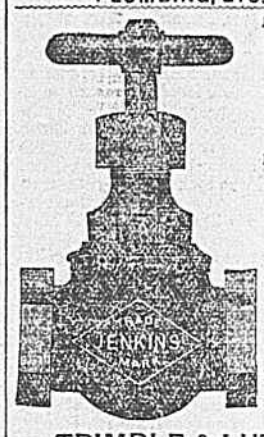

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