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." Almost choked with emotion, Tio-

into tears. What a happy day it was! The poor | soldier, his fond mother said. little girl repeated to herself over and over again these words of love and re- mamma in his arms, and, kissing her membrance from her friend. Was it again and again, told her she was as possible? He thought of her! He young and as pretty as ever. loved her!

CHAPTER VIII.



TOMANE WAS duties of life, but guished air. After a moment of herialso a pride which easily took offense, a sensitiveness

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 now fettered and misunderstood as she felt herself to be, in a chronic state of revolt.

Clear, cool-headed, malevolent Mademoiscile Puscale alone say the secret struggles, the stiffed anger, concealed under a tranquil, almost tey, exterior; she alone saw it all in the lightning glance, quickly veiled by the long lashest of the beautiful sapphire eyes; by the sudden paleness of the face; by the contraction of the firm lips, and her fears for the future redoubled with her avergion. But no hatred, however bitter, can arrest the development of a mind endowed by its Creator with rare gifts. All the education of the little peasant girl, when she was taken from her humble, happy home to the splendid misery of her life in Smyrna, consisted being able to read and write a very little. In two months she had overtaken Maritza, whose knowledge was very limited and in a very short time she had left her far behind, endowed, as she was, with a wonderful memory. and an analytical mind, which plunged to the depths of all subjects which came within the scope of its study.

This year M. de Sorgnes' ill health prevented the customary visit to Europe. The disappointment to Tiomane was very great. To return to France, to Berck, 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 use ful. And her sorrow was increased when she learned that the dear schoolboy, her only friend, was not to return for the summer vacation. He had just recovered from a long illness and his physicians had decided that his return to the east during the warm months would no doubt be followed by serious consequences." It was decided, therefore, to pass the vacation with a friend of his father, a rich banker, who had an elegant villa at Dieppe. The De Sorgnes family took up their residence for the summer at Bournabat, a charming health resort on the site of ancient Smyrta. The whole of this classic region is filled with the ruins of Grecian antiquity. Tiomane, whose favorfte study was ancient history, was delighted to seek out the traces of the past, mingling-child as she was-fiction with fact, myth with reality. In their daily walks she admired the stone which marks the tomb of Tantalos, at the foot of Mount Sisyphos; Euphesus, with its ruined temple; the walls of the Cyclopes; the repose of Hercules; the grottees of the Nymphae. One evening Tiomane, accompanied

by Maritza at the plano, sang: Nous sommes enfants de Marie.

Et nous chantons ses louanges, etc. The fresh young voice, into which all the fervor of the pure soul seemed to have bassed, attracted the consul and his wife, who were chatting in Madame de Sorgnes' boudoir on the same floor. It was at once decided that such a voice ought to be cultivated and an Austrian planist who had recently established himself in Smyrna was engaged to give the two little girls lessons, Mademoiselle Pascale willingly relegating her duties to another. After a few lessons the professor was convinced of Tiomane's rare musical gifts and he applied himself enthusiastically to their formed. How did you do it?" development

CHAPTER IX. NOTHER YEAR. with its joys and be spent in France. What happiness for all, especially for our young heroine. It was decided at first that the con-

sul would be of the party and all the arrangements for his

departure, and Madame de Sorgnes, ac companied 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-Berck, the good people, all the happy past, over which she had shed so many bitter tears. And he who called himself her brother, that dear Guillaume, she was to see him again. And wlan she left the ship at Marseilles, when she found herself again on that quay whence she had embarked two years before for the orient her heart was filled with a nameless joy. They reached Paris a little before the summer vacation had begun. Madame de Sorgnes and the two young girls went to l'ecole Monge the next morning.

Guillaume was now seventeen, and, to use his own expression, had grown like a mushroom. Very tall, slight, elegant and vigorous, with a manly bearmane was unable to answer and burst ing, he had preserved his frank, animated expression, and looked like a

The tall boy seized his beautiful little

Then Maritza's turn came. "Let me see, Duchess, how much have you

His grimace of disappointment nearnot what would be ly broke his little sister's heart, but the alled an amiable disagreeable impression was soon efgirl. She had a faced under a shower of kisses. At warm heart, a keen last he noticed Tiomane. "All, the sense of justice and little donkey driver!" He stopped. a preoccupied mind, speechless. No, this could not be the which was already donkey driver-this tall, graceful girl grappling with the of fourteen, with her dazzling complexgreat questions and | ion, her sapphire eyes, and her distin-

> tation he gave her, too, a good brotherly hug and kiss. Two weeks later Guillaume, with his diploma in his pocket, joined his family at the beautiful cottage at Berck, 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; Mere Jean examined her with openeyed curiosity; the children had grown and forgotten her; Grise was still living, driven by another servant. And Sister Victofre-how lovingly the kissed

her young friend on both cheeke! "Htill as good as ever, I am sure," she

said; "but how you have changed." Yes, how changed, indeed! Black 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 regrettedwhat she had been so anxious to see again? What madness! She felt that she could not have lived a single day in that fifthy hovel, engaged in the rude



"THAT IS TIOMANE."

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. The keenest thrusts, however, came unwittingly from her friends. Gulllaume and Maritza "Do you remember the day you drove

us to Merlimont, Tiomane?" "Tlomane, pick out the best car for

us. You understand it." "Look, Tlomane, there is Grise! See.

she knows you."

The theme seemed inexhaustable, At first Tlomane 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 torment. ors, jested about her old avocation, and as always happens in such cases, the jest diedout-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

"I studied, I read-that is all," "Yes, you have read a great deal and you understand what you read; you search, you reflect."

The boy, who had found it very difficult to master a little German, was as-This summer was to | tonished to find that his adopted sister spoke Turkish, modern Greek, and Italian with perfect fluency.

"Why, I speak them as Kifos and Elli speak them," she would answer, laughing.

And her music-her voice! He made her sing to him every evening and listened in an ecstasy of delight. Often in the morning before the late breaksence had been made with his chan- fast, for Madame de Sorgnes and Marbut at the last moment some un- itza never appeared before midday. complications prevented his they met on the terrace, all flooded with

rosy light of the new day and spent happy hours in watching the awaking beach, the stir, the activity, which the morning brings. Alone with this tall "brother," she put aside her habitual reserve; her apparent 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. She told him of their brilliant arrival in Smyrna, of her first awaking to the fact that her loved protectress had grown cold to her, of the hatred and tyranny of Mademoiselle Pascale, and the life of splendid misery which she had endured.

"The hateful old thing," Guillaume interrupted, shaking his fist as if to menace the absent Frenchwoman who had brought all this sorrow to his dearly beloved adopted sister. But suddenly there was a ray of sunshine. His remembrance of her in the postcript 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 revolts were hidden under such a calm exterior. "Oh, yes," she murmured, "I felt that

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. This tall boy, endowed with remarkable intelligence, carried into every act an energy, a passion, which was at the same time profitable and in-Jurious. He worked with feverish haste and then amused himself with the same eagerness; we might almost say, with the same frenzy. Violent in his affections, as in his antipathles, he would have given his life for his friend or have boxed the ears of a comrade who had offended him ever so slightly. "It is my head, my head, that plays such tricks," he would say when reprimanded. The affectionate protection of Guilfaume seemed to exert a happy influence on the whole household. When with her brother and Tiomane, even "the duchess" laid asile her imposing airs and was gay and natural, and Madame de Sorgnes treated the three young people on an almost equal footing. "Mademoiselle," two, drew in her claws, knowing full well that if she did not they would be bitten off by the hot headed young collegian. The boy friend had subdued every one. Alas: the day of reparation, the day of departure, came age, a Maritza's grief was violent and unrestrained, while Tiomane stiffed her sobs, although her heart was breaking Gulilaume made her promise to write to him often. "Perhaps I may be lazy about answering," be added, "but be includgent. I love you all so much, and you, too, Tiomane: remember, you, too."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WONDER OF RELATIONSHIP.

Man Committed Spiride After Finding He Was His Own Grandfather,

In an old scrapbook which has been in the family of the editor of "Notes for the Curios" 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 some one 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, hecause 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

rid himself of such a tangled relation-

A Oncen's Blunder.

For some time after lor marriage with Napoleon the Empress Marie Louise was extremely ignorant of the French language. On one occasion, seeing her Eusband look vexed over a letter be 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 courtier 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 of 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 Frence every day of the year, and in six or seven months of 1892 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.



HE RURAL NEW Yorker devotes one of its interesting symposiums from specialists to the question of flavor in butter, Dr. Conn, Dr. Babcock, Professors Plumb,

the contributors. some weeds, such as onions, garlic, ragweed, etc., is recognized as unfavorably influencing butter flavor, the in- teen pounds of nitrogen in 1,000 dered, but they could see that there fluence of feed is generally minimized pounds, the duck manure about ten was nothing flippant in the attitude of by all contributors and flavor is, as a pounds, and the goose manure about the waiter who went to her. She ate rule, ascribed to bacterial action. Dr. five pounds. The hen manure is, there- with deliberation and then departed. Conn's views, which may be taken as fore, three times as valuable as the One of the two unsuccessful patrons of affording a fair index of the others, goose manure in nitrogen, and the duck | the turf called the waiter and asked:

are as follows: aroma is only directly related to the and six pounds for the duck,

Rumpless fowls are not only wanting

in tail feathers, but their anatomy

shows that the caudal projection is

wanting, and also even the final verte-

brae of the spine itself. This gives

them a very peculiar and grotesque ap-

pearance. It is supposed that these

originated from the Polish breeds, and

that some of them were formerly

crested with partially developed

beards, with leg feathers and vulture

indirect one, but no less certain, some-

times the food does have a direct in-

fluence in filling the butter with pe-

enilar odors, such as that of garlic.

known, but it is probably due to vo-

latile products of the food passing di-

source of the flavor indirectly, the flav-

or 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 bac-

teria are present in sufficient quantity.

Some species of bacteria produce very

good flavors, some very poor flavors,

and some will completely ruin the flav-

or and the resulting butter. The but-

termaker has no method of determin-

ing what species are present, and will

get the proper flavor if he chance to

have the proper species. The various

'starters' and 'cults' are supposed to

contain the proper species of bacteria to

produce a good flavor. Bacillus 41 has

which will produce this flavor. The

grow, but we can not tell what.

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

rectly into the milk. The food is the

cream."

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

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 contain-Dean, Jordan, Wat- ing 566 pounds of water, 262 pounds of ers, Van Slyke and organic substance; and 172 pounds of Hills, and the Ca- ash. The estimates are based on fresh nadian Dairy Com- manure that has not lost any of its half an hour, observed her with slight Robertson, being moisture. Although most farmers have The general re- supposed that manure from the goose suit of the opinions of these gentle- was more concentrated than that from old girl to see in here. I remember men is that the desirable aroma and hens, yet such is not the case. It is seein' her kind in country towns when taste of butter are due to the handling far behind that from the hen and the I was in the show business. I'll gamble of the milk and cream rather than to duck in fertilizing elements, as 1,000 on what she'll order. She'll have goosethe flavor of the original food. Fresh pounds of fresh goose manure contain berry pie and milk, and she'll eat the butter appears to have no particular as much as 771 pounds of water, and flavor, it being the buttermilk rather 134 pounds of organic substance, while than the pure fat which gives the its ash is but ninety-five pounds, or taste of butter are due to the handling | but little over one-half that of the hen manure.

"The hen manure contains about sixmanure twice as valuable. Goose ma- "What did that old lady order?" "The 'flavor' is not the result of any nure, however, contains more potash "Why, less see," answered the waiter, direct influence of good. Undoubt- than that from the hen or duck, the "I think she had pigeon and pint of edly the food has great influence upon proportion being about nine pounds for fizz. She's very fond of both." the flavor, but the delicate butter the goose, eight pounds for the hen, The gamblers looked surprised.

food. This conclusion I base upon the "Manure from pigeons, however, is "Why, don't you know her?" queried fact that I have succeeded in product more valuable than that from fowls, the waiter. "That's Mddie. Canloni. ing the desired flavor from the milk of as pigeon manure contains 529 pounds; the head dancer in this new burlesque cows fed upon the widest variety of of water in 1,000 pounds, but its organic at the Goodhouse theater." foods. Butter fat, when first drawn substance reaches 308 pounds, and its with the milk, does not have the flavor ash 173 pounds. It also contains over found in the choicest butter. In my seventeen pounds of nitrogen and ten own opinion it has no flavor at all re- pounds of potash. In value, therefore, Were Good, Notwithstanding His Gloomy sembling it. Very likely indigestion the manure from pigeons comes first, or change of food may influence the that from hens second, that from ducks flavor of the butter. As butter is ordi- | third, and that from geese last, yet it narily made this will almost certainly has always been an accepted theory

periments upon this matter. I find to 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

Value of Poultry Droppings. "In 1,000 pounds of hen manure there

ing themselves with strong waters and who hadn't spoken to each other for

RUMPLESS FOWLS.

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

The old lady entered a restaurant which, rightly or wrongly, is known asthe resort of the gay 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-fashloned 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 surlylooking short-card player, who, although it was six o'clock in the afternoon, was just getting his breakfast, stared at her with curiosity. Two dejected turf gamblers, prevented from attending the races on that day by bad luck on the day before, who were solac-

> "Well, now," said one, "that's a funny ple with her knife. They don't have no forks where she comes from."

NO PIE FOR HER.

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 or-

"Who is she?" asked one.

PROSPECTS.

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

booking at the water!" "That's all right," muttered the officer, "but if you contemplate suicide

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

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

"I do, ch? That shows all you know about it! Here's how hard up I am-a roll figuring up \$350! Here's how full of trouble I am-a letter from a widow worth \$150,000, saying she'll marry me on the 13th 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 longing way, but finally decided to spare him till another time.

Inhacro Chewing Dog.

Supt. McAlvey has a little English mastiff pup, eight months old and weighing 123 pounds that has develmed 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 63 on a Mrs. Scott of Campbell street, South Shields, who recently gave birth to trip-

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

If not, it is important that you make it

pure at once with the great blood purifier,

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Because with impure blood you are in constant danger of serious illness. Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation.



The Great KIDNEY. LIVER & BLADDER CURE. At Bruggiste, 56c & 81.

Advice & Pamphlet free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. * HIGHEST AWARD * WORLD'S FAIR.

* THE BEST * PREPARED

SOLD EVERYWHERE. * JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

Write quick. New departure plans. STARK BRO'S

Nurseries & Orchard - Co., Louisiana, Mo. & Rockport, III. PISO'S CURE FOR Bast Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

follow. Here, too, the influence is an | that manure from goese was richer than that from any other fowls, but the chemist has shed light upon the matter, and facts show otherwise. Water is a factor in all manures, hence The explanation is not positively that from birds is no exception to the

column upon which the tall feathers

of the fowl are planted, renders them

devoid of this ornamental appendage,

the back part of the body being cov-

ered by a few back or saddle feathers.

They were formerly bred mostly black

in color, or a mixture of black and

white, but are mostly found now pure

white. They have been somewhat im-

proved by breeding, but are now rarely

eggs are not apt to be so fertile as

backs, but these have been bred out, those of other breeds. As sitters and

Their anatomy being deficient in the mothers they do very well, while as a

usual prolongation of the vertebrae table fowl they are of average quality.

They are good layers, but the

Read the above carefully and then save it. The droppings should be well mixed as follows: One bushel droppings, one peck kainit, and two bushels sifted dry earth or coal ashes. Keep it in barrels moist (not wet), and never let it get dry. Pour soapsuds, urine, or any kind of slop water over it. When you wish to use it, the ammonia will compet you to hold your nose. If kept dry it loses its value, becoming hard and insoluble.-The Poultry Keeper.

Fowls for the Table.-- There is no disputing the fact that if one wants a fast growing broiler or spring chicken, a cross, like, for instance, Houdan on Cochin or Brahma; Indian Game on Brahma or Langshan; or Leghorn on Plymouth Rock, will give the best resuits. But we have now two breeds that will fill the bill almost as well. been demonstrated to be a bacteria They are the White Wyandotte and the Barred Plymouth Rock. The former use of these 'starters' may be com- are to be preferred in that particular, as the skin is more yellow, the breasts more plump, and the flesh more firm and closer grained. For roasting purposes no fowls equal the Light Brahma and the Black Langshan; but on account of the color of the skin and legs. the Langshans are not so popular as the Brahma; and yet those who have given them a trial are not slow in saving that they take the lead. There is a wild turkey taste to the flesh that is tempting.

pared to planting a field with seed. If the field is left to itself something will planted with clover we may depend upon clover. So the cream, when inocnlated 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

A man is generally at his heariest series of most careful and rigid ex- in his fortieth year.