

CHAPTER VII—(CONTINUED). "Do you see, he has written to me," added the little one, with charming pride. "Yes, he has written to me, and this is what there is for you—listen!"

She read the sentence, "Kiss Tiomane with all your heart—do you understand?—with all your heart, for her brother Guillaume."

CHAPTER VIII. TIOMANE WAS not what would be called an amiable girl. She had a warm heart, a keen sense of justice and a preoccupied mind, which was already grappling with the great questions and duties of life, but also a pride which easily took offense.

which exaggerated the petty trials and insults to which she was daily subjected, and an energy of character which, while it gave promise of making her capable of accomplishing great things in life, kept her from fostering and misunderstanding as she felt herself to be, in a chronic state of revolt.

This year M. de Sorges' ill health prevented the customary visit to Europe. The disappointment to Tiomane was very great. To return to France, to Berek, appeared to her like release from captivity. How many times in the sad hours which she had spent in her elegant home had she thought of herself as again Pere Jean's servant, restored to her laborious but pleasant life, having resumed her occupation of donkey driver, free and happy and useful.

CHAPTER IX. NOTHER YEAR, with its joys and sorrows, passed. This summer was to be spent in France. What happiness for all, especially for our young heroine. It was decided at first that the consul would be of the party and all the arrangements for his departure were made. But at the last moment some unforeseen complications prevented his

departure, and Madame de Sorges, accompanied by the governess, the children, and a numerous retinue of servants, was obliged to embark without him. Tiomane was delighted at the thought of returning to her own country. At last her beautiful dream was to be realized. Her sad remembrances of the last two years faded away, one by one, as she approached her lost paradise—Berek, the good people, all the happy past, over which she had shed so many bitter tears.

Guillaume was now seventeen, and to use his own expression, had grown like a mushroom. Very tall, slight, elegant and vigorous, with a manly bearing, he had preserved his frank, unadorned expression, and looked like a soldier, his fond mother said.

Two weeks later Guillaume, with his diploma in his pocket, joined his family at the beautiful cottage at Berek, where we first made their acquaintance.

What a sensation Tiomane made in the village and on the beach! Her old companions hardly dared recognize her; Mene Jean examined her with open-eyed curiosity; the children had grown and forgotten her; Grise was still living, driven by another servant. And Sister Victoire—how lovingly she kissed her young friend on both cheeks!

"Still as good as ever, I am sure," she said, "but how you have changed!"

Yes, how changed, indeed! Back again in her old home, the young girl found it difficult to recognize her own identity. Was it possible that this was what she had so bitterly regretted—what she had been so anxious to see again? What madness! She felt that she could not have lived a single day in that filthy hovel, engaged in the rude

labors which had made up her old life. Whenever she went out the sailors, peasants, and visitors pointed her out, and she heard the whispered words, "That is Tiomane, the donkey driver, a child from the foundling asylum," and the hot blush of shame crimsoned her cheeks.

"Do you remember the day you drove us to Merlimont, Tiomane?" "Tiomane, pick out the best car for us. You understand it."

"Look, Tiomane, there is Grise! See, she knows you!"

The theme seemed inexhaustible. At first Tiomane was angry, and, to hide her emotion, pretended not to hear—not to understand. Then, by sheer will power, she mastered her feelings and appeared to be amused by her tormentors, jested about her old avocation, and, as always happens in such cases, the jest died out—blunted, deadened against this mask of indifference. People got tired of striking into empty space.

"Decidedly, you are a strong character, Tiomane," Guillaume said to her after one of these encounters; "I could not bear what you do a single day." She had found her boy friend again, but now, added to his old courage in defending her on all occasions, there was a manly admiration which flattered and consoled her. He, the tall collegian, loved to talk with her and discuss the questions of the day with her as with an equal.

"You are a surprise to me, Tiomane. In two years your mind is perfectly formed. How did you do it?" "I studied, I read—that is all."

rosy light of the new day and spent happy hours in watching the awaking beach, the stir, the activity, which the morning brings. Along with this tall "brother," she put aside her habitual reserve; her coldness thawed under the sunshine of true affection, and was astonished at the joy she felt in speaking and listening, heart to heart. He wished to know everything, was interested in the slightest details, going back even to her impressions when first transported from her rude home to the undreamed-of splendors of oriental life.

"The hateful old thing," Guillaume interrupted, shaking his fist as if to menace the absent Frenchwoman who had brought all this sorrow to his dear, beloved adopted sister. But suddenly there was a ray of sunshine. His remembrance of her in the postscript to Maritza. How grateful she had been to him for thinking of her!

"Dear little goose!" he murmured, "it was only natural."

He could not help expressing his surprise, however, that such revuls were hidden under such a calm exterior.

"Oh, yes," she murmured, "I felt that I was growing hard and wicked."

What Tiomane did not tell him was her intense happiness in his very real attachment and in the confidence he reposed in her. He, too, began to think aloud when with her and he spoke enthusiastically of his desire for military life. Nevertheless, his father required that he should prepare for the Polytechnic School in preference to Saint-Cyr, thinking that, in case of a change of government, he would be prepared for any career he might choose.

Two weeks later Guillaume, with his diploma in his pocket, joined his family at the beautiful cottage at Berek, where we first made their acquaintance.

WONDER OF RELATIONSHIP.

Man Committed Suicide After Finding He Was His Own Grandfather.

In an old scrapbook which has been in the family of the editor of "Notes for the Curber" for twenty-five or thirty years, and which contains a number of clippings without date, there is the following: "William Harman, who committed suicide at Titusville, Pa., a short time since, did so because someone had convinced him that he was his own grandfather. Here is a copy of the singular letter left: 'I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited us often, fell in love with my stepdaughter and married her. Thus he became my son-in-law, and my stepdaughter became my mother, because she was my father's wife. Soon after this my wife gave birth to a son, which, of course, was my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my stepmother. My father's wife also became the mother of a son. He was, of course, my brother, and also my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. Accordingly my wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at one and the same time. And as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather!'"

Was it any wonder that the poor man hid himself of such a tangled relationship?

A Queen's Blunder.

For some time after her marriage with Napoleon the Empress Marie Louise was extremely ignorant of the French language. On one occasion, seeing her husband look vexed over a letter he had received from the court of Austria, she inquired of him what was the matter. "Oh, nothing," replied Napoleon; "your father is an old ganache, that is all." Marie Louise did not know that this was French for fool, and took the first opportunity of asking a courier what it meant, saying that the emperor had applied the expression to her father. "It means some one very learned and wise," stammered the unfortunate courier. The empress was perfectly satisfied with this explanation and pleased to learn a new word. A day or two after she received the Arch-Chancellor Cambaceres in a crowded salon. Some question was being warmly discussed in the circle, and her opinion was asked. Wishing to be very gracious, Marie Louise turned to Cambaceres and said, "We will refer that point to the archbishop, for we all know that he is the greatest ganache in Paris."

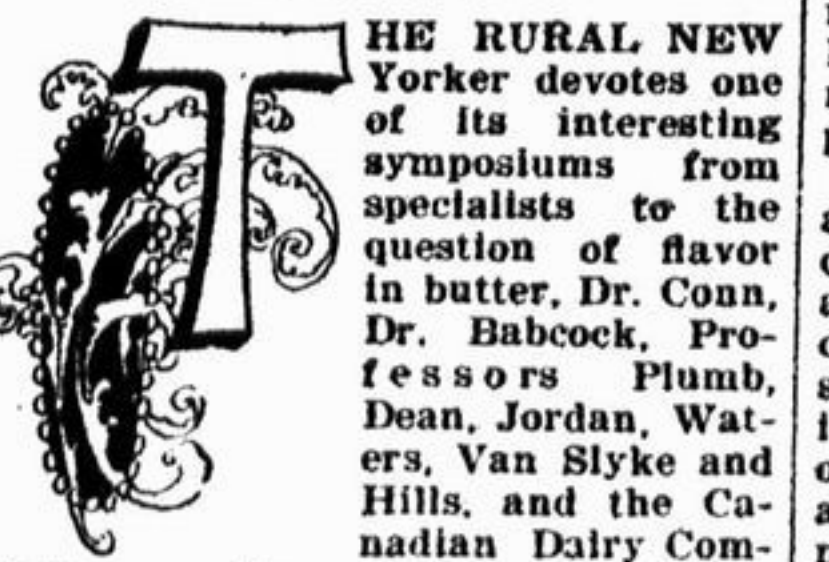
About Thunderstorms.

The president of the French Meteorological society is of opinion that there are more thunderstorms in Europe than in the equatorial regions. They occur in some parts of France every day of the year, and in six or seven months of 1882 as many as 328 were counted. In Sumatra, where there are storms during the six months of the southeast monsoon, thunder is never heard; and Peru has only one or two thunderstorms in a century, that of 1873 having been the only one since 1820.

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate The Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.



THE RURAL NEW Yorker devotes one of its interesting symposiums from specialists to the question of flavor in butter. Dr. Conn, Dr. Babcock, Professors Plumb, Dean, Jordan, Waters, Van Slyke and Hills, and the Canadian Dairy Commissioner, Mr. Robertson, being the contributors.

"The flavor" is not the result of any direct influence of good. Undoubtedly the food has great influence upon the flavor, but the delicate butter aroma is only directly related to the food. This conclusion I base upon the fact that I have succeeded in producing the desired flavor from the milk of cows fed upon the widest variety of foods.

RUMPLESS FOWLS.



Rumpless fowls are not only wanting in tail feathers, but their anatomy shows that the caudal projection is wanting, and also even the final vertebrae of the spine itself. This gives them a very peculiar and grotesque appearance. It is supposed that these originated from the Polish breeds, and that some of them were formerly created with partially developed beards, with leg feathers and vulture backs, but these have been bred out. Their anatomy being deficient in the usual prolongation of the vertebrae

follow. Here, too, the influence of an indirect one, but no less certain, sometimes the food does have a direct influence in filling the butter with peculiar odors, such as that of garlic. The explanation is not positively known, but it is probably due to volatile products of the food passing directly into the milk. The food is the source of the flavor indirectly, the flavor being directly the result of certain decomposition products of the cream. These flavors are produced by bacteria which multiply in the cream when it is ripening. Whether proper flavors are produced in the cream will depend upon whether the proper species of bacteria are present in sufficient quantity. Some species of bacteria produce very good flavors, some very poor flavors, and some will completely ruin the flavor and the resulting butter. The butter-maker has no method of determining what species are present, and will get the proper flavor if he chance to have the proper species. The various starters and cultures are supposed to contain the proper species of bacteria to produce a good flavor. Bacillus 41 has been demonstrated to be a bacteria which will produce this flavor. The use of these starters may be compared to planting a field with seed. If the field is left to itself something will grow, but we can not tell what. If planted with clover we may depend upon clover. So the cream, when inoculated with such starters as No. 41, may be depended upon to develop the right kind of bacteria, and, therefore, the proper flavor. This flavor comes, of course, indirectly from the food, but directly from the products of bacterial growth in the cream. The conclusions which I have given above are not mere guesses, but are the results of a long series of most careful and rigid ex-

periments upon this matter. I find it possible to produce the butter flavor from all sorts of cream, and under almost any condition, provided I put the right species of bacteria into the cream."

Value of Poultry Droppings. It is often claimed that poultry manure is very valuable. Well, that depends on the food from which it is produced. Birds that live on animal food, such as meat, fish, etc., produce manure richer than that from grain and grass. Below is a comparison of the value of manure from hens, ducks, geese, and pigeons:

"In 1,000 pounds of hen manure there are 560 pounds of water, 255 pounds of organic substance, and 185 pounds of ash. The manure from the ducks very closely approaches that from hens, the same quantity of duck manure containing 566 pounds of water, 262 pounds of organic substance, and 172 pounds of ash. The estimates are based on fresh manure that has not lost any of its moisture. Although most farmers have supposed that manure from the goose was more concentrated than that from hens, yet such is not the case. It is far behind that from the hen and the duck in fertilizing elements, as 1,000 pounds of fresh goose manure contain 134 pounds of organic substance, while its ash is but thirty-five pounds, or but little over one-half that of the hen manure."

"The hen manure contains about sixteen pounds of nitrogen in 1,000 pounds, the duck manure about ten pounds, and the goose manure about five pounds. The hen manure is, therefore, three times as valuable as the goose manure in nitrogen, and the duck manure twice as valuable. Goose manure, however, contains more potash than that from the hen or duck, the proportion being about nine pounds for the goose, eight pounds for the hen, and six pounds for the duck."

"Manure from pigeons, however, is more valuable than that from fowls, as pigeon manure contains 5.29 pounds of water in 1,000 pounds, but its organic substance reaches 308 pounds, and its ash 173 pounds. It also contains over seventeen pounds of nitrogen and ten pounds of potash. In value, therefore, the manure from pigeons comes first, that from hens second, that from ducks third, and that from geese last, yet it has always been an accepted theory

NO PIE FOR HER.

The Spectacled Old Lady Had a Dinner That Surprised the Knowing Gamblers.

The old lady entered a restaurant which, rightly or wrongly, is known as the resort of the city and careless, says the New York World. She was typically countrified in appearance, her spectacles resting on the bridge of her nose, her hat being old-fashioned and her gait and general attitude those of one fresh from the little farmhouse. Without, however, any sign of halting confidence that was to be expected of a stranger to city ways, she sat down at the most conspicuous table in the room. A surly-looking short-card player, who, although it was six o'clock in the afternoon, was just getting his breakfast, stared at her with curiosity. Two detected turf gamblers, prevented from attending the races on that day by bad luck on the day before, who were solacing themselves with strong waters and who hadn't spoken to each other for half an hour, observed her with slight smiles.

"Well, now," said one, "that's a funny old girl to see in here. I remember seeing her kind in country towns when I was in the show business. I'll gamble on what she'll order. She'll have goose-berry pie and milk, and she'll eat the pie with her knife. They don't have no forks where she comes from."

But the other would not bet. He said merely and not unkindly: "She doesn't seem to fit this place."

"They could not hear what she ordered, but they could see that there was nothing flimsy in the attitude of the waiter who went to her. She ate with deliberation and then departed. One of the two unsuccessful patrons of the turf called the waiter and asked: "What did that old lady order?"

"Why, less see," answered the waiter, "I think she had pigeon and pint of fizz. She's very fond of both."

The gamblers looked surprised. "Who is she?" asked one.

"Why, don't you know her?" queried the waiter. "That's Midge. Can't you, the head dancer in this new burlesque at the Goodhouse theater?"

PROSPECTS.

Were Good, Notwithstanding His Gloomy Appearance.

He was a disconsolate-looking man, and he had been hanging about the wharf of the Cleveland line so long, says the Detroit Free Press, that a policeman finally accosted him with: "You don't want to attempt any monkey business around here, sir?"

"What do you mean?" asked the man. "Don't take no header into the river. Who's going to take a header? I guess there's no law to prevent a man looking at the water?"

"That's all right," muttered the officer, "but if you contemplate suicide you'll—"

"What do I want to suicide for?" demanded the stranger.

"I dunno. You seem to be hard up and full of trouble."

"I do, eh? That shows all you know about it. Here's how hard up I am—a roll flaring up \$250. Here's how full of trouble I am—a letter from a widow worth \$50,000, saying she'll marry me on the 15th of next month! I'm feeling so blamed good that I can hardly keep from yelling, and yet you talk about suicide! You'd better go off and chew a rag!"

The officer drew his club and looked at him in a fuming way, but finally decided to spare him till another time.

Tobacco Chewing Dog.

Supt. McAlvey has a little English mastiff pup, eight months old and weighing 125 pounds that has developed an abnormal appetite for tobacco. He acquired his taste for it by watching Amos chew no doubt, and he is never happier than when he is given a "chaw." He chews and spits like any other man and has never yet been sick. His tobacco habit is a very expensive one and he will be given a treatment of No-to-bac in the hope of curing him.—Crawfordsville Argus News.

Donation for Triplets.

Her majesty, the queen of England, recently bestowed a donation of £1 on a Mrs. Scott of Campbell street, South Shields, who recently gave birth to triplets.

In the last five years the population of France has decreased.

Advertisement for Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills. Includes text: "Is Your Blood Pure", "Hood's Sarsaparilla", "Hood's Pills", "The Great SWAMP KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.", "IMPERIAL GRANUM", "THE BEST PREPARED FOOD", "SOLD EVERYWHERE.", "Work for the STARK Nurseries", "PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION".

