CHAPTER L



IOMANE?" "Oh! There she 'Hallo! Tionane!"

"Tiomane?" "Tiomane?" "Tiomane?"

And the shouts redoubled, filling the whole beach with one name-Tiomane!

Little boys and little girls began running about on the sandy shore, others descending hastily the steps of the pretty cottages, others calling from the terraces-such a crowd! such confusion!-and all at the appearance of a jaunting car of rough, unpolished wood, drawn by a gray donkey and driven by a young peasant girl.

It was at Berek, on Sunday, a beautiful Sunday in September, and the air was filled with the golden sunshine of early autumn. Everything sparkled in its light—the sandy shore, the blue sea, the bluer sky, the tiled roofs, bathed in a glory of golden light.

The car had stopped at the head of the broad street which joins Berckville to Berck place, near a large and elegant cottage. A troop of laughing children having reached the rustic equipage, the clamorous shouts were

renewed. Standing in her cart, in her hand a branch of a hazel tree covered with its leaves, which served to drive away the flies, the little donkey driver smiled pleasantly on all these noisy, eager young people, and said, in a sweet, but firm, voice:

"Why no, it is impossible! I can not take you-not one of you-not one."

"Ah, Tiomane!" "No, I am engaged for the whole afternoon; but there are plenty of others that you can hire," she added, pointing to a number of cars similar to her own, waiting at a short distance, whose drivers were making the most frantic appeals to the gay crowd on the beach. Tiomane was 12 years old, tall for her age, but her face, although bronzed by exposure to the sun and wind, was that of a child. With her little peasant's cap confining her abundant hair, her dress of coarse blue linen, and her bare feet, certainly the fashionable little misses of her own age who were spending the summer at Berck would never have discovered any charm in her. Neverthe- eagerness of a spoiled boy. less, here was not an insignificant or vulgar face. The blue eyes-periwinkle blue-bright, loving, and intelligent, revealed a noble soul. The smile, which displayed two rows of shining pearls, was charming, and, lastly, the grave, dignified pose of the little donkey driver showed a native distinction, rare indeed among little peasant girls.

In spite of her very decided refusal, Tiomane did not find it easy to get rid of the eager boys and girls who wished to hire her car. In all situations and circumstances of life we find submissive ones and rebels. So it was in this little world of Berck. The former drew back and began to examine the other cars; the rebels, on the contrary -the little girls made up that campgrew only more determined before the obstacle.

"To the assault! let us take possession of it!" was heard suddenly in the ringing tones of a little blonde of ten summers.

"To the assault!" repeated the mer ry crowd, and the attack began,

Pell meil, boys and girls jumped into the car, hung on the wheels, on the shafts, on the reins. The tumult was indescribable. Somewhat astonished at this unexpected onslaught, but not losing her coolness and presence of mind for a moment, the little donkey driver defended her property bravely. Installed in her usual place. she repulsed the besiegers vigorously. using her feet, her hands, and the hazel branch, which lost all its leaves in the blows which she dealt right and left on the elegant shade hats of the enemy. Suddenly a young, strong, but not unmusical voice was heard from the terrace of the cottage:

"Bravo, bravo, little donkey driver, you are a good, sensible girl.

Tiomane, looking toward the cottage, saw a tall boy of about her own age clapping his hands with delight, As if by enchantment, the rebels became quiet.

"Guillaume de Sorgnes! "Guillaume de Sorgnes!" The tone betrayed a shade of respect, "Yes, the car is mine, for I have hired it." mid the tall boy imperiously. The terrace was now filled with ladies and entlemen, and Tiomane, while adting her little cap and smoothing worn cotton apron, heard a conmation between two ladies, "impru-

"Why, yes, certainly, they can go about alone as much as they please at Berck, without the slightest impro-

"Yes, yes, mamma, you are quite right," interrupted the tall boy, and he rushed down the steps, followed by a charming little girl-a white cloud, a rustling of ribbons and lace, and a beautiful face framed in a capote of white surah, tied under her chin like a grandmother. The golden brown curls, which escaped from their confinement, were the only bits of color in all this dazzling whiteness. Behind her, Kifos, a tall lackey, with well waxed mustache, a jaunty cap, a short, white plaited skirt, and vest braided with silver, advanced with great dignity, his arms full of soft wraps. Having reached the bottom of the flight of steps, the tall boy took possession, rather unceremoniously, of the little moving mass of silk and lace.

"Come. hop in. Duchess," he said, putting her in the car.

After one moment of dazed wonder at this miracle of beauty and elegance. Tiomane somewhat timidly, as if afraid to sully all this splendor by contact with her coarse garments, adjusted the

"Here! this is for her," said the boy, throwing in a cushion and a shawl which he took from Kifos, the Greek

With one bound he scated himself beside his sister, who, comfortably instailed on her embroidered cushion. clung to the edge of the ear, with one delicate little hand, incased in a white silk glove.

The party on the balcony were watching them.

"Guillaume, do not stay late." "No, mamma, we shall be home for dinner. Now, little donkey driver, let us start."

Tiomane gathered up the reins, but the tall boy said imperiously:

"No! no! give them to me." A sharp lash fell on the back of poor Grise, and she started off on a gallop.

CHAPTER II.



HEY FOLLOWED the turnpike to the village. The donkey trotted vigorously, urged on as she was by repeated blows from the boy, who stood up, in his almost childish eagerness. "Decidedly, your

donkey can trot," he said, addressing Tiomane. "Yes," she answered timidly: "but you strike my poor Grise very hard,

monsieur. "Ah, Guillaume," said a sweet little voice from the white capote.

"Keep quiet, Duchess, you do not know anything about donkeys," replied the excited boy, shaking the reins violently, to increase still more the speed of the poor animal.

Everything can be exhausted, even the patience of a donkey and the

Five minutes afterward, Guillaume ! seated himself, and the reins rested on the back of tired tirise, who had resamed her ordinary very sober gait.

Tiomane breathed freely once more. Seated on the bottom of the car, her hands crossed on her knees, the young peasant girl looked shyly at the enormous white capote and saw the end of a delicate little nose, with nostpils like a pink sea shell, and a small, very small mouth, with lips like rose leaves,

"What is your name, little donkey little pride in her tone. driver?" said the small mouth. "Tiomane.

"That is not a name," cried Guil-

"No, it is not a name," echoed the roselenf mouth.

With great prolixity and many child ish gestures, Tiomane explained that her name was Armande. In the l'icard patois, tiote means little. The villagers had called her at first tiote Armande; then came the abbreviations tiote Mande, tiote Mane; and the visit-

and called her Tiomane. "How old are you, Tiomane?" asked the duchess

ors at the beach joined the two words

"I am 12." "What! only one year older than you, Maritza," cried the boy. "Do you know you will have a great deal

to do to catch up to her?" "Oh! is the young lady 11 years old? exclaimed the tall, strong peasant girl, looking with surprise, not unmingled with pity, at this wonderful animated doll, that she could easily have carried

in her arms. "Yes, certainly, I am 11 years old," said the wonderful doll sharply, drawing herself up with a very well developed feeling of pride, as if she had a full consciousness of her own su-

preme importance and loveliness, "Come, little duchess," said Guillaume, seizing her by the neck to kiss her again and again, "that does not prevent your being the beauty of beau-

ties, as every one says." The sailor hat brushed against the pretty capote, and it fell back, reveal-

ing Maritza's lovely head. Tiomane was speechless with ad miration, although, child as she was, she was quite incapable of appreciating the radiant beauty of the little girl. Nothing could exceed the purity. the exquisite delicacy, of this young face. Golden brown curls clustered

around a brow which might have served as a model for a sculptor, blue eyes with long lashes, a complexion which could be compared to nothing but a cream white rose, a delicate Grecian nose, a laughing rose leaf mouth.

The tall brother replaced the silk capote, not however without inveighing-quite in man fashion-against the gew-gaws of girls, and the three children laughed more merrily than

The little donkey driver, taking courage, said to the tall boy, "And how old are you, Monsieur Guillaume?" "I am 15," he answered, in a tone of

superiority. Guillaume de Sorgnes was a perfect contrast to his charming little sister.



"FOLLOWED BY A CHARMING GIRL." Well and firmly built, very dark, with brown eyes, a Roman nose, a wide handsome, chivalrous boy of gray disposition, brooking no restraint, goodhearted, frank, generous and courage-

Accustomed as he was to give impression to every thought, and not thinking of the absurdity of talking of his private affairs to the little donkey driver, he told her, in detail, how he and his sister had happened to come to Berck, the day before, concluding by saying: "Our family physician ordered the duchess here for sea bathing, and besides we have great many friends staying in the neighborhood." He also told the little peasant girl that he intended to be a soldier. He adored epaulets. He was now enjoying his school vacation. His father was consul general at

"At Smyrna?" echoed Tiomane, opening her great blue eyes to their fullest

"Yes, at Smyrna. Do not trouble yourself about the name. You can not possibly know where it is. It is very far from here, very far indeed."

The little sister added that it was seven days by sea from Marseilles. And then both the children spoke enthusiastically of the beautiful land of their birth-the orange laden trees, the grapes as large as figs, the lemon trees, the golden sunsets.

"And you, Tiomane, tell us something about yourselves," said the little girl. "What do your parents do?"

"I have no parents. I am a child from the foundling asylum." "From the foundling asylum!" repeated the brother and sister in concert, a vague vision of something very dreadful rising before their childish

imagination. In her turn, quite unconscious of the misery of her situation in the eyes of the young visitors. Tiomane told the short story of her life. She had been brought up in the foundling asylum at Bonlogne, but for the last two years had been a servant in the employment of Mere Jean-Mere Jean Bousvuier, at

Berck-ville. "Poor little thing." murmured buil-

"Nonsense!" said Tiomane bravely; 'in the summer I am a donkey driver, gave five performances a week alterand I like my business. I love my nately at Terry's theater and St. employers, I love my tirise. I love the people who come to the beach, and they love me-I wish you could see how they love me," she added, with no

(TO RE CONTINUED.) A Survivor of the Gland Army. It is seriously stated in the Russian papers that a survivor of Napoleon's grand army which went to Russia on the disastrous campaign of 1812 has died at Saratoff. on the Volga, at the age of 126 years. The man's name was Nicholas Savin. He was captured by Cossacks during the retreat across the Beresina. It is said that he was born in Paris on the 17th of April, 1768, that his father was in the regiment called the Gardes Francaises in the reign of Louis XV., and that he was educated at the Jesnit college at Tours. He used to speak of the reign of terror and the execution of Louis XVI., which he well remembered, After his release from captivity Savin settled down in Saratoff, where he is said to have been greatly respected. In 1887 the late czar presented him with 1,000 rubles on his birthday .-London Daily News.

A Rogne and a Vagabond. Women who pose as professors of palmistry in this country will be glad that they are not residents of England, where a woman has recently been convicted sor such a performance. The conviction was under an old statute as "a rogue and vagabond," and would seem to have had some underlying motive, for the young woman was only practicing her character reading as a supplementary attraction to an exhibition of pictures

Diary of a Queen.

The diary kept in 1810 by the beautiful Queen Lonisa of Prussia has come into temporary possession of Poultney Bigelow, who is to make use of it in his work on the "German War of Liberation.

Everyone will hope that the diary itself may be allowed to see the light. Everyone would enjoy reading the writings of the woman whom Napoleop affronted.

NELLIE GANTHONY ASPIRES TO THE ROLE.

The Has Arranged With the Owners of the Copyright to Give the Authorized Rendition in This Country-Is Quite an Entertainer.



SS Nellie Ganthony is one of the three English entertainers who always stand conjoined and alone in the capital of the "tight little isle." The trio comprises George Grossmith, Nellie Ganthony and Cissy Loftus.

Each is a monologist, mimic and musician, and they are all wonderfully artistic and gifted, although entirely dissimilar in method and execution. The admirers of each one strenuously assert that their favorite is the greatest, but to the unbiased there is but little choice between the three, for all are great artists, and when that is said all is said. George Grossmith was seen at Central Music hall during the last season and made a fine impression; Cissy Loftus has returned to England after an all-too-brief stay in the east, alone, and Nellie Ganthony will make her first western appearance in this city the coming week at Hopkins' theater. Miss Ganthony is about 23 years of age and for the last five seasons has been recognized as one of the greatest, if not the greatest,

ent Lord Herschell.

His Labors in Behalf of the Nicaraguan

Canal Enterprise. Charles Dudley Warner, the erstwhile editor of the Hartford Courant, has be-



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. come deeply interested in the Nicaragua monologists and musical entertainers canal, being at the head of the syndiof our era. She is in the best sense of cate now having the work in charge. If mouth, a square chin, indicating great | the word a society entertainer and her | the canal is ever completed it will be firmness—the ensemble was that of a reception by a "popular price" audience owing to the ability of Mr. Warner to will be watched with interest. She made | gather the necessary funds. Mr. Warn-

Oxford. He is a finely natured man, and his courtesy and patience have endeared him to generations of students. The professor might have sat for the hero of J. M. Barrie's now celebrated play, for so absorbed is he in his work that he is one of the most absentminded men in Oxford, where many absurd anecdotes, illustrating this pecultarity, are current. Professor Burdon Sanderson is married to a daughter of the late and a sister of the pres-CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.



NELLIE GANTHONY.

her reputation almost in an afternoon In London, and for two entire seasons George's hall. Later she delighted tremendous audiences in the nave of the famous Crystal Palace, London society, and that of the American colony especially, fully appreciated the genius of "the Ganthony" and her private engagements were very numerous; on several occasions, indeed, she crossed the English channel to appear at receptions in Paris, usually at Mrs. Mackay's or Mrs. Paran Stevens'. She will be seen | Harper's magazine. first in Chicago by the masses, and "soclety" people for the nonce must "mingle" If they wish to be in the swim. Miss Canthony's forte is mimicry and refined humor. She appears-alded wholly and solely by a grand planoin a number of sketches written mainly by herself. The titles of a few of these will be interesting. "For Charity": Sake," "Mrs. Gushaway's Children, "In Search of an Engagement," "Outward Bound," "The Tail of the Program," "His First and Last Opera," etc. In New York she has also created a furor in her famous monologue founded on Du Maurier's novel "Trilby." in which she will probably be seen here. After some litigation she arranged with the Harpers and A. M. Palmer, and now has the sole right to give the monologue "Trilby" in the United States, The New York Sun thus describes Miss Ganthony: "She steps onto the stage with a self-possession as great as that of her grand plane, which stands on one side. She is as tall as Trilby O'Farrall and she treads with the dignity of an empress. She has a fine blue eye and an abundant smile, and wavy hair that is brown where it isn't more like gold. Then she has a voice that can be rue and clear when she wants to be just Miss Ganthony and cracked and husky when she is presenting an old vicar or some other amusing or unattractive figure out of her collection. The most amusing of these personages, however, were an American, whose western accent Miss Ganthony admirably reproduced, an amateur skirt dancer of

1,1 1

Oxford's New Professor. Everyone interested in such matters John Burdon Sanderson to replace the late Sir Henry Acland as regius prifessor of medicine to the University of | civil war.

laugable awkwardness, and a German

voice that gave exactly the tone of the

lady who sang a mandolin song in

instrument."

at Hamilton college in 1851 and was ad-Hartford Courant and later on went to Europe as special correspondent for an American newspaper syndicate. He returned to this country and up to the time he joined with Warner Miller in the Nicaraguan enterprise contributed to all the American magazines of note. as well as conducting a department in

REAR ADMIRAL MEADE.

The Old Sea Dog is at Outs With the Administration.

Richard Warsaw Meade, rear admiral of the United States navy, who has



to his dispute with the present national administration as to its naval policy, is the third one of the name to achieve national prominence. The first was the merchant who served as a private soldier in one of the Philadelphia companies that aided in the suppression of the whisky rebellion. General George Meade was his son. Another son, named for his father, was retired with the rank of commodore in 1867. The rear admiral, the third, now seeking retirement, adopted his father's profession and entered the navy as a midshipman in 1850, being then 13 years of age. He was is pleased that the queen has appointed frequently commended for skill and gallantry in the South Atlantic and Western Gulf squadrons during the

REAR ADMIRAL MEADE

The Cures

By Hood's Sarsaparilla are wonderful, but the explanation is simple Hood's Sarsaparilla purifes, vitalizes and enriches the blood, and disease cannot resist its powerful curative powers. Read this: "My girl had hip disease when five years

old. She was con-

fined to her bed and for six or seven weeks the doctor applied weights to the affected limb. When she got up she was unable to walk, had lost all her strength and day by day she became thinner. I read of a cure of a similar case by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and decided to give it to Lillian. When she had taken one bottle it had effected so much good that I kept on giving it to her until she had taken three bottles. Her appetite was then excellent and she was well and strong. She has not used crutches for eight months and walks to school every day. I cannot say too

much for Hood's Sarsaparilla It is a splendid medicine and I would recommend it to any one." MRS. G. A. LAROSE, Oroville, California.

Hood's Pills are tastele s, mild, effect



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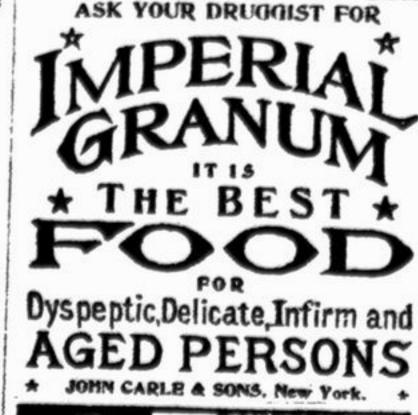


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