



TIOMANE.
BY JACQUES VINCENT.
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CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)
"But in winter, when the gay city visitors have gone away?" questioned the warm-hearted boy.

"Oh, in the winter it is a little hard, but then I sometimes go fishing with 'ere Jean."

They had now reached the village. As they had been out only an hour, they had still time to prolong their drive. Tiomane proposed returning by the bay of Authie, driving on the beautiful sandy beach. The suggestion delighted the little boy and girl, and they turned to the right. After a short drive, the car and its happy occupants reached the sea.

"Let us get out and walk on the beach," exclaimed Maritza.
The tide, low just then, left a great stretch of hard, sandy shore, most inviting to pleasure-loving little people. The three children alighted. Grise appreciated these halts keenly, and Tiomane, knowing that she could trust her donkey to take care of herself, yielded to the entreaties of her little patrons, and accompanied them to the beach.

The sandy shore was very wet. It did not matter, as far as Guillaume was concerned, for he was clad in school boy's dress—thick boots included—and Tiomane, in her bare feet, ran about gaily; but the duchess, in her dainty white kid boots, hesitated. However, after a few moments she could not resist the temptation of following the example of her companions.

What a happy time children have at the seashore!
Guillaume, who was passionately fond of boating, examined with true boyish interest the boats drawn up on the beach, the sea shells, and the varieties of sea weed. Long dissertations followed each new discovery. Tiomane's good luck caused much surprise and amusement. She found a bar of rusty iron lying on the beach, and used it as a shovel to dig in the sand. There was a tripple hurrah. "Scallop! scallop!" cried Guillaume, seizing a handful of these delicate shells, fish, so much prized by the visitors at Berek. Guillaume and Maritza at once wished a similar implement. Guillaume thought of a stake in one of the boats, and went in search of it. Little Maritza seized a narrow pointed piece of board, and the three children set to work digging in the sand, with great glee. The harvest was not what they expected. They toiled in vain, there was no new windfall.

"The water is rising," cried Tiomane suddenly, in a terror-stricken tone;



"HOLDING HER SLIGHT BURDEN FIRMLY," "the water is rising, I say! we must go away at once."
But Guillaume was deaf, quite absorbed in his pleasant work, running about in every direction; and his sister, no less excited, followed him, not heeding the little donkey driver's warning voice.

"Monsieur Guillaume! Mademoiselle Maritza!" repeated poor Tiomane, "the sea is rising, the sea is rising, and it rises so quickly here!"
The sea was indeed rising very fast, leaping with gigantic bounds, like a living thing. The happy, self-willed, busy children did not hear or did not heed the warning of the half-distracted little donkey driver.

"Dear me!" she cried in despair. "I tell you this is a dangerous place—there are holes—do you hear, Monsieur Guillaume, we must go home at once."
She followed them, nevertheless, fully conscious of the risk she ran in doing so. She seized Maritza's arm, to draw her away, but the willful little girl slipped from her grasp. A frightful cry was heard, or rather three cries in one. Maritza had disappeared in one of the holes against which Tiomane had so wisely warned them. There was a moment of silent, breathless stupefaction. Guillaume, who did not know how to swim, was about to rush to his sister's rescue, when he felt himself restrained by a strong hand.

"Do not stir," said Tiomane; "I will go."
The imperious tone of the little peasant girl riveted him to the spot. The brave child dashed into the waves. This tragedy took place in less time than it has taken to tell it, but to Guillaume it was an age of indescribable agony.

With a heart frozen with terror he followed with straining eyes every movement of the little girl. Suddenly he sees a white form—now an angry wave covers both children—then it raises them on its crest, and they are tossed about, the elder holding her slight burden firmly in her strong arms. He hardly breathed. At last the sea, as if tired of its frolics, threw the little girls on the shore. The poor boy heaved a sigh of gratitude. Tiomane alone preserved her presence of mind.

"Quick, quick," she cried, panting and breathless, "carry your sister to that house—there."
Half-distracted, but obedient, he took the rigid, pallid form in his arms and ran to the cottage, like one in a horrible dream.

CHAPTER III.
THEY soon reached the house. Tiomane opened the door, and they entered a small room with an earthen floor. A sweet-faced sister of charity was seated beside a straw armchair in which an old woman, apparently suffering from paralysis, was half reclining.

At the sudden entrance of the unexpected visitors the sister sprang to her feet.
"Ah! what does this deluge mean?" she exclaimed.
"Sister Victoire!" cried Tiomane, as if there were safety in the very presence of the good sister.

The young face under the snowy cornette showed a union of prudence and energy.
With one glance she guessed all. She ran quickly to the fireplace, where there were a few smoldering embers, and threw on them some fagots which were heaped in the chimney corner. After which, taking Maritza from her brother's arms, she said: "My little boy, go as quickly as possible with Tiomane to the village—to Pauline's shop—bring me some rum—the best. Say it is for Sister Victoire."

At the end of the quarter of an hour, when Guillaume and Tiomane returned, there was a cry of surprise and joy from both, for Maritza was resuscitated and seated comfortably on Sister Victoire's lap. On seeing her brother she stretched out her arms to him, and was pressed fondly to his heart.

"Maritza! Maritza! your are living! Oh! my pretty darling, my dear little duchess."
But how ridiculously the little "duchess" was dressed. A fustian skirt, much too long, pinned up here and there, a corsage of coarse merino, and enormous slippers, in which her little feet were quite lost. Sister Victoire had borrowed the holiday dress of their hostess, and, although weeping with joy, Guillaume could not help laughing at this strange costume.

Noticing, for the first time, Tiomane's dripping dress, Sister Victoire said:
"And you, too, come from a bath?"
"Why, Sister," said Guillaume excitedly, "it was she who plunged into the sea; it was she who saved Maritza."
He too was thoroughly wet from having carried, his poor little darling, while he dried his dripping clothes at the blazing fire which the sister had kindled, and Tiomane, in the next room, was putting on some dry clothes, borrowed also from the scanty wardrobe of the paralytic, a luncheon of brown bread, and hot rum and water, quickly prepared by the good sister, completed the entire restoration of the three children. It was long past the hour fixed for their return; indeed, it was nearly night, and Guillaume, having now time to think of his mother's uneasiness, urged the necessity of starting for home at once. Tiomane went for her car, which she found with Grise, just where she had left it. Maritza was lifted to her cushion, and well muffled in the shawl—which fortunately had been left in the car—and after many loving kisses, exchanged with Sister Victoire, the party started for home, brave little Tiomane driving. The drive home, under a starless sky, on the deserted beach, bordered on one side by high dunes, which in the dim light looked like phantoms, was very melancholy. Maritza, with her pretty head resting on her brother's shoulder, slept soundly. Guillaume, absorbed in the anxiety which his mother was suffering, did not speak. As for Tiomane, while guiding her donkey over the dark road with infinite skill, she trembled at the thought of what was to come. Would she not be scolded, perhaps severely punished, for this accident, which she could not have foreseen or prevented? At last they reached the flight of steps leading to the cottage. At the sound of the donkey's bells several persons rushed out to meet them.

"It is well! it is well!" cried Guillaume, in his clear, boyish voice. Tiomane, trembling from head to foot, stopped her donkey. The magnificent Kifos took Maritza in his arms, and Guillaume dragged the little donkey driver along by main force. Confused, frightened, stupefied, the little peasant girl found herself in an elegant drawing room, flooded with light, and, as a dream, she saw a beautiful lady weeping bitterly, whom Guillaume and Maritza were caressing tenderly. The ladies who had been trying to comfort the distracted mother, now pressed around the brother and sister, asking a thousand questions:
"What has happened?"
"What does Maritza's strange dress mean?"
"Where do you come from?"

For the last two hours a great number of persons had been sent to search for the lost children in every direction—on the beach, in the streets, at the houses of friends. Guillaume told the whole story. He praised Tiomane's courage and presence of mind, and the frightened, dazzled little peasant girl



FOUND HERSELF ON THE LAP OF A BEAUTIFUL LADY.

found herself on the lap of the beautiful lady, who kissed her again and again, while tears still coursed down her cheeks—tears of joy. Tiomane never knew how she got back to her car and her village. She remembered vaguely, as in a dream, that Guillaume had taken her by the hand and led her away, filling the other hand with gold pieces. A distinguished escort of admiring ladies and gentlemen accompanied the brave little peasant girl to her car.

CHAPTER IV.
THE NEXT DAY, as if nothing unusual had happened, Tiomane and Grise took their accustomed places on the beach. It was not on the gay, fashionable bathers at Berek alone that our little heroine made an impression. Her rude, uncultivated companions recognized her superiority, and felt its influence, but without any bitterness, any jealousy, saluting her always as she passed with frank cordiality. Never taking any part in their rude sports, she was knitting as usual that day, but not without turning her eyes often to the terrace of the cottage where her new friends lived. Suddenly she heard Guillaume's voice:
"Ah, little donkey driver, how do you do to-day?"

He ran nimbly down the steps and bounded into the car. In vain she protested. He carried her off to his mother's cottage, where a gay and distinguished company gave her a warm welcome. The first person she recognized was pretty Maritza, in one of her elegant white dresses. As on the day before, her beautiful golden hair was tied with a great bow of white satin ribbon, and fell in curls on her shoulders, and, as the day before, the little peasant girl, looking at the fairy like creature, was filled with respectful admiration.

"Come, duchess, kiss the brave girl who fished you up out of the sea," cried Guillaume.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Rings Cut from Diamonds.
Everybody knows how difficult it is even for expert lapidaries to cut diamonds, not only on account of their hardness, but by reason of their structure and veins, which must be well defined before the cutter begins his work. M. Antoine, one of the best known jewelers of Antwerp, has, after many fruitless attempts and three years of arduous, patient toil, at last succeeded in cutting a whole ring out of a block of diamond. The ring is perfectly round, with a diameter of 19 millimeters (about three quarters of an inch). It was exhibited for some time in Antwerp, and was very much admired. Its value is not given, as the maker will not sell it. Outside of this ring there is but one other ring known to be cut out of one stone, and that is the beautiful sapphire ring in the Marlborough collection.

Lady Roseberry's Necklace.
Some years ago an old Frenchwoman died in a poor part of Dublin and her little effects were put up for auction. Among other odds and ends was a necklace of dirty looking green stones, which did not attract much attention. However, a shrewd "pair of Jews" thought there might be "money in it" and decided on purchasing, clubbing together £2 for the purpose. On taking it to a well known jeweler he promptly offered £1,500, which sum they refused, and sold the necklace of pure emeralds for £7,000 in London, where Lord Roseberry on his marriage purchased it for something like £20,000. The old Frenchwoman's mother had been attached to the court of France, and the emeralds had once formed part of the crown jewels.

GLASS OF FASHION.

LATEST NOVELTIES FOR WOMAN'S WEAR.

The Popular Bag-Front Bodice—Waists with Yokes—Traveling Gowns—Driving Dresses—The Half-Grown Girl—Fashion Notes.

THE POPULAR bag front in bodices is frequently made the concentration of all elaboration in a costume. Very often this yard of material is richly encrusted with all manner of beads, over-wrought with spangles, and interlarded with inlayings of solid metal designs, and it is decreed that in coloring the front shall so harmonize with the rest of the costume that no one may accuse the wearer of having one front that goes with everything. These overhanging fronts are so numerous and their effect is attained in so many tasteful ways that designers of blouses that do not droop to hide the belt in front are obliged to accomplish something very novel if they are to succeed at all.

Waists with Yokes.
The liking for long shoulders still continues, and, though the necessity for looseness somewhere about the waist acts as a check upon the demand for them, the difficulty is surmounted by the introduction of a yoke as in the picture here given. Yokes, by the way, will be much worn this summer, and the stores are full of the materials, especially arranged for them, as well as the made-up collarettes with yokes and flounces which will be the principal trimming for so many summer toques. The fashion of introducing a yoke into a fancy dress is found very useful, since it can be so easily removed, thus making an evening dress of the costume.

who was visiting friends in the city, may be an invalid for life for this reason. Desiring to present an elegant appearance he put on a new spring overcoat, as the day was bright, and went out with his friends, his collar turned down, and himself gotten up regardless, so to speak, in order to conform to his ideas of propriety. His friends suggested an ulster, but this did not suit him, and he went out, only to come in chilled to the bones, his lips and fingers tips blue, and his lungs in a severely congested condition. Only successive hours of hard work saved his



life, and all from a bit of personal vanity, or a lack of proper consideration of the situation. The veteran, the person who knows what riding in early spring means, dresses accordingly. The ulster, wrap and high collar are indispensable. One of my patients, a lady who is extremely delicate, but goes out in all weathers, invariably wears a short mackintosh under her handsome

Three Rules for Good Reading.
First: Finish every word. I use the phrase in the sense of a watchmaker or jeweler. The difference between two articles, which at a little distance look much the same, all lies in the finish. Every wheel in a watch must be thoroughly finished; and so every word in a sentence must be completely and carefully pronounced. This will make reading both pleasant and audible. Careful pronunciation is more important than noise. Some time ago I heard a person make a speech in a large hall; he spoke distinctly and I heard every word; unfortunately, he became warm in his subject, and spoke loudly and energetically, and immediately his speech became an inarticulate noise. Secondly: Do not drop the voice at the end of the sentence. Simple as this rule may seem, it is one most necessary to enforce, if the whole of a sentence be audible except the conclusion, the passage read becomes discontinuous, a series of intelligible portions interspersed with blanks. Confusion, of necessity, attaches to the whole. Thirdly: Always read from a full chest. Singers know well the importance, indeed, the necessity, of taking breath at proper places. The same thing is important for reading.

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JACKET FOR COACHING WEAR.



The costume here shown is a crepon of a light but dull green on the sage tint, with a black silk dot scattered through it. The skirt is trimmed with large, loose bows of sage-green silk, three of them set near the bottom of the skirt. The waist is made with a yoke of sage-green silk veiled with black dotted net. The yoke has the long shoulders of fifty years ago and gives the gown a decollete appearance. The crepon is draped prettily about the shoulders, merging into the puffed sleeves, and the

wrap, and over a light cloth jacket. She declares herself able to face the bitterest northeast with perfect safety. Another woman has her cloak interlined with mackintosh cloth, and finds great benefit thereby. It is a well understood fact among women who give great thought to such matters that one may go out in midwinter even on the coldest days with a mackintosh and moderately light wool jacket with perfect safety and comfort.—New York Ledger

Traveling Gowns.
Traveling dresses are usually simply planned and novelties in them are consequently rare. Usually, too, the innovations are not favorably received, but one thoroughly unconventional traveling costume had much to recommend it. It was made of mixed tan tweed of light weight texture. The skirt cleared the ground, set out prettily at the back, and was almost close front and sides. With this was a trim waist of checked wash silk, so crisp that the enormous sleeves stood stiffly out, and so light that those same sleeves folded away without injury in the capacious sleeves of the tweed coat to be worn over them. This coat reached to the knees, was double-breasted and had a high collar. A pretty golf cape, lined with the check silk, swung from the golf straps that secured it over the chest of the natty traveler. A Tam O'Shanter of the tweed, with a folded band of the silk and a single mottled brown cock's feather, completed a thoroughly practicable traveling rig, suitable for all seasons and climates. Under the skirt, but of course not showing, was a pair of leggings that extended to the knees and were there met by zouave knee breeches of tweed, lined with silk. More like the usual traveling dress is the gown the artist presents. Its skirt is of bias-plaited woolen suiting, and has a pleated ruffle of the goods around the bottom. The back is laid in triple box plaits, stiffened throughout. A fitted satin vest appears on the bottom, and is ornamented by two rows of buttons. The loose jacket fronts have revers to match the vest, but the sleeves are of the plaid. The bodice is coat-shaped in back.

Driving Dresses.
"It would be interesting to note the number of persons whose lives are sacrificed every year because they will not take proper precautions as to dress when they go out to drive," said a city physician with a large practice. "Within the past three months I have had half a dozen patients who have suffered severe illness, barely escaping with their lives, on account of their carelessness in this particular. One of these, a young man from out of town