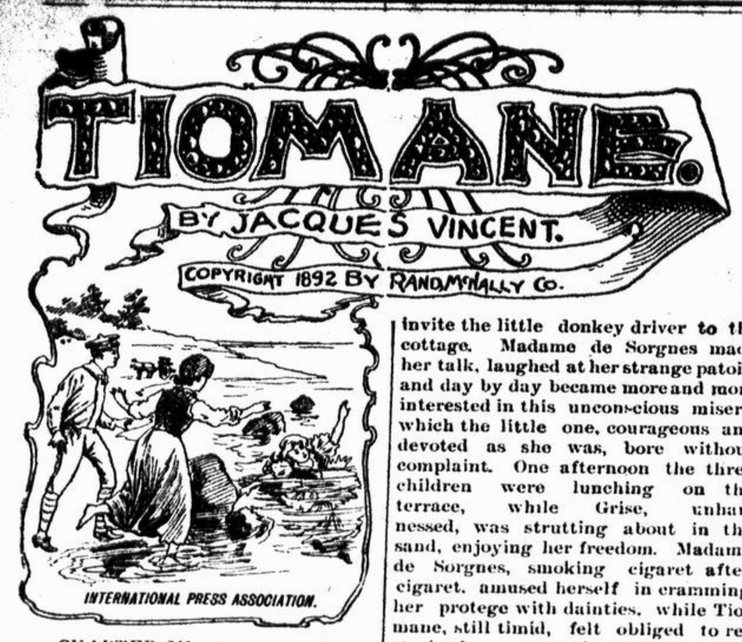

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

Tiomane guessed rightly that the spoiled child hesitated at the sight of her old dress, more faded than ever from the salt water of the day before, and she understood her hesitation without, however, feeling any resentment. The humble little donkey driver found herself suddenly elevated to the rank of a heroine. The elegant ladies and gentlemen pressed around her, each saying a kind word. Madame de Sorgnes loaded her with caresses. Maritza reproduced on a miniature scale her mother's splendid beauty; the same hair, the same eyes, the same complexion, the same perfection of lines, even the same unconscious stateliness of an idol, ignorant of practical life, and fully persuaded that the world was created only to serve and adore

"IT IS ALL RIGHT."

her. Very small and very delicate, this pretty little mother had still the air and manner of a young girl; every one took her for her children's elder sister. A native of Smyrna, of Armenian descent, like all the women of the east, who marry very young, she was a wife at 16. Her character was that of the women of her race—weak, indolent, exclusively occupied with the care of adorning her beautiful person, her brain somewhat dulled by the use of Turkish cigaret, nevertheless willful, whimsical, extravagant, but susceptible on occasion of enthusiasm, of infatuation even. Certainly, brave little Tiomane never thought of receiving any reward for an act of humanity, which to her generous nature seemed very trifling. That same day about sunset—Tiomane had just put Grise in the stable—an open carriage, drawn by two splendid bays, stopped at the door of the wretched hut which our young heroine called home, and Madam de Sorgnes, followed by her two children, alighted from it. Seated near the fire, where the supper, a cabbage soup, was cooking, the mistress of the hovel, Mere Jean, was fondling her baby while two sturdy urchins of 3 and 5 years of age were playing in the middle of the room with some potato parings. Tiomane was lighting a smoky kerosene lamp. The great lady started on entering this wretched abode, and looked as if she were about to retreat. Tiomane, amazed at the unexpected honor, hastened to offer her a rickety chair, which the elegant visitor refused. Mere Jean, quite stupefied with surprise, did not stir. In his frank, boyish way, Guillaume broke the awkward silence, telling Tiomane that, on their return from their afternoon drive, his mother wished to come in person to pay a debt.

"We owed you a visit, little donkey-driver," he said gaily, "and we bring you a souvenir. Here is a savings bank book. Sister Victoire has deposited 2,000 francs, given by her mamma, in your name to-day. So, my good little girl, when you are old enough to think of a husband, you will be considered a great match in the village; you will have a fine marriage portion."

The heart is an incomparable master of eloquence. Little Tiomane, violently agitated, took the book from the hand of the smiling boy, without understanding the value of the gift, but fully appreciating the kind intention and the delicacy of such an act. She looked at her three visitors in turn, as they stood on the threshold of the hut, seeming to unite them in one look of adoration, and burst into tears.

"Oh, madam! madam! how good you are! and how I love you!—how I love you all."

"Poor little one," murmured Madame de Sorgnes, kissing her. The great lady carried away with her a feeling of compassion, which increased still more her gratitude to the brave little girl who had risked her own life to save that of her idolized daughter. The days which followed bound Tiomane still more closely to her new friends. Every day, as soon as Guillaume caught sight of Grise, he ran to invite the little donkey driver to the cottage. Madame de Sorgnes made her talk, laughed at her strange patois, and day by day became more and more interested in this unconscious misery which the little one, courageous and devoted as she was, bore without complaint. One afternoon the three children were lunching on the terrace, while Grise, unharnessed, was strutting about in the sand, enjoying her freedom. Madame de Sorgnes, smoking cigaret after cigaret, amused herself in cramming her protege with dainties, while Tiomane, still timid, felt obliged to restrain the gourmandise of her healthy young appetite.

As she was eating a bun with evident enjoyment, her arms suddenly fell with a gesture of terror, and her sunburned face turned purple. She had just recognized Pere Jean, her master, who was passing the cottage. He was coming home from fishing, his net almost empty, and he was evidently in very bad humor. Tiomane tried to hide, but it was too late; the fisherman had seen his little servant, and he stopped and reproached her harshly for her idleness.

Guillaume interrupted him.

"It is all right! it is all right! I tell you. We pay you for the time we keep your donkey," and he flung one hundred sous at the peasant's feet. The man picked them up eagerly, apologizing for his rudeness, and went on his way. This little incident decided Tiomane's future. Madame de Sorgnes, exasperated at the peasant's harshness, applauded her son's act. With this increase of pity, an inspiration came to the great lady. Why should she not adopt this poor neglected child, who seemed so worthy of a better fate? Was not this reparation incumbent on her—a debt—a duty? And what a pleasant duty, to take the uncomplaining little victim from her tormentors. To Sister Victoire, who had become a dearly loved friend, Madame de Sorgnes unfolded her plan; she wished to make her work complete; her gratitude knew no limits. She wished to adopt Tiomane, to educate her with her own daughter, and to provide for her future. But if the consul's beautiful wife intended to take the role of a fairy godmother, she did not propose to give herself any trouble about it, but simply to raise her magic wand while peacefully smoking her cigarets, reclining on a sofa. Besides, no one was so well fitted as Sister Victoire to make all necessary arrangements. The only difficulty in carrying out this benevolent scheme was that of obtaining from the officials of the orphan asylum at Boulogne the transfer of the child, already apprenticed to Jeane Bousquier, to the care of the rich and powerful Madame de Sorgnes; the result of the negotiations was, however, a foregone conclusion. In a few days a touching scene took place between Tiomane and her benefactress. The

"OFFERED HER ASSISTANCE."

latter was in possession of the written consent of the officials of the asylum, together with the most minute information with regard to her little protege, whose real name was Armande Laurin. Her father, a professor of mathematics at the Lyceum of Boulogne, had married a young girl without fortune. He had died two years after his marriage. In a few months consumption had carried off the grief stricken young mother, and the infant, without relatives, without any resource whatever, had been received into the asylum by the good Sisters of Charity. Madame de Sorgnes, taking the little orphan in her arms, invited her to come and live with her always as a sister to Guillaume and Maritza. Tiomane was speechless at the vision of such an undreamed of happiness, and it was a pleasant task for the fairy godmother to convince the poor little one that it was no dream, but a delightful reality. All the arrangements were quickly concluded. As Madame de Sorgnes was to leave Berck the next day, Sister Victoire communicated to Pere Jean the decision which would deprive him of his faithful little servant, and as he was well paid, the peasant was quite resigned to his loss. That evening Tiomane made her entrance into the new world in which she was henceforth to dwell. Sister Victoire had taken upon herself the task of purchasing the necessary outfit at one of the shops. Certainly the little donkey driver, in her elegant white muslin dress, would never have been taken for one of the young fashionables at the beach, and her brilliant protectress could not refrain from a little grimace, while a mocking laugh from a corner of the room voiced the comical impression made by Tiomane in this toilet.

"This is very wicked in you, Mademoiselle," cried Guillaume, in a severe tone. "It is not the cowl that makes the friar, and a silk dress that I know would not plunge into the ocean to save Maritza's life."

Tiomane looked with keen interest at the person so severely rebuked. Mademoiselle Emmeline Pascale, Maritza's governess, was about 40 years of age. Tall, thin, phenomenally ugly, her angular face was nevertheless intelligent, and not without distinction. She laughed an affected little laugh at the noble hearted boy's reprimand, and fixed on the frightened little girl the stony stare of her aggressive gray eyes. Tiomane felt her heart sink with a presentiment of sorrow, but Guillaume put an end to this painful scene by seizing her in his arms in a brotherly way, and saying in a reassuring tone, "Don't worry about it, Tiomane. Mamma will buy everything for you in Paris. Fine clothes are plenty there, and you will soon learn to wear them properly."

Dinner was announced. He drew her gently into the dining room, and placed her at his side at the table. It seemed to Tiomane that an extravagant dream had suddenly transported her to a fairy land in which she felt bewildered and lost. In the midst of numerous distinguished guests, she looked around in a sort of stupor, not daring to eat. Her keen intelligence gave her the perception, rare indeed in a child of her age, of the immense distance which separated her from this refined and brilliant society. It terrified her. However, her friend and neighbor, Guillaume, continued to show her the most thoughtful attentions. It was he who served her, for he knew that she would not dare touch the dishes presented gravely by the white gloved butler. At dessert there was a second altercation between the impulsive, generous hearted boy and "Mademoiselle," as every one called the governess. In the course of the conversation Mademoiselle Pascale said, "Oh, I told you it was imprudent to let the children go alone. I expected some misfortune."

"Ah! Mademoiselle," Guillaume replied, "no matter what the weather is, you are always predicting a storm."

"Guillaume!" cried Madame de Sorgnes severely. But the rebuke was so well merited that she could not repress a slight smile, which was seen by the governess, and again Tiomane saw the look of hatred in the stony eyes, which seemed to impute this new disgrace to her. All the habitues of this hospitable mansion had met to do honor to the last hours of Madame de Sorgnes' stay at Berck. As may well be imagined, the little donkey driver's wonderful good luck was the principal subject of conversation. In the chaos of these new, strange impressions, Tiomane elicited one idea, which was to be the point of departure in all her appreciations of life. The circle of children formed a mimic court around Guillaume and Maritza. Under the empressement of this little world was seen the servile admiration of children of a larger growth, and the son and daughter of the consul-general of France, surrounded by princely luxury, enjoyed an undisputed sovereignty, and had flatterers already. Elli, the wife of Kifos, a young Greek of about 20, clad, in the fashion of the women of Asia Minor, in a flowered skirt, a chemisette of silk under the short vest embroidered in silver, a red cap with a long blue tassel, under which the heavy braids of her black hair rolled, conducted Tiomane to a beautiful sleeping room and undressed her. But the little donkey driver found the proffered aid hard to accept. Like everything else, riches and luxury must have a novitiate.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STEVENSON'S ADVENTURE.

How the Novelist Came Near Being Put Off a Train for Smoking.

During his last visit to this country Robert Louis Stevenson escaped a very unpleasant experience and never knew it, according to a story told in Harper's Weekly. A journalist, who knew Stevenson by his published portraits, entered a railway car at Long Branch, and saw the famous author seated in a corner, with a black square box on the opposite seat and a rubber tube dangling from it. The conductor knew the journalist and said to him, pointing to Mr. Stevenson:

"I'm going to put that man with the long hair off the train. He is smoking. I asked him not to, but he's been at it again while I've been out of the car."

"He is not smoking," said the journalist; "that is some device for carrying medicine, in the form of a vapor, which he inhales in his lungs. He is an invalid. That is Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist."

The conductor seemed interested, but only for a minute. "I don't care," said he. "It doesn't matter who he is. I call it smoking, and he's been at it after I told him not to."

The journalist tried another tack. "Did you ever read 'Kidnapped?' he asked.

"Naw," said the conductor. "I don't care what he is; he has got to obey the rules."

The journalist persisted. "Did you ever read "Treasure Island?"

"Naw," said the conductor. I don't read many novels; they are all trash anyhow."

"Hold on," said the journalist, "Did you ever read 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde?' He wrote that also." "What?" said the conductor. "Did I read 'Jekkie 'n' Hyde?' Well, I guess I did. Couldn't sleep the night I finished. I seen it played at the theater, too. It's great, ain't it? Well, that man is a dandy, ain't he? He can can smoke—he can; 'tain't what you call smoking, is it? Sick, is he? He does look sick. I'd like to see any one object to man like that taking his medicine."

The Gunmaker of Ilion.

JEFFERSON M. CLOUGH REFUSES A TEMPTING OFFER FROM THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT.

His Health Was Too Poor to Admit Attention to Business.

(From the Springfield, Mass., Union.)

There isn't a gun manufacturer in the United States, who does not know Jefferson M. Clough. He has been intimately associated all his life with the development of the Remington and Winchester rifles. For years he was superintendent of the E. Remington & Sons' great factory at Ilion, N. Y. After leaving there he refused a tempting offer of the Chinese government to go to China to superintend their government factories,—and accepted instead the superintendency of the Winchester Arms Co., at New Haven, at a salary of $7,500 a year.

It was after this long term of active labor as a business man that he found himself incapacitated for further service by the embargo which rheumatism had laid upon him and resigned his position more than two years ago, and returned to Belchertown, Mass., where he now lives and owns the Phelps farm.

Being a man of means he did not spare the cost and was treated by leading physicians and by baths of celebrated springs without receiving any benefit worth notice. During the summer of 1893 and the winter of 1894 Mr. Clough was confined to his house in Belchertown, being unable to rise from his bed without assistance, and suffering continually with acute pains and with no taste or desire for food, nor was he able to obtain sufficient sleep.

Early in the year 1894 Mr. Clough heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He began taking these pills about the first of March, 1894, and continued to do so until the first part of September following. The first effect noticed was a better appetite and he began to note more ability to help himself off the bed and to be better generally. Last August (1894) he was able to go alone to his summer residence and farm of 163 acres on Grenadier island, among the Thousand Islands, in the River St. Lawrence, where from the highest land of his farm he commands a view for thirteen miles down the river, and sixty of the Thousand Islands can be seen.

Instead of being confined to his bed Mr. Clough is now and has been for some time able to be about the farm to direct the men employed there and he is thankful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for him.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 and are never sold in bulk. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine company.

A Curious Freak.

One of the most curious human freaks in existence lives in Madison county, in this state. The freak is a negro boy now over 21 years of age. The boy's head is of immense size, being fully fifty inches in circumference. He is about three feet in height and has never walked, although his limbs seem perfectly formed. But, although he does not walk he gets about briskly by rolling over and over. It is a novel sight to see the boy make himself into a ball and go tumbling about the house. The boy is very intelligent and delights in talking to strangers. His mother has Indian blood in her veins and has resisted bitterly all attempts of museum men to secure her son for exhibition purposes.—Florida Times-Union.

A Perilous Adventure

It might have been for that party sent out by the Northern Pacific Railroad in the summer of 1894 to climb Mount Rainier. A climb up Mount Washington only 6,000 feet above the sea, or up Pike's Peak on a railroad, is not much of an undertaking compared with climbing on foot with provisions and bedding on one's back, over ice and snow for nearly three miles, vertically. Roped together so that if one man fails the other may hold him, one slip at places might bring death to all of them. But judging from the published account of this successful achievement the party were well repaid when they finally stood upon the icy dome of this grand mountain, with the clouds more than a mile below them.

It was a tremendous struggle to reach that point, but the view of "Nature's wild magnificence" from a height of between 14,000 and 15,000 feet above the sea, seems to have well repaid the five men who "get there." One night was passed on the rocks and in an ice cave, at an elevation of more than 11,000 feet above the sea level.

The account of this adventure is published in a beautiful pamphlet and Mr. Chas. S. Fee, the General Pass. Agent of the Northern Pacific at St. Paul, Minn., will send it to any address upon receipt of six cents in stamps.

Low Rates to Colorado.

On account of the meeting of the National Educational Association at Denver, Col., July 5th to 12th, 1895, the North-Western Line will sell excursion tickets to Denver, Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Manitou at a rate not to exceed one fare for the round trip (with $2.00 added for membership fee). The time limit of these tickets will be extremely liberal, and an excellent opportunity will be afforded for a summer sojourn in the "Rockies," or enjoyable side trips to the Black Hills, Yellowstone National Park or the Pacific Coast. For full information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. Kniskern, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Chicago & North-Western Ry., Chicago, Ill.

Denver, 1895.

On account of the National Educational Association meeting at Denver, Col., July 5th to 12th, the Chicago Great Western Railway will sell excursion tickets at one first-class fare, plus $2.00 for the round trip. Tickets on sale July 4th, 5th and 6th and on the 7th for trains arriving in St. Joseph or Kansas City on that date. Tickets good returning until Sept. 1, 1895.

This popular line has arranged to run through cars complete with every modern convenience, to accommodate its patrons.

Call upon ticket agents of this company for information, berth reservations, etc.

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Summer Tourist Rates.

The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Ry.) is now selling excursion tickets at reduced rates to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Ashland, Bayfield, Marquette, Deadwood, Dakota, Hot Springs, Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Salt Lake City, and the lake and mountain resorts of the west and northwest. For rates and full information apply to agents of connecting lines. Illustrated pamphlets, giving full particulars, will be mailed free upon application to W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago & North-Western Ry., Chicago, Ill.

WHIPPOORWILL SONG.

THE LISTENER has had a somewhat close acquaintance with that fascinating bird, the whippoorwill, in years past, but never until the present spring has he known one to come into the dooryard and sit and sing on a woodpile under a kitchen window. The woods behind the house were last year the favorite singing-place of a pair of whippoorwills, but last year they did not come to the very doors of the house and sing, as they have done this year. The Listener watched for this bird, and saw him in the uncertain light as he sat on the woodpile; he heard the liquid "cluck" of the beak, which is always heard when the whippoorwill is near, but never when at a distance; he heard also another little muffled sound which accompanies the song, but which is impalpable and indescribable, and is so weird and unearthly a note that it is impossible to tell where it comes in in the song. Then the bird stopped sharply without finishing the song—just on the "poor"—and in another instant it flew away on noiseless wings to an apple tree not far away, and resumed its song. The other whippoorwill was singing at the same time down in the hollow, and the two seemed to turn all the night air into a sort of see-sawing tumult of music. What other bird sings so loudly as the whippoorwill? His song seems to justify the adjective in what the Cape Cod lady called his "botanical name"—Antrostomus vociferous. Heard near at hand the whippoorwill's is a prodigious voice. Musical the bird's voice is, too, as well as powerful. It is as clear as a robin's, and as bell-like as a thrush's.

The Listener has always been inclined to regard the whippoorwill's song as melancholy; but a little close study has convinced him that the melancholy of the song is in the ear of the hearer, and not in the voice of the singer. Given night and distance and almost any sound seems "lonesome." People hear the song of the whippoorwill only at night, and seldom except at a distance, and they grow to think of it as a melancholy thing because of its weird setting; or possibly they associate it with wandering afield, in solitude and darkness, when their own hearts have been aching, and the sentiment of those mourning moments has been imparted to the song of the bird. Really it is a blithe note, and weird only in those muffled undertones which the Listener has just spoken of, and those are not sadly, but rather agreeably, weird. The song is quick; it ends with a pronounced and cheerful rising inflection; and it is rapidly repeated. Approach near to the bird and you perceive that he is happy in his singing. Perhaps our authors are responsible for this notion of the whippoorwill's melancholy. It would be hard, for instance, to get three more pronounced misstatements with words as were accompished by Irving in this extract from his "Sketch Book:" "The moan of the whippoorwill from the hillside; the boding cry from the tree-toad; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl." Irving doubtless had a laudable and even a revolutionary intention in writing that. He wanted to be the first American author to mention an American bird. Instead of writing about skylarks and nightingales, he condescended to write about whippoorwills and screech-owls. But he would have done better to stick to the larks and nightingales. He would then merely have echoed Englishmen, and would not have gone far astray. But whatever melancholy our fancy may discover in the whippoorwill's note, it is certainly nothing like a moan. The tree-toad's merry chirp has nothing "boding" in it; and no screech-owl was ever known to hoot. Like the whippoorwill's, his song would be accounted a merry thing in the daytime.

Another thing that makes the whippoorwill's song so weird is the extraordinary distinctness with which he seems actually to pronounce the words "whippoor-will." Of course we expect him to say them, and that helps the illusion; but one cannot by any effort of expectation make him say anything else, as one can make the ticking of a clock say what we like, or as people make the crowing of a cock sound like different things—as we, for instance, make the rooster crow, "cock-a-doodle-doo," and the French make him crow "co-co-li-co," and the Germans "ki-ki-ri-ki," and so on through all the languages. You cannot imagine the whippoorwill speaking any other language than English; and if he sang his song as he does now through the May nights before ever white men came to this country the Indians must have recognized his language in the speech of the first Englishman who arrived. In his song, indeed, the "whip" is not very distinct; but the poor and the "will" are miraculous. Out west they have a bird that sings "poor will" with almost equal distinctness, but not the "whip," and in Florida there is "chuck-will's-widow." It is hard to imagine a bird's notes sounding like those last words. The "chewink" does not really say "chewink," but "too-whee;" the "phoebe" does not say "phoebe," but "pee-wee"—though we must call him phoebe to distinguish him from the wood pee-wee, whose "pee-wee" is much longer and more pronounced. We all know the "Peabody bird" whose pronunciation of that honorable name has struck the popular imagination, and Mr. Burroughs, by no great effort of the fancy, hears the words, "Hear me, St. Theresa," in the notes of one of the warblers. But the whippoorwill will certainly surpass all the native articulators of our woods. Perhaps if he would be content to submit himself to a more domestic life, instead of being so shy and retiring that few ever get a glimpse of him (there are farmers' boys who still think he is identical with the night-hawk) he might be made in time a more accomplished talker than the parrot or the starling.—Boston Transcript.

Currant Bushes.—Nothing in the garden is so uniformly mistreated as the currant bushes. If profitless, give them a little heroic treatment. Prune the tops and roots thoroughly, encouraging the growth of five or six canes. These will bring large clusters and large berries, worth more than all the struggling clusters heretofore produced. Manure them well.

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