

TIOMANE.

BY JACQUES VINCENT.

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CHAPTER XII—(CONTINUED).

At 11 o'clock she began to dress for breakfast. At noon she descended to the breakfast-room, pale, but outwardly calm, sustained by the strength of a conscience at peace with God. The consul was alone at the table; the ladies had not appeared and he seemed surprised to see her.

"What! brave girl, already up?"

He was evidently ignorant of what had occurred. He continued smiling kindly on his young companion.

"What a beautiful age! A night spent in dancing gives you wings for the next day. Behold the effect of success."

The te-te-te repast was soon ended and Tiomane went back to her own room. In the corridor she met Anala. "Is Madame de Sorges up?" asked the young girl. Receiving a reply in the affirmative, she went to Madame de Sorges' boudoir and tapped gently. It was "Mademoiselle" who said "Enter." In this most charming boudoir, Madame de Sorges, attired in a pink surah peignoir, was half-reclining in an easy-chair. Mademoiselle Pascale was seated near her. The animated expression of the faces



"I SHALL ACCEPT NOTHING."

of both ladies showed the absorbing interest of the conversation in which they were engaged. Tiomane closed the door gently and approached the great lady. At the unexpected appearance of her protegee Madame de Sorges rose, with a gesture of surprise and anger, and her smiling face grew hard and menacing.

As for Tiomane, on finding herself in the presence of the being whom she had once loved so tenderly, she was almost moved to tears.

"Excuse me, dear madam," she said humbly, "but I hope you will grant me a few moments' private conversation with you."

"Bah!" replied Madame de Sorges, in a tone of contempt, shaking off the ashes of her cigarette. "I really cannot imagine what you can add to all your insolence of last night."

Tiomane made a supreme effort to restrain her tears, and stammered feebly, "Yes—I know—dear madam, I was exasperated, almost insane, and I most humbly beg your pardon. But I was deeply wounded—the blow was so unexpected, so frightful. I have had time to reflect. I am more calm now, and I am sure no word that can offend you will escape my lips."

"Well, speak," Madame de Sorges replied, in a harsh tone, resuming her seat and her indolent attitude.

Tiomane hesitated a moment, and then said very gently, but very firmly, "Dear madam, I wish to speak to you alone."

The governess rose to leave the room. "Remain, Pascale," said her mistress. "Ah! madam, it is quite natural that this unfortunate girl should wish to speak to you alone."

"This unfortunate girl, as you very properly call her, will speak, if she speak at all, in the presence of her who has been a mother to her, to whom she owes all that she is, and who even now, after the odious insults of last night, is trying to do all she can to insure her a happy future."

Tiomane's last hope faded away. A few moments before it seemed to her impossible that such inquiry could be successful. She had said to herself that once alone with her benefactress she would be able to persuade her of the falsehood of the charges which had been made against her, and although quite determined to leave the house where she had suffered so much, she felt that then she could leave it with dignity, carrying with her grateful remembrance, devoid of bitterness. But in the presence of her implacable enemy the conversation must be cold and constrained—the words would die on her lips. Standing before the imperious little lady, who still smoked nonchalantly, by a great effort she said, in a voice which she vainly tried to make firm,

"Dear madam, I have come to beg you to decide for me. I think it is better the matter should be decided at once. I do not wish to be a burden on you any longer, my stay in this house appearing quite impossible after what has happened."

"That is my opinion also," Madame de Sorges interrupted, in a rude tone. Tiomane was silent a moment, then she said bravely:

"I think to the education I have received from you, madam, I think I should be able to obtain the position of governess in some family here—but I

did not intend to take any steps to procure such a position without your permission."

"And I very formally forbid it. It would not suit me at all to meet you, who have been treated by me as a daughter; you, who have had the same advantages as Maritza, at service in the house of one of my friends. Neither would it suit me to see you running about the streets of Smyrna with a roll of music under your arm. My decision is fixed irrevocably. We were talking of it when you entered. I shall write to Sister Victoire to-day that you are about to return to Berk. She will receive you at the convent until further orders from me. You have, as you know, a small sum of money in the savings bank at Berk. It is now increased by the interest of all these years."

"Dear madam, I beg you will not speak of money."

"But I must speak of it that you may know precisely what your position is." "I hope I shall be able to provide for myself," said Tiomane, with a little pardonable pride.

"Oh, that is easily said, but not so easily carried into execution. My intention is to secure to you a small income, which will enable you to live modestly."

"I shall accept nothing, madam," said the poor girl firmly, but respectfully.

"I shall give Sister Victoire entire charge of your future," continued the lady, as if Tiomane had not spoken.

"She is very good and very sensible, and will watch over you. She will save you from yourself. I shall then have done my duty to the poor wail whom I very foolishly adopted. You may prepare at once to take the next steamer to Marseilles. It starts in five days."

Tiomane listened with apparent calmness to this decisive condemnation, dictated doubtless by the wily governess just before her entrance into the room. She did not even glance toward her triumphant enemy. Was it not better to bear defeat bravely?

"Permit me, madam, to implore a last favor. I have but five days to remain in this house. May I not spend them in my own room, where, if you will kindly permit, I will take my meals?"

"Certainly; I think it better for us all that you should remain in your own room."

"Be kind enough, madam, to be the bearer of my heartfelt gratitude to M. de Sorges, whom I shall not see again, perhaps. And to you, madam, I wish to offer my very sincere thanks for all you have done for me."

Madame de Sorges betrayed not the slightest emotion. Tiomane having approached to kiss her hand, she coldly permitted it; not, however, without evident annoyance.

"You understand, then," she said in a hard, imperious tone, "that you go in five days—Monday evening, at 6 o'clock. Adieu."

The young girl left the room.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DAYS OF complete isolation which preceded her departure were very sad indeed to Tiomane. Nevertheless, her seclusion spared her the embarrassment, the constraint, of life in common with those whom she could no longer consider friends, and this was, if not happiness, peace.

She passed these five days alone in her room, entirely cut off from the gay life of the palace. In the next rooms she could distinguish Maritza's voice scolding the servants, and Mademoiselle Pascale's hypocritical tones.

From her windows she could see the elegant toilets of the ladies of the house and of the visitors, walking under the orange trees in full bloom on these balmy January days—the oriental spring. All this life and movement made a strange impression upon her. It seemed to her that a long, long time had elapsed since she moved



ELL HAD A GREAT PIECE OF NEWS TO COMMUNICATE.

In these brilliant scenes. After so many years passed in opulence she was to return to Berk, almost to her former life. What could she do there? Surely, Sister Victoire, so good, so loving and so intelligent, would understand the truth, and would continue to give the friendless orphan her respect and affection. Would she not be able to find, among the rich visitors to the beach, or in some convent, a situation as teacher, by which she might be able to support herself?

Although her education was of the highest order, she had not the diploma of any institution—a necessity in France; but she spoke fluently and elegantly French, English, Italian and modern Greek, and was a thorough musician—a municipal genius; indeed, she was determined to take upon the humble position of nursery governess rather than accept the aims of those who had driven her from home.

One tie, and one alone, was hard to break. She wrote a long letter of fare-

well to Guillaume—a very touching letter, for the cause of the rupture was not mentioned. Was she not sure that her friend, her brother, would always defend her in his heart? Whatever he might hear, whatever his mother and sister might try to prove to him, he would remain always incredulous to any allegation against one whom he knew so well. She told him of her return to France, and of the complete ignorance she was in as to what was to become of her there. Should she ever see him again? She hardly dared indulge this sweet hope, as their meeting would be admissible only with Madame de Sorges' consent, and that was not likely to be granted. She ended her letter with loving sisterly counsels—"the last will and testament," she said, of "his tall sister." She assured him of her unalterable affection, and invoked the choicest blessings of heaven on his head. Many tears were mingled with these last words, which were a final farewell to her only love. Perfect calm had returned to her troubled soul. The preparations for her departure were short. On the second day, Ell, having offered her assistance in packing, Tiomane thanked her, but declined any aid, as she intended, she said, to select from her wardrobe only what was absolutely necessary. But the next day the Greek servant, who had related the conversation to her mistress came again with a formal command from Madame de Sorges, who required that her protegee should retain all her gifts. Tiomane obeyed, and the work of packing began.

Talkative Ell had a great piece of news to communicate. Prince Hassan had asked the hand of Maritza and had been accepted. At that moment the bride-elect was humming a gay air in the next room. "Hein!" added Ell, with a spice of malice in her tone, "they will be well mated, the prince and the princess."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DAY BEFORE that fixed for Tiomane's departure was one of those enervating days peculiarly trying in that climate. Nature seems to delight in antitheses. At noon the heat was unendurable. At 3 o'clock the ashy gray sky seemed to descend upon the city like a leaden winding-sheet. From time to time whirlwinds of reddish sand rose, almost blinding the unfortunate pedestrians. In the distance, the roaring of the sea added to the horror of the scene. Tiomane, nearly suffocated in her room, had attempted several times to open a window; but the burning air which entered had made her close it quickly. When Ell brought her repast that day at the palace—a dinner of intimate friends, among whom were the governor and Prince Hassan; that, in spite of the size of the apartments, the guests were ill at ease, the servants quite exhausted; that the guests would, no doubt, retire early.

Indeed, Tiomane heard Maritza returning to her sleeping-room about 11 o'clock, and soon deep silence reigned in the palace, broken only by the loud rumblings of the thunder, which seemed to preface a terrible storm. It burst suddenly in the early morning hours, with a thunder peal which seemed to shake the whole palace.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ALASKA MAIDEN.

Her Characteristics Described by One Abundantly Qualified to Know Them.

Some of the early American settlers who went to Alaska as bachelors married native women. One of them who died several years ago left behind the following description of the Alaska maiden: "The Alaska maiden is a very queer and unnatural being. She may live with a white man or be lawfully wedded to him, but such tender sentiments as love for her white master never entered her dusky bosom. She may dwell in a fine cottage, wear silks and fine raiment and live upon dainty food and in ease, but to be good and true to him who labors to supply her with these fine things is not according to the Hoyle of her clan. The cottage, silks, well supplied table and liberal allowances of cash are her demands for living with him, and if financial embarrassment causes a shortage in such luxuries the frisky dame! suddenly has home affairs that demand her attention. She is a very dutiful child to her aged parents, and the persistence of her demands for cash and the depletion of her own larder for their support is only equalled by the amount that these old people seem able to consume. She is very aboriginal in her habits, and when she can escape the argus eye of her better half and make a sneak from under the roof of civilization for a time she can always be found rolling in the sand in front of the paternal hotel, munching dried salmon or cakes of seaweed and seal grease. But when she has gorged herself sufficiently on this odiferous food and visited and gossiped to her heart's content she returns to her cottage again and, with silks soiled and torn and a breath flavored like the breeze from a fish-drying rack, sues for that forgiveness she is always sure to receive. She is then thoroughly soap-sudged, a new gown is purchased and the head of the house breathes a sigh of relief, knowing that it will be several days at least before his domestic happiness is again broken."

Terms of Affection.

"Mamma, dear," is a more loving phrase to a mother's ear than "Honored madam," though it would have astonished our great-grandmothers, and the spontaneous caresses of a child are very sweet. Yet it is possible so to err on the side of familiarity, both with the young and with subordinates, that the sense of reverence for elders and superiors is undermined. But human nature is slow to adopt the happy medium in any of its ways and elderly people declare that manners are daily deteriorating. Only the very old can fully realize the order of things which prevailed up to the early years of the present century, but it has left a lesson behind it which we recognize among the thoroughly well-bred members of society.—Chambers' Journal.

The Eskimos make waterproof clothing of the intestines of the walrus.

UPSET THE RULING.

WIVES OF SUPREME COURT RENDER A DECISION.

Decide That Anchovy Paste Is Not a Sauce—Webster Knocked Out, Too—His Dictionary Mailed the Court—Domestic Common Sense.

(Washington Correspondence.)

AN important case, involving the question, "What is a sauce?" was decided by the supreme court of the United States not long ago in a way satisfactory to a certain New York firm, but the records of the court fall to explain how the decision was reached. It has just transpired that the judges had reached an opposite opinion, and that Justice Gray was to write their decision that fish paste was a sauce, when he happened to mention the case to his wife and changed his mind. When the other judges consulted their wives they also changed their minds, and so the supreme court of the United States had to reverse its judgment on sauce. The practical common sense of the household upset the entire judicial bench, and Justice Gray was instructed to write a decision that fish paste is not sauce.

The case was brought by William B. Bogle, Rufus Lyles, Alexander Scott and William Y. Bogle, plaintiffs in error, against the collector of the port of New York. The suit was to recover an excess of duties paid upon goods imported as "fish paste." The custom house assessed the goods as "sauces." At the trial in the circuit court one of the plaintiffs testified that the goods were imported as "anchovy paste" and "bloaters paste." Webster's dictionary was quoted to fix the definition of sauce, and in spite of the evidence that anchovy paste and bloaters paste were not recognized in trade as sauces, the circuit court directed that a verdict be entered for the collector of the port, on the ground that the term "sauces of all kinds" in the tariff act was to be taken in the ordinary meaning and not in its trade meaning.

Then came the hearing before the supreme court, the only justice absent being Justice Jackson.

Justice Field interrupted the proceedings once to tell a story, of which the alleged sauce reminded him.

"There was once a young Irishman, an officer in the English lancers who had served with Wellington in the Peninsula war," said the judge. "Upon his return he attended a dinner and was asked by his neighbor, a burly young English officer, if he would have some of the anchovies."

"Indeed and I will," responded the lancer. "I have seen them growing in Spain."

"Growing?" repeated the other in surprise.

"Yes, growing," returned the Celt, exasperated at the question. "I've seen whole bushes full of them, and picked them, too."

"You are crazy, man!" ejaculated the Briton. "Anchovies don't grow on the bushes; they swim in the sea."

"The Irishman, already hot with wine, gave the other the lie, and the inevitable duel was the result. When the principals were placed next morning the Irishman's second whispered to him: 'Shoot low, my boy, and see him cut up capers.'

"At that word the Irishman cried out: 'Hold, I am wrong. It was capers, not anchovies, I saw growing in Spain.'

This pleasant interlude to the argument was much enjoyed, and the spectators were so interested in the outcome that they took sides, and several of those who knew what anchovy paste was took the opposition, on the sauce side, down to Chamberlain's and gave them substantial proof, washed down with the customary sparkle.

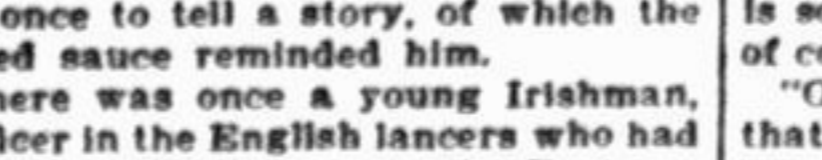
After the arguments were concluded the judges considered the points and were a unit in favor of upholding the decision of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, and making Messrs. Bogle et al. Justice Gray was awarded the important duty of writing the decision in accordance with this view, and when he went home that night he mentioned the matter to Mrs. Gray, at the same time telling Justice Field's story.

When Mrs. Gray learned that the great supreme court was going to decide that fish paste was sauce, all the domestic vigor in her soul was aroused, and she proceeded to read her distinguished spouse such a lecture upon the cuisine and the constituents entering into it that he began to waver. In a calm and penetrating manner she held up the delicious effects fish paste would have on a tender head of lettuce, and described its palate-pussiating delight when freshly embellished chicken salad. "Sauce, indeed!" said Mrs. Gray. "So are sardines and smoked red herring, then."

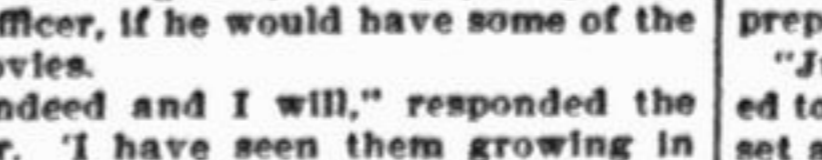
Next day when Justice Gray reached the court he called his colleagues together and acquainted them with the feminine view of the sauce question.



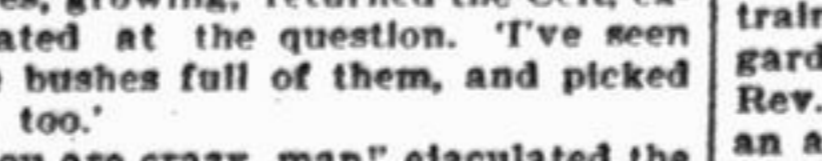
Mrs. Gray.



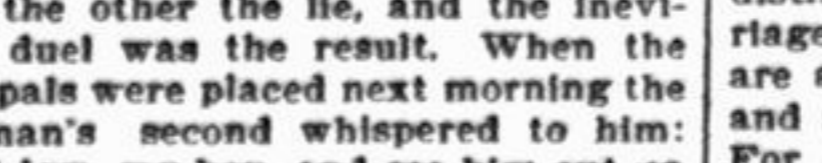
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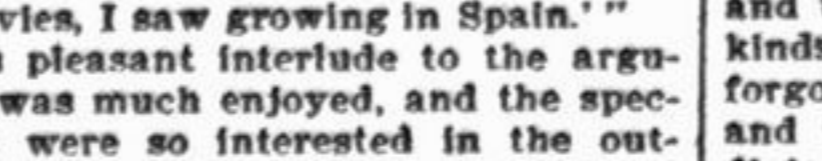
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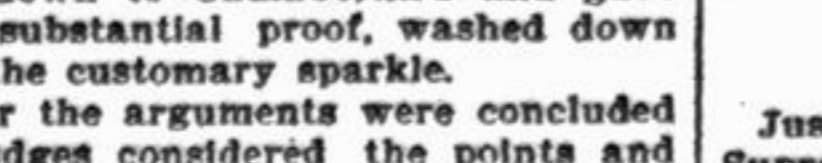
Mrs. Scott.



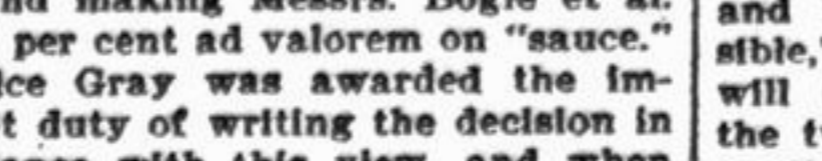
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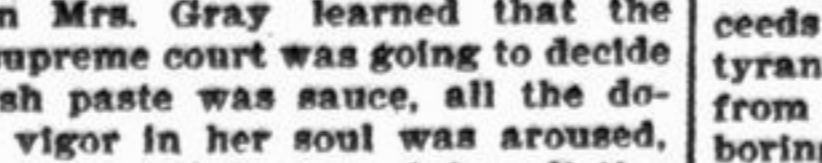
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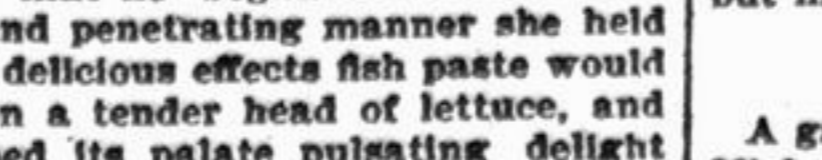
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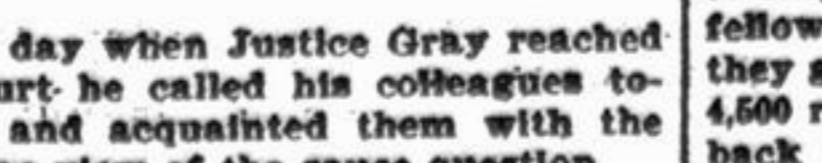
Mrs. Bogle.



Mrs. Bogle.



Mrs. Bogle.



Mrs. Bogle.

"You are all married men, like myself," he said, "and maybe you'd better sound your wives before we make a precedent about anchovy and bloaters paste sauce."

This was agreed to, and the next day eight justices of the supreme court met and solemnly concurred that the customs department of the United States and the circuit court of the Southern district of New York, and Webster's Unabridged Dictionary didn't know any more about what sauce was than a tomtit did about the Pentateuch. If Justice Jackson had been there he would have acquiesced, too.

Accordingly, Justice Gray wrote another decision. Of course, supreme court justices write their own opinions, but there are hints in some of the paragraphs ensuing of a pair of feminine eyes looking over his shoulder. Here is a part of the interesting document:

"The word 'sauce,' as commonly used, designates a condiment, generally, but not always, of liquid form, eaten as an addition to and together with a dish of food to give it flavor and make it more palatable; and is not applied to anything which is eaten either alone or with a bit of bread, either for its own sake only or to stimulate the appetite for other food to be eaten afterward. For instance, cheese eaten with bread, or ham or chicken eaten in a sandwich, or anchovies or herrings, caviar or shreds of salt fish, eaten whether with or without bread, as an appetizer before a meal, would hardly be called a sauce."

"In the dictionary of Webster, referred to at the trial, the primary definition of 'sauce' is accordingly given as 'a mixture or composition to be eaten with food for improving its relish, a relishing condiment; appetizing addition to the principal material of a dish.'

"At the trial the plaintiffs introduced evidence that the goods in question were manufactured out of anchovies or bloaters, ground up and spiced; or used as food in a distinct form, or as an appetizer, principally in a sandwich, or sometimes with a cracker, and not as a condiment, and were specifically known as 'anchovy paste' and 'bloaters paste,' and that in trade and commerce the word 'sauces' was applied to liquids only and not to these pastes."

"The circuit court, in directing a verdict for the defendant, ruled, in substance, that as matter of law and without regard to commercial usage, these articles came within the words 'sauces of all kinds' in the tariff act. We are unable to concur in that view, or to say, either of our judicial knowledge

With rod and reel, and gaudy fly, The sportsman's struggles now begin.

To beat the record of the boy Who has a string, and crooked pin.

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Spurgeon on Sunday Laws. I am ashamed of some Christians because they have so much dependence on parliament and the law of the land. Much good may parliament ever do to true religion, except by mistake. As to getting the law of the land to touch our religion, we earnestly cry, "Hands off! leave us alone." Your Sunday bills and all other forms of act-of-parliament religion seem to me to be all wrong. Give us a fair field and no favor, and our faith has no cause to fear. Christ wants no help from Caesar. Let our members of parliament repent of the bribery and corruption so rife in their own midst before they set up to be protectors of the religion of our Lord Jesus. I should be afraid to borrow help from government if it would look to me as if I rested on an arm of flesh, instead of depending on the living God. Let the Lord's day be respected by all means, and may the day soon come when every shop shall be closed on the Sabbath, but let it be by the force of conviction, not by force of the policeman; let true religion triumph by the power of God in men's hearts, and not by the power of fines and punishments.

Pretty Girls of Ireland.

"Do you know how very pretty a pretty Irish girl is?" asks a well-known and enthusiastic writer.

"She is tall and slender. Crisp little black curls lie against her white neck. Her skin is clear red and white, and her fine black brows and curved lashes accentuate it."

"And then her eyes! Why should poets stare of the languorous orb of oriental hours or the violet eyes of the fair women of the north when the Irish girl has them all at one and the same time? Starry eyes that sparkle and glow."

"You think they are darkly brown until some day she turns them upon you as she stands in the sunlight and a sapphire is not more blue, and as you watch her in surprise they are gray and they are black, and you despair of telling what color they are, but are content to watch them assume whatever shade they will; and then, if the brogue is not too pronounced, what a charm it constitutes to unaccustomed ears!"

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Impure Blood

Manifests itself in bires, pimples, boils and other eruptions which disfigure the face and cause pain and annoyance. By purifying the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cures these troubles and clears the skin. Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes that tired, drowsy feeling so general at this season and gives strength and vigor.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

Hood's Pills

are blood-cleansing, cathartic, and safe.

Hartford Bicycles

'80 '60

Elegant in Design Superior in Workmanship Strong and Easy Running

Hartford are the sort of bicycles most makers ask \$100 for. Columbus are far superior to so-called "specials," for which \$125 or even \$150 is asked.

It is well to be posted upon the bicycle price situation. The great Columbia plant is working for the rider's benefit, as usual.

Columbias, \$100

POPE MFG. CO. HARTFORD, Conn.

BLOOD POISON

A SPECIALTY Primary, Secondary, Tertiary BLOOD POISON permanently cured in 15 to 30 days. You can be treated as home for same price under the same conditions. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and if we fail to cure, you have no more to pay. Jodide Potash, and still have acne and pimples. No more patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Oozing Glands, Eruptions, Itching on any part of the body. Hair or Eyebrows falling out. It is the Secondary, Tertiary BLOOD POISON we guarantee to cure. It is the most obstinate case and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has driven