

TIOMANE.

BY JACQUES VINCENT.

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CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

The ladies of Smyrna smoke in a bewitching way all their own, at the same time nibbling comfitures and chattering, like a whole nestful of Bengalis, in the melodious Ionian tongue. Custom permits any passer-by to enter these inviting interiors. Everybody in Smyrna knows everybody, at least by sight. Strangers must, of course, be introduced by a friend of the family, but the presentations are most informal, and all who come are made welcome. One of the young ladies (and these families are usually blessed with many Graces) offers a cigarette to the visitor. He seats himself beside her. They smoke, they chat, and get very well acquainted in a few minutes.

How many unknown strangers have passed thus? We must add, how many have returned!

Our young diplomat was one of the latter. Although already familiar with the hospitable ways of these Grecian beauties, he had promised himself that day that he would satisfy his curiosity thoroughly; that he would visit the whole attractive quarter, and feast his eyes on this galaxy of beauty and grace, acknowledged to be the most fascinating women in the world. Man proposes . . . He had been engaged but a short time in his charming studies, when he stopped suddenly, as if nailed to the ground, fascinated by a bewitching pair of soft dark eyes, with a golden light in them, such as he had never seen before. With the coquetry of a Smyrniot, the owner of the lovely eyes rose to meet him, and with a gesture of exquisite grace motioned him to a seat beside her. Then she rolled a cigarette and offered it to him. The conquest was complete. Four weeks from this meeting the young consul led Miss Annis Mouradian to the altar. The bride was only sixteen, a Roman Catholic, penniless, but acknowledged to be the most beautiful girl in this country, where the names of Aphrodite, Eryone, Astarte, Cypris, do not make one smile, they are so appropriate.

Much appreciated at the Department of Foreign Affairs, Monsieur de Sorgesnes easily obtained a leave of absence and took his young bride to Paris, where she was at once pronounced a goddess of beauty and grace. Let no one imagine that the role of husband of a goddess—above all, of an Ionian goddess—is an easy one. The consul was soon convinced that his lovely companion was not at all disposed to bend her mind to the dry and perplexing rules of arithmetic. The beautiful Annis thought only of gratifying her fancies, and there were many and very costly. It is true, she continued to roll cigarettes for her husband and his friends, but she never condescended to vex her brain with the thousand-and-one details which go to make up a well-ordered home. At Smyrna, before her marriage, she rose at a late hour, made an elaborate toilet, ate candy, took her steele, made or received visits, and went to mass on Sunday. What else made up her life? She sometimes displayed her elegant toilets at the Jardin—the Champs-Elysees of Smyrna.

Monsieur de Sorgesnes knew the Orient and oriental women too well to undertake any useless struggle with his indolent young wife. He was of the number of those noble souls who accept, courageously, the consequences of their own acts. Possessing a small fortune, which he had inherited from his father, he taxed all his financial ability to invest it so that it might give the largest returns. Rash and venturesome as he was in his speculations, like all who are in haste to grow rich, fortune had, so far, favored him, and at the time of his marriage the consulate at Tripoli was maintained on a grand scale. An accomplished diplomat, his talents were appreciated by the home government, and five years after his marriage he was appointed Consul-general of France at Smyrna.

Years rolled away without any apparent change in the brilliant life of the beautiful Annis. Time had respected this masterpiece of creation, and, in her role of goddess, she might well have believed in some privilege of immutability. If she had not seen her children growing up beside her, and her handsome young husband being gradually transformed into a care-worn old man. She remained the petted idol of her family, and of the brilliant society in which she reigned—a queen. From the day of her arrival in what seemed, to her, fairy-land, Tiomane had, like every one else, come under the fascination of her beautiful protectress. By an exception to the ordinary rule the young girls were permitted to dine with the family, in the grand banquet hall, on the first evening after their arrival.

Annis, delighted to find herself again in her own country, was attired in the beautiful national costume, now unfortunately abandoned. A skirt of soft white silk, embroidered in gold; a vest of pale blue velvet, with gold passementerie; a corsage of white silk, with flowing sleeves, disclosing the exquisite rounded arms; a little cap of red velvet, covered with gold and pearls, with the gold tassel falling on the ivory shoulder. In this rich dress she appeared like a princess of "The Thousand-and-One Nights." In the immense hall whose walls were almost covered with rare frescoes from Damascus, whose magnificent doors had been carried off from a mosque of Libanus, with its great bay windows filled with

camellias and other rare plants, among which, inclosed in cages of glass so thin as to be invisible, birds of exquisite plumage, from China and Japan, flew about, apparently at liberty.

The love of M. de Sorgesnes for his radiant young wife was that of a father for a spoiled child. His attentions were given and received as a matter of course. The one had assumed all the cares and responsibilities of their life, the other thought it quite natural that she should have only the roses, not one of the thorns.

Maritza, following the example of her petted mamma, had copied her supreme indolence with a certain grace. Standing behind her chair at table, Ellil anticipated her slightest wish, for oriental women rarely give themselves the pleasure of formulating a wish. The little girls were also allowed to come this once into the drawing-room after dinner. The consul received almost every evening, the lovely Annis confining her duties as hostess to breathing the incense which was burned at her dainty feet by her many adorers.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE EARLY days of her brilliant life in Smyrna, Tiomane could not but notice a growing coldness on the part of her benefactress. Her good little heart, so warmly attached to whom she owed so much, felt a real grief at the change, for the poor little one did not know to what to attribute it. The reason was very simple—the plaything, having lost its novelty, had lost its charm.

Fortunately for Tiomane, M. de Sorgesnes was not so fickle as his self-indulgent young wife, and, as he directed his diplomatic and financial affairs, his home, his wife's pleasures, the education of his children, he took upon himself also the care of the little peasant girl so providentially intrusted to him.

He committed her to the hands of Mademoiselle Pascale; for, he reasoned, since Madame de Sorgesnes had so decided, it was proper that Tiomane should share in all the educational advantages which Maritza enjoyed. At the proper age she would no doubt marry, and he would provide her with a suitable marriage portion. Like every one else, the consul was under the influence of "Mademoiselle," and he testified substantially his gratitude to this intelligent and active auxiliary, who did so much to lighten his cares. At Smyrna, as in Paris, "Mademoiselle" paid all the bills, wrote all the letters, was the bearer of her mistress's orders to her army of servants—in short, attended to all the details of his luxurious household.

Emeline Pascale was one of those women who know how to devote themselves, heart and soul, to anything useful . . . to their own interests. She had attained the dual aim of her life—to enrich herself and to govern. Royally paid, loaded with rich gifts, she literally governed the house. And this glorious reign had lasted six years at the time our story opens.

It was then to this absolute authority that our young heroine was intrusted. The pupils and the teacher had fine apartments in the palace, for "Mademoiselle" took good care of her own comfort.

Besides her sleeping-room, her dressing-room, her bath-room, she had her own drawing-room, with a well-chosen library and a magnificent piano. The little girls had each her own sleeping-room, with a class-room and play-room in common. Ellil and another Syrian servant were their maids.

"Mademoiselle," who was precise and methodical to a fault, soon traced out the daily routine of their lives. In the morning, two hours devoted to study. At noon, breakfast with the family— with the addition sometimes of a guest who was almost one of the family, the chancellor of the consulate, M. de Rieux, an old bachelor and a devoted friend of M. de Sorgesnes, who lived in the portion of the palace devoted to the business offices. This was the happiest hour in the day for Tiomane, who still adored her benefactress, and was beside herself with joy if the beautiful fairy gave her a word, a smile, even a look. The steele followed this meal, then more study. At 4 o'clock the little students were free.

This world is a vast system of compensations; from the top to the bottom of the ladder, there are reprisals. Quite incapable, young as she was, of understanding the causes, poor Tiomane suffered the effects. She felt herself despised and detested by the servants, who did not spare her many an insult. Even Ellil, who had not a bad heart, tried to insinuate herself into "Mademoiselle's" good graces by her rough treatment of "the little donkey-driver," as she took the liberty of calling her. Indeed, in the part of the palace where "Mademoiselle" reigned supreme, Tiomane was treated as a servant. Ellil loaded her with mental work, while "Mademoiselle," during study hours, did not hesitate to interrupt her, on the most frivolous pretenses, and Maritza, following the bad example of her seniors, considered her merely a little slave, created to minister to her caprices.

The little girls always dined alone in a room adjoining the class-room. Mademoiselle Pascale presided at dinner. To Tiomane this meal was an agony. At breakfast, in the presence of Monsieur and Madame de Sorgesnes, the governess, much too polite to show her malice to her kind-hearted employers, confined herself to an affected indifference, not falling, however, to make the many mistakes of the little peasant girl as conspicuous as possible; but in the evening she vented all her spleen on her defenseless pupil. Whatever she did, Tiomane received the most severe rebukes; her silence was hypocrisy, and when she spoke, it was only to utter

an absurdity. Added to this, the amiable Frenchwoman never wearied of ridiculing her pupil's personal appearance, her copper-colored skin, her retrousse upper lip, her provincial manners. Maritza, unintentionally cruel, laughed at these bitter thrusts, bitter and cutting as only a woman's can be. While Tiomane's heart swelled with indignation and sorrow, with that sentiment of strict justice peculiar to children unspoil by the world, she recognized the truth of the reproaches launched at her ignorance, her awkwardness, and her accent, at the same time that she found it quite natural that she should take, in this opulent mansion, the place and perform the menial offices, of a servant, just as she had done in the rude hovel of the fisherman in Picardy.

But there Pere Jean's harsh words were often softened by a kind look or smile from his wife, and, above all, by the caresses of the little children, who adored her. Here no one loved her. Her beautiful benefactress grew more and more indifferent, and the consul, though always just and even indulgent, frightened her—he was so grand.

Maritza, whom she could have loved as a sister, kept her at a distance by the imposing airs which she assumed and the wily governess took good care to allow no intimacy between her pupils. Even the visitors to the palace made the humble little stranger feel the marked inferiority of her condition, for they did not condescend to notice her at all, while Maritza was treated like a little queen.

Even the girls of her own age who came to visit the consul's daughter were either quite indifferent or openly insulting to one whom they considered immeasurably beneath them. And the lonely little girl thought sadly of the glad shouts of welcome which always greeted her appearance on the beach at Berk; the affection of her humble companions, as poor as herself; the atmosphere of love in which she had lived in the fisherman's hut, and, trained as she had been in the school of adversity, she compared the past with the present and regretted it. Happiness was in the past—in the poverty of the rude home she had left; the luxury of the consul's palace was dearly bought at the price of daily, hourly insults.

Nevertheless, childhood has in itself such a well-spring of joy and hope, such happiness in mere existence, that this sad life was not without an occasional gleam of sunshine. Sometimes the little girl accompanied Madame de Sorgesnes in her afternoon drive to the Jardin. Then the fairy godmother, delighted at having an opportunity of displaying her Parisian toilettes, was quite amiable, and Tiomane sometimes had an encouraging smile or a kind word, which made her happy for days. Sometimes, too, the consul's barge took the little girl, under the care of Kifos and Ellil, for a sail on the enchanting bay. Tiomane had not lost her love of the sea, and, besides, the absence of her dreared governess was such a relief. At other times, always under the care of the two Greek servants, they went to the Bazaar (the Turkish quarter), and how enjoyable were these visits to the narrow streets, with their picturesque bazaars filled with the richest productions of the orient. But what she enjoyed more than anything else was her walks in the spacious gardens of the consulate, for her vigorous nature delighted in exercise. While delicate, petted Maritza, following the example of her indolent mamma, was carried in a sedan chair, her robust companion enjoyed running about in the gardens under the orange trees. She particularly liked a summer-house—half Greek, half Italian in architecture—which stood in the middle of the grand avenue. Columns of pink marble sustained the roof, which formed a terrace, reached by a narrow, winding staircase hidden under the tropical plants with which the graceful little structure was draped. When she was there alone, under the dazzling eastern sky, it seemed to her indeed that she had left the earth, with its littleness and its miseries, and was alone with God.

One morning when Tiomane entered the classroom at the study hour Maritza ran to her and kissed her affectionately on both cheeks. This unusual tenderness surprised and delighted the lonely little girl.

"It is a commission from Guillaume," said Maritza and she drew from the pocket of her dress a letter, written in a bold schoolboy hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR LARGEST LOCOMOTIVES.

They Are Owned by the Southern Pacific Railway Company.

The Northern Pacific Company now owns the two largest locomotives in America. They arrived from the Shenectady Locomotive Works recently and will be put into service on the mountains immediately, says San Francisco Report. The dimensions of the two new locomotives are enormous. They are equipped with four pairs of drivers—five inches in diameter, on which there rests a weight of 140,000 pounds. The total weight of either one of the engines without the tender, loaded with fuel and water in working order, is 180,000 pounds, and the total weight with the tender, loaded with fuel and water in working order is 250,000 pounds. The boilers are seventy-two inches in diameter and large enough for a full-grown man to stand erect inside. The steam cylinders are twenty-two inches in diameter and give a twenty-six inch stroke. The locomotives are designed for service on the Tehachapi and Sierra Nevada Mountains in hauling heavy freight trains, and were constructed with that particular object in view. The two new engines have been built with special regard for both power and speed. The immense weight on the four pairs of drivers gives the locomotives a driving power greatly in excess of that possessed by any other locomotive ever made in the country. The drivers exceed the dimensions of those in large locomotives of the same class, and a proportionate increase of speed is expected to be developed from them. It is expected that the new engines will enable the company to increase the running time of its freight trains over the mountains, though no new time schedule will be put into effect until it is determined by actual experiment just what the locomotives can accomplish.

When you see a small boy coming down the road whistling vociferously, you can exasperate him by saying: "Which way are they coming?"

IS A TRUE REFORMER.

MRS. CHARLES H. PARKHURST AN EARNEST WORKER.

To Her Husband Is Not Due All the Honor of Reforming New York—She Was the Inspiring Angel of the Great Work.

It is pretty certain that when a man does the work and gains the position occupied by Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, there is a woman in the case, who is something of a power behind the throne. All the world knows now that Dr. Parkhurst is a moral hero. The fact is universally recognized that he is a man with a thought, and that he possesses the courage of his convictions. His praises are sounded everywhere, but how many stop to think of the noble woman in his home, who has been herself, in a large measure, the inspiration of his great life? Nevertheless, it is a fact that Mrs. Charles H. Parkhurst is a woman of such intellectual ability, moral and spiritual character, as well as personal address and magnetism, as to be placed justly on this pedestal. She believes in her husband. She believes in his work. She is in fullest sympathy with him in what he has done and is doing. In her quiet, refined, womanly way she renders assistance that can never be told and that will, consequently, never be known. But all people everywhere ought to be given to understand that when Dr. Parkhurst and his work are spoken of, com-

mended and praised, Mrs. Parkhurst ought to have a place in the mental effort. How carefully she guards her husband against intruders is known chiefly, if not only, by those who have sought and failed to obtain interviews with Dr. Parkhurst. She measures his strength with marvelous accuracy, and when the limit is nearly reached she understands it and no amount of persuasion can prevail upon her to give way and permit another ounce of weight to be placed upon his overburdened shoulders. As a counselor Mrs. Parkhurst is not only sympathetic but wise; with true womanly instinct she sees, as if by a divine inspiration, the right, and then, notwithstanding her native gentleness, she is ready to stand by the right as unflinchingly as is her world-famous husband. Mrs. Parkhurst is not an advocate of so-called woman's rights, and if all women could exert their influence as she is able to put forth hers, there would be no crying demand for the right of franchise on the part of woman. If she had any number of ballots she would not be able to exert by their use a tithe of the in-

fluence of the Mayflower, or Short Sketches of the Descendants of the Pilgrims," and in 1851, while living at Brunswick, Me., where her husband had a chair in Bowdoin College, she wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life Among the Lowly." It was published serially in the National Era, and in 1852 appeared in book form. Nearly 500,000 copies were sold in the United States alone within the five years following its publication. It has been translated into twenty languages and dramatized in various forms. Mrs. Stowe traveled extensively in Europe for several years, and has published a number of other books, among them "The Minister's Wooing," "Dred; a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp," "Old Town Folks," "The True Story of Lady Byron's Life," and "Lady Byron Vindicated." For some years she has resided in Hartford, Conn.

The Mollere Fountain.

Not far from the National Library, where the little street Mollere runs into the Rue Richelieu, at this converging point, is the Fountain of Mollere, of the handsomest in Paris. It is supposed that the founder of French comedy died in the house now numbered 24, Rue Richelieu, and so the monument was placed here, near it, at this commanding point. The monument was built by public subscription and bears the date of the birth and death of the celebrated actor, whom Louis XIV honored with his friendship. It was through the efforts of one Regnier, Societaire of the Comedie Francaise—when Mollere's plays delighted all Paris—that this subscription was started and the monumental fountain erected. There is a pedestal, above which is a bronze figure of Mollere, who appears as if in deep thought, while in his hand is a pen. On each side of the pedestal there is the figure of a woman, one representing High Comedy and the other Light Comedy, both of these the work of Prodrer, the sculptor who was born in Geneva, but who did all his best work in Paris. Four Corinthian columns support a pediment and cornice, and in the pediment is an emblematical figure that is holding out a crown to place upon Mollere's head.

To Study Mars.

Mr. Percival Lowell, of Boston, who erected and equipped a fine temporary observatory in Arizona last year merely for the purpose of studying the planet Mars, announces that he will have a 24-inch telescope made by Clark for further research.

As old flame—the light of other days.

connected with many working girls' homes, relief societies, and, in fact, all of the charitable enterprises of the church of which her husband is pastor, as well as a number of outside missions. Her friendly words of advice cheer and encourage many a forlorn and heartbroken girl, and those who are deserving receive help from her generous heart in a more substantial way. The hungry never leave her door unfed, or the naked unclothed.

Regarding Christian Endeavor societies, Mrs. Parkhurst expresses herself strongly against their necessity. "Evidently the Endeavorers do reach some people who could not be brought into religious fellowship in any other apparent way," says she, "but where a Young People's Christian Endeavor society is organized you may be pretty sure of finding a weak church preceding it. Each church member should be an earnest, vigorous worker in the cause of the saving of souls, and if he or she performs his or her duty conscientiously, there can be no reason for organizing. I always accept it as a sign of church weakness, and the organized Christian Endeavorer acts as a prop to keep it from falling." Mrs. Parkhurst was born in Chalemont, Mass.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who was the sixth child of Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 13, 1812, and was educated at the Litchfield Academy. At the age of twelve she wrote compositions on profound themes, and at the age of fourteen taught a class in "Butler's Analogy." In 1832 she removed with her father's family to Cincinnati, where she was married in 1836 to Professor Calvin Ellis Stowe. Subsequently she made several visits to the south, and fugitive slaves were often sheltered in her house and assisted to escape to Canada. In 1849 she published

His Lookout.

"I don't believe that steak weighs two pounds," said old Nipper, surveying the meat just sent home from the butcher. "I'll weigh it and make Chopson deduct for the shortage."

"Well," said he, after doing so, "it's two pounds and a half, by jingo!"

"You will have to pay Chopson for another half pound," said Mrs. Nipper. "Not I—that's his mistake."—Harlem Life.

The Rocky Mountains

Along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad abound in large numbers, Moose, deer, bear, elk, mountain lions, etc., can yet be found there. The true sportsman is willing to go there for them. A little book called "Natural Game Preserver," published by the Northern Pacific Railroad, will be sent upon receipt of four cents in stamps by Chas. S. Fee, Gen'l. Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

The Way It's Done in Maine.

One of the most appropriate "booby" prizes won at the contests that take place in Portland, Maine, in progressive whist is a wax figure of a boiled lobster. On it is not only the name of the recipient, but also a card with this inscription: "I was green once."

It has been asserted that more money is spent in newspaper advertising in Australia in proportion to its population—which is four million—than in any other country in the world.

Always Tired

Describes a dangerous condition, because it means that the vitality is becoming exhausted by reason of impoverished blood. Give new life to the vital fluid and the nerves and muscles will grow stronger. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives strength, because it makes pure, rich blood. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic, 25c.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR

IMPERIAL GRANUM

IT IS THE BEST FOOD FOR

Dyspeptic, Delicate, Infirm and AGED PERSONS

JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

VASELINE PREPARATIONS.

In order to familiarize the public, all over the United States with the preparation of the very many useful and elegant articles made by this Company, we make the following offer: FOR ONE DOLLAR sent us by mail, we will deliver, free of all charges, to any person in the United States, either by mail or express, the following list of articles, carefully packed in a neat box: One Cake Vaseline Family Soap, One ounce Tube Capricorn Vaseline, One ounce Tube Camphorated Vaseline, One ounce Tube Carbolic Vaseline, One ounce Tube White Vaseline, Two ounce Tube Vaseline Camphor Ice, One ounce Tube Pure Vaseline, One Tube Perfumed White Vaseline, One Jar Vaseline Cold Cream.

ALL THESE GOODS ARE OF THE REGULAR MARKET SIZES AND STYLES SOLD BY US. These articles are the best of their kind in the world, and the buyer will find every one of them exceedingly useful and worth very much more than the price named.

PREPARED BY MRS. C. C. SEARZ, NEW YORK CITY.

LINE

Reversible Collar and Cuffs.

The "LINE" are the Best and Most Economical Collar and Cuffs worn, they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Two Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address: REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY, 77 Franklin St., New York, 27 Kilby St., Boston.

LEWIS' 98% LYE

PURIFIED AND PERFUMED (PATENTED)

The strongest and purest Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it is free from powder and packed in cans with removable lid, the contents are always under cover and will make the best perfume Hard Soap in 20 minutes without boiling. It is the best for cleaning and washing, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, paints, salt, etc. PENNA. TRUST MFG CO., Gen. Agents, Phila., Pa.

BLOOD POISON

A SPECIALTY. Primary, Secondary BLOOD POISON permanently cured in 15 to 30 days. You can be treated at home for blood poisoning. If you prefer to come here we will compound for you railroad fare and hotel bills, and if you fail to cure, if you have taken mercury, iodine, potash, and still have sores and pain, Moccasin Balm in mouth, Scott's Emulsion, Compound Serravallo's, or any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON we guarantee to cure. We send the most objectionable cases and challenge the world for a cure. We cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proof of our success on application. Address: C. O. G. CO., 107 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL. Cut out and send this advertisement.



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.



MRS. CHARLES H. PARKHURST, fluency that goes out to affect public affairs from the quiet of her home. Her influence for good is simply incalculable. No wonder that in an atmosphere of such happy domesticity Dr. Parkhurst stands out boldly against the enfranchisement of women. It is because he has such a wife, who in her quiet way works such a mighty influence, doubtless, that he has been led to take this position. All honor to this noble woman for the part she has taken, for the influence she has exerted in public affairs, all unknown to the great outside world. There is no end to Mrs. Parkhurst's mission work, the demands upon her time being enormous. She is con-