

CHAPTER XV .- (CONTINUED).

He took up the roll of papers and began to unfold it, when Madame de Sorgnes stopped him, putting her hand on his arm, and in a broken voice, which was only a whisper, said:

"Monsieur de Riez-no-I can not-I do not know anything about business-I trust entirely to you-I have perfect confidence in your judgment-spare me this dreadful examination. Here," she added, laying her hand on the arm of the governess, "is the most intelligent and devoted of my friends-talk with her. I accept in advance whatever you decide with her."

But Madamoiselle Pascale, her face suddenly grown cold and sullen, made a gesture of refusal.

"Oh! madam, you must not think of tt. I can not accept such a responsibility," she exclaimed. "Any decision of this kind must come from you-from you alone."

The tone in which these words were pronounced were so harsh and cold that Madame de Sorgnes, looking at her with astonished eyes, seemed unable to reply. Tiomane, rising, broke the painful silence.

"My dear benefactress," she said, "will you allow me to try to take your place-to spare you this trial which you dread so much?"

And, turning toward the chancellor, she said, "I will do my best. At all events I will faithfully transmit your opinions and advice." Monsieur de Riez looked with astonishment at the young girl who had always appeared so humble in her lowly position. She seemed to have suddenly increased in height. Her pure eyes, brilliant with energy, revealed to him a will and devotion which he had never dreamed she possessed. He felt that this young girl would be his faithful ally, and the stay and support of this afflicted family. He rose. Tiomane led him to the extremity of the adjoining room. Around a small mosaic table, some divans, surrounded by screens, formed a little private room

They seated themselves at the table, opposite each other.

in the vast apartment.

"I can assure you, Monsieur de Ries," she said, "of my entire devotion to fife good lady who brought me up, and who will always find me by her side to sustain her in her sorrows. I assure you I have courage courage enough for all these dear ones."

The chancellor could not help pressing the loyal little hand, which was extended to him, with a resolute gesture. He knew that he could talk to this young girl as to an equal.

It was complete ruin. There was nothing to hope-nothing in any direction.



"I ASSURE YOU I HAVE COURAGE." nes had placed the last remnant of his capital in the bank of Ladig Brothers. They had just failed. "Poor Madame de Sorgnes! Peor Madame de Sorgnes!" murmure 1 Tiomane.

Without wasting time in useless lamentations, she begged M. de Riez to trace out a plan of life for the family, which she would transmit to Madame de Sorgnes.

The chancellor had already reflected and decided upon everything. In the first place, this luxurious home, with its army of servants and its enormous expenses, must be broken up at once. But where could they take Madame de Sorgnes, whose parents had died since her marriage, and whose two sisters, both married to Italians, were living in a modest way at Maita? Would it not be mured; "how blind, how unjust, I have well to leave Smyrna, and take refuge in Constantinople? Meanwhile M. de Ries would make out the small inventory of their slender resources. Among them were to be reckoned the splendid jewels which Madame de Sorgnes possensed, by the sale of which a small income might be assured to her. Later on. Guillaume would, no doubt, be able to support his mother and sister in a modet way. If was desirable, Monsteur de Ries thought, that he should give up his youthful ambittion of being a soldier. and turn his attention to the more lue profession of engineer.

Certainly you must be right, sir, ght in all your decisions," said Tiomane humbly; "but I think you forget nother on whom Madame de Sorgnes

nd Maritza may lean." He looked at her, shaking his head and answered, "My child, this m which you refer does After the consul's death state of his affairs could to Hassan came and bre. But what a week it was for the

questioned me. I could not tell him a falsehood, and I declared the whole truth. He then informed me, without any circumlocution whatever, that his fortune did not permit him to take a portionless bride; that Monsieur de Sorgnes had promised to settle on Martza property which yielded 60,000 livres income. He begged me to express his regrets to Madame de Sorgnes, and to his flancee, and left the next day for

That same evening, on the veranda which had sheltered the widow all day, the three mourners deliberated. Tiomane related in detail her conversation with Monsieur de Riez, and tried to inspire the afflicted mother and daughter with a portion of her own courage. The defection of the prince surprised and shocked them even more than the sudden revelation of their poverty, and all the evils which it would bring in its train. Madamolselle Pascale, meanwhile, was dining comfortably, much more concerned about her own future than that of her sorrowing friends.

Madame de Sorgnes seemed quite incapable of forming any plan for the future. Nevertheless, she positively refused to think of removing to Constantinople—the communication with Smyrna was too frequent. She infinitely preferred exile, complete exile, in a foreign land, where she could live dead and buried to all the brilliant past. If she took refuge in France, she would be near Guillaume, the idolized son, now her only hope and consolation. Maritza encouraged this determination, and urged immediate departure for France. She, too, wished to bide their changed fortunes from eyes which in their happy days had envied them; and longed to rejoin her brother, whom she loved better than any one in the world. The word ruin was so new and strange to these petted children of opulence that they could not comprehend its full meaning. They understood, indeed, that they would be forced to adopt a much plainer style of living than that to which they had been accustomed, but they spoke of taking with them into exile the two femmes de chambre, Anais and Elli, and also Mademoisetic Pascale, whose services seemed indispensable. It was a long time before Tiomane could convince them that such expenses were quite beyond their means, and the devoted girl promised to take the place of maid to both mother and daughter, that in this at least they might feel none of the inconveniences

"He it so," the widow answered, "but really can not dismiss Pascale."

of their changed fortunes.

As if in answer to this loving scruple, that lady entered the room. Her face was coldly resolute; that of a person who has come to a determination, and is resolved to execute it. She scated herseif beside Madame de Sorgnes, and said, "Dear madam, I feel that I must no longer be a burden upon you. have reflected, and I feel that I ought to go away, much as it will pain me."

Madame de Sorgnes looked at her in a nort of stupefaction. In spite of the correct phrase, affectionate in form, the tone was so icy, the whole bearing so evidently studied, that there could no longer be any room for pity, from this woman she had loaded with benefits. Ingratitude pierced the veil of duplicity, now that interest no longer required its concealment.

"What! you wish to leave me, Pascale?" the poor lady stammered.

"Mademoiselle," with her accustomed aplomb, repeated, in different words, what she had already said. It was from devotion to her mistress' interests that she tore herself away. She was determined to sacrifice herself in the accomplishment of her duty. Besides, she left her beloved mistress in such good hands. That sensible, intelligent, devoted Tiomane would serve her protectress so lovingly and so faithfully. She pronounced the name of the young girl whom she had so relentlessly persecuted without any bitterness, delighted, it would seem, to render her this tardy justice, and at the same time throw the operous burden on her young shoulders, thinking only of her own prompt departure. At the sound of her name. Tiomane replied by a look of contempt, which made the governess tremble with anger.

She rose to leave the room. "When, madam, do you permit me to leave?" she asked.

"As soon as you please," Madame de Sorgnes replied, in her old queenly tone. "You are free from this moment. Monsieur de Riez will pay you."

The governess bowed awkwardly and left the apartment. When the widow found herself alone with the two young girls, the haughty pride which had sustained her through this trying scene abandoned her, and hot tears flowed down the cheeks until now unused to tears. Tiomane knelt at her side. "Dear madam, a little courage. I, at least. will never fail you.

Through her tears the poor lady looked at the sweet young face, radiant with energy and devotion, upraised to hers, and bending, kissed the rosy "Pardon, pardon," she mur-

CHAPTER XVI.

FEW DAYS AFT. the scene described in the last | year. chapter, three ladies in deep mourning embarked on the steamhip Maeria for Marsellles. Monsieur de Riez

escorted Madame

de Sorgnes to her largest on the steamer, which she was to occupy with her daughter and Tlomane. It was the last luxury permitted to her who had enjoyed all luxuries. She insisted in leaving her country as she had lived in it-en grande dame. During the voyage, which was most agreeable for the month of March, Tlomane seemed to be ubiquitous; the mother and daughter could well forget es and made it | the absence of their femmes de cham-

devoted, unselfish young girl! The widow, who could not be persuaded to leave her berth, wept and lamented incessantly, and Maritza, under the greatest excitement, gave herself up to transports of anger amounting almost to frenzy. She talked constantly of her faithless lover, and seemed to take pleasure in speaking of herself as abandoned and rejected; she was more

touched in her pride than in her heart. "Ah! my darling," Tiomane would answer, in her role of protectress and consoler, "Is it not lucky that you have escaped such a marriage? What must be the character, the soul, of a man who is influenced by a dot which his bride is to bring him! What the prince sought, my beauty, was your money. and surely you are worthy a nobler man than that."

The name of Guillaume alone brought the semblance of a smile to the sad faces of the mother and daughter, and Tiomane shared their impatience to see again the boy friend on whom she could rely at least for sympathy. Everything earthly comes to an end, and after weary days and nights they reached Marseilles. They went directly from the steamer to the railway station. Gui'laume met them in Paris. What an exchange of loving words and caresses! For a few minutes all their sorrows were forgotten in the great joy of meeting. The tall collegian pressed Tiomane's band with respectful emotion, no longer daring to kiss this stately beauty of nineteen. He did not dare even address her in the old affectionate tu and toi, but she boldly took the initiative, and re-established at once their former brotherly and sister-

Monsieur de Riez had given her the address of a family pension, Rue Vaugirard, in the old Faubourg Saint-Germain. They drove thither at once. The house was of very modest appearance. sulted to their fallen fortunes. Madame de Sorgnes, Maritza and Gulllaume waited in the little reception room, only partially heated by a small porcelain stove, while Tiomane, in an adjoining room, discussed the terms with the proprietor. After a few minutes she returned to conduct them to a room on the second floor, containing two beds-into it opened a closet in which there was a poor little cot for

ly relations.

"These are rather close quarters." she said, with her encouraging smile, but we shall not feel the cold so much as in more spacious apartments,"

Indeed, in spite of the pale rays of the March sun, which struggled through the small panes of the narrow windows, which opened upon a wretched little garden, the room seemed ley to these orientals, who shivered under their warm wraps. Tiomane busied herself at once kindling a fire and in a few minutes a simple breakfast was served in the ar...tment-a luxury they allowed themselves this once, but which ther could not repeat. When the four who loved each other so much fow: I themselves at table again, rid of the presence of strangers, they experienced a peace and joy long unkown to

The afternoon was spent in conversation-heart to heart. The mother told the son all the sad details of his father's death, which he had known only by letter, and the revelation which had followed that great sorrow-the complete ruin into which they had been plunged—the heartlessness of those whom they had believed to be their friends—the farewell to the home which was so dear to them-and last, and bitterest of all, Prince Hassan's base con-

"The wretch!" exclaimed Guillaume; but like Tiomane he congratulated his sister on the rupture.

"What an escape you have had, my pretty darling." He kissed her affectionately and called her his "dear little duchesa," as in the old happy days.

(to BE CONTINUED.)

AN ARMY OF BUGS.

Western Farmers Advised to Look Out for a Swarm Very Soon.

Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Ohio

and Georgia farmers must prepare for war. So says Chief Entomologist Howard, of the agricultural department, who is head bug prophet for Uncle Sam. The present is the "locust year" for these states. Those of the west central group will be invaded by vast armies of the seventeen-year brood, which last appeared in 1878, while Georgia will be visited by the thirteen-year or southern brood, last seen in 1882. Prof. Howard showed a correspondent his time table, which indicates the future movements of every kind of insect in the country. Since the locust, or more properly the cleade, never has falled to return exactly thirteen and seventeen years, as the case may be, after its former appearance, this schedule may be depended upon as most accurate. The eggs which hatch out this year were deposited in thousands of trees throughout the territory of the last outbreak, and thus the exact location year's plague may correctly prophesied, although doubt these buzzing armies overrun their former battle ground after they appear. According to the schedule the belt to be invaded by the seventeen-year brood includes the western half of Ohio, the insects being particularly troublesome in Champaign county. Extending west the belt passes over the greater part of Indiana, central Illinois, southern Iowa, and northern Missouri. Their visits were well known to entomologists, and particularly to farmers, seventeen years ago, in 1878, and also in 1861 and 1844. Previous to 1844, however, there is but little definite information on record the reports of the agricultural depart ment not being extensive before that

Dead Child Comes Back to Life. The child of Louis Erdner, of Pittsgrove, N. J., died, to all appearances, The body was about to be put into the undertaker's cooling box, when signs of life were noticed. Next day the child was playing about the house, as if nothing had happened.

Asking the Impossible.

Servant-There's no coal and the fires are going out. Mistress-Dear me Why didin't you tell me before? Servant-I couldn't tell you there was no coal, mum, when there was coal.

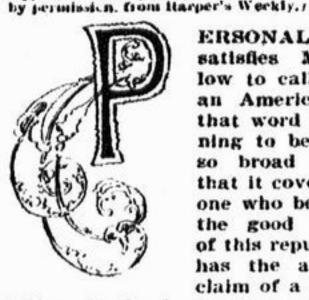
Time may be money, but most mer will stand at a street corner for as hour waiting for a bus or a car rather than pay for a car

COSMOPOLITAN.

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCH OF POULTNEY BIGELOW.

When a Roy He Played with the Present Emperor of Germany-Now Writing a History of the Empire-Is a Great Travelor.

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ERSONALLY satisfies Mr. Bigelow to call himself an American; and that word is beginning to be used in so broad a sense that it covers every one who believes in the good destinies of this republic. He has the additional claim of a long line

of New England ancestors, ending in Mr. John Bigelow, who is his father, Bigelow himself will no doubt be highly offended when I call him a cosmopolitan, or a citizen of the world, but since that will not invalidate his claims as to the detail of his Americanism, I shall so describe him; and, after all, it is much more difficult to be a cosmopolitan than an American, or any other person with one language, one set of prejudices, and curious hour for cating his breakfast. The reason why I am asked to write about Mr. Bigelow is that I discovered him. It was in 1879, while he was the editor of the Yale Courant. I had such aspirations as all artists have. and I discovered that he would print one of my pictures, which he did, so I lay river in Europe and many here. claim to the original discovery of Mr. was the first man to paddle a canoe Bigelow; and also, I can add to that, I | through the Iron Gates of the Danube, made a rediscovery some years later, and to sail one around the islands of pictures in his magazine, Outing. He | bean Sea. I knew of this fame of his, sinned against the public, and cannot expect me to divide the responsibility.

This sketch is supposed to be a biographical shy at him, but I think blographies interest no one but the subject morning in the early spring, he walked out of the office of the Outing magazine, of which he was editor and part The Electric Light Bug Originated in owner. The mania for travel had seized him, and the magazine had to wait. Inis episode will indicate that he could never have been a distinguished business man in the sense that Bradstreet would indicate.

He had now "struck his galt," as it were. He followed literature and his own inclinations, which took him all over Europe. He was an ardent canoeist—one of the most adventurous



POULTNEY BIGELOW. Convergit, 1895, in Harner & Brothers. Reproduced

ty promission, from Harper's Weekly.) of the cult, in fact, and has paddled his Rob Roy over nearly every large when he published some more of my St. Thomas and St. Kitts in the Carlband desiring to catch a few beams of reflected light, I participated. We selected the Russian coast of the Baltie as a likely place, but up in St. Petersburg the Russians took the view that of them until they are about -roughly | we had better not do the thing, and as

larger, flatter and the color of glue. There must be something in the optics of the vermin that makes the electric light specially attractive for them. An institution known to large fruit growers throughout both hemispheres, is the old established Stark Nurseries, of Louisiana, Mo., and Rockport, Ill. A features of the business is 40,000 acres planted to orchards. These orchards are distributed in 24 states; and perhaps no other 100 acres of trees ever grown has attracted so wide attention as their Stark Denver Unirrigated Orchards. Irrigation, hitherto supposed indispensable, is not given; but instead the whole orehard is cultivated once a week during the growing season. In the Dep't of Agriculture report, as long ago as 1892,

U. S. Pomologist Van Deman, who vis-

ited and carefully examined the or-

chards, concluded a long description by

saying. "This one lesson in practical

A CITY NUISANCE.

Chleage, of Course.

bug was first seen in Chicago-the city

that uses more electric lights than any

other in America and that was one of

the first to use them generally. These

bugs are now a positive nuisance there.

Millions of them lie on the sidewalks of

the main streets, to be crushed under

the feet of the pedestrians. A great

many fall upon their back and lie in

that position, wriggling their feet in

vain endeavors to turn over. The others

are almost as helpless. They seem to

have stunned or crippled themselves

by flying against the lamp globes. The

spread of this pest has been wonderful.

They were first noticed in Chicago only

two years ago, yet to-day they are be-

ginning to be seen in Cleveland, Buf-

falo and Boston, and are very numer-

ous in such summer resorts as Asbury

Park, Atlanta City and Long Branch.

They are roaches, apparently, of the

same genus as the cockroach, but

What is now called the electric light

horticulture is worth millions to the country." With such great orchards and with over 2,000 canvassers selling their trees, and for whose benefit they regularly publish a unique and valuable paper, it is hardly surprising that Stark Bros. paid \$3,000.00 for one tree of the Gold plum, also \$3,000.00 for the Splendor prune-more than 12 times their weight in gold. They evidently believe the best is none too good for their customers. Notwithstanding their present working force of 2,090 canvassers, they advertise for more to work right here and in adjoining territory. The work lasts the year round or one can utilize spare time. Stark Bros. tell us the business offers a great chance to men-or women either, for that matter-who have the neces-

A .- She is the occasion of lots of talk wherever she goes. B.-Indeed: A .-Yes; she always plays the plane, you

sary energy, etc., to succeed canvassing,

and that experience is by no means nec-

Weak and Weary

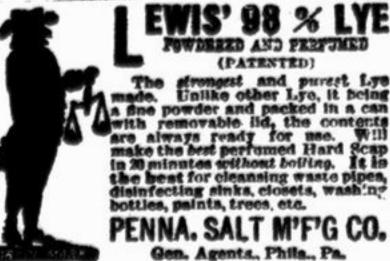
Because of a depleted condition of the blood. The remedy is to be found in purified, curiched and vitalized blood, which will be given by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. It will tope the stomach, create an appetite and give renewed strength. Remember

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ENSION Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims.
Late Principal Examiner U.S. Penelon Bureau.
3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

MARY ASHTON RICE LIVERMORE. speaking-a hundred years out of print. There are exceptions to this rule, but I do not think Bigelow would advance any claims. In order to progress I must say he was born in 1856, and he himself began to be interested in what was go-MARY A. R. LIVERMORE.

ing on in the world when he found himself in Paris, at the age of five years, where he had been taken by his father. who was an American minister. He was there for seven years, and absorbed his French through his skin. His French to this day is not of the experimental kind, but something which any cabman can understand. The years from 1870 to 1873 were spent in Germany, and there he absorbed German and played at Cooper's Indians with the boy who is now Emperor of Germany, and was duly "rounded up" and spanked by the

same pedagogue. He had inherited the English language, and having absorbed two more. the microbe of cosmopolitanism began to generate. He lost his taste for herding sheep in Colorado, or ploughing up the gray turf of the bounding west, or some other American career which might have been open to him. The cuiwound around the shores of New Some Japanese wood-cutters had to be lustrated by himself, in consequence of which it hung fire in the second edition. He returned to California and did the Great West, without being inspired by the steer industry or the possibilities of town lots. Back in New Haven he was

side, we gave up the enterprise.

Mr. Bigelow's writings are so well known to the readers in America, England, and Germany that I will not catalogue him, but rather tell what a perfect traveler he is. He does not make a "god of his belly," as I have discovered on occasions when it was dinnertime and something else was going on which we wanted to see. . . .

FREDERIC REMINGTON.

Riographical Sketch of a Noted Woman

Mary Ashton Rice Livermore was

born in Boston, Mass., December 19, 1821. She is of Welsh descent and her father was an active fighter in the navy in the war of 1812. Her mother was a descendant of a well-known English family. The girl received a thorough education in the Boston public schools, then graduated at a female seminary at Charlestown, Mass., and acquired, in addition to what an ordinary girl would tivation of this germ has gone on ever | get, a thorough classical education. since, in such a way that it makes a | She was then engaged as a teacher to very long story. Its first manifestation | go to Virginia and among her duties was at the end of his freshman year was the teaching of a lot of slaves atat Yale, when his health gave out. He tached to a plantation. She came back started around the world on a sailing- a pronounced abolitionist. She taught vessel. They doubled Cape Horn, in a private school near Boston on her return, but had acquired the gift Guinea, and the ship was totally of talking in public and utilized that wrecked on the Japanese coast, and the power for talking against slavery and freshman got on shore by a miracle, the slave trade. In 1845 she had become the wife of the Rev. E. P. Livermore, a persuaded with a boat-hook not to end Universalist minister, and, their tastes his promising young life right there. and aims being similar, they worked to-He staid in Japan three months, and gether happily and effectively. In 1857 got the language, or a big piece of it, the couple removed to Chicago, where and then to Peking. He made a highly Mrs. Livermore assisted her husband adventurous trip to the Great Wall of in the publication of the Universalist China and beyond, the account of which organ for the Mississippi valley. She he subsequently published in a book il- was earnest in all that pertained to assisting the Union troops during the war, and made a most creditable record, which was widely recognized. Since the war Mrs. Livermore has been best known as associated with the woman suffrage movement in the United States. discovered and graduated in '79. He She is the author of a number of works, studied law, but nature asserted itself among which may be mentioned "What and he went to London as a foreign | Shall We Do with Our Daughters?" correspondent for the New York and a number of articles in the Arena. Herald. He married Miss Jaffray, of the Chautauquan, the Christian Ad-New York, and it was just after my vocate, and Women's Journal. She is rediscovery of him when, one sunny at present a resident of Chicago.